THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1876.

"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.

[*Several readers having suggested an index of our sermon-texts, and two of them having compiled it for us, we occupy a blank space therewith.*]

Index of Texts of Sermons, etc., by C. H. Spurgeon, in "The Sword and the Trowel," Vols. I—XII.

	Year.	Page.
Genesis i. 7	1871	399
Deuteronomy xxii. 8 ...	1869	349
„ xxxii. 11, 12	1870	49
Joshua ii. 21	1875	148
Judges iii. 20	1874	545
I. Sam. i. 27	1868	108
„ ix. 3, 20 ...	1872	109
II. Sam. xvii. 23 ...	1870	537
„ xxi. 10 ...	1868	294
„ xxiii. 9-10 ...	1876	439
II. Kings iv. 29-37 ...	1867	99
„ iv. 38, 41, 42 ...	1876	337
„ vi. 1-7 ...	1868	99
„ xiii. 20 ...	1866	5
Nehem. viii. 10... ...	1867	16
Esther vi. 6	1865	2
Psalm xl. 17	1871	5
„ civ. 28	1874	297
„ cvii. 17-22 ...	1871	462
Eccl. ix. 4	1868	108
Canticles ii. 12	1870	97
„ iv. 7	1865	229
„ „	1865	277
Isaiah v. 17	1876	485
„ xxxviii. 1 ...	1870	207
„ xliii. 10	1875	501
„ lviii. 8	1869	460
Jer. ii. 36	1870	393
Lamen. iii. 56	1872	202
Joel ii. 8	1869	241
Amos v. 8	1870	312
„ vii. 1	1872	364
Jonah ii. 7	1872	545
Zech. x. 3	1866	195
„ xiv. 20	1865	97
Malachi iii. 17	1866	481
Matthew v. 1-12 ...	1873	8
„ v. 3	1878	129
„ xiv. 16 ...	1871	49
„ xxiii. 37 ...	1870	49
„ xxvi. 30 ...	1867	481
Luke viii. 46	1873	407
„ xxii. 14	1873	61
John i. 16	1865	471
„ iv. 34	1873	508
„ xii. 3	1876	49
„ xiii. 10	1870	25
„ xiv. 18	1870	450
„ xvi. 31, 32 ...	1871	145
„ xviii. 18	1876	97
Acts xii. 18	1873	362
Eph. vi. 15	1874	497
Phil. iii. 2	1876	257
1 Tim. i. 15	1872	293
Heb. xiii. 7	1875	405
1 Pet. ii. 7	1869	481
„ „	1873	120
1 John v. 18-20 ...	1875	59
III. John 2	1868	462
Rev. v. 9	1876	447

PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

THE Preface of our volume is written last, and so is really the conclusion: thus oddly do things happen in this queer world. There is this advantage in it, that we have the more to look back upon and to write about in a grateful style. We have now completed twelve volumes, and very good-looking volumes they are as they stand before us on our library shelf. Twelve volumes represent twelve years of mercy received, of work accomplished, of experience gained, and of progress made. "Bless the Lord, O my soul" is the utterance which presses most importunately upon our lip. Yes, let it come forth, "*Bless the Lord, O my soul!*" We commenced this magazine very tremblingly, for our pen *was* a very young goose-quill, but it has held out, and it is not worn to the stump even now. We meant to do our best, but feared that the elder potentates in the editorial chair would so far excel us as to snuff us out. Our fears have vanished, our magazine is yet alive, and lively too, and full of promise of better things in the future. Fresh subjects are found, though sometimes we cannot tell where to look for them, and fresh contributors come forward also to assist our editorial labours when old friends are removed. Our mercies as pastor, president, and preacher have been many, but those received as Editor must not be forgotten.

We have aimed at practical usefulness, and it is with much thankfulness that we remember the many occasions in which philanthropic institutions have obtained help through articles in these pages: in one case £1,000 was sent by *a reader of The Sword and Trowel*, and in many others substantial donations have been forthcoming. To help unknown friends to do good is as sweet a pleasure as to receive aid for our own work, and the joy is all the purer because no trace of selfish alloy can be found therein. At the same time it is with equal pleasure that we remember our personal obligations to *Sword and Trowel* readers. The College, Orphanage, Colportage, Blind Society, and Book Fund owe to them no small measure of their support; and here, too, our joy has no selfishness in it, for in none of these works have we the remotest pecuniary reward, we seek only the glory of God and the good of our fellow men. As for editing this magazine we have never received a farthing, and it has been from the first a labour of love, we think we shall in this case also be acquitted of selfishness if we ask our readers to increase our circulation by commending the magazine to their friends.

If we could have double the present number of readers it would enable us to do more good without increasing our labour.

We trust that the matter and style of *The Sword and Trowel* have not deteriorated, for we have spared no pains, and have read every line carefully ourselves. We have evidence that some of our readers appreciate the articles, for we have continual requests to reprint this or that, and had we always done as requested we fear our printer would have had to tax us heavily for losses. If our friends knew our labour in a thousand ways, and our "often infirmities," they would be very patient with us, and admit that upon the whole we do very well, considering how much other work lies upon us.

Dear Reader, are you serving the Lord with all your heart? If not, you are missing the only way of happiness. Even a religious life is not joyous unless the Lord be served either by active exertion or by patient endurance. Unconsecrated strength has about it no power to cheer, no force to exhilarate. To obtain perfect delight, you must not only have all the elements of excellence, but you must write HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD over the head of them all. Only that which is God's is truly ours. We never ourselves know the sweetness of the ointment in the alabaster box until we have broken it over the head of our Beloved. To live entirely for the Lord is to live indeed, all else is mere existing.

Perhaps our reader is not at present capable of such consecration, being as yet unconverted. The unclean animal could not be offered in sacrifice, neither can the unrenewed heart be acceptable with the Lord. The raven cannot be presented in the temple, but the dove can, and there is One who can turn the raven to a dove. May this Divine One look upon our unrenewed friends, and with his glance of love renew, sanctify, and save them.

A happy new year to you, courteous reader, and many such, and at the end of them all may we meet in heaven.

So prays,

Your willing Servant,

C. H. SPURGEON.

INDEX.

	Page
Amusements Avoided, &c....	428
Anderson, W.—	
The Atonement	290
Are You Carrying a Live Shell ? ...	256
Baptist Chapel, Charles-street, Camberwell	83
Bhamo, by T. P. Harvey	475
Book Fund, Mrs. Spurgeon's	57
Brock, Dr.	4
Carrying their own Brimstone	540
Chaldea, the Church of...	219
Charlesworth, V. J.—	
"American Pictures"	464
Another Cornelius	308
Bull, William	545
Finney, C. G., the Evangelist...	213
Gideon Ouseley	108
Hill, Rowland	511
Macleod, Norman	175
Objections to Joining the Church	153
Watts, Dr. Isaac	28
West, William	60
Chapel, New, at Dorking	377
Child Minister, the	130
Christmas in Calcutta	533
Church, Objections to Joining	153
Colporteur's Diary, A Day's Entry in	373
Comfort to be Dispensed Judiciously...	428
Concentration and Diffusion	49
Conscience, an Evil	323
Consecration of our Substance	426
Controversy on Unimportant Matters	502
Cope, W. Penfold—	
The New Reformation	10
Cuff, Pastor, in Shoreditch...	167
Davis, C. A.—	
The Disciples, Andrew	324
The Disciples, The Jameses ...	36
The Disciples, Philip	560
Good Night	378
The Resting Place	134
Dead Sinners and Dead Saints, by J. Aldis, Junior	412
Disturbers of Churches Often Cowards	510
Divine Wooer, &c.	73
Early Impressions Abide	315
Exeter Hall, Nottingham	479
Fairlop Friday	375
False Teachers, &c.	540
Fountain, The Iron	82
Garden Thoughts...	523
Giant's Causeway, The...	272
Gideon Ouseley	108
"Give Thyself Wholly to Them" ...	198
God and His Acts	376
Good Night	378
Great Pot and the Twenty Loaves ...	337
Great Wealth a Great Mockery... ...	463
Grog-shops of Calcutta	204
Hawker, Dr. at an Inn	469
Heaven, a Telegram from	468
Hebrew Tales	449, 499
Herbert, George and Izaak Walton ...	301
Hill, Rowland, a Fragment about ...	511
Hindoo Singing	402
How the Lambs Feed	485
Humbug, The word	559
Hymns for Heaven	447
"I'll Pay"	104
"I'm Agin It"	411
India, Plea For	534
James, Williams	25
J. Ploughman on "Beware of Dogs"...	257
John Ryland's Tracts, &c....	353
Leach, Edward—	
Court Life...	514
Letter about Books for Poor Ministers	182
Letter to her Friends, from Mrs. Spurgeon	366
Little by Little	166
Love which Passeth Knowledge... ...	212
Macleod, Norman	175
Margate Boat, on Board the	105
Mexico	417
Minimum Christian, The	260
Moody and Sankey in Great Britain...	85
Notes—	
—— Accounts	383
—— Annual Account...	187
—— Annuity Fund	384
—— Band of Hope	334
—— Baptisms at the Tabernacle 47, 92, 142, 188, 236, 334, 385, 435, 569	
—— Baptist County Mission	185
—— Baptist Fund, The	186

Notes (*continued*)— Page
—— Baptist Union, The 529
—— Baptist Union and Dr. Landels, 285, 529, 568
—— Bartlett's Class, Mrs.... 185
—— Bedford Row Chapel 528
—— Blairmore 434
—— Blind, The 187, 334
—— Blackpool 187
—— Book Fund, Mrs. Spurgeon's ... 142, 285, 434, 481, 528, 568
—— Brixton, New Park Road 530
—— Brixton, Wynne Road 47
—— Brown, Death of Mrs. A. G. ... 483
—— Bulgarian Atrocities 482
—— Burials' Bill... 285
—— Butchers' Meeting 186
—— China Mission 92, 187
—— Church at the Tabernacle... 92, 385
—— Colportage Association ... 92, 187, 284, 334, 384, 481, 528, 569
—— Conference, The... ... 142, 187, 236
—— Editor's Health, The, 284, 332, 434, 568
—— Erith 334
—— Eynsford 187
—— Finchley 92
—— Gloucester 92
—— Harlow... 483
—— Herne Bay 334
—— Itinerant Preaching and Mr. Spurgeon... 530
—— Ladies' Benevolent Society ... 186
—— Landport 483
—— Lambeth 569
—— Loan Building Fund 187
—— London Baptist Association ... 528
—— Mayor of Birmingham 529
—— Maze Pond Chapel 529
—— Mertsham 186
—— Mentone 46
—— "Methodist Students" and Pastors' College 46
—— Metropolitan Tabernacle Special Services 383, 530
—— Moody and Sankey's Converts ... 530
—— Mothers' Mission, Miss Ivimey's 482
—— Ned Wright 529
—— Nottingham... 334
—— Olney, Mr. W. 833, 569
—— Open Air Preaching 141
—— Our Evangelist 384
—— Our Magazine 383
—— Parents of Sunday Scholars ... 187
—— Pastors' College, The... ... ... 92, 142, 285, 385, 434, 481, 527, 569
—— Pastors' College, Evening Classes 141, 528
—— Pengo 334, 527
—— Perkins's Bible Class, Mrs. ... 186
—— Phillips's Supper, Mr. 236
—— Potter's Bar... 187
—— Private House Prayer Meetings 141
—— Regent Street Chapel, Lambeth 569

Notes (*continued*)— Page
—— Ritualism, Dangers of 142
—— Saint Mary Cray... 483
—— Sermon Bee, A 186
—— Servants' Home Society 333
—— Shoreditch Vestry, The 286
—— Southampton 285
—— Southend 334
—— Stockwell Orphanage, The ... 92, 142, 185, 285, 333, 383, 384, 434, 481, 528, 568
—— Students' Fraternal Meeting ... 187
—— Surbiton 285
—— Tabernacle Evangelistic Society 482
—— Tabernacle Loan Tract Society 482
—— Toronto 528
—— Walthamstow 483
—— Westminster, Romney Street ... 528
—— "Wretched Papers" and Pirate Editors 46

Old Stores 269
Opportunities for the Lord's Stewards 279
Our Canal Population... 493
Our First Seven Years 160
"Out of the Bible" 448

Parish Clerk, Complaint of an Old ... 327
Pastors' College, Inaugural Address... 241
Pike, G. Holden—
Aggressive Work of the Religious Tract Society 346
A. G. Brown in East London ... 358
A Picture of Shoreditch 199
Author of the Student's Manual 261
Book Society, The, and the Poor 454
Early Days of the Religious Tract Society 316
Fairlop Friday 375
G. Herbert and I. Walton ... 301
John Knox, Reformer and Hero 74, 114
"Land of the Pharaohs" ... 33
Life of James Hampton 17
Moody and Sankey in Great Britain 84
Our Canal Population 493
Party of Seven, A 503
Pastor Cuff in Shoreditch ... 167
Pastor H. E. Stone... 403
Schoolmaster's Story, A 122
Power of Nonconformity 304
Preaching, Jesus must be Seen... ... 520
Preaching to be Plain... 427
Private Prayer Essential 159

Raikes, Memorial to 135
Rebukes, Timely 121
Recorder Hacket says 27
Reformation, the New... 10
Resting Place, The 134
Reviews—
—— Acts of the Apostles, The 565

Reviews (*continued*)— Page
—— Acts, Commentary on 564
—— Advice to Young Christians ... 380
—— Alone With God... 41
—— American Pulpit... 232
—— Angelic Beings 184
—— Anglican Church Portraits ... 330
—— Animals of the Bible... 87
—— An Old Story 45
—— Appeal, The... 89
—— Arrows and Anecdotes 524
—— Autumn Blossoms 139
—— Baptist Messenger 89
—— Band of Hope Review 89
—— Battle Fought, The 480
—— Beeton's Bible Dictionary... ... 332
—— Best Song, The 283
—— Bishop Asbury 284
—— Bible Difficulties... 231
—— Bible Cartoons 91
—— Book of Praise for Children ... 45
—— Brethren in the Keelhowes ... 566
—— British Opium Policy... 433
—— British Workman 89
—— Brock, Dr. William... 183
—— Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible 379
—— Castle-street Pulpit 382
—— Cecil, Richard 234
—— Children's Books ... 515, 516, 567
—— Children's Friend 89
—— Children's Record 89
—— Child's Own Magazine, The ... 567
—— Christ and the Scriptures 44
—— Christ in the Tabernacle 184
—— Christian Age, The 88
—— Christian Baptism 234
—— Christian Family, The 88
—— Christy's Inheritance 281
—— Christian Treasury 88
—— Church Establishments 433
—— Church, The 89
—— City Churches, Our 429
—— Commenting and Commentaries 137
—— Course of Addresses 429
—— Crime in England and Wales ... 282
—— Day of Rest, The 90
—— Deacon Pitman's Farm 88
—— Delivery and Development of Christian Doctrine 44
—— Devil's Chain, The 282
—— Dickinson's Theological Quarterly 90
—— Eastern Blossoms 92
—— Ecclesiastical History of Ireland 481
—— Exposition of the Revelation ... 140
—— Expositor, The 90, 383
—— Faith in the Blessed God 45
—— Family Friend 88
—— Farrar's Life of Christ... 524
—— First three Kings of Israel... ... 282
—— Five Senses, The 283
—— Found and Burnt 567
—— From Out the Deeps 90
—— Gates of Praise, The 135

Reviews (*continued*)— Page
—— Gift of God, The 567
—— Golden Lane 481
—— Gospel Sermons 138
—— Gospel Treasury, The... 567
—— Health and Home 41
—— Heart Healing 185
—— Heart Spurs... 139
—— Helen Gray; or, Come and See... 567
—— History of Protestantism 89
—— Holiness unto the Lord 430
—— Home Words, &c. 90
—— Homes and Haunts of Luther ... 89
—— Humiliation of Christ, etc.... ... 480
—— Hymns and Poems, &c. 88
—— Hymns by B. Piffard... 381
—— Illustrative Texts 91
—— Infants' Visitor 89
—— Intercessory Prayer of Our Lord 381
—— In the Beginning 88
—— Jehovah Jesus 526
—— Jesus in the Midst 45
—— Judgment of Jerusalem 281
—— Kind Words 564
—— Kingdom of Christ on Earth ... 282
—— King's Cross Messenger, The ... 382
—— Lætitia... 231
—— Leisure Hour, The 87
—— Letters of St. Augustine 91
—— Life and Walk 231
—— Life of Faith 331
—— Life's Emblems 567
—— Lights of the World 526
—— Little Folks... ... ... 88, 332
—— Lizzie Milnes 479
—— Memoir of Dr. Macfarlane ... 382
—— Memoir of Madame Feller ... 284
—— Memoirs of Rebecca Wakefield... 566
—— Memorials of an Oxford Ministry 89
—— Memorials of the Wesley Family 233
—— Message from the Throne... ... 379
—— Message of Hope, The 88
—— Methodist Hymn Book 328
—— Metropolitan Tabernacle, The, etc. 183
—— Ministry of the Word... 527
—— Mission Sermons in Brighton ... 140
—— Months Illustrated, The 527
—— My Darling's Album 88
—— National Encyclopædia 429
—— Objections to Religion 184
—— Onward 140
—— Ornamental Cards, &c. 479, 525, 527
—— Our Children's Visit to Canterbury Cathedral 283
—— Our Home Work... 524
—— Our Own Fireside 90
—— Out of the Mouth of the Lion ... 138
—— Oxford Theology... 566
—— Palissy the Potter 525
—— Philosophy of the Atonement ... 139
—— Pilgrim's Progress, The 282
—— Plain Rhymes for Plain People... 138
—— Pocket Concordance 526

Reviews (*continued*)— Page
—— Poetic Meditations 331
—— Popular Commentary... 140
—— Popular Delusions 330
—— Preacher's Budget, The 88
—— Present to Boys 563
—— Priesthood, The 330
—— Primers 381
—— Problem of Life 480
—— Prospective Pardon 433
—— Pulpit Echoes 138
—— Refiner's Fire, The 233
—— Religion of Our Literature ... 184
—— Remarkable Providences 564
—— Rest for the Weary 479
—— Reunion in the Heavenly Kingdom 432
—— Revival Music 137
—— Round the Tower 137
—— Rowland Hill 526
—— Sacramental Confession 40
—— Sacred Heroes and Martyrs ... 527
—— Saint John the Author of the Fourth Gospel... 44
—— Sanctification 231
—— Sayings of Little Children... ... 284
—— School Pictures 230
—— Scripture Pocket Book 87
—— Sea Birds 524
—— Sermons for Children 138
—— Shadow of Cavalry, The 565
—— Shepherd of Salisbury Plain ... 281
—— Sisters of Gloncoe 481
—— Song of Christ's Flock 480
—— Songs in the Night 567
—— Songs of the Christian Creed, &c. 138
—— Special Hymn Book 233
—— Steps Onward and Upward ... 139
—— Story of Stories, The 231
—— Sunday at Home, The 87
—— Sunday School World, The ... 88
—— Sundays Spent About the World 525
—— Sword and Trowel, The 87
—— Tayler's Personal Recollections 234
—— Text Cards 231
—— Thoughts for Heart and Life ... 46
—— "To Whom shall we Go?" ... 184
—— True Tales About India 281
—— Turkish Empire, The 525
—— Twin Records of Creation, The... 43
—— Universal Geography 332
—— Up to Fifteen 184
—— Valley of Death Railway... ... 429
—— Verity and Value of the Miracles of Christ 567
—— Wesley, The Living 89
—— Whole Armour of God, The ... 525
—— Wonders of Creation, The 238
—— Yanim 45
—— Young People's Pocket Book ... 87
—— Zoology of the Bible 527

Rogers, The Reverend George— Page
The Love of Nature... 391

Salter, Joseph—
The Church of Chalden 219
Schoolmaster's Story in Low London, A 122
Selway, W. R.—
The Bottom of the Sea 555
The Giant's Causeway 272
Sermon Bee, A 145
"Set a Saint to find a Saint" 3
Shoreditch, A Picture of 199
Short Sermon for a Winter Evening, A 97
Simon Peter 230
Sleep 56
Spiritual Cookery... 8
Spurgeon, C. H.—
A Few Personal Recollections of Dr. Brock... 4
Concentration and Diffusion... 49
Consecration of Our Substance 426
The Great Pot and the Twenty Loaves 338
How the Lambs Feed 485
John Ploughman on "Beware of Dogs" 257
Laid Aside—Why?... 195
The Man Whose Hand Clave to His Sword 439
Our First Seven Years 160
Pastors' College — Inaugural Address, 1876 241
Power of Nonconformity... ... 304
Sermon Bee, A... 145
Short Sermon for a Winter Evening... 97
Street Preaching 551
Watching the Ebb 541
Welcome to 1876 1
Spurgeon, Mrs. C. H.—
A Few Words Concerning the Book Fund 57
A Letter to Her Friends... ... 366
Squatter's Run in Victoria, On a ... 67
Stone, Pastor H. E. 403
Student's Manual, The Author of the 261
Sunday in the Backwoods 521

Take Time by the Forelock 256
"Taketh Hold" 24
Talking with Jesus 278
Touching Bottom with the Pole... ... 279

Uncle Tom's Buzzards... 543
Unity of Purpose... 428
Unnatural and Peculiar 544

Verdon, Charles 423

Watts, Dr. Isaac 28
Welcome to 1876... 1
West, William 60

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1876.

Welcome to 1876.

AS we say farewell to the old year, we cheerfully salute the new. As penitence drops her tears for the sins of twelve months gone, faith smiles in expectation of the mercies of twelve months now begun. We welcome the coming year with cheerful hope. It seems but an hour or two ago that we did the same to its predecessor, whose death was knelled by the very peal which announced its successor's birth. They *will* fly—these years, there is no stopping them, even while we speak of their flight their wings are in full motion: our one sole wisdom is to make use of them while we have them.

We know what the year 1875 *was.* It was by no means all we could have wished. It was a year of considerable religious stir, but on looking back it appears to us to have been a mere surface motion, and not a deep ground-swell of grace. Crowds flocked to hear the Word, and professed converts were many, but the churches of London, at least, have been but slightly increased, and in some respects the tone of religious feeling has fallen rather than risen. Under some aspects things look hopeful, but none except the very sanguine can discover any great remaining results from all the extra effort of the year. From our point of view, taking London as our point of outlook, the year which has just gone is disappointing: a year of revival which did not revive the churches, and of mass meetings which have left the masses very much as they were. There is one redeeming point,—the gospel was preached in all simplicity and faithfulness, and be the results manward what they may, God has been glorified. Yet had a tithe of what was looked for been obtained, had a hundredth part of what has been proclaimed with flourish of trumpets turned out to be true, we should have commenced this new year in very different circumstances from those which now surround us.

What will 1876 *be?* We reply: it will be what the divine purpose has ordained; and with equal truth we assert that it will also be what the church of God shall resolve to make it. We do not attempt to reconcile these two answers,—they are both true, and therefore *do* agree, whether we think so or no. In the year 1876 God has not appointed a blessing for an idle, prayerless, insensible church: be sure of that. Neither will he in 1876 use agencies which will cast a slur upon the servants whom he has already sent upon his business, fling discredit upon his church, and dishearten his persevering and believing people. He will work as he has always done, in his own way, by the preaching of his gospel, accompanied by the prayers of his saints. He will neither change the seed nor give us a harvest without sowing, nor excuse us from breaking up the fallow ground and ploughing the soil with diligent labour. It is quite clear that nations are not to be enlightened with a flash, nor cities sensationalised into religion in a month. We shall have to teach, and teach, and teach, right on. Work must be done in the vineyard still, bread must be cast on the waters, sowing with tears must still go on; and the end is not by-and-by. Those enthusiastic brethren who have had their gas pipes arranged for a general illumination to celebrate the instantaneous victory of the gospel had better defer the jubilation, strip to their shirt-sleeves, and take their places among those who bear the burden and heat of the day. They reckoned upon aking all the fish in Gennesaret at one tremendous haul, but they will o well, once for all, to abandon the idea, and go on quietly fishing fter the manner of those whom they once despised, because they ad toiled all the night and taken nothing. A little while ago it was beyond all things needful to call off the minds of men from reliance upon mere organisations and instrumentalities, and urge them to look to the Holy Spirit; and now the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction, and many good people are looking for results without means, or for a maximum of effect with a minimum of effort. According to the notions of some, the thousands of good men who faithfully preach and teach Jesus from Sabbath to Sabbath may almost as well be gathered to their fathers, for a passing evangelist or two can accomplish in a few days all that the most laborious ministry can hope for, and more. Facts have already proved that this is the reverse of the truth. One soweth and another reapeth, but had there been no sowing there had been no reaping; and if the tearful sowers come to be depreciated, the large proportion of tares which certain reapers bring into the garner may yet prove a chastisement for the wrong done to the faithful workers.

We earnestly trust that we shall not see during the year upon which we have entered a repetition of the fanaticism which led so many to claim participation in one of the attributes of Deity. "There is none holy as the Lord," but we heard many silly women and yet more silly men, talking as if they were no longer sinners or liable to sin. What was an amiable delusion will soon become a blasphemous imposition, unless the real Christian people who have countenanced it will become wiser, and stay the mischief by clearer statements of their aims and beliefs. If all be true that we have heard, presumption has received an awful rebuke already, and will receive more of the like deadly wounds if it be persisted in. It will be an ill day when our brethren take to bragging and

boasting, and call it "testimony to the higher life." We trust that holiness will be more than ever the aim of believers, but not the boastful holiness which has deluded some of the excellent of the earth into vain-glory, and made their firmest friends shudder for them.

Our motto for the year is, "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." We believe in the Holy Ghost. We know that we can do nothing without his power, and we are also well persuaded that all things are possible to Him; but judging by his past operations we expect him to work in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure, and we look to see the Lord's work done by earnest hearts and laborious hands. Bound to the service of God by ten thousand ties, we are not weary of it, neither do we hope to be released from it by the discovery of some new and quicker method of extending his kingdom. For us still the daily testimony of the old, old gospel, the hourly watchfulness for souls, the constant agony and travail in birth; for our brethren still the gathering of the children and instructing them in Holy Scripture, the warning of every man, the entreaty and the prayer for friend and neighbour: these are the modes of service our fathers followed, and they are ours. With the neck bowed to the yoke, and the shoulder to the burden, we must make full proof of our love to Jesus. Let others try the flash and the rush; ours be the steady glow and the ceaseless march. Neither to-day nor to-morrow shall we bind our brows with laurel; better far to gird up the loins of our mind and wait upon our Lord, doing his bidding. Very prosaic and commonplace such conduct may appear, but it is the only sure and successful method. O for grace to keep to it throughout the live-long year. Plodding and pleading, working and waiting, doing over and over the same things, only with more faith in God, and more singleness of eye to his glory. As the grass on the house-tops wherewith the mower never fills his arm is the hurried result of eager fanaticism; but as the sheaves many and golden which load the wain are the quiet rewards of patient endurance. We therefore dedicate the year of our Lord 1876 to *perseverance, patience, and prayer.*

"Set a Saint to find a Saint."

IF we desire to pass a rational judgment on faith in others, and piety in their hearts, let us first labour to have true sanctity in our own. One complained to a philosopher that it was a hard thing to find a wise man. "It is true," said he; "for he must first be a wise man that seeks him, and knows when he hath found him: so that, on the matter, it is not one wise man, but two wise men, must meet together." So it is a hard thing to know true sanctity in another man; because he must have true piety in himself that knows it, or else he is an incompetent judge to pass a verdict on another. Let us therefore labour first to have true grace in our hearts, that so, with St. Paul, we may be persuaded of grace that dwells in another.—*Thomas Fuller.*

A few Personal Recollections of Dr. Brock.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT will be the duty of abler pens to give details of the life of our deceased friend, Dr. Brock, of Bloomsbury. We are at this moment in a foreign land, far away from books, papers, and the possibility of an interview with his surviving relatives, or we might attempt a more ambitious article, and venture upon an effort at biography. As it is we must be content to jot down one or two trifles which our own memory retains, and at this moment presents to our mind. Our last earthly fellowship with our departed friend was at the hospitable house of the son of Mr. Horton, of Devonport. We went down together from the Baptist Union Meeting, to see the venerable old Baptist pastor of Devonport, and to dine with him. It was very pleasant to hear the brotherly salutations of the two aged men, and their joy as they talked together of former times, and the way in which the Lord had led them. Theirs was certainly not a gloomy view of life, but one bright with gratitude; they neither regarded the present as inferior to the past, nor the future as likely to be less happy than the present. Both viewed matters around them in the clear light of faith, and expressed themselves with cheerfulness, thankfulness, and hope. Little did we think that the younger of the two fellow-soldiers would be in heaven so soon. The loving words with which they endeavoured to cheer on their younger brother, and the gratitude to God which they expressed for his past usefulness, were wonderfully hearty and fervent, and such as bring tears to our eyes as we think of them. Aged men are tempted to decry their successors, or at least to be very chary of encouragement, but it was not so with these two veterans, who were more generous in their kindly utterances than it would become us to repeat.

We had heard of Dr. Brock a story of his youth, and we at dinner time enquired as to its truthfulness, and he replied, "Oh, yes, that's right enough." It seems that John Angell James, of Birmingham, remarked in company that the longest sermon he had ever preached was in a town in Devonshire, where he had held forth for more than two hours, but he added, "I never could make out how it was, for I had no intention of being so long; it seemed as if the time would not go, and yet, when I came to look at my watch, it had gone, and I had actually preached two hours." Dr. Brock remarked that he could explain the riddle, for, being a lad at the time mentioned, and wishing to hear as much as possible of the good divine, he had taken a key with him, and sitting at the back of the clock had managed to stop it every now and then, and so decrease the speed of time, and lengthen the sermon. "Ah, William Brock," said Mr. James, "you were full of fun, then, and I fear it is not all gone out of you now. I dare say you would do the same again if you had the opportunity." The company were not a little amused when William Brock replied most decidedly that he would do nothing of the kind; that the production of a long sermon was the act of his youth and inexperience, and that now with the key in his hand he would be far more likely to put on the hand and cut the sermon

short than in any way to prolong it. Probably many of our readers are of the same mind.

We well remember at a social meeting of the committee of the London Baptist Association at our house in Nightingale-lane, when such brethren as Landels, Tucker, Lewis, Clifford, Jones, and others were present, it was agreed that we should spend an hour in each one narrating some incident of our early days. Dr. Brock's description of the costume in which he came up from Honiton to Stepney College was the most humorous of all the utterances of that most amusing hour; especial prominence being given to a certain white beaver hat of such a kind that the tutors declared that it was quite out of the question for a student to be seen in the street wearing such head-gear, and the beautiful hat was sold accordingly. New hats and new suits of clothes are not very ordinary things with Dissenting students now-a-days, but in those days it was no small trial to discover that garments which were actually new, and had created rather a sensation in the village at home, were condemned as unwearable in the polite regions of Stepney and East London. It was with no little difficulty that other and more civilized garments were procured for the promising young man from the country, and it required not a little of inking of seams, and mending and turning, to keep those garments in decent fettle till the days came when guineas earned in vacant pulpits supplied a new suit of broadcloth.

It would seem from what our old friend told us that there were good and bad students in his time as in ours. Idlers, misers, and cross-grained men turned up here and there then as now, and on the other hand there were genial, generous, devoted spirits, of whom he spoke with the enthusiasm of youth, though some of the objects of his praise had for years been before the throne. He had also a merry passage of arms with our aged deacon, Mr. Thomas Olney, who was then alive. "Ah," said he, "I preached at Park-street once or twice when I was at College, but I suppose I was not man enough for them." Mr. Olney remarked that he never quite knew how it was that young Mr. Brock was not invited to succeed Dr. Rippon, for he was sure many of the people were much struck with him, but he himself was not in office in those days, and had not dared to interfere with the august authorities then in power. "Ah, well," said the Doctor, "see how all things are determined by a supervising providence, for, if the Park-street people had chosen me, where would our friend Spurgeon have come to? It is a great deal the best as it is, but see on how small a pivot great events may turn." The divine wisdom which sent our beloved brother to Norwich, and afterwards brought him to Bloomsbury, we can all see and admire at this moment, but the little details, the minor wheels of the machinery had each of them the same omniscience in their ordaining, and it is well to have our attention called to them. William Brock's way in the ministry was steered as the stars in their courses, not only for his own good but for the benefit of the church of God. His coming to London marked an era in the history of the English Baptists of a very distinct kind: an advance was then made from which we have not retrograded, courage was inspired, hope was aroused, and attempt at greater things suggested.

We pay honour to the men concerned in the matter, but chief of all we ascribe glory to God.

Our deceased friend was above all things genial and warm-hearted. He looked like a man of war from his youth, but there was no war in his heart: his face and head of late used to remind us of a weather-beaten old bluff, but forth from that craggy rock were hurled no bolts of fiery wrath. Many who heard his bold, decided utterances may have supposed *force* to have been his characteristic, but we have not found it so; obstinacy was not in him, nor any preponderance of the sterner qualities; he was a companionable man, almost too fearful of offending, and ready at all times rather to side with you than against you. He must have been a noble husband and father, he could not have been happy without loving and being loved. One could see at a glance that everybody in the house studied him because he studied everybody. He made you feel at home at once, and for a pleasant and withal gracious hour he was *the* man above almost all the choice spirits in the circle of our acquaintance, and they are not a few. We remember when, being somewhat indisposed, as is, alas, too often our lot, we went to spend a quiet day or two at a beloved friend's mansion in Regent's Park. We were dining, and Dr. Brock was one of our little company. Mention was made that the Stockwell Orphanage was building, and that cash for the builder would be needed in a day or two, but was not yet in hand. We declared our confidence in God that the need would be supplied, and that we should never owe any man a pound for the Lord's work. Our friend agreed that in the review of the past such confidence was natural, and was due to our ever faithful Lord. As we closed the meal a servant entered with a telegram from our secretary to the effect that A B, an unknown donor, had sent £1,000 for the Orphanage. No sooner had we read the words than the doctor rose from the table and poured out his utterances of gratitude in the most joyful matter, closing with the suggestion that the very least thing we could do was to fall upon our knees at once and magnify the Lord. The prayer and praise which he then poured out we shall never forget; he seemed a psalmist, while with full heart and grandeur both of words and sound, singularly suitable to the occasion, he addressed the ever faithful One. He knew our feebleness at the time, and while he looked upon the gift of God as a great tenderness to us in our infirmity, he also seemed to feel such perfect oneness with us in our delight that he took the duty of expressing it quite out of our hands, and spoke in our name as well as his own. If a fortune had been left him he could not have been more delighted than he was at the liberal supply of our wants in the Lord's work. We sat and talked together of the goodness of God around the fire, and our heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord. Among the very last things we spoke of together when we last met on earth was the evening at Mr. Krell's, and the great goodness of the Lord in response to our faith. While we write the record our heart wells up with new gratitude for the choice benefit. Surely if in heaven the saints shall converse together of the things of earth, this will be one of the subjects upon which two comrades of twenty years may be expected to commune.

Dr. Brock was a man of no resentments, so far as we can judge. In years gone by we once came into collision with him upon a matter in

which we had no object but the good of the denomination. We, without the shadow of disrespect to him, felt compelled to say several things which must have pained him at the time. We counted the cost of our action, and reckoned among the losses the failure of his friendship. We did him no injustice when we so calculated, for in nine cases out of ten it would have been so; but we were in error, for the good soul, though evidently somewhat hurt, took occasion to say, "Don't you go home with the idea that I love you any the less. For the most part what you have said was quite right, and where you were too hard upon me I am sure you honestly said what you thought, so give me your hand." The hand was both given and shaken with hearty affection, and never once did Mr. Brock show the slightest sign of lessened love or esteem; on the contrary, from that hour we were far more intimate than we had ever been before.

It was in Dr. Brock's parlour that a few brethren met to form the London Baptist Association; a holy union, which has been of more service to the ministers united in it than can be easily estimated. Coolness has been banished, jealousy has been slain, love has been created, and union fostered by this association. Dr. Brock himself was all the better for taking so prominent a part in the movement, and he benefited us all thereby. Together with Dr. Landels, W. G. Lewis, Francis Tucker, and others, William Brock was a tower of strength to the association. His presence meant a good meeting. He was generally quite at home among us, and when in such a condition, it was fine to hear him pile up his massive sentences, interspersed with playful allusions, and consecrated by a devout and earnest spirit. His letter to us when he was on one occasion stretched upon a sick bed was of such a kind that the whole association felt its power, and the meetings rose to a tone of fervency seldom equalled. He enjoyed the loving respect of all the London pastors, and consequently his word was with power. We shall miss his towering stature from among us, there will be a great gap in our ranks, and it will tax the energies of all of us completely to fill it. Happily we have in Mr. Chown, his successor at Bloomsbury, a man of like mind, but our heart still clings to Brock. We would fain have had Brock and Chown too, but the Lord has appointed otherwise. It seemed that the good man could not be laid to his rest till he had looked upon the man who wears his mantle, but Elisha having been found, Elijah was soon taken up.

Adieu, dear brother, with regrets unbounded! We shall not soon forget thee, nor would we wish to do so, for, take thee for all in all, we shall not look upon thy like again. May the Lord multiply in his church the number of such men as thou wast in thy day: so shall his hosts be led forth to victory, and his flocks be fed with discretion.

Perhaps the best address that Dr. Brock ever delivered was his charge to the missionaries at our last Union Meeting at Plymouth. It was grand, nay, sublime. He stood aloft upon that rostrum, and spake as a true father in Israel to the youthful heralds of the cross in words which in no case could they ever forget, but which now will sound in their ears like a voice from another world, and call them to valiant deeds, as if an angel spake. We could not have dreamed that it was our beloved friend's swan-song, yet was it such, and worthy to be such. It was an

address so wise, so faithful, so full of the Spirit of God, that had he known that he should never meet his brethren again, it was such a valedictory as he might have chosen to deliver. To us it seemed all it should be, no more, no less. Characteristic, massive, ornate, rich in words too ponderous for our tongue, and in tones which would have suited none but himself; but withal homely, hearty, intense, overwhelming—as nearly perfect as can come of mortal man. It did our inmost soul good, mainly because of the soul within it, and we shall ever associate Dr. Brock with missions and union meetings. Can we do better?

Our denomination has lost a leader, and the church of God at large a zealous worker. He rests in Abney Park among the honoured dead who cluster around the ashes of the great poet of the sanctuary, not less honoured than they. Poor is our tribute, but it is deeply sincere. We condole with his bereaved children, but we also congratulate them that he was spared to finish his work, and left no thread of life's web unwoven, nor tangle to be undone. Resting in the grace of God through the atoning blood, he has proved the truth and the glory of the gospel, which it was his joy to preach. We follow. Brother in Immanuel's land, we salute thee in parting from thee. *Au revoir.*

Spiritual Cookery.

WE have an old proverb which says that "God sends the meat and the devil sends the cooks;" and we have often acknowledged its truthfulness as we have eaten at road-side inns, and at friends' tables, the best of food rendered utterly tasteless by the want of skill in the kitchen. Well do we remember a dish of chops, swimming in a sort of watery gravy, from which we turned away with loathing, the said chops having been cooked in a frying-pan instead of being put on the grid-iron, and flavoured by the fire; other illustrations of the proverb the reader can doubtless supply, even though, like ourselves, he is no *gourmand,* and would eat anything which was reasonably agreeable. What a pity that good meat should be spoiled: we almost need missionaries from France to teach our population how to prepare food in a Christian manner; that is to say, economically and pleasantly.

When we turn to the food for the soul the proverb is equally full of force. Here, indeed, God has sent meat, such as not only satisfies but delights the soul. Royal dainties are provided in the Word of God: "fat things full of marrow," "angels' food," "butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat." Having such delicacies provided, our spiritual caterers ought to serve up for us many a "lordly dish" when we come together on our solemn feast days. But do they always thus feast the people? Entering any one of heaven's hostelries on the Sabbath, may we with confidence count upon "food convenient for us"? May we hope to find the Lord's minister as liberal as David was when "he dealt among all the people, even among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as the men, to every one a cake of bread and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine"? In many a case it is

so from Sabbath to Sabbath, and the people of God are content, strong, and well-favoured; but, alas, it is not so everywhere. Some bring not forth things new and old, but things very old, and stale, meat dried to mummy, cold joints, which the soul loathes because they have been set so often upon the table in former times: others of set purpose serve up only the bones, carefully removing every trace of nourishment, lest, like Jeshurun, the people should wax fat and kick. What a want of the juice and essence of the truth is often to be observed! Unction and savour are utterly absent, and the gospel preached is stringy and hard like meat from which the excellence has been boiled out. In some ministries there is an entire omission of those grand old doctrines of grace, which are the fat and marrow of revelation. Why it is we cannot tell, for the presence of these portions of our soul's food is to us the charm of a sermon.

Too often, also, our cooks when they serve up good food are very unwise or unfortunate in their choice of condiments. We have known food to be peppered with controversy which ought to have been sweetened with love; and on the other hand we have been sickened with honey where salt was evidently more required. Cayenne of a very fiery kind is in some instances far too plentiful, and in others the treacle used is of a coarse sort, and kills every other flavour. There is reason in roasting eggs, we wish there were more in making sermons. Quantities ought also to be more studied: some truths should not be thrown upon the table in huge masses, but "rightly divided" and broken down to forms suitable for the inner man. We ought never to be made to nauseate through excess that which in due proportion would have delighted. Enough is good as a feast, too much is good nowhere.

The season also should be studied by the spiritual provider, for the best fruits are not best when out of season. The person and work of Jesus, like bread and salt, should be set upon the table every time it is spread; but it is not so with all other doctrines. They have their times for presentation, and in their season each one of them is delightful, or at least beneficial. "A basket of summer fruit" must not be kept till autumn, neither must the apples which need a winter to mellow them be brought to table just as they are gathered; so doctrines equally true may not be equally timely, and it becomes the steward of the Master's house to know the season for all things.

The worst of our Sabbath caterers are those who give fine names to their dishes, and then neglect to make them worthy of their titles. Grand sentences, fine phrases, intellectual definitions, airy speculations, and all that order of things, are very common; and it is equally common to discover that the whole thing amounts to nothing at all. Whipped creams and syllabubs are poor food for hungry men, yet these are the staple of many a discourse. Small talk dignified with tall descriptions, weak wine put in a brandy-bottle, chopped straw labelled "essence of meat,"—who has not met with these and turned away sad at heart? "But, sir, the cook wore a gown! Does not that satisfy you? Then, you must be incorrigible." We confess that we are so. Our stomach will not be content without food, even though a whole band of music should perform hard by; neither will it be appeased though all the millinery in Regent Street should pass before the eye. What it

asks for is its portion of meat in due season, prepared by gracious hands; and if it cannot get it, it digests the old proverb and finds it bitterly true—"God sends the meat and the devil sends the cooks."

C. H. S.

The New Reformation, or the Old Catholics.

BY PASTOR W. P. COPE, OF MAZE POND CHAPEL.

UNDER our first title the writer of a recent volume invites attention to an important religious movement on the Continent. The originators of it call themselves "The Old Catholics." They complain, and not without some show of reason, that the origin and aim of their movement have been but little understood by the great bulk of evangelical Christians in this country; and that Nonconformists have shown the least appreciation of its significance, and the least sympathy with its struggles. The charge is not to be denied, but extenuating circumstances may be pleaded. When the movement commenced the end proposed was not so clearly defined as now; at that time, too, public attention was largely absorbed by the Franco-Prussian war; and more lately, the loudly professed friendship with the "Old Catholics" shown by some of the foremost men of the sacerdotal section of the Established Church at home has tended to beget the suspicion, rather than the confidence, of those identified with the free churches of England. If we have looked upon the struggles of the early leaders with seeming indifference, it has not been from want of charity, so much as lack of knowledge. The complicated conditions of church life upon the Continent are hardly understood by us at home. Many of the lesser questions perplexing continental nations we fought our way through two centuries ago. As long as men were simply paddling upon the sands that border the sea of religious liberty, it was not to be expected that their movements could attract much attention: when the swimmers lay aside their garments, and boldly plunge into the surf that interposes between the shore and the broad calm waters beyond, shining like a "sea of glass mingled with fire," we watch their movements with fixed attention, and follow their efforts with a hearty "God speed." Any attempt to throw off the shackles imposed by the Romish church cannot fail to secure the approval and admiration of all who deem the principles embodied in Protestantism the spiritual and logical outcome of Christianity. There may be a more excellent way of gaining this freedom than the "Old Catholics" have adopted; there may be a more perfect freedom to be attained than seems to have satisfied them at the first; but we who have been born free cannot withhold our hearty sympathy from those who are purchasing this inestimable privilege at a great price. In some instances the price paid has been social as well as ecclesiastical excommunication.

The old Reformation may be said to date from October 31, 1517. The new Reformation may be dated from July 18, 1870. On the earlier of these dates Martin Luther nailed his famous Theses against "Indulgences" upon the doors of the church at Wittenburg. He had no

thought of fighting against Pope or church. He simply stood up for what he deemed to be the interests of truth. But God was meanwhile preparing him for the successful accomplishment of a work from which the boldest heart might have shrunk. On the later of these dates the Pope—Pius IX.—proclaimed the dogma of Papal Infallibility as a doctrine of the Papal Church. It was a notable day. It awoke dull and gloomy. Before the day closed a terrible storm broke over Rome. Amid lightning and thunder, and by the feeble light of flickering tapers, the Pope read aloud the decree of his own infallibility. The faithful saw in these things a good omen: the storm reminded them of the divine sanction amid which Moses received the law on Mount Sinai. The faithless read in these signs a very different meaning. The political atmosphere seemed to be equally overcharged with electricity, for on that same day war between France and Prussia was declared. This was more than a coincidence; Jesuit influences had long predominated at the Vatican and the Tuileries.

The declaration of Papal Infallibility as a dogma of the Popish Church was the crowning work of Jesuit intrigue. "Ultramontane" is the term now in more popular use. With this end in view, that powerful faction of the church had steadily laboured for many years, and in its attainment there can be no doubt that the Pope himself has been but a tool in Jesuit hands. For this end, though under the disguise of other objects, an Œcumenical Council, as it was called, was summoned, to meet in Rome on the day of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1869.

It would take more space than the limits of this article allow to trace the events by which such a dogma became a possibility. This much must be understood by all who would appreciate the position of the "Old Catholics." The Romish church, from the first, has been divided between two distinct and opposite theories of the authority and prerogative of its Pope. One theory may be called the *papal* theory; the other the *episcopal* theory. The former claims for the Pope complete submission as God's vice-regent upon earth. It holds him responsible to God alone for the exercise of his supreme power; and regards him as possessed of attributes, differing both in degree and kind from those conferred upon any other person upon earth. He is the sole depository and channel of the unerring judgment supposed to be promised to the church in all ages. It will be easy to see how a bold and ambitious party in the church could use these principles as a scaffolding, by the aid of which the imposing fabric of papal infallibility could be raised. The *episcopal* theory opposes the papal system as involving a spiritual despotism of the most tyrannical kind. It regards the Pope as executive head only of the church. He has no legislative power: his primacy is acknowledged, simply, as the personal representative of the church's collective authority, and the organ of her utterance. The two theories are consistent with a belief in infallibility, but each with very different circumstances. The papal system assumes that Peter's chair confers infallibility upon its occupant. He may have gained the post by poisoning his predecessor, as did John XXIII., at one time a pirate; and even after he was made pope the employer of brigands. Or he may have secured it by diplomacy, as did Pius II.; or have been thrust into it

by imperial power, as was Leo IX. He may have been as vicious as Benedict IX., who was elevated to the papacy when a mere boy twelve years old. Or like Urban VI. and Clement VII., rival occupiers of the papal throne, elected by rival factions, more busy in anathematising each other than in correcting errors in the doctrines or immoralities in the practice of the clergy. On the other hand, the episcopal system claims infallibility for the church, but denies it to its head. It is asserted that it resides in "her collective and unanimous voice," and that "the guardianship of the Christian faith from the influences of corrupt teaching, is the function, not of an individual, but of a council, which should represent the wisdom of an undivided Christendom." These two theories are naturally antagonistic. It has ever been the aim of ultramontanism to crush the liberal spirit struggling for power among the adherents of the episcopal theory. Step by step it has gained the citadel; when strong enough it has threatened its opponents; when too weak to threaten it has sought to bribe them; when it could do neither it has boldly excommunicated the sturdy protestors against papal ascendancy. Rather than yield the slightest of her prerogatives Rome will rule over a narrower domain.

This contest for the supremacy—for that is the practical meaning of the word infallibility—between the church and the Pope has been carried on for over eight centuries; ever since the time when the Eastern church separated from the Western, as the only way of protesting against Romish ascendancy. The favourable hour at length arrived for striking the last blow. With Jesuitical skill the Vatican nursed the elements of quarrel between Germany and France, doubtless hoping by political disturbance to divert attention from the true nature of the blow Rome was about to strike at the personal liberty of her children. There was, probably, too, the ultimate hope that France would triumph, and be prepared to further the papal interests. There was one person in the Emperor's court always to be relied on as an ally of the Vatican. The devotion of imperial advisers sometimes failed the church; the Emperor himself could not always resist political considerations in ecclesiastical questions; the Empress never wavered in her obedience to papal dictates. If she ruled the fashions for the women of the world, she was herself ruled by the "woman clothed in scarlet." Her devotion cost her husband a throne, and her son an imperial heritage, such as few children are born to in this world. Had France triumphed it would have placed the liberal Catholics in a helpless, if not a hopeless position. With that prospect before him it seemed a most appropriate time for the Pope to summon the Council.

The council that declared the Pope infallible was not summoned avowedly for this purpose. Such an open declaration of war against civil and religious liberty would have aroused the indignation of Rome's long-suffering, overburdened children everywhere. Suspicions were entertained, and even uttered, that some such object was in view, but not until the members of the council had assembled did its real aim transpire. Its announcement caused great consternation, it was like asking a monarch to sign his abdication. The history of general councils had been one protest against the domination of the Pope: this one was invited to reverse the solemn and oft-repeated decision of

the past fourteen or fifteen centuries. It was foreseen "that once fixed as an article of faith, infallibility would become a principle of unlimited significance whether viewed retrospectively or prospectively. It would become a principle embracing all individual and social life, for there would then no longer be any question of the Pope going beyond his proper sphere. Infallibility must define its own limits." The struggle of many of the prelates against the galling yoke of bondage they were invited to put on their own necks; the manœuvres and methods of the Ultramontanist party; the illness of many of the antagonistic prelates, chiefly foreigners, through their enforced residence in Rome during the unhealthy season, which the Italian prelates, more than one-third in number of the whole assembly, were well able to stand; and the uproarious scenes in the course of the discussions, when the ablest speakers of the opposition were hooted down—it is reported that a bishop of the United States said afterwards, with a pardonable sense of patriotic pride, that he now knew of one assembly still rougher than the congress of his own country:—these are matters belonging to the history of the Council. Its history must be studied by all who would understand the secret of papal rule: a popular account of it has yet to be written.

The voting upon the question disappointed the expectations of the Ultramontanists. Eighty-eight voted against the dogma. Sixty-one gave a conditional vote in favour of it. Ninety-one abstained from voting. Four hundred voted in favour of the doctrine. This powerful minority, when scattered each to his own sphere, and subject to the influences the Vatican so well knows how to use, dwindled down to nothing. Some of the bishops who had been most distinguished by the bold stand they had taken in Rome, showed a most abject submission, and even exhibited an uncalled-for severity in dealing with such of their clergy as felt the same difficulty themselves had experienced in accepting the new doctrine. Thus the year 1870 witnessed the consummation of a work which had taken nearly a thousand years to accomplish. The last rivet was driven into the shackles that hitherto had galled, but were now to bind in helpless bondage, civil, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, every adherent of the Romish church. The paragraph which defines the Pope's infallibility closes with an anathema upon any who shall presume to contradict it.

Such a decree, as will be seen, struck a fatal blow at the episcopal theory, and reduced the bishops to a state of abject submission to the Pope. They remain, but only as "papal commissaries, possessed of so much power as the Pope finds good to leave them, and exercising only such authority as he does not directly exercise himself." It constituted, in fact, a new foundation for the church. A protest was soon raised against this overbearing policy: fourteen Roman Catholic professors at Nuremberg rejected alike the authority and the decree of the council. Three of them were at once suspended by the bishop of the diocese for the publication of their protest. The key-note of the movement was struck at Munich, in a manifesto which excited great public attention: in it the protestors affirm, "We do not accept the decrees illegally established at Rome on July 18th; we remain true to our ancient Catholic faith, in which our fathers lived and died, and shall therefore

offer an active and passive resistance to every attempt to force on us a new doctrine, or to drive us out of the church." This was the beginning of the movement. Like the great Lutheran Reformation three-and-a-half centuries before, it began with a protest. For some months the only attitude assumed by the Old Catholic party was that of earnest and dignified protest. Attention was still further drawn to the movement by a very spirited appeal addressed to the French Catholic bishops, who had betrayed the cause they had originally espoused, by Father Hyacinthe, in France; and in Switzerland by the spirited refusal of Egli, of Lucerne, to read the dogma when required by his bishop. Although at a later date he withdrew from active co-operation with the Old Catholic movement, Father Hyacinthe rendered it very efficient service in its early stages. It is said that in personal appearance, as well as in the character of his genius, he resembles Mr. Spurgeon. When taunted that he had left the church of his fathers, he replied, "that he still belonged to the church of his baptism—a church greater than those who govern it, greater than those who defend it." At the head of the movement stands pre-eminently Dr. Döllinger, Professor of Theology at Munich. Born in the year 1799, he was over seventy, an age at which most men like to retire from active service, when he threw down the gauntlet of defiance at the "infallible" Pope. At all times a diligent student, his published works have given him a world-wide reputation among ecclesiastical readers. For some years he represented the University in the Bavarian Chamber, and was regarded as a leader of the Ultramontane party. Without swerving from the fidelity his religious convictions required, he was disheartened and disgusted by the unscrupulous efforts of that party, to bring into subjection to the papal control every department of human study. He accordingly became identified with the liberal Catholics. True to his early ideal of a united Christendom, and perceiving the dangers that threatened the temporal power of the Pope, so late as 1861 his "Church and the Churches" was published, in advocacy of these two principles. With all his devotion to the Romish church, he was too true a man to become a party to the conspiracy for subordinating human freedom to the dictates of the occupant of St. Peter's chair. At one time the hope of the Ultramontanists, he became by a series of steps, perfectly consistent with all we know of him before, their most determined foe. Foremost of the theological faculty summoned by the archbishop soon after his return from the council, he was the first to demur to the demand for unhesitating submission. "Roma locuta est," said the archbishop, and, turning to Döllinger, asked, "Ought we not to be ready to begin to labour afresh in the cause of the Holy Church?" "Yes," was the reply, in his peculiarly decisive manner, "*for the Old Church.*" That answer contains the germ of the whole movement.

Further action was precipitated by the Archbishop demanding by a certain date the formal submission of Döllinger and his colleagues to the Vatican decree, under the penalty of ecclesiastical punishment. In March, 1871, his reply was published. Appealing to Scripture and history, he declared "as a Christian, a theologian, an historical student, and a citizen, I cannot receive the doctrine." So spirited an utterance stirred popular enthusiasm. The archbishop delayed to put in force the

punishment he had threatened. It was only delayed. Under papal pressure the mandate was at length issued, and Dr. Döllinger and his colleague, Professor Friedrich, were declared excommunicated; the sentence being read from every pulpit in the city.

We have not space to trace the growth of the movement; how other men followed the example so worthily set; how a petition signed by twelve thousand Catholics, pointing out the political bearing of the dogma, was presented to the king; how Pope Pius went out of his way to denounce the leaders of the movement as men more to be dreaded than the Communists, "those fiends let loose from hell"; how some who had signed an address of sympathy to the excommunicated professors were denied the rites always administered by the church to the dying, unless they first retracted the opinions such a signature seemed to imply. Rome lacked not the will but the power to persecute.

Towards the close of September attempts were made to organise and consolidate the movement. A congress, attended by five hundred delegates from almost every European country, assembled at Munich. A scheme was drawn up to provide, as far as possible, for the pressing wants of those who were denied the rites of the church, and for the guidance of others anxious to form Old Catholic congregations. Resolutions were also passed indicating the theological views of the community. It is not to be supposed that we, with deep seated and historic objection to an episcopal hierarchy, should sympathise very warmly with their declarations on this point. But we cannot withhold our admiration for their spirited appeal to Scripture, and their readiness to allow the laity a share in church polity. Before the year closed, twenty-three "Vereins" or congregations were in existence, notwithstanding the irritation and opposition of the Ultramontanists.

We pass over the political bearings of the movement, and the sympathy it at length gained both from the Bavarian and Prussian governments, and the aggressive efforts made through the agency of Reinkens, formerly a professor of church history at Breslau. The point to be noted is that every step taken in the direction of organisation was a step further in distance from Rome. The pressure of circumstances admitted of no delay: they must organise or submit to defeat. Hence, at the congress held at Cologne, 1872, it was resolved to give further extension to the "resolutions passed at Munich, by authorising the establishment of parochial cures, and all the necessary arrangements for separate services and sacramental ordinances." One difficulty had been but partially solved. As long as that difficulty remained the whole movement was open to the charge of imperfect ecclesiastical organisation. No bishop had, as yet, identified himself with the Old Catholics. Without a bishop the children could not be confirmed, nor the clergy lawfully consecrated. We may smile at the gravity of the position: to them it was a grave question. Nursed as they had been in the very bosom of Episcopacy; separated from an ancient church by their preference for the episcopal over the papal theory, the want of a bishop would assume an importance we are not able to understand. They could not always be dependent upon the archbishop of Utrecht, as in the previous year, for the work of confirmation. The change in the political atmosphere made it desirable that the infant community should

have some recognised head. The papal encyclical of December, 1872, and the passing of the Falk laws in Prussia, seemed like so much outward pressure, tending to the decision already foreshadowed in the appointment of a committee, composed of clerics and lay, empowered to take measures for the election of a bishop. The choice fell upon Reinkens. If not unanimous it was nearly so. Before accepting the office he made it a condition that the vow should be one of love and reverence, not that of obedience, which Rome has forged into so crushing an instrument of tyranny: The bishop, on his part, bound himself by a like vow to his flock. These are new features in Episcopacy. Protestants cannot rail against Romanists in the matter of bishops: in both cases they are forced upon the community by political or ecclesiastical considerations. Here is a return to primitive times. The staunchest Nonconformist could hardly object to a bishop when elected by the almost unanimous choice of *laymen* and clergy. This was the remarkable position Reinkens was called to fill.

It is computed that, up to this time, the adherents of the movement number in Germany 50,000. The numbers, probably, would have been much greater but for the difficulty of finding a sufficient number of well educated priests, for such their ministers are still called. Switzerland shows a much larger number. There its success has been so marked as to draw from the Pope a most serious warning against them in his encyclical of March, 1875. He denounces them as "a deplorable sect," which "draws from the arsenal of old heresies so many errors about the leading principles of the Catholic faith." The faithful are exhorted to avoid their writings and all contact with them. "Let them have no relation whatever with the apostate priests, who have been thrust among them, and who dare to exercise the functions of the ecclesiastical ministry, but who are absolutely destitute of all consideration and of all legitimate missionary authority; let them hold them in abhorrence as strangers from without, and as robbers who come in only to plunder, destroy, and murder."

We have endeavoured to sketch the rise and progress of this remarkable movement. Our space will admit of no more. Already some of the corrupt practices and doctrines with which they started have been corrected. Some of the gross superstitions of Rome have been abandoned. It is true much more remains to be done. Surely we may augur the best from men who have done so well. Even the blind man when touched by Christ's own hand did not all at once see clearly; it needed another touch from the divine hand and a stedfast gaze before he could distinguish between men and trees. Brought up in the purblind state of popery, we cannot expect these people all at once to see things in the same clear light in which we have been looking at them for several centuries. If the ideal of a united Christendom, the pet hobby of Dr. Döllinger, do not tempt them from the stern, hard path of church reformation and church reorganisation, we shall see still greater things. It would be easy to criticise some of the blemishes and weaknesses of the movement. Time and the hard discipline of facts will be the better remedy. With all sympathy, and a hearty God-speed, we urge the leaders not to rest, as though they "had already attained, either were already perfect," but to press forward.

The Life and Adventures of James Hampton,

FOUNDER OF THE MISSION TO THE BLIND IN CONNECTION WITH THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

JAMES HAMPTON was born in the year 1829, and at the time of his birth his parents lodged at a public house in Drury-lane, an ancient, squalid district of western London, which enjoys the reputation of having cradled the plague of the year 1665. Other districts have improved, have indeed had their tenements swept away to make room for broad streets and palatial piles, but Drury-lane, like the Pyramids, seems to defy time itself; and century after century to retain its overcrowded courts and pestilential atmosphere. The elder Hampton was a house-painter, he and his wife were slaves of drink, so that with everything against him, the early days of their son James were altogether unpromising. His play-ground was a spreading net-work of courts and alleys; his companions were the wandering Arabs and juvenile pariahs of the streets; his house was unworthy of the name—a mere drinking-den—and his parents were never kind. A more rough or uncanny rearing than his in the London of forty years ago it would b difficult to imagine; and a being who did not come out of it a mora wreck may well ascribe his preservation to the grace of God alone.

Yet James Hampton received an education of a kind, and meagre as it was, his book-learning made him superior to his neighbours. For four years he attended the schools of New Church Court in the Strand, though a main part of the discipline there received consisted in thrashings on account of playing truant in company with dissolute companions. Instead of sitting down to their books the youngsters would proceed to the water-side to wallow in the mud in search of halfpence which would be tossed from the bridge by spectators by way of sport. By such unlikely means coppers to the amount of threepence or fourpence a day were sometimes obtained, and the practice was continued until James Hampton reached his tenth or eleventh year, when life-changes occurred for which the young adventurer was quite unprepared.

At ten years of age he left school, and at the same time he was turned out of house and home by his father "to do for his self," his mother having died two years before. To the inebriate house-painter and to the woman who occupied the post of housekeeper it probably seemed not a little unreasonable for an able-bodied youth of ten years to be dependent on the parent stem; at any rate the most practical and ready way of expressing their sentiments was to turn the youngster out of doors, and so leave him to make the best of his resources. Finding the circumstances of his situation as distressing as they were novel, the poor boy wandered abroad hither and thither, utterly disconsolate, the harsh words of his father still ringing in his ears—that henceforth he would find neither food nor bed at home. Night after night he slept anywhere that might pass for a shelter and furnish a lair for the homeless.

He seemed to be cut off from hope and friends. Even the much-relished mud-larking becomes divested of all its fun when, as a person's sole source of income, it is adopted as a profession. But when trouble comes as pure misfortune a turn in the tide is almost certain to appear, and thus it happened in this instance. One day James had strayed into Catherine-street, Strand, when he was noticed by a pleasant-looking man, who stood in the doorway of a newsvendor's shop.

"My boy, do you want a place—can you go out with newspapers?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir, I shall be very thankful," answered James.

"Well, come in, and I'll give you a trial," added the other, leading the way into the shop.

The newspaper trade was something different in the year 1839 from what it is to-day. There was then no commodity in the market to compete with the high-priced journals, and had any seer foretold what a revolution in journalism a few years would effect, men would have treated the prediction as the day-dream of an enthusiast. Yet people in those days, as in these, required their papers to be delivered early, and James Hampton's business hours were from 4 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. As his salary now amounted to six shillings a week, to say nothing of gratuities from customers, etc., he was re-admitted into his father's lodgings. He remained with the newsvendor for four years, and only resigned the appointment when he received a more liberal offer from a coppersmith near Leicester-square, who allowed him fourteen shillings a week. The coppersmith was also a kind master as well as a religious man, and James spent two profitable years in his service. He might have remained in this situation without desiring a change had not his father removed him for the purpose of teaching him common house painting.

The change which now occurred was entirely for the worse, and James soon found reason to wish that he could recall the old days which he had spent among newspapers and copper ware. He was now entirely separated from any religious influence; and though his guardians had, meanwhile, removed from Drury-lane to the neighbourhood of Lincoln's-inn Fields the moral atmosphere was no purer. Through several years he continued to labour at the painting business; but the life he led was a very indifferent one. His father and substitute for a mother were still drunkards; there was no home comfort; and though he paid fourteen shillings a week for board and lodging the boy was half starved, and treated generally in a dog-like fashion until he could bear the misery no longer. One Saturday a tragedy, which ended in a long separation, was enacted in his father's wretched home. The woman in charge, who was intoxicated, in her frenzy declared that no food should be served; but James, with youthful impetuosity, replied by hurling a pot of hot coffee at her head, and by seizing a loaf, with which he escaped into the street. He walked to Sheerness, and until the following Tuesday he had no other provision than such as he carried with him from London. In a national sense those were portentous times; it was the fall of 1853; the irrepressible Eastern Question was the master perplexity of European cabinets; and as volunteers were wanted for the fleet the young painter enlisted, thinking that a

seaman's life promised more comfort than had been enjoyed with a drunken father and a brawling woman in a London home. The old people heard nothing of the truant for three weeks, but at last, guided by authentic news, they appeared at Sheerness, boarded the good ship *Waterloo*, and with many tears, crocodile or otherwise, they would fain have prevailed on James to return to home and friends. Finding that such arguments did not prevail, the elder Hampton threatened to acquaint the officer in charge with the fact that a boy had run away from his natural guardians; yet when James answered with the counter-threat that he would jump into the sea he was left to go his way without further molestation.

The die was now cast; and the name of James Hampton was enrolled among thousands of others who were destined to go through a rough experience in the service of their country. After passing through a course of training, he accompanied the Black Sea fleet on its somewhat inglorious career; and, until he was wounded by a shell, he fought on the flag-ship *Agamemnon* during Admiral Lyon's attack on Fort Constantine in October, 1854. After this engagement he lay for a month in the hospital at Malta; subsequently he took Crimean ague, and came home to England completely invalided in the fall of 1855. He was admitted into King's College Hospital, where he remained for fourteen months, and was visited by Miss Florence Nightingale. The patient's complaint, which appears to have been a rather uncommon kind of paralysis, was characterised by some remarkable symptoms, one of these being a rigid stiffness, closely resembling death. For three months life was sustained by injections without anything passing the mouth. Then at certain stages of the disease it was found necessary to administer chloroform several times in a day in order to deaden the pain of treatment by instruments. Both physicians and friends looked on the prostrate sailor with wonder; for once, after actually supposing he was dead, they found they were mistaken. "Well, Hampton," cried one of the doctors, "you are like a cat; you've got nine lives; it's of no use trying to kill you." When able to enjoy them he lacked neither books to read nor such presents as were suitable for him; for the Crimean and the Turkish medals hung over his bed to attract notice by marking the invalid as no common hero.

After leaving the hospital our friend returned to the home he had left some years before, which was situated at Searle's Place, near Lincoln's-inn-Fields. The habits of his father, as well as those of the woman whom the elder Hampton still retained as housekeeper, were not in any degree reformed. Of old they were quarrelsome and drunken; but though they were the same, still they were more disposed to be civil, because they were aware that the crippled sailor already possessed, or was entitled to, "a little bit of money," as he himself expresses it. As it was still necessary to use a crutch in walking, it was inexpedient to seek a business situation, so that notwithstanding the golden hoard which exercised the effect of curbing the old people's tongues, the temporal prospects of James Hampton were anything but cheering, and his own patriotism had proved an expensive pastime. At this date, when the general outlook was most unpromising, he was sitting at home one Saturday morning, when the old seafaring companions, William

B—— and Thomas B——, made their appearance. Like James Hampton, these tars had had enough of fighting, of bleeding for Queen and country, and so on; and probably thinking that their country was somewhat indebted to them, they proposed that a collecting tour in the provinces should be undertaken. The war was all but finished; but the anti-Russian enthusiasm had not yet become extinct, and could be turned to profit. William B—— spoke like a man who thought the tide should be taken at the full. "Well, Jim," he said, "you may as well come out with us, you've got no home."

Jim felt his way as cautiously as a man should do whose powers had been sufficiently tested before Fort Constantine and its deadly ordnance. Though quite willing to become partner in a promising venture, as a veteran tar he would not catch at straws. "Well, what are you going to do?" he thus asked in reply.

"O, come down to Croydon, and you'll see!" cried the sanguine William B——. There are times when a pale face, a bandaged arm, and a limping leg may be used as capital. William B—— thought that his friend Hampton was throwing away a fine chance while he sat moping away his hours in Searle's Place. The philosopher's stone was at Croydon, if he would only seek it.

The party set off to Croydon in high spirits, arrayed in sailors' clothes, decorated with their medals, and as Hampton limped along on a crutch, he presented an appearance which would be sure to excite the commiseration of all "true-born Englishmen." After a toilsome march they duly arrived at their destination, sleeping accommodation was secured at a tramps' rendezvous, and then they prepared for action. It was Saturday evening, and the streets of Croydon showed their accustomed liveliness, for throngs of marketers with their week's earnings in their pockets were abroad. The quondam sailors took up a prominent position in the street to sing the song called "Miss Nightingale," as a likely bait to catch the ear of the public in the then excited state of that erratic creature's mind. The result showed that Cockney Bill, as William B—— was styled, had not miscalculated his chances of success. The public plaudits and the public coins came down upon the heroic trio in showers, until the receipts of that one night amounted to four pounds. Poor women, fathers of families, and little children were tempted to halt, and proved their kindness of heart and loyal patriotism by contributing to the common tribute paid to the brave by a grateful country.

After this success at Croydon, the singing tour was extended to other parts of England; but the receipts diminished, and at last became no more than sufficient to pay the expenses of the road. Under these conditions James Hampton grew weary of his wild freedom, and determined to seek a more congenial occupation. He again directed his thoughts to the sea, and now that he was healed of his lameness he determined once more to seek his future on the mighty main. He took leave of his boon companions, walked down to Gravesend, engaged to serve as an able-bodied seaman on board the *Abiroth*, and set sail for Halifax, in Canada. As the chalk cliffs of old England receded from view it became daily more apparent that the *Abiroth* was nothing better than a floating hell, and that the captain was a drunken demon with an

ungovernable temper. He would pace the deck with a charged revolver in his hand as the symbol of authority; and by way of a freak he would fire at anybody who happened to displease him. When they arrived at the Canadian port, the terrified crew, with the exception of James Hampton and the mate, fled from the vessel, leaving only three persons on board to return to England. These three actually had the hardihood to cross the Atlantic alone, and to brave unheard-of perils. They put out just so much sail as they could manage without risk, and thus went gently along. Yet the privation suffered was extraordinary. The rations were execrable; such sleep as could be indulged in had to be taken in snatches on deck, while Hampton's clothes, unchanged for five weeks, and soaked with brine and rain water, rotted on his back, until he was not in a fit state to land when he at last arrived in the Channel. When he boarded the *Abiroth* the pilot at Dover looked around on the scene in stark astonishment, and at first could hardly believe that the men were not practising some deception.

This state of ocean life not being altogether satisfactory, it seemed to be both desirable and reasonable that some further ventures should be made on *terra firma*. Mr. Hampton now allied himself as ganger-in-chief, with half-a-dozen others, some of whom were real, while the others were pseudo-sailors—to undertake another English singing tour. This business was not very successful; the war enthusiasm had died out, and bawl and flourish as they might, the song "Miss Nightingale" no longer exercised its talismanic influence to draw forth showers of public plandits and coins. Three months of this experience sufficed to convince the ganger that he was not formed by nature to excel in any calling on land; and hence he resigned his command, and once more walked to Gravesend, where he accepted another engagement, this time on board the good ship *Waterwitch*. All things seemed to prosper for a time, but in an evil hour the *Waterwitch* struck on the rocks off the Isle of Wight, became a total wreck, and James Hampton was only rescued from a watery grave after he had battled with the waves for six hours. He appears to have lost what little he possessed, and to have been carried into Cowes in an exhausted condition. Still the roving sailor seemed to have a charmed life, and the physician who in the hospital likened him to a cat does not appear to have spoken wide of the truth.

Not cowed, however, by his dangerous adventures off Cowes, James Hampton felt no desire to desert the sea. The late affair was clearly an accident, and as such ought not to be allowed to bias a candid mind. After perfectly recovering from such fright and inconvenience as were inseparable from the occasion, he was again seen at Gravesend, when he embarked in the *Florist*, a merchantman, bound for the island of St. Vincent. The captain was a shrewd trader; and, as it served his purpose to do so, he allowed his vessel to ride at anchor for fourteen months in her tropical harbour. The society of the place, and especially its facilities for drinking, suited the predilections of the English sailors, each of whom every morning before breakfast went ashore to drink half-a-pint of rum, which cost one halfpenny. At this time a tragedy occurred on board the *Florist* which, as illustrative of what can possibly take place in an English vessel, and of the example afforded by a

supposed Christian nation to a more unfortunate race, it would be unfair to pass over in silence. Half-a-dozen men, all of whom were suffering from *delirium tremens*—the effects of new rum—were rioting together on board, and their fevered fancies saw and heard things too shocking to be described. In his mad frenzy one of these thought he saw the arch-fiend run along the deck; uttering a horrid cry the poor wretch followed at the top of his speed, jumped into the sea, and was seen no more!

Notwithstanding its dangers, hardships, and vile companionship, James Hampton still loved a seafaring life, and his adventures did not terminate in the *Florist*. After he left the West Indies he traded along the American coast on board of the *Saxon*, whose crew was a mongrel company of Portuguese and Americans. We are to understand that these gentry were thorough-going good fellows, peaceable and kind, though they persisted in being ready for any unlooked-for crisis by placing knives beneath their pillows every night! Still they were the most orderly crew ever met with by Mr. Hampton, who, when he parted from them, and stepped ashore on English soil in the year 1863, relinquished his connection for ever with those who do business in great waters.

Jack ashore in search of a new profession is at least a character of interest, so that we may still follow our hero as he directs his steps towards the old home in Searle's Place, where everything proceeded much as it had done for years past, drink still remaining the master curse of the household. The appearance of the returned sailor was as sudden as it was unexpected.

"What! have *you* come back again?" cried the father, as soon as he was sure that he might believe the testimony of his eyes.

"Well, yes, I have," was the quiet reply.

"What are you going to do?" asked the old man.

"Why, I'm going to set to work," replied James; "you've got a lot of men on, and surely you can give me a job."

"Well, yes, you can come on," added the father, and so concluded a contract which remained in force for some time. Father and son were now united by the new relationship of master and servant.

Not very long after this the old man was overtaken by his last illness—a man with the constitution of a rhinoceros must have succumbed at length under his manner of living, and he could not hope to be an exception to nature's rule. One evening when the men were just about leaving their work for the day, James, who had taken rather more drink than was good for him, noticed that his sire was troubled with an ominous cough—a cough that seemed to have some of the ring of death about it.

"Well, father," he remarked, scarcely knowing what he said, "that's a terrible cough; to-night may be the last time you may ever come out—have you given your heart to Christ?"

"Ah, my boy, if you lose your father, what will you do?" answered the house-painter, more affected by the question than he chose should appear.

"Do!" said the son, keeping to his point. "Do! Why the same as I do now; *but have you given your heart to Jesus?*"

To this day James Hampton cannot explain why he should have asked such a question as that—a question both suitable and earnest. He knew nothing about the power of the gospel, and to Christian workers of every grade he showed an uncompromising hostility; yet, as though it had come from the purest lips, the searching questions went home right to the old man's conscience. "Father, have you given your heart to Christ? *Have* you given your heart to Jesus?" The man was really ill; of late he had been drinking freely as usual, and now he was led homeward to his lodging in Searle's-place by two friends, the question he had heard still ringing in his ears. When he entered the house he fell on his knees, called earnestly on the Lord to have mercy upon his soul for Christ's sake, and to blot out his long catalogue of sins in the blood shed on Calvary. The poor old house painter was visited by a good Christian friend, saw the way of escape through the Saviour, embraced the great atonement, and, as his son can testify, repented of his sins, and entered heaven a brand plucked from the burning, to live a trophy for ever of wonderful redeeming grace.

After the death of his father, James Hampton continued to work at the painting business, and he also drank as hard as ever. This course of life went on for some years longer, until a certain Sabbath morning in 1868, when a relative who was a Christian man called at the painter's lodging, and invited him to go and hear a sermon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. More for the sake of relieving the monotony of Sunday morning than in the hope of getting any good, Hampton complied with the request; but in spite of himself his courage failed, and he trembled under conviction of sin when the pastor proceeded to deliver a discourse on life from the dead, and the resurrection of Lazarus. As the preacher opened up his theme, and the miracle at the grave's mouth was vividly portrayed, Hampton felt that he too was looking on the scene. He thought of the old days in the hospital when he lay perfectly helpless, and of one time in particular when he was actually regarded as dead. Then came stirring appeal, which aroused other and yet more mighty thoughts in the mind of this casual visitor to the Tabernacle. What if he could rise to new life? But no, no, there was no hope for *him*—he was too far gone for recovery; he was more than dead, he was lost! He left the building with his brain in a whirl, and with a heart overwhelmed. When he regained the street his old companions were there, they were even waiting for him; but how horribly strange was the language they spoke, though two hours before it would have sounded perfectly natural.

"Arn't you coming to have some booze, Hampton?" said one, hailing his friend in the usual convivial tones.

"No, no! no more for me, I've done with it altogether," was the decisive answer.

"What? are you half dead?"

"No, I'm not half dead; but I've done with it for ever!"

Leaving his fellow workmen to enjoy their booze, and especially their horse-laughter at his expense, Hampton returned to his home. There was dinner on the table; but unable to eat anything, he hastened to his room in a distracted state, and there for the first time wept on account of sin, while for the first time he called on the Lord for mercy

and pardon. To his wife he resembled a crazed man; she called on him not to "sit moping there"; proposed amusement and "a cheerful glass," the crisis being in all respects incomprehensible. All, however, was of no avail: the man had heard other voices calling to him from a better country whither he must flee for refuge, so that the language of his native land—the City of Destruction—grated harshly on his ear. Still the storm raged in his soul, and neither Sunday sermons, the sympathy of friends, nor the jeers of Monday morning had any influence to abate its fury. For three weeks he was in a state of utter misery, and could find no relief. Then at length the chains of sin's slavery were snapped; the heavenly mandate came—"Let there be light" —and the sinner, as if in a moment, became one of the Lord's freemen.

Having himself tasted of the blessing, Mr. Hampton at once felt a desire to tell the good news to others. He commenced to labour as an evangelist in the south of London; but after coming in contact with a blind boy in needy circumstances, his attention was by degrees wholly directed towards that class. Among the blind he has laboured with singular success and with the most disinterested devotion. A hall was engaged in the Kennington Road, and as this has already become too strait for the accommodation of the numbers who attend, it is thought desirable to erect a mission-station when a site and funds can be procured. This is one of the works which Mr. Spurgeon is most anxious to carry out as soon as possible. In a future paper we may be able to give in detail some of the remarkable cases of misfortune, indigence, and conversion which have from time to time come under the visitor's notice; but having explained the origin of the work in hand, and preceded it with a life-story abounding in striking incident, we feel that for the present we have said enough to stimulate public interest in Mr. Hampton's Mission to the Blind.

"Taketh Hold."

SEE that feeble spider clinging to the ceiling in yonder palace! How did it get there? By "taking hold with its hands." Its movements were no *formal* things. Each one was a real *grasp*. It never could have been there otherwise. And now all the power of gravitation cannot draw it down.

And what is the lesson to be derived from it? That it must be so with all who reach the palace of the King. Theirs must be no profession, no formal, lifeless, religion. It must be a real, a living thing. There must be a *real* conviction of sin, a *real* need felt of the blood of Christ, a *real* taking hold of God, a *real* grasp of faith. Whatever it may be about you, Christian reader, see that it is reality. Let your faith, your prayers, your life be a "*taking hold*" of God. Have done with all mere profession, all that is merely formal. Cast everything of the kind to the winds. Let reality stamp your life. Let every step, like the motions of the spider, be a help to another step, and let each step be a thorough grasp of Christ. Only thus can you reach the palace of the King.—*Frederick Whitfield.*

Extract from the last Letter of William James,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN ALBANY, U.S.*

[*The experiences of dying believers are very precious, and tend to encourage others whose feet are touching Jordan's brink; we therefore select this passage from a good man's departing expressions, not because we see any remarkable beauty in the language, but because of the holy peace and delightful expectancy which breathe through the whole.*]

I WRITE from my bed. My sufferings are very great, but my soul still rejoices in the broad sunlight of the divine presence; all my former experiences have been twilight compared with the present. While I live my love can never quit its hold of my dear earthly friends, and much less, I believe, after I have ascended. I cannot doubt that God is leading you in the same way in which he has been leading me. At the bottom of all my longings is a desire for purity, or perfect conformity to God's will, and this will not be denied. I have long wanted nothing else. To be such a debtor as I am to grace, and yet to withhold anything from my Lord, seems to be the only thing I cannot endure. Therefore I just placed myself in his hands, that he might, by any means he chose to use, constrain me to the total relinquishment of self: and how has he done it? By bringing me into a trial in which self had no choice but to trust him or perish, and then showing me that I had nothing to fear—that love belonged to him just as light belongs to the sun, and that it is all mine.

I would not exchange my sufferings, and the peace I have, for a diadem of stars.

. . . . . The *simplicity* of my confidence in God at present exceeds any ideal which I ever have had of such a state. I mention this to you partly to assuage your painful sympathies for me, and partly for your own encouragement. I wish I had strength to tell you fully the ground of my peace. For many months before this trouble came upon me I enjoyed a higher degree of communion with God than ever before. To be like him—to have the cursed root of sin eradicated, I offered myself up in daily sacrifice; willing to suffer everything: for I saw plainly that it was only by suffering the end could be effected.

With the first clear and real view of approaching judgment, all my *evidences* were of no more account than the drift-wood on which the drowning mariner tries to rest amidst the surges of the ocean. I saw myself as the basest of mankind; the expression "of whom I am chief" became as easy to understand as the alphabet. Still I felt as a child: quite as anxious that the Father whom I had so injured, should be glorified as that I should be delivered from his wrath; and now I fully appreciate, as I always had pretty well understood, the meaning of Christ's death. God glorified and my soul certainly saved by Christ's simply dying for me, without any reference to my own character—dying for my sins, a sense of which alone is necessary to get all the benefits

* Grace for Grace. Letters of Rev. William James, of Albany, U.S.A. With Introduction by D. L. Moody. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1875.

of his death. I do not wonder that the only song in the upper world is: "To him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever." Soon shall I join in that eternal song.

I wish I could tell you of the great mercy of God to me in every respect. I suffer very little now except from weakness. But O the bright reflection from the world to which I am going! Everything indicates that the hand of a Father directs all things concerning me. Oh, the delightful repose that I had all last night! May God do abundantly above all my thoughts and prayers for you dear friend! . . . Since my last to you I have been gradually sinking; and it is evidently the impression of those around me, as it has long been my own, that there is no exit from my complicated malady but through the gate of death. I do not take the sofa of late nearly as much as formerly, and can read nothing of any account. There is hardly a square inch of my body below the small of my back which is not the seat of pain. But I feel that it is sweet to suffer—to suffer anything from One in whose love I have such boundless confidence, and sure I am that all suffering from his hand is meant not only for my highest good but for my highest happiness. Anything ought to be sweet which binds us to the cross, and to the bosom of our only beloved, and fills the eye with heaven. How natural, how, I might almost say, *human*, yonder heaven seems as I approach its shores! It seems literally like going to the land of "green pastures and still waters."

Never was there a person as low as I am surrounded with more outward comforts; the best of nursing, the warmest sympathy of friends, and delightful letters of affection—especially from ministers who have heard of my extremity. But infinitely better still, all is sunshine within. The tree is leafless, but the warm sun of Eternal love is shining around me, and the two worlds seem to open into each other. The outward comforts I have are a small matter compared with the trust in my heavenly Father, which flows on in a constant stream, no more to be stopped or troubled than one's faith in the declaration of a father's love. God's Word, revealing his full character, is the fountain at which I quench my perpetual thirst for the knowledge of his love to me. I find this fountain not only free as water, but satisfying as water itself.

No young girl ever felt a more delightful fluttering in the prospect of a European tour than I feel in the prospect of soon seeing the land of never-withering flowers, and of seeing Christ, and knowing him, and being known of him. If anything favourable occurs, you shall hear; if nothing, then farewell till we meet on the bank of the River of Life.

In death as in life, yours, W. J.

Recorder Hackett says.

THE other day there was an election in New York, and the *Herald*, in order to aid the cause of a favourite candidate, placed his name in every one of its articles. There was an account of the great meetings under Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and right in the middle of it, without any sort of connecting link, you came upon the words, "Recorder Hackett says." A murder was vividly described, and in the most thrilling part of the narrative you dropped upon, "and Recorder Hackett says." The money article not only told you of the rise and fall of stocks, railways shares and bonds, but it was interlarded with "Recorder Hackett says." Horse-races, weddings, civil suits, arrivals of ships, sudden deaths, and singular incidents, none of them could be read without the inevitable "Recorder Hackett says." Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's Sunday sermon was summarized, but not without the addition of "Recorder Hackett says." The opinions of some scores of the clergy upon the revival were nearly all interspersed with "Recorder Hackett says," and so also were the police reports, whatever the crime might be. It was equally amusing and tiresome to come across the omnipresent Recorder Hackett in every column, nay, in well nigh every paragraph. We were glad to see in the next day's paper that Recorder Hackett was elected, for now there will be no more need to introduce us to him in every dozen lines of type.

Do we not know instances similar to this? Are there not brethren who have, not Recorder Hackett on the brain, but some other subject of equal excellence. Some brethren cannot make a speech without introducing teetotalism, others are never at home except they can denounce popery, a third class must allude to the Contagious Diseases Act, a fourth cannot have done without dragging in unfulfilled prophecy, and so on, according to the hobby which they ride. Ministers are to be found who make everything run to high Calvinism, or the reverse: the text does not matter, the old theme must come in, neck and heels, if in no other manner. A man wild upon annihilation will twist about till he can display his crotchet, and another who is equally insane upon modern music will jump over hedge and ditch in order to have a fling at the old fashioned tunes. These people are instant in season and out of season, and especially so in the latter: if they saw you falling from the roof of a house they would wish you to stop half way, and consider the important subject which has addled their brains. Do these brethren ever reflect that you can overdo a thing? Did they never hear the man's grace which expressed his having had enough of rabbits young and rabbits old, rabbits hot and rabbits cold, rabbits tender and rabbits tough? Has the French proverb, *toujours perdrix*, always partridge, never occurred to them? If not for the sake of weary humanity, let them pause, consider, and have mercy upon their friends. Even the organ-grinder changes the tune sometimes. In Glasgow it does not always rain, but "*sometimes snaws*." Do let us have some respite. Dear bores, do bore us in another place. We will gladly turn you the other cheek if you will smite us another way.

Isaac Watts.*

THE name of Dr. Watts is a household word throughout Christendom, but comparatively few, we apprehend, are familiar with the story of his life. He has had other biographers, but none have succeeded so well as Mr. Paxton Hood in collecting and arranging the slender materials of his history. We should have been surprised had Mr. Hood failed to do justice to his subject, for he has brought to the task a mind richly stored with biographical lore, a poetic genius of no mean order, and a just enthusiasm for his hero. Hood's life of Isaac Watts will transform a name into a living, breathing reality to multitudes of readers, for every page glows with the brightest touches of the writer's genius. It is impossible to study the character of Watts, which Mr. Hood so faithfully delineates, without a thrill of admiration for the man; or to ponder over the labours of his life without breathing the grateful emotion of the soul in a psalm of thanksgiving to God.

In the year in which Milton died Watts was born; and though his genius found scope for its exercise in a different sphere, he may be regarded as no unworthy successor of the nonconformist, scholar, patriot, and poet. He was a precocious child, and at the age of four he commenced learning Latin; at nine he added Greek to his studies, and, before he was fourteen, French and Hebrew. His father was a deacon of the Independent church at Southampton, in the gaol of which town he was imprisoned for his nonconformity in the eventful years of 1674-5, when Isaac was an infant. To his grandmother, perhaps as much as to his mother, he was indebted for his earliest lessons, which influenced his mind and character. At fourteen he writes "fell under considerable convictions of sin," and a year later he adds, "and was taught to trust in Christ, I hope." We wonder whether it was after indulging in grateful reminiscences, he wrote the hymn containing the lines:—

> "A flower when offered in the bud,
> Is no vain sacrifice."

We are no advocates of that precocity of infancy which is often purchased at the expense of mature age, but in the case of Watts we cannot but admire the genius which anticipated the slow development of years. Although he maintained his mental vigour to the last, an enfeebled constitution limited his usefulness, and yet, perhaps, it is scarcely just to pronounce this judgment, for in the comparative seclusion which he sought, he set the gospel to music, and enriched the church with a precious legacy of holy song.

Bunyan and Howe, Newton and Locke, Sely and Wren, Doddridge and Watts, men who, in "a wild, wicked, and frivolous time" enriched our literature, and added imperishable monuments to our national greatness, were, for a greater or lesser period, cotemporaries. Although "the avenues to prosperity and peace seemed to lie in conformity to the Church of England," Isaac Watts maintained the integrity of his convictions, refused the offer of a friend to defray his expenses at the university, and cast in his lot amongst the dissenters. In the year

* Isaac Watts; his Life and Writings, &c. By E. Paxton Hood. London. The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

1690, then but sixteen years of age, he entered the academy at Stoke Newington to prepare for the ministry. "The pupil was nearer to manhood than was implied in his years: he was a well informed and richly cultivated scholar when he left his father's house." The two methods of study which he pursued might be adopted by our young men with considerable advantage, viz.;—to abridge the works of eminent writers, and then analyze the digest thus made; and, secondly, to interleave the works of authors with blank leaves, and transfer additions from other writers on the same subjects. In this way an author may be mastered and a subject compassed. He found a true friend in his tutor, and in his lines "to the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the director of my youthful studies," he says:—

"Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts, like rivers flow,
And choose the channels where they run."

Perhaps there is a mild censure implied in the last line, for several students of dissenting academies had gone over to the communion of the established church; amongst whom may be mentioned, the father of the Wesleys, Dr. Butler, who became Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury. Charity forbids, or it might be said of these and others, they sacrificed principle to preferment.

Having completed his studies at Stoke Newington, Watts returned to Southampton, where he expressed the opinion that "the psalmody was far beneath the beauty and dignity of a Christian service," and was requested to produce something better. The following Sunday he presented his first hymn, which was sung at the close of the service.

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name
And songs before unknown."

The innovation was hailed by many as a desirable improvement, and song after song flowed from his ready pen.

Returning to Stoke Newington at the age of twenty-two, he took up his residence in the family mansion of Sir John Hartopp, as private tutor to the future baronet. It was at this period he wrote his "Miscellaneous Thoughts," "Logic," and "Improvement of the Mind." His industry was untiring; Mr. Hood says, "he had his work to do, and he wrought at it like a living conscience." Consecrated genius and conscientious industry were the factors in the marvellous products of his life. On his twenty-fourth birthday, he preached his first sermon, in the church of Dr. Chauncy, in Mark Lane, with whom he shared the pastorate for nearly four years, and whom he succeeded as sole pastor. It was no easy task for a young man to minister to a congregation which had been presided over by Joseph Caryl and John Owen. "From the pulpit of this place, Caryl probably poured forth those prelections on the book of Job, assuredly in more than one sense a monument to the memory of patience! Vast and mammoth like, a megatherium of books, the most huge commentary ever written, but a structure of learning, with eloquence and evangelical truth, if large in bulk, almost

equal in worth." If the illnesses of Watts interfered with his public ministrations, they chastened his spirit and drew forth the richest consolations for many a suffering saint. Writing to a brother minister in affliction, he says, "It is my hearty desire for you that your faith may ride out the storms of temptation, and the anchor of your hope may hold, being fixed within the vail. There sits Jesus our forerunner, who sailed over this rough sea before us, and has given us a chart, even his word, where the shelves and rocks, the fierce currents and dangers are well described, and he is our pilot, and will conduct us to the shores of happiness. I am persuaded, then, in the future state, we shall take a sweet review of those scenes of providence which have been involved in the thickest darkness, and trace those footsteps of God when he walked with us through the deepest waters. This will be a surprising delight, to survey the manifold harmony of clashing dispensations, and to have those perplexing riddles laid open to the eyes of our souls, and read the full meaning of them in set characters of wisdom and grace."

Absorbed by his philosophical and ministerial labours, and devoting his leisure hours to the composition of his hymns and sacred lyrics, he played a very insignificant part in the events of that stirring age, between the last years of the reign of Charles II. and the closing years of the second George. He was not a social demagogue, a political partizan, nor a religious agitator: like a star, which sheds its benign radiance through the gloom of a tempest-wrought sky, he dwelt apart, while the influence of his saintly life and consecrated genius shone all the brighter for the storms which raged around. If we cannot speak of Watts as a foremost champion of the rights and liberties of the people, we must not regard him as an indifferent spectator of the wrongs under which they suffered. He advocated those principles which were already beginning to leaven public opinion, and preferred the pen to the sword as the weapon of his warfare. "He was essentially," says his biographer, "a man of contemplation; his activity was only the reflection of a contemplative life."

In height Dr. Watts was below the average, and often had to listen to unkind reflections upon his diminutive stature by men whose height was a poor compensation for the small dimensions of their brains. Overhearing the remark by a stranger—"What! is that the great Dr. Watts?" he is said to have pencilled the impromptu verse—

> "Were I so tall to reach the pole,
> And grasp the ocean in my span;
> I must be measured by my soul—
> The mind's the standard of the man."

Although the verse was undoubtedly written by Watts, it is just possible that the incident which is said to have suggested it may be fabulous. Another anecdote is related of him, but his biographer hints a doubt as to its authenticity. "When once in a coffee house, and somewhat in the way of a tall giant of a man, he said to Watts, 'Let me pass, O giant!' and Watts replied, 'Pass on, O pigmy!' 'I only referred to your mind,' said the giant. 'I also to yours,' replied Watts."

One of the smallest of mortals, he had one of the largest homes. After a severe illness he was invited by Sir Thomas and Lady Abney to

spend a week with them in their country mansion at Cheshunt, and he resided with the family for a period of thirty-six years. They accounted it no mean honour to minister to the comfort of their worthy guest, and, by relieving him of the cares which would have pressed heavily upon his sensitive spirit, to enable him to pursue his congenial studies. When Lady Abney came to Stoke Newington, Watts came with her, and here he spent the last thirteen years of his life, "waiting God's leave to die." The grounds surrounding the mansion have been converted into the Abney Park Cemetery, which has become, since the closing of Bunhill Fields, "a sort of *santa croce*, or *campa santo* of revered and hallowed dust."

Dr. Johnson, speaking of the vast range of thought compassed by Watts, says, "Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year." Paxton Hood says of his "Logic" and the "Improvement of the Mind," "No book can be better fitted to strengthen and direct the mind in the first years of mind-life," and no better evidence can be afforded than the fact that for many years it was the text book at both our universities. His treatise on "The World to Come," though but little known now, was, at one time, deservedly popular, and abounds with many passages of fervour and beauty. As a preacher, he was rather practical than profound, and if his diction was highly polished, his sermons were composed of the true metal. In reprobating the philosophical preaching of a certain school, he exclaims, "Go, dress up all the virtues of human nature in all the beauties of your oratory, and declaim aloud on the praise of social virtue and the amiable qualities of goodness, till your hearts or lungs ache, among the lower herds of mankind, and you will ever find, as your *heathen fathers* have done before you, that the wild appetites and passions of men are too violent to be restrained by such mild and silken language. You may as well build up a fence of straw and feathers to resist a cannon ball, or try to quench a flaming granado with a shell of fair water, as hope to succeed in these attempts. But an eternal heaven and an eternal hell carry a divine force and power with them." He asks, with a touch of scorn, "When you brush over the closed eyelid with a feather, did you ever find it give light to the blind? Have any of your soft harangues, your continued threads of silken eloquence, ever raised the dead?" In his sermons, he disdained the pride of reason and the affectations of philosophy, and preached to be "understanded of the people." Like many other good men, he was the victim of abuse and misrepresentation, but his character was too transparent to suffer from the venomous sting of slanderous tongues. A good man in the happy consciousness of his integrity may commit his cause to the righteous judgment of God and await the issues of the last tribunal. To sully the fair fame of a good man's character is no novel artifice of the enemy. If he cannot destroy the righteous, he will tarnish the lustre of their piety; if the truth is imperishable, he will corrupt it with an admixture of error. "But we are not ignorant of his devices." His bitter and most persistent opponent was Thomas Bradbury, a neighbouring minister, and whose calumnious persecution earned for him the suggestive title of *Shimei*

Bradbury. Dr. Watts maintained his position as a minister of the gospel for upwards of fifty years, during the greater part of which period he was assisted by a devoted co-pastor.

It is, after all, as a hymn writer that Watts is best known, and, as many of his hymns bear the impress of immortality, his name will never be forgotten. At the time of his advent to London, the quickened piety of the churches demanded holy songs for its expression in praise, adoration, and thanksgiving; but congregational singing was regarded by many dissenters as an innovation not to be tolerated. When Benjamin Keach, after long argument and effort, introduced singing as an integral part of congregational worship, "a minority withdrew, and took refuge in a songless sanctuary, in which the melody within the heart might be in no danger of disturbance from the perturbations of song." The hymns which Watts had accumulated were now published, but, unfortunately, the copyright was sold, so that the successive editions appeared without the author's emendations. Had he been at liberty to remove the blemishes which were attached to many of the hymns, John Keble would have had no occasion to say, "he was not a poet," and George Macdonald would never have pronounced the verdict, "most of Dr. Watts' hymns are doggrel." That his hymns are unequal we freely admit, but in every one of them there is a touch of genius, while many rise to the height of poetic inspiration. Mr. Hood very truly remarks, "men who have no sympathy with evangelical truth can scarcely be expected to have much admiration for Watts." Nor is the author to be held responsible for all the versions of his hymns, which have found their way into various collections; "many of them have passed through a perfect martyrdom of maltreatment." In his hymns he compassed the vast range of revealed doctrine, and every emotion of the soul finds apt and faultless expression in rhythmical language. "There is an intense and immediate objectiveness about Watts' hymns," says Mr. Hood; "praise, like a clear and glowing firmament, encompasses them all, and the objects of adoration revolve, like the firmamental lights, clear and distinct to the vision." If Augustine's definition of a hymn were adopted, not only would many of Watts' hymns be excluded from our collections, but some of the finest metrical compositions in our language. "Praise to God" is the characteristic of only one class of hymns; but is there no element of praise in the emotions of a soul inspired by the perfections of the Almighty, the blessings of the atonement, and the ministrations of the Spirit? Are not the memories of the divine goodness, expressed in holy song, of the nature of praise? Is not the Lord honoured even by the soul which is

> "Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of praise and prayer."

As the poet of the sanctuary, Watts has laid the church under no small obligation, and as the psalmist of the soul he has furnished a medium for the utterance of every possible emotion, want, and desire.

When he came to die, at the ripe age of seventy-four, the calm confidence which he had breathed in many a hymn possessed his soul. The faith by which he had seen the

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood"

grew brighter towards the last. "I have no fear of dying," he said, "it would be my greatest comfort to lie down and sleep and wake no more." Thus he came to prove, in his own experience, the truth of one of his early hymns—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there,"

"Without a struggle or a groan" he passed away November 25th, 1748, to the heaven for which his spirit longed when he sang—

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

* * * * *

"Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God!"

* * * * *

"Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head."

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

A Review of Dr. Manning's new book, entitled "The Land of the Pharaohs."*

OF Egypt Dr. Manning tells us, "It was in its glory when the Hebrews were there held in bondage. It had passed its prime when David and Solomon sat upon the throne of Israel. It had sunk into decay when Rome rose to power, and at the dawn of modern history it had ceased to exist as a nation." Such historical ground as this will repay the trouble incurred by a tour, whether the venture be made at our own fireside or in company with Mr. Cook. Perhaps the main objection to Egyptian travel is comprised in the assertion that the ground has been already too well trodden, or in other words that the literature of the subject is already sufficiently ample to satisfy our most extravagant requirements. This is scarcely true, in fact; for an intelligent observer and word-painter such as Dr. Manning will not go over scenes famous in the Old World's history without returning richly laden with goodly spoil. Literary and pictorial art are happily married in each of the five volumes he has already given to the world; and perhaps "The Land of the Pharaohs" surpasses its predecessors in the excellence of the engravings. It is a volume which is sure to be popular at Christmas time, and few more acceptable gift-books are likely to be found adorning the booksellers' counters. Ripe scholarship and a rare genius could alone produce the entertaining pages of these superb art volumes.

In the last century exploring travellers were lightly esteemed at the Literary

* The Land of the Pharaohs, Egypt and Sinai: Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By Samuel Manning, LL.D. Religious Tract Society. Price 8s.

Club, although the celebrated lexicographer, who was king of the company, allowed that "All travellers generally mean to tell truth," while actually deceiving their readers. In days when travelling was almost impossible, the public might be deceived with impunity in real fox and grapes fashion without fear of contradiction; and people who believe in cycles will not be surprised to find history repeating itself when "high class" newspaper commissioners affect contempt for "Cook's Tourists." Dr. Manning however does the thing thoroughly and respectably. He is not of those who go to Rome and back in three weeks, or who risk their lives in flying round the world in "ninety days." Hurry would mar his handiwork, and what he does at all he must do well. We may congratulate the Christian world at large, and the Tract Society in particular, on possessing so able and entertaining a traveller. Basing our hopes on what he has already done, we are led to expect yet greater things by-and-by, rejoicing in the meantime when such works are made to promote the cause of true religion. Though it may not be Dr. Manning's design to portray the whole world to admiring circles, a description of the shores of Victoria Nyanza, or of the Great Wall of China are among the possibilities of the future. As regards the Wall, it was Dr. Johnson's opinion that any man who could say he had seen this artificial wonder of the land of pigtails reflected a lustre upon his family from his spirit of enterprise and curiosity.

Degraded and down-trodden as Egypt has become from bad government, ignorance, and other causes, it is satisfactory to know that extreme indigence, as that term is understood in London, is quite unknown. "I am not sure that I saw an ill-fed person in all Egypt," says Miss Martineau. "I have seen more emaciated, and stunted, and depressed men, women and children in England than I observed from end to end of the land of Egypt."

After landing at Alexandria, a wearisome railway journey of several hours in duration brings the traveller to Cairo. "Then those who know where to look for them may make out, through the quivering haze, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, the most extraordinary group of buildings in the world. In approaching any other object of interest for the first time—St. Peter's at Rome, for instance, or Mont Blanc—there is a brief interval of hesitation and doubt before its definite recognition. But at the very first glance, without a moment's pause, we exclaim, *The Pyramids!* They are at once the vastest and the oldest buildings on the earth. They were standing, perhaps were even already ancient, when Abraham came down into Egypt. Their origin was lost in the recesses of a remote and legendary past, when the Father of History conversed with the priests of Sais and Memphis. It may have been bombast, but it was scarcely exaggeration, when Napoleon, on the eve of the battle of the Pyramids, issued his famous *ordre du jour*, "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you."

While its ancient distinctive features are crumbling away, Cairo is lapsing into a "fast" European town, under the influence of what is called western civilisation. The picturesque Eastern houses are being superseded by the prosaic architecture of London and Paris, although the cries of street sellers remind the traveller of many biblical and poetical allusions. "O, how sweet the little offspring of the river!" shouts a purveyor of one kind of vegetable. "God made them light!" says the seller of sour berries. "O, consoler of the embarrassed," says another. "Odours of Paradise! O flowers of the henna," is the call of the rose dealer. More striking are the words of the water-carrier, "O, ye thirsty, water, the gift of God." The city, with its three hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, is in a deplorable condition, whether we view it from a moral or sanitary standpoint. In the suburbs, during the summer heat, indolent Musselmans honour the customs which have found favour with their fathers for centuries. They recline in picturesque fashion in roadside arbours, banishing care, smoking the fragrant weed, sipping coffee, and listening to the fascinating tones of a native story-teller.

Proceeding on his way from Cairo Dr. Manning visited the Pyramids to entertain us with this description:—

"Vast and imposing as are the Pyramids, even at the present day, it is important to remember that we do not see them in their original condition. It has been said that 'All things dread Time; but Time itself dreads the Pyramids.' The destructive agency of man, however, has effected what mere natural decay was powerless to accomplish. The huge masses of masonry are indeed proof against the assaults alike of man and time. But as originally constructed they offered not the rough and broken outline up which we now climb, but a smooth and polished surface, perhaps covered with hieroglyphics. For centuries they furnished quarries out of which modern Egyptians have built their cities. Though their beauty has been thus destroyed, their bulk is not perceptibly diminished. Abd-el-Atif, an Arab physician, writing in the twelfth century, when the casing-stones were yet in their places, says: 'The most admirable particular of the whole is the' extreme nicety with which these stones have been prepared and adjusted. Their adjustment is so precise that not even a needle or a hair can be inserted between any two of them. They are joined by a cement laid on to the thickness of a sheet of paper. These stones are covered with writing in that secret character whose import is at this day wholly unknown. These inscriptions are so multitudinous that if only those which are seen on the surface of these two Pyramids were copied upon paper, more than ten thousand books would be filled with them.' One of these inscriptions is said by Herodotus to have recorded that sixteen hundred talents of silver were expended in purchasing radishes, onions, and garlic for the workmen; reminding us of the complaint of the Israelites; 'We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic.' If, as we stand upon the plateau of Gizeh, now covered with mounds of ruin and débris, we would picture to ourselves the scene which it presented in the time of Pharaoh, we must conceive of the three pyramids as huge masses of highly polished granite, the area around them covered with pyramids and temples, amongst which the Sphinx rose in solemn, awful grandeur to the height of a hundred feet. What is now a silent waste of desert sand would be thronged with multitudes of priests, and nobles, and soldiers, in all the pomp and splendour with which the monuments make us familiar, while just below us, stretching along the Nile, the palaces of Memphis glitter in the sun. As we realise to ourselves this magnificent spectacle, we may understand something of the self-denial manifested by Moses when he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; or of his dauntless courage when he stood before the King, and demanded that he should 'let the people go.' It was only as 'by faith he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible,' that he was able to rise to this height of heroism; 'choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.'"

We cannot follow Dr. Manning throughout his tour; his fresh, graphic descriptions of what he saw must be read as a whole to be worthily appreciated. We seem to stand with him on the summit of the great pyramid; to glide pleasantly along in his company on the bosom of the Nile; and to share his admiration as he wanders among the stupendous ruins of Thebes. From Alexandria he went to Cairo; from Cairo to Assouan; and from Assouan to Ipsamboul. He then describes the Suez canal, and finally takes us with him to Sinai. We have room for only one other passage, which the author quotes from Miss Whately—

A BIBLE READING ON THE NILE.

"So the Arabic Bible was brought out, and, muffled in our cloaks, we sat on the deck beside our friend, who was seated on a box; one of us held a *fanous*, or native lamp, which threw its light on the sacred page, while all around was darkness, except where the moon here and there shone on the swarthy faces of the Nubian boatmen, who formed a circle about us, couching in various

postures, and wrapped in their striped blue and crimson mantles. The servants stood leaning against the masts, listening with deep attention, not a sound interrupted the reader's voice but the low ripple of the current, as the water plashed against the sides of the boat. It was a scene one would never forget—that first opening of God's book in the presence of these ignorant, benighted followers of the False Prophet. Our friend read of the sheep lost in the wilderness, and the piece of silver lost in the house—those simple illustrations of God's wondrous dealings with man, which are understood and felt in every age and every land. Then she read the history of the Prodigal Son, and the interest of the hearers increased, and was shown by their frequent exclamations of 'Good'—'Praise God'—'That is wonderful'—'Ha!' (with an expression of tone impossible to write though easy to conceive). The look of intelligence which the silvery rays of the moon revealed on more than one dark upturned face, and bright black eyes, spoke no less plainly. As she went on, pausing occasionally to explain a word or show the application, it was deeply interesting to watch the effect on her listeners, and when she closed the book, fearing to tire them, there was a universal cry of 'Sissa! sissa!' (not yet! not yet!) She read then the Ten Commandments, pointing out the necessity for atonement, as shown by man's frequent breaking of God's laws."

The Disciples—The Jameses.*

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

FOR the sake of distinctness, we shall bring into one view whatever information can be gleaned of the disciples who bore the name of James. It is easier to discover the differences in faces when seen together, and therefore the presentation of these disciples side by side will give us a more definite notion of their individuality; for they are not always distinguished the one from the other in the New Testament, and the incidents in which an apostle James figures are vaguely distributed in our minds amongst the three. Of the twelve, two bore this name, and a third, the Lord's brother, though not of the original company of the disciples, is so intimately linked with their history that the distinctness we aim at will not be attained unless we epitomise his life also.

James, the son of Zebedee, elder brother of the disciple whom Jesus loved, stands first. Like others of the twelve, he received a triple call from Christ, being twice summoned to the discipleship before he was ordained to the apostleship; for there is no purchase system in Christ's army, all the preparatory discipline must be passed—the apostle must be first a disciple, learning of Christ before he can be sent out by him. Of the first of these calls the lake of Galilee is the scene, a June day in the first year of Christ's ministry the probable date. From the fishing-boat which quietly rocked on the lake near Capernaum, where they were mending their nets, James and his brother were summoned to a higher employment. Not without quick, tremulous forecastings of mind did they leave their nets, the hired servants, the fishing-boat, and their father, to follow Jesus. This abandonment of all things for Christ was as yet only temporary, and after accompanying him in a tour through Galilee they returned to their employment.

In the late summer or early autumn occurred the second call, when by the miraculous draught of fishes Christ portrayed their future career as fishers of men. The vivid touches of the narrative paint out the scene before us. We watch the long and strenuous haul of the net, the sinking of Peter's overloaded

* The impression of Mr. Davis that James the son of Alphæus was not the same as James the Lord's brother is open to considerable question, and we invite remarks upon the very interesting enquiry which our friend has so ably opened.

boat, and the eager signalling for help. We hearken to the shout of the men as James's boat is quickly shoved off from the shore and rowed out to their assistance. This prelude prepares us for the after-piece. We do not wonder at their deliberate abandonment of trade to become the adherents of this wonder-working master. "They forsook all and followed him." The miracle foreshadowed, as we have said, their life work, but it may at the same time have answered other side purposes. Probably it was intended to be at once an evidence of the Master's power, and a test of the disciples' self-denial. On the one hand their faith is helped, on the other it is tried. The controversy between flesh and spirit immediately rages within them. Says Faith, Who would not follow a miracle-working Lord? But Worldly wisdom asks, What wise fisherman would leave a miraculous draught of fish? It is not unlike Christ to strengthen faith before he tries it, nor to test it after he has strengthened it. Certainly James and his brother were benefited by this opportunity of denying themselves for Christ. It was better for them to have to leave all this wealth for him, than to be called from an unsuccessful night of toil and from empty nets. The incident suggests also the kind of men Christ wants for his service. Some persons who fail in everything else think they may do well enough in the ministry, but Christ took care not to take unsuccessful fishermen into his apostleship; he made them good fishermen before he gave them the higher appointment. Thus the great haul of fish served many moral purposes, and the provision itself was certainly not wasted any more than the remainder of the miraculous meal afterwards given on the opposite shore of the same lake. Every city has its poor, and glad receivers of this welcome supply of food would not be far to seek.

Now that they are become disciples indeed, men who have irrevocably cast in their lot with Christ, never more to look back to the world, they are promoted in the second year of our Lord's ministry to the apostolic office. This solemn act was preceded by a night spent by Christ in prayer, and followed by the enunciation of the laws and principles of his kingdom (Luke vi.) From this time the glimpses given of James during the wonderful period of miracle and high teaching that followed, impart by their graphic circumstances the interest of an ever-changing expression to his countenance. We catch his look of wonder in the chamber of Jairus' daughter; the more breathless awe which overmasters him as he beholds on the mount of transfiguration God manifest in the flesh; the indignant revenge that flames from his features against the Samaritans who refuse passage to his Master; the half-abashed yet eager desire depicted on every line of his face, as, with his brother John, he endeavours to entrap his Lord into the promise of granting a boon, the nature of which he would fain conceal till the promise is made—"We would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire." We meet him again on Mount Olivet with three other disciples, fixed in rapt attention as Christ dimly shadows out the future. He listens! Jerusalem becomes bathed in blood, and a storm of tribulation falls on Israel, till the nation is swept away by the swift torrent of wrath: the vision melts into the awful outline of the judgment day; he catches the sound of the last trumpet, and sees the light from afar which heralds the coming of the Son of Man: then, as the Master's words narrow to a personal application, "Be ye also ready," the absent look gives way to an expression of serious self-conscious anxiety. To-morrow night is to be the last spent with the Master before the accomplishment of the tragedy, so often, yet so mysteriously hinted at. Sorrowful premonitions steal over him, apprehensions which are to reach their overwhelming realisation when, after the Last Supper, he, with Peter and John, are conducted beyond the gate of the garden, where the other disciples are left, into the dark shades of Gethsemane, shades less gloomy than those which evidently enwrap the spirit of their Lord. While the Saviour agonizes, the watching disciples, overborne with sorrow, surrender to the influence of sleep, nor can we wonder at this effect of the unnatural strain on mind and body of that week of alternate joy and foreboding. "Sleep on now

and take your rest, behold he is at hand that doth betray me." Slumbering there with his companions while Christ wrestles alone for his and the world's salvation, we leave this apostle, to meet with no further special mention of him till after the tragedy is passed and the Risen One has interpreted the enigma of the cross: then we recognize him among the seven plying their craft on the lake of Galilee while they wait for Christ's appearance, and partaking in the grey morning of the meal provided by him on the shore. At this interview Peter and John have each their special word, but James, though one of the first three, is not yet singled out for this favour. Another glimpse of him, however, before the closing scene of his life, concentrates in itself an interest resembling that which surrounds the post-resurrection interview with Peter: it is the event alluded to by Paul in the words, "After that he was seen of James." Opinion is divided as to which of the three of the name is here indicated. It is argued that since the son of Zebedee was dead at the time Paul wrote, the allusion cannot be to him, the plain mention of the name without other note, implying the person to be not only known but living: we see little force in this reasoning: prominent men are often spoken of after death by name only. It is urged that either James, the son of Alphæus, being a cousin of the Lord, or James, "the Lord's brother," as destined to preside over the church at Jerusalem, was the favoured one. To our mind the preponderance of evidence leans to the son of Zebedee. He was the chief of the Jameses, and in the absence of more particular information, the name may reasonably be supposed to represent him. He was one of the trio privileged to be the closest attendants of Christ, and might therefore be expected to enjoy such an honour, yet, unless he was the subject of this interview, he lacked the distinction bestowed on his friends. An event awaited him which would make this special favour appropriate. To the other two of the "first three" Christ revealed the manner of their death, but not to the third, unless our present conjecture be the truth: yet he was to be the first to die, to die, moreover, a martyr's death. His early removal would afford a fitting reason why Christ should endow him with peculiar strength, and the existence of such a reason for bracing him for the future was cause enough why Christ should do it. As the Lord appeared to Peter because of his recent fall, so to James because of his prospective martyrdom. Christ had already forewarned him that he was to drink of his cup: the disciple understood him not at that time, but after he had seen the bitter draught placed to his Master's lips the prophecy might be repeated with more hope of its being comprehended. We may guess at the subjects of the Saviour's communication. According to his manner, he would unveil to the disciple the meaning of the enigma "You shall drink of my cup." He would say many things to him which, before his death and resurrection, James was unable to bear; and who shall tell what strength for labour and for martyrdom the disciple received in that hour of communication with his risen Lord? It was the ninth appearance of Christ; only one other remained, when he should lead the eleven as far as to Bethany, and in the act of benediction be parted from them and received up into heaven. James was present at the prayer-meeting which linked together two of the grandest events in the history of the church, the ascension of Christ, and the descent of the Holy Spirit; and who more serious and prayerful than the disciple whose mind was pervaded with the expectation of early death? During the stormy period which witnessed the frequent imprisonment of the apostles, the stoning of Stephen, and the persecuting mission of Saul we read nothing of James for eleven years, until A.D. 44. Then his blood stains the page. Herod Agrippa, who soon after miserably died at Cæsarea, and who was the father of him whom Paul almost persuaded to be a Christian, added to his crimes the murder of this apostle. "About that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church: and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." The blood-stained path to glory had been inaugurated by Stephen; the deacon is worthily followed by the apostle. The second in the noble army of martyrs, he is the first from the apostolic ranks. Earliest of the

eleven to be seized, he must have occupied no rear position in those ranks; nor was that life an ineffective one, the destruction of which was felt by the hostile party to be a relief; "it pleased the Jews." John survived him more than fifty years, "tarrying till Christ came," while the elder brother was thus violently despatched to the beatific presence by the hand of miscalculating fury. Prematurely? Nay! The premature death of a disciple of Christ is impossible.

Of *James the son of Alphæus* little is said in Scripture. His name first occurs in the catalogue of the apostles ordained after the night spent in prayer by our Lord in the second year of his ministry. He was already at that time like the rest of the twelve, a disciple as implied by the words of Luke (iv. 13), "He called unto him his disciples; and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles." A supposition that he was Christ's cousin has been based upon John xix. 25. "There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas and Mary Magdalene;" understanding three women and not four to be mentioned, and supposing Cleophas to be the same with Alphæus. Passing by the singularity this would involve of two sisters bearing the same name, we observe that Matthew and Mark, each omitting the mother of our Lord, mention *three* women at the cross. To these John adds Christ's mother, the name of whose sister, omitted by him must be looked for amongst the three of Matthew and Mark; the missing name, according to Mark, is Salome, and she, according to Matthew, is the mother of Zebedee's children. James and John, therefore, are shown to be the cousins of our Lord; and James the son of Alphæus does not appear to have sustained any family relationship to him. Of his personal appearance Mark gives an interesting note, calling him (ch. xv. 40) "James the little," to distinguish this short apostle from his taller namesake, the son of Zebedee. After the Pentecostal prayer-meeting we read no more of the son of Alphæus, nor does tradition throw any additional light on his after life.

A more prominent part was played by *James, the Lord's brother.* Though not of the number of the twelve, he appears, nevertheless, to have occupied a position of great consideration in the early church, and to have been regarded with deference equal to that paid to the apostles themselves. In writing of him, however, it becomes our first duty to demonstrate his existence by distinguishing him from the son of Alphæus, with whom he has been confounded, under the mistaken idea that the latter was the Lord's cousin, and that this remoter relationship is the one intended whenever mention is made of the brethren of Christ. There is none but superstitious ground for supposing Mary to have had no children after the birth of Christ, while the plain and repeated references to the brethren and sisters of our Lord leave no room for question in our unprejudiced mind. Matt xiii. 55, 56; Mark vi. 3; Acts i. 14; Gal. i. 19; 1 Cor. ix. 5. They are mentioned in the same sentence with his disciples, and distinguished from them. John ii. 12. At a time subsequent to the ordination of the twelve apostles, among whom James the son of Alphæus is named, it is said that Christ's brethren did not believe in him. John vii. 5. In the prayer-meeting which preceded Pentecost Luke enumerates the apostles by name, among whom, as usual, he mentions the son of Alphæus and adds, "These all continued in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." This is sufficient to prove the existence of brethren of Christ not included in the discipleship during his lifetime, though found amongst his adherents after the ascension. Of these the chief was James, whom Paul designates "the Lord's brother." During the Lord's ministry James seems to have shared his brethren's disbelief of Christ's messiahship, and the importance of his claims, which led them to challenge him to the public life which would be involved if those claims were true. "If thou do these things show thyself to the world, for neither did his brethren believe in him." It is not for us to compute the evidence which led them afterwards to accept with reverence both the Messiahship and the Deity of their mysterious Brother, nor to conjecture how much the crucifixion and the

resurrection contributed to their conversion to the faith; but we have to record that immediately after these great events they, as believers, are found with their mother amongst the disciples of Jesus waiting for the descent of the Holy Spirit.

James first comes out into individual distinctness at the interview with Paul, mentioned in Gal. i. 19, on his visit to Jerusalem three years after his conversion. At Jerusalem, six years later, his position in the church ensured to him the first official knowledge of Peter's release from imprisonment. "Go," said Peter to the praying company in the house of Mark's mother, "show these things to James and to the brethren." Acts xii. 17. In the great church meeting at Jerusalem called to consider the relationship of the Gentiles to the Mosaic law, it is James the Lord's brother who presides, as is clear from Acts xv. read in the light of the first and second chapters of Galatians. He, with the elders of the church, received Paul and his company on his last journey to Jerusalem, recorded in Acts xxi. 18, and counselled the conciliatory measures of Paul, which became the pretext for the tumultuous riot in the Temple court, from which Lysias rescued him. There is little doubt that the epistle of James was written by the Lord's brother. It bears the impress of his more Jewish view of the gospel, a view which pre-eminently fitted him to be the pastor of the church in Jerusalem. It is a sententious and weighty exposition of the practical side of Christianity, and in many passages strongly calls to mind the Sermon on the Mount. He is said to have been martyred by being thrown from a pinnacle of the temple, stoned, and then dispatched by a blow on the head with a fuller's pole. His noble title, "The Just," was earned by the strictness of his life, and evidently belongs to the man who could write the Epistle of James.

The three Jameses may, therefore, be thus broadly distinguished: the son of Zebedee is for the most part the James of the gospels; the son of Alphæus is scarcely mentioned except in the catalogues; and the Lord's brother is the hero of most of the references to the name in the Acts of the Apostles, and is also the writer of the epistle which bears the name.

Notices of Books.

Sacramental Confession. By Dean Howson. W. Isbister and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is a calm and conscientious protest against the introduction of the confessional into the Church of England. It endeavours to vindicate the practice, so far as it is sanctioned by the Book of Common Prayer, and reduces it, therefore, to a question, not of principle, but of degree. Officially, confession has no place in the Christianity of the New Testament. It is a thing not to be pruned, but uprooted. It is one of the strongholds of Popery against which the universal cry should be, "Raze it, raze it even to the foundations thereof." We have only to dig through the wall to see the abominations that are concealed under this sacred name. The Dean occupies no enviable position, for while alarmed at the use that has been made, and may yet be made, of such a pious fraud, he is compelled in some degree to vindicate it.

Sonnets of the Sacred Year. By the Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

THIRTY pages of disquisition by way of introduction on what a sonnet is and may be. This is the best part of the book to our mind. After "Keble's Christian Year" he must be a bold man who tries to follow in his track. The author confines himself to one metre of fourteen lines, but does not, we think, escape comparison by so doing, and certainly hampers himself not a little. We fear we are not enough initiated into the mysteries of a ritual to appreciate as we ought to do the adaptation of a sonnet to Quinquagesima Sunday or Maundy Thursday. Perhaps Mr. Disraeli could do so.

Alone with God; or, Life Lessons Learned in Solitude. By A. S. Ormsby. Yapp and Hawkins.

Exceedingly good and spiritual, and both in doctrine and tone most praiseworthy, but somehow or other we cannot keep awake while reading it. There is a pleasant smoothness in it like the flow of oil, and a prettiness of diction like the tinkling of distant sheep bells, or the cooing of doves, and we feel a vapour from the land of Nod stealing over us or ever we are aware. The author belongs to a class of writers who are so good as to be at the same time faultless and powerless, they never say anything amiss nor anything striking, they do not arouse your criticism, because they say nothing but what every good man knows and believes. This volume is one against which nothing could be said, except that after reading fifty such, very few of us would have had a single fresh thought suggested to us, unless it came to us in a dream, occasioned by the sweet and soothing melodies of such literature.

Health and Home. By a Quiet Woman. James Clarke and Co.

Our admiration for all *quiet* women is unbounded. We know a whole circle of them who deserve that description, and are models of all the virtues in consequence. If we are not mistaken, we also know one or two of the female persuasion who will never deserve that title till they are dead. "The Quiet Woman" who produced this eighteenpenny book is a very good writer when she lets religion alone. On girl's allowances, window gardening, maids, and meats, she is fully up to the mark, but upon theology she had better be *quiet*. Why her peculiar views upon future punishment needed to be introduced among her cookery and dressmaking perhaps she knows, but we do not. We shall have heresy next in crotchet patterns, and false doctrine in our mince pies. Nobody, of course, will take any notice of the dear soul, any more than they would pay attention to our editorial selves if we went off just now into a dissertation upon hasty pudding, or an exposition of the ingredients of boiled custard; but still it is noteworthy that believers in certain theories must bring them to the front, whether the opportunity is fitting or no, and therefore it is well to be ready with the antidote at all times. We have seen it announced that a certain minister had gone over to *annihilationist* views, and upon inquiry we have received a plain denial, with the remark that the cause is so weak that its advocates are glad to enrol a recruit, even if half a word is said. They count other people's chickens among their fowls. However, on almost all subjects but theology we agree with this "Quiet Woman," and especially upon the matter of fresh air in places of worship. She must be a person of sound sense, considerable reading, and keen observation. Her book, all exceptions being allowed for, is likely to be of much practical service. We subjoin a part of her chapter on "a religious grievance," which we commend to the immediate attention of all sextons, churchwardens, managers, deacons, trustees, chapel-keepers, elders, preachers, pastors, pew-openers, hearers, nodders, sleepers, etc., etc.

"There is one form of suffering, and that, too, connected with the exercise of their religion, to which even the keenest of sectarian malcontents submit with the most absolute indifference; a tax on public worship, which none are found vigorously to denounce; an adulteration of one of the prime necessaries of life which is allowed without resistance or complaint. Ventilation of all religious or ecclesiastical questions as affected by the law we have in abundance. Even our tithes of mint, anise, or cummin we will not pay or forego, as the case may be, except under compulsion; but ventilation of our religious buildings, our churches and chapels, wherein Sunday after Sunday we shut ourselves up in crowds for longer or shorter periods—that is a thing which we never concern ourselves about. The air we breathe during the time of public worship may be adulterated to the last degree, yet we inhale the poison without complaint; we choke our lungs and stupefy our brains with the noxious compound, and seldom so much as dream of inquiring whether it be a matter of necessity that the spiritual sustenance which our souls require

should be dispensed to us in an atmosphere so foul that, in nine cases out of ten, it is positively unfit, at the end of an hour, for respiration.

"Surely it is an anomaly that in the very places where the Word of God, the written law, is expounded and enforced, the great unwritten law should be systematically violated; and that the conditions on which an all-wise Creator has made the health and well-being of the human frame to depend should be set at naught precisely in the temples dedicated to his service.

"The very idea of purity seems to be linked as by natural association with the worship of him who is purity itself; and to inculcate obedience to his behests, or to acknowledge the duty of observing them in an atmosphere tainted by the pent-up exhalations from some hundreds or even thousands of close packed human bodies, is, to say the least, a wilful inconsistency.

"It is to be feared, however, that if an inconsistency, it is a very common one. Not a few of my readers, probably, have borne witness by their own experience of suffering or discomfort, to the truth of my remarks. The fact is that, as a rule, the ventilation of our churches and chapels is a thing either wholly unprovided for or practically neglected; and although to this rule there are exceptions, many places of public worship being efficiently and carefully ventilated during both the heat of summer and the chills and frosts of winter, still such places are comparatively rare, and in the majority of cases, every individual in the congregation assembled within the walls of the sacred edifice is compelled, during the time of Divine service, to breathe an atmosphere laden with impurity, and unfitted for the purposes of healthy life. I have been in large, handsome churches where, on a hot summer's morning, not a window was opened throughout the building, except, perhaps, a tiny fanlight here and there in the roof; where, in fact, the windows were *not made to open*, nor any means of ventilation provided as a substitute, and where even the slight stream of fresh air that might have entered from the open door was carefully blocked out by a glazed or curtained screen! Of course, the air under the galleries was offensive in the extreme, and even in the open centre space was stagnant and stifling to a distressing degree. And these are but samples of thousands of churches where everything is good, clean, and well cared for—except the air which the worshippers are compelled to breathe.

"Every one knows that we must breathe in order to live; but every one is not equally aware what amount of fresh air is necessary for the requirements of health, or how wofully this needed supply is curtailed in most crowded places of assembly. From 700 to 1,200 cubic feet of space for each adult is the amount assigned by modern science as the minimum which the conditions of health require. In a crowded church, with windows and doors all shut, sometimes with fifty or a hundred gaslights burning, in addition—and each gaslight it must be remembered, consumes as much oxygen as three or four adults—the cubic space for each individual may be reckoned at about 150 feet! How is it possible for a wholesome atmosphere to be maintained under such conditions?

"It is true that this foul, exhausted atmosphere is breathed for a comparatively short space of time. Two hours at most will cover the duration of any average service, and the fresh outer air into which the people then emerge happily undoes, to a large extent, the evil produced by the fetid exhalations within. Many, however, who little expect it, must and do suffer permanently from their effects. Young children, delicate women, and those enfeebled by disease or age, cannot submit themselves with impunity to the consequences of breathing, for even a couple of hours, the atmosphere thus laden with impurity, and deprived to an enormous extent of the elements that fit it to sustain life. Surely, in the interests of humanity and common sense it would be worth while to inquire whether such a state of things shall be allowed in so many cases to continue. Is there no one in such congregations who will resolve neither to be stifled periodically at church on Sundays, nor to stay away?—no one who will see to it that some efficient means of ventilation shall be provided, and some person be appointed whose duty

it shall be to see that those means are *used?*

"One frequent reason of the deficient supply of fresh air in places of public worship is, that although doors and windows may be made to open, they are kept permanently closed, especially in new and highly decorated churches, because, forsooth, it saves trouble by *keeping out the dust!* I have known churches which for that very reason never had a current of fresh air through them from one week's end to another, save that which came in for an hour or two each Sunday by the open door. So soon as the congregation had dispersed, the doors were shut, and the unwholesome miasma and exhalations from the lungs and bodies of a thousand human beings were shut in too, ready to be rebreathed at the next time of service by the hapless worshippers. No wonder that on hot Sundays or gas-lit evenings faintings are common in such places, or that dulness and drowsiness afflict the hearers during the preaching of the sermon. No wonder that the morning congregations doze away their afternoons, too stupefied to use their exhausted brains in any other way, or that the evening hearers wake next morning with a headache for which they strive in vain to account. These are the visible and slighter effects produced by this mode of violating Nature's laws in the house of Nature's God. The direr results, if less palpable and direct, are still not far to seek. Every wise physician knows how fertile a source of disease is the breathing of impure and deteriorated air.

"Surely it is possible, if not altogether to eliminate, at least very largely to mitigate the sanitary evils which so often attend the assembling of ourselves together for the purposes of public worship. It is not absolutely necessary that we should impair our physical well-being by breathing, over and over again, the impure exhausted air which already has passed through our own or our neighbours' lungs. It may be that where every available foot of space in a building is packed with a crowded congregation, sometimes two or even three tiers deep, an adequate supply of fresh air for each individual can hardly be secured. But for mercy's sake let us have what we can! Let the windows be made to open, let ventilators in abundance be fixed in the walls and roof, let the church or chapel be thoroughly aired between each service, so that at least the atmosphere be fresh and pure to begin with.

"If these things cost money, let us pay it. Better spend our means on a supply of pure air than on carved work and on mural decorations, embroidered altar cloths or crimson cushions. These may please the eye, or gratify ecclesiastical pride. We may even fancy th we do God honour by thus worsh ping him in the beauty of art a upholstery as well as in the beauty holiness. But let us not forget tha there is a beauty of obedience to the natural as well as to the moral law, and that one of the first of these commandments is, Thou shalt not breathe *foul air*, even in the house of God."

The Twin Records of Creation, or Geology and Genesis. By GEORGE W. VICTOR LE VAUX. Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.

WE have little sympathy with long and elaborate attempts to reconcile the discoveries of geology with the Mosaic narrative of the creation. The first verse of revelation, which informs us that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, without saying when that beginning was, concedes to the geologist all that he can reasonably demand. Creation is revealed in the Scriptures so far as the race of man is concerned, and in harmony with its one great design. The attempt to discover six periods of some millions of years in geological records, answering to the six days of the Mosaic creation, supposes an intention in Scripture to teach geology. This supposition is absurd, and has so far failed that it may be safely affirmed that the theory of six definite periods could not have been suggested by the facts themselves. We protest too against an allegorical interpretation of what is narrated as literally true, as calculated to mystify our views, and weaken our faith at the commencement of our Bibles in all that is to follow. Scripture does not profess to use the language of science, but that which is common to man. The common-sense meaning of the Scriptures

to those to whom it was addressed is the Scriptures. It may be with good intention that scientific men put forth their hands to steady the ark of God, but it needs not their help. "Then were they in great fear where no fear was."

Delivery and Development of Christian Doctrine. By Robert Rainy, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

We have lectures here *about* Christian doctrines rather than *upon* Christian doctrines themselves. These are very properly affirmed to be contained in a perfect system, gradually developed in the Old Testament, and speedily completed in the New. Beyond this, there is a development, we are told, of Christian doctrine by the church itself, to be gathered from church history, and from the discoveries of modern times. The church, we are informed by our author, has a corporate teaching capacity. We know no such corporate church, and consequently no such capacity. Assistance may be gained from others in interpreting the doctrines of the Scriptures, but no addition to the doctrines themselves. The development of Christian doctrine in the Scriptures is one thing, and the development of those doctrines after the completion of the Scriptures is another. It is of great importance in the present day that these two things should not be confounded. With this caution, these lectures may be read with much profit.

St. John the Author of the Fourth Gospel. By Christoph Ernst Luthardt. Translated by Caspar Kene Gregory, Leipzig. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

There is no part of the sacred volume which has not at some time or other been vigorously assailed, and which, by exciting equal and often greater powers in its defence, has been left it more confirmed than before. Much learning and research have been employed, and many ingenious and plausible arguments have been adduced, to prove that the fourth gospel could not, as has been generally supposed, have been written by the apostle John. The whole subject has been here submitted to the most thorough investigation, and the authenticity of that gospel history established beyond any reasonable doubt. Nor let such a result be deemed unworthy of the immense labour by which it has been attained. All Biblical students owe a lasting debt of gratitude to such defenders of the faith. An attack upon the outworks of inspiration is aimed in reality at the citadel itself; we should contend, therefore, for the one with the same zeal as for the other. The fourth gospel was evidently written by an eye-witness, and both the manifest personal participation in what he records, and the way in which he speaks of himself, without mentioning his name, are peculiarly characteristic of the apostle John. We may confidently continue, therefore, to quote it in connection with his name.

Christ and the Scriptures. By Rev. Adolph Saphir, B.A. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

Mr. Saphir's works may always be read with safety and with profit. They lead us into green pastures, and are within the ancient landmarks. They are, moreover, elegant in diction and rich in illustration. They are always Scriptural; but the one before us is in commendation of the Scriptures themselves, and of Christ as their principal theme. The Bible is among books what Christ was among men; the one divine, the other human. The Bible is Christ among men. There standeth one among you whom you know not. It is the study of the Bible more exclusively for which Mr. Saphir contends, and for which he pleads the example of Christ himself and his apostles. The Old Testament, he maintains, is the right point of view from which to approach the New. The New supposes the Old. Christ was planted in a Jewish, and not in a Gentile soil, and is not less intelligible to the Gentiles on that account, but more so. It removes him from their own associations to such as were specially provided for him. This is a valuable testimony against the growing tendency in the present day to transfer the interpretation of the New Testament from Jewish to Gentile ideas. Mr. Saphir's whole volume is faithful to its title—"Christ and the Scriptures."

Faith in the Blessed God. By Rev. William Tait, A.M. Whitaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

A very readable book, and far above the average pulpit productions of clergymen. We agree with the author that it is blood-shedding unto death that makes atonement. We hold Canon Liddon to be utterly wrong if he seeks to maintain that "one sigh from the Redeemer's heart, one lash on his sacred person, would have redeemed a world." It is the dignity of the person, not the amount of the suffering, which is most to be regarded; yet the victim must die, or no sacrifice able to remove the demerit of sin has been offered, and no atonement such as the violated law of God requires.

Yanim; or, the Bible Wine Question: Testimony of Scripture, of the Rabbis, and of Bible Lands against recent Sacramentarian Innovations. By Professors Watts, Wallace, and Murphy, Belfast; and Rev. William Wright, B.A., Damascus. Edited by Professor Watts. Belfast: William Mullan. 6d.

Those ministers whose churches are tormented by the unfermented wine question will here find much help in keeping to the old paths. The document signed by Dr. Thomson of "The Land and the Book," and by others of the more eminent missionaries in Syria and the Holy Land, ought to settle the question for ever. They bear witness that they have never met with unfermented wine in the East, nor are there any records, or traditions, that such wine was ever known there. The fact is—there is not, and there never was, and never can be such a thing as unfermented *wine*, though it suits some men to call their messes by that name. At the same time it should be observed that much which is called wine in this country is not worthy of the name, and it is a shame to remember our Lord's death by drinking such vile decoctions. Let it be really wine, as pure and good as can be had, and no communicant has then any Scriptural right to object. As the slightest word on this subject generally brings a flood of angry letters, we beg to intimate that our columns are not open to discussion, and that our own mind is made up. We are at one with those temperate temperance friends who forbear to divide churches, and mar the unity of the saints upon this point: to them we wish God speed, and we hope ever to co-operate with them. They have their own sphere of action, and a very important one it is; and when pursued in subservience to the gospel, for the noble object of preventing and curing the great and crying sin of drunkenness, their work is philanthropic in the highest degree; nay, more, it is Christlike, and tends to benefit the souls as well as the bodies of men. To make men sober is one thing, to make them quarrelsome is another: we are content with the former.

Jesus in the Midst. By George Cross. Thomas D. Morrison, Glasgow.

The incident of the nameless and silent woman who washed our Lord's feet with her tears is here dealt with, and we have greatly enjoyed the perusal of the meditations thereon. The author needs to condense his words, which dilute as well as express his thought; but the book is one we prize, as dealing with a touching and instructive event in a fresh, thoughtful, and attractive manner.

An Old Story. By S. C. Hall. Virtue, Spalding, and Co., 26, Ivy Lane.

A temperance tale in verse, and very well told, the illustrations are above the average, and the matter (if exaggerated) is still, alas, too true. We heartily bid our temperance friends God speed. If we cannot agree with all they say, we see so much room for work amidst abounding drunkenness that we hail with joy all efforts which come to our help in seeking to remove this curse.

The Book of Praise for Children. H. K. Lewis, 136, Gower Street, London.

A very good collection of children's hymns. Most of our old friends are here, and a few new ones. The rank popery of a cross printed on the brow of the baby in baptism sadly disfigures the book. The only certain effect of such a superstitious piece of foolery is to make the temper of the child *cross*. If that is what is meant, we see force in it.

Thoughts for Heart and Life. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. Hodder and Houghton.

Lavely little sketches, which all aim at doing good. There is nothing very deep or excessively striking, but the tales are prettily told and the pious observations neatly put. A half hour might be every now and again very happily whiled away with these "thoughts," and profit would be sure to come of it as well as amusement. The story of Old Johnson is too good to leave unquoted.

"Johnson was a Virginia negro, who died in Michigan at the almost incredible age of one hundred and twenty! He never would have lasted so long if he had not—like Father Cleveland, of Boston—carried about him that cheerful heart that doeth good like medicine. One day, when he was at work in his garden, singing and shouting, his pastor looked over the fence, and said: 'Uncle, you seem very happy to-day.' 'Yes, massa, I'se just tinking.' 'What are you thinking about?' 'Oh! I'se just tinking' (and the tears rolled down his black face)—'I'se tinking dat if de crumbs of joy dat fall from de Massa's table in dis world is so good, what will de *great loaf* in glory be! I tells ye, sir, dar will be enuf and to spare up dar.'

Once Mr. F—— said to him, 'Uncle Johnson, why don't yon get into our meetings once in a while?' He answered: 'Massa, I wants to be dere, but I can't '*have* myself.' 'You can't *behave!*' 'Well, massa, ob late years de flesh is gettin' weak; and when dey gwin to talk and sing about Jesus, I 'gins to fill up, and putty soon I has to *holler*, and den some one 'll say "Carry dat man out the door, he 'sturbs de meetin."' 'But you should hold in till you get home.' 'O massa! I can't hold in. I *bust* if I don't holler.' (Would it not be a blessed thing for some prayer-meetings that are now dying of dignity if they could have such a 'holler' to wake them out of their slumber?) This jubilant old negro lived in literal dependence on God. When a gift was made to him, he received it as if sent to him by Elijah's ravens. 'When I wants anyting, I jes asks de Lord, and He is sure to send it; sometimes afore I'se done askin', and den sometimes He holds back, jus' to see if I trust Him.' One of the last things remembered of him was the message he gave to a minister who called to see him, when he was 'waitin' for the chariot ob de Lord.' 'O massa!' said he, 'if you gets home afore I do, tell 'em to keep de table standin,' for old Johnson is holdin' on his way. I'se bound to be dere.'"

Notes.

It will probably interest our readers to know that we were detained several days at Marseilles by an attack of rheumatism in the foot and hand, but at last reached Mentone, where the genial sunshine and the kind care of Dr. Bennet soon restored us, through the divine blessing. We hope to be at home by Christmas-day, and to be in full work at once. May the Lord send us a year of great usefulness, and we shall indeed magnify his name.

Friends are requested to note that the various reports of sermons published in certain new penny papers, unless they are inserted by our authority, must be viewed as productions for which we are in no measure responsible. We are shamefully misrepresented, and our meaning wretchedly obscured, by these pirates. Some of the pretended reports of our sermons are no more ours than the Sultan's or the Pope's. During the excitement caused by Messrs. Moody and Sankey a swarm of wretched papers sprang up, and now that their fodder is getting scarce they are preying upon us, without even so much honesty as a thief would have if he knocked us down; for he might take away our money, but he would not turn our silver into counterfeit coin, and then pass it as our coinage. One editor has the audacity to tell us that we ought to be gratified at having our sermons used to promote the sale of his nonsense. We suppose we ought also to be grateful for the hideous caricature of our face which so plentifully appears on notice boards, but we cannot say that we are quite overwhelmed with that emotion.

We have met, in one of the weekly journals, with a statement about our receiving sixty Methodist students a year into our classes. We have not the slightest idea what the statement can mean. We have never said anything of the kind, nor is it true. We shall not, however,

regret if it turns out to be a prophecy. If Methodists improve into Baptists we shall not lament it, but nothing of the sort has occurred as yet, nor do we expect it. The Church of England has been flirting with the Wesleyans, but we have done nothing of the kind: we have been too busy seeking the conversion of the ungodly to have had any time to bait traps for members of other denominations. At the same time, they will be heartily welcome if they wish to make a change, especially if they are of the same sort as our friend Mr. Mark Guy Pearce. We are wondering what next we shall read about ourselves and our work? The fabrication of silly paragraphs would seem just now to be a brisk trade.

John Ploughman respectfully intimates that *he has published his sheet Almanack this year*. He is quite amazed to read in the newspaper that he has not done so. Those who doubt it have only to expend a penny with Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster; or order the almanack of any respectable bookseller.

On November 26th a church was formed at Wynne Road, Brixton, most of the members being drafted from the Tabernacle, and Mr. T. L. Edwards, from the Pastors' College, elected pastor. A public recognition took place December 10th. Messrs. David Jones, of Brixton, and B. C. Etheridge, of Balham, were the chairmen of the respective meetings; and Messrs. Rogers and Gracey addressed the newly formed church. We expect great things from our young brother, Mr. Edwards, and hope to see a large church flourishing under his ministry.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon:—October 21st, twenty-one; 28th, twenty-five: November 4th, twenty-four; December 9th, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 18th to December 18th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Fort William	0	2	6
An Old Student	1	0	0
Mr. J. White	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Mr. John Angus	1	0	0
V. W....	6	0	0
Mr. Berriman	0	10	0
A. E. J. (Willingham)	0	7	0
Mr. J. Cameron	6	0	0
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Messrs. Helass and Co. 1 1 0			
Mr. R. Oakshot 0 10 0			
Mrs. Leach 0 10 0			
Mr. Gastage 0 5 0			
Mr. J. H. Fuller 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Withers 0 5 0			
	2	16	0
Miss Walker...	0	12	9
Mrs. Lezze	1	0	0
Mr. G. Elder	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
G. P....	0	10	0
Mr. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Miss Izzard	2	0	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mr. Griffiths...	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Crocker	1	0	0
E. Patchett	0	1	3
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Charlotte Ware	0	10	0
United Christian Brothers Benefit Society	2	12	7
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
H. E.	2	0	0
Mrs. Balls	0	1	0
Collection at Penge, per Rev. J. Collins	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Nov. 21	30	2	0
" " " " 28	20	1	10
" " " Dec. 5	21	16	0
" " " " 12	32	2	3
	£151	2	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 18th to December 18th, 1875.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0
Fort William	0	2	6
Mr. J. Naylor	0	10	0
E. D. S. Newton	0	10	0
G. M. B.	2	0	0
J. N.	0	10	0
Mr. A. R. Gray	2	0	0
Mrs. Edwards and Friends	2	0	0
May	0	2	0
Mrs. Allbury	0	2	6
Jeanie...	0	2	6
An Old Nurse	1	0	0
J. G. B., Wilts	0	10	0
Miss Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. J. P. Jones	0	12	2
Mrs. People	1	0	0
Mr. T. Young	0	10	6
Mrs. Aldred	1	0	0
Mrs. Colthrup	0	10	0
Mrs. Howard	100	0	0
Metropolitan Store...	0	19	5
V. W....	4	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	15	0
Mrs. Fells	0	5	0
Friends, per Mr. Tolmie	1	0	0
Mr. Vince	0	4	6
Mr. and Mrs. Naylor	0	2	0
Mr. B. Barratt	0	10	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, Cornwall Road, Brixton	1	0	0
Rag Gatherings	0	5	0
D. C.	0	2	6
Mrs. Whitaker	0	2	6
Tweedside	0	0	0
Mr. W. Pyrie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Gibson and Friends	1	5	0
A Student	0	2	6
E. F.	2	0	0
Mrs. Leach, sale of Work, per Mrs. J. Withers	0	4	6
Mr. Bradfield	0	10	0
A Friend, per J. S.	4	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. S. Lawman	0	5	0
Mr. Redding	1	11	4
Mr. G. Elder	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	0	0
Lucky Money	0	2	6
A. S.	0	4	0
G. P.	0	10	0
Fred, Gerty, and Theresa	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Aris	0	10	6
Mr. E. Tanton	0	4	0
Two Sisters	10	0	0
Mrs. Addinson	0	2	6
Mr. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. Daintree	1	0	0
Miss Izzard	1	0	0
Collection at Penge, per Rev. J. Collins	0	2	6
Mr. M. Ford	1	7	6
Stamford Hill	0	5	0
Kintore	0	7	0
Miss Sidrey	0	7	6
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. J. Fergusson	1	0	0
An Invalid	0	4	9
S. A. Turland	1	0	0
A. Davis and E. Kiddle	4	0	0
C. Lawrence and Friends	5	10	0
Subscriptions:—			
Per Mrs. Withers—			
Mr. M. H. Sutton (annual)	2	2	0
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
	£183	7	3

Christmas Festival at the Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Mayers	0	5	0
Mrs. T.	10	0	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mrs. T. Bushby	1	0	0
A Little Girl and her Mother	0	10	0
Mr. T. Barlow	1	0	0
Mrs. Frearson	0	3	0
Mrs. Kirkby	0	5	0
Mr. R. Dalton	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hendrey	1	0	0
Mrs. Gurney	0	5	0
Lettie	0	5	0
Lizzie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	0	9	11
J. J.	0	6	6
Mr. P. Bolton	0	7	0
	£16	19	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—A Sheep, 2 Fowls, 3 Pigeons, Mr. Cowell; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a Box of Oranges, and a half-box Valencias, Mr. Cantell; 170 Oranges, the First Division Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter.

Clothing, &c.:—6 Cotton Shirts, Mrs. W. Booth; 11 ditto, Miss Wood; Cloth and Trimming for 9 Overcoats, Mr. Heath; Hamper of Clothing, &c., Mrs. Howard; 3 dozen Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. William Paine; 50 Comforters, the Young Ladies of Miss Winslow's School; 9 Articles for Sale Room, "In Remembrance of a Beloved Sister;" 12 Pairs of Boots, Mr. J. Sparrow.

Sundries:—3 Dozen Christmas Cards, Mrs. W. Paine; 4 Boxes of Steel Pens, Anon.

For Christmas Dinner:—Mrs. Virtue, 10s.

Donations, &c.—Mrs. Baker, £1 1s; 23 Coins in Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates, 3s 10d; Proceeds of Sales, £2 1s 6d; H. Joslin, Jun., £5 5s; Miss Giles, £5 5s; Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, £2 2s 6d.—Total, £15 18s 10d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Presteign District, per Mr. S. Watkins	7	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Leamington, per Rev. F. S. Attenborough	10	0	0
Cloughfold District	10	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Yarm, per G. Walker, Esq.	10	0	0
Skipsea, per Mrs. Angas	10	0	0
Eythorne, per S. Clark, Esq.	7	10	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	5	
Mansfield Street School	2	10	10
Mr. John Olney	1	1	0
	£61	6	10

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.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	15	0
Mrs. Fells	0	5	0
Friends, per Mr. Tolmie	1	0	0
Mr. Vince	0	4	6
Mr. and Mrs. Naylor	0	2	0
Mr. B. Barratt	0	10	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, Cornwall Road, Brixton	1	0	0
Rag Gatherings	0	5	0
D. C.	0	2	6
Mrs. Whitaker	0	3	6
Tweedside	0	9	0
Mr. W. Pyrie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Gibson and Friends	1	5	0
A Student	0	2	6
E. F.	2	0	0
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Mr. Bradfield	0	10	0
A. Friend, per J. S.	4	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. S. Lawman	0	5	0
Mr. Redding...	1	11	4
Mr. G. Elder	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	0	0
Lucky Money	0	2	6
A. S.	0	4	0
G. P.....	0	10	0
Fred, Gerty, and Theresa...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Aris	0	10	6
Mr. E. Tanton	0	4	0
Two Sisters	10	0	0
Mrs. Addinson	0	2	6
Mr. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
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Miss Izzard	1	0	0
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Stamford Hill	0	5	0
Kintore	0	7	0
Miss Sidrey	0	7	6
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. J. Fergusson	1	0	0
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Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1
	£183	7	3

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A Little Girl and her Mother	0	10	0
Mr. T. Barlow	1	0	0
Mrs. Pearson	0	3	0
Mrs. Kirkby	0	5	0
Mr. R. Dalton	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hendrey	1	0	0
Mrs. Gurney	0	5	0
Lettie	0	5	0
Lizzie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	0	0	11
J. J.	0	6	6
Mr. P. Bolton	0	7	0
	£16	19	5

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	£	s.	d.
Presteign District, per Mr. S. Watkins	7	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Leamington, per Rev. F. S. Attenborough	10	0	0
Cloughfold District...	10	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Yarm, per G. Walker, Esq.	10	0	0
Skipsea, per Mrs. Angas	10	0	0
Eyethorne, per S. Clark, Esq.	7	10	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	5	
Mansfield Street School	2	10	10
Mr. John Olney	1	1	0
	£61	6	10

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.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

Concentration and Diffusion.

A SERMONETTE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."—John xii. 3.

YOU will notice, if you read the narrative attentively, that the two sisters and the brother, who made up the favoured household at Bethany, though all most truly loving Jesus, had each one a different way of showing that love. Even so true children of God do not always feel moved to serve the Lord Jesus in the same fashion, or to express their love to him in precisely the same manner.

Martha served: she was the housekeeper, and with much diligence made him a supper. It would have been a sad omission had there been no table spread for so blessed a guest, and who could prepare it so well as Martha? Sometimes we have heard people speak disparagingly of Martha, but truly they mistake the Lord, who never chided her for serving, but for being on one occasion so cumbered by it as to think hardly of her sister. Martha in this instance did not fall into the fault which her Lord once so gently chided; she did her part quietly and well, and thereby set forth her attachment to Jesus in the most commendable manner. We have sisters in the church whose way of serving Christ is in the household, or by caring for the sick and the poor; like Dorcas, they make garments for them, or like holy women of old, they minister to the Lord of their substance. Their work is with things temporal, but they are none the less approved of their loving Master.

Brethren, too, as deacons, may better honour the Lord by serving tables than they could by attempting to edify saints when the gifts suitable for that work are denied them. Each man and woman must labour according to his ability and calling.

As for Lazarus, he was "one of them that sat at the table." We might hastily imagine that by sitting there he did nothing: but, my brethren, the people had come together very much to see Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead; and for him to sit there and to show himself, and especially to eat and to drink, was to do the best thing to convince onlookers that he was indeed alive. Our blessed Lord himself, when he rose from the dead, found it needful to convince his disciples that he was really alive and in a real body, and therefore he took a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb, and did eat before them all. When they saw him eat, then they were sure that he lived. So when Lazarus ate at the table, sceptics could not say, "It is merely his corpse set upright to look like life, or a mere phantom to deceive." Lazarus eating and drinking was a testimony for Jesus, and I would that we all knew how even to eat and drink to the glory of God. There are some Christians who cannot do much or say much, but their godly lives, their patient suffering, their quiet holiness, are good witnesses to Jesus. I have looked at the lilies and the roses in the garden, and I have thought, "You toil not, neither do you spin, you preach not, neither do you sing, and yet you praise my Lord, simply *by being beautiful*, and by unconsciously shedding abroad the perfume which he gives you." May not some saints be glorifying God most truly though they can do no more than this? Besides, some one of the family was needed to keep the Master company, and preside as host at the table, and who could do this but Lazarus, the master of the house? Anywhere else Lazarus might have been out of place, but to me it appears most seemly that Lazarus should sit at the table, and if he modestly declined to take the head of it, and sat with others, still he was bound to be there.

But what shall Mary do? She need not be at the table, Lazarus is there; she is, perhaps, of small use in the kitchen, her abilities are slender in that direction: what shall Mary do? Her heart was very warm, and she felt she must do something. She did not ask anybody, however, for her own mind was inventive. She knew that it was a usual custom with honoured guests to anoint them with ointment; she perceived that this had not yet been done, or, if done, not in the royal style which her love suggested. Perhaps she was very lovely, and had been somewhat fond of adorning her person, her long hair may have been much cherished, and she may have been profuse in the use of perfume upon it; the thought strikes her, she will consecrate that hair to Jesus, and that pound of fragrant unguent which she had stored up for the beautifying of herself shall be spent upon *him*. It was very costly, but it had not cost a penny too much now that it could be used upon *him*. There was a pound of it, but there was none too much for *him*. It was very sweet, but none too sweet for *him*. She brings the pound of ointment, and pours it on his feet as he lies reclining at the table, and then begins to wipe his feet with the hairs of her head, consecrating her personal beauty as well as her valued treasure to him

whom she both loved and adored. She had found something to do, and that something not the least of the three works of love.

The service of the three members of that elect family made up a complete feast—Martha prepared the supper, Lazarus conversed with their honoured guest, and Mary anointed the Master's feet. Judge you not one another, my brothers and sisters; do each one what you feel you can do, and what the Lord expects of you, and look not on another's work with ungenerous eyes. Neither Martha, nor Lazarus, nor Mary, complained of each other, but together made the service complete. All members have not the same office, but each one must lovingly supplement the office of the rest, and emulation and jealousy must never enter among us.

We will now forget the others, and look alone at Mary. We are struck with the service which she performed for Christ. It was somewhat singular, it was very demonstrative, and it proved her love to be of no common kind. Other women besides Martha had made him a supper; other hosts besides Lazarus had sat at the table with him; but no other had anointed his feet exactly in her fashion, though perhaps some may have come near to it. Mary was inventive, demonstrative, patient, ardent, enthusiastic. What she did was the deed of a soul all on fire—the deed of a woman filled with deep devotion and reverent love. There is an old proverb that "still waters run deep." Mary had these still waters within her heart; she sat at Jesus' feet and heard his words, she was a woman of few words but of many thoughts; she considered, she pondered, and she adored. Mary among women is the counterpart of John among men, and perhaps at this time she had even outrun the beloved disciple in quick discernment of the Lord's true nature. It seems to me that she had perceived his Godhead, and understood more of what he was and what he was about to do than any other of the disciples, at least I can on that theory better understand her deed of love. She devised a homage for him which she would not have dreamed of presenting to any other than such an one as she perceived the Lord to be. Pondering many things within her soul, and withal remembering what he had done for her personally, and for her dear brother Lazarus, whom she loved so well, she determined that a special mark of reverential homage should be paid him, and she carried out the resolve. Deep thought led to burning love, and burning love led to immediate action. Beloved friends, the church of Christ needs a band of men and women full of enthusiasm, who will go beyond others in devotion to the Lord Jesus. We need missionaries who will dare to die to carry the gospel to regions beyond; we need ministers who will defy public opinion, and with flaming zeal burn a way into men's hearts; we need men and women who will consecrate all that they have by daring deeds of heroic self-sacrifice. Oh, that all Christians were like this; but we must at least have some. We need a body-guard of loving champions to rally around the Saviour, the bravest of the brave, Immortals, and Invincibles, who shall lead the van of the armies of the Lord. Where are we to get them? How are they to be produced? The Holy Spirit's way to train men and women who shall greatly serve Christ is to lead them to deep thought and quiet contemplation; thence they obtain the knowledge and vital principle, which are the fuel of

true zeal. You cannot leap into high devotion, neither can you be preached into it, nor dream yourself into it, or be electrified into it by revivalism. It must, through the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, arise out of hard, stern dealing with your soul and near and dear communion with your Saviour. You must sit at his feet or you will never anoint them; he must pour his divine teaching into you, or you will never pour out a precious ointment upon him.

This is a rather long introduction, but we will now leave it all, and crave your attention for a little time to a short parable which appears to me to grow out of this incident.

Mary took a pound of ointment and poured it all on Christ's feet—that is *concentration*. When she had poured it all out on Christ's feet, the whole house was filled with the odour of the ointment—that is *diffusion*; and the surest way to effective diffusion is perfect concentration.

Let us speak a little first upon this CONCENTRATION.

You want, my friend, to do something before you die, which may prove a blessing to your family connections. The desire is good, but do not begin with diffusion; commence with concentration, and let Mary be your model. *She brought out all her ointment;* the whole pound without reserve. Even so consecrate to the Saviour all that you have: every faculty, power, possession, and ability. Half the pound of spikenard would not have sufficed. That half-pound in reserve would have spoiled the deed. Perhaps we should never have heard of it at all if it had been less complete. Half a heart given to Christ? Tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Askelon. Half a life given to Christ? Half your faculties, half your powers given to Christ? It is an unworthy gift; he gave you all, and he claims all of you. Oh, dear soul, if thou wouldest fill the house with sweet odour, bring in thy whole self and pour out thy heart at his feet.

Note that as she brought all, so *she poured it all upon Jesus*. She had no fear of the black looks of Judas, for the act was not meant for Judas; it was all for Jesus. I do not think she gave a thought to Martha, or Lazarus, or to any of them. The whole pound was for Jesus. The highest way of living is to live for Jesus, and altogether for Jesus, not caring what this man saith or how the other judgeth, but feeling that as *he* hath bought us with his blood and we are his from the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, we therefore own no master but our Redeemer. Brothers and sisters, do you live for Jesus in that fashion? Do we not perform many actions under the impulse of secondary motives? I like for my part sometimes to do an act of which I feel,—"I do not consider whether this will benefit my fellow men. I am doing it alone for Jesus. What comes of it,—whether a soul shall be saved or not is not my main care, but I am speaking this good word *in his honour*, and if God accepts it, and it glorifies Jesus, my end is served." Oh, it is a blessed thing to feel that you are living, not as a servant of man, nor of the church, nor of a sect or party, but of him whose precious blood has bought you. Consecrate all your faculties upon the Lord himself, and then consult not with flesh and blood. Mary did not wait for any advice about the matter. There is *he*, and there are his blessed feet, inviting her to anoint them. She will not stop to inquire what Martha thinks, much less what Judas murmurs,

but her heart tells her to do it. All her powers of love say to her, "Do it," and she brings out the costly perfume, and pours it all on him. When the criticism is given about the wasteful deed, she cares not to make an apology, and she needs not to do so. If for the moment the grumbling grated harshly upon her ear, her Master's look of love and that kind word, "Let her alone; against my burial hath she done this," are quite enough for her. She did not aim at pleasing Judas, and so if Judas is not pleased she is not disappointed: she did it for Jesus, and, Jesus being pleased, she has gained all that she sought for. Ah, brethren, this is what we must try to do; we must not always remain in leading strings, asking other people what they think about it: if we know that a certain course is right let us follow it, and let others think and say what they choose.

This concentration of everything upon Jesus is the only way of worthily serving him. When we give him all we do not give him a thousandth part of what he deserves, but to give him half—to give him a tithe, to give him what we can easily spare—is a poor way of expressing our love to him. Who else deserves a part of your service? If you have been redeemed from death and hell, who else can claim a portion of your heart? Look at him in his life of labour, look at him on the cross, and look at him remembering you still before the throne of God. Does he not engross your affections? Say, does he not throw another cord of love around you, and bind you as a sacrifice to the horns of the altar?

I will not linger longer on that point. Enough is as good as a feast. Concentrate, concentrate, concentrate, concentrate all on Jesus.

Now, consider what will come of it? Namely, DIFFUSION. "*The house was filled with the odour of the ointment.*" Mark that the house was not filled with the odour of the ointment through Mary's seeking. She did not run into every chamber and drop a little on the floor, so that every room might smell of it; she did not care whether the house was perfumed or not, she only wanted to anoint her Lord, and therefore she poured all the ointment on his feet. The result was that the rooms were perfumed, but that was not her main object. She did not tell everybody that she had precious ointment in store, but they knew it by her pouring it out. Whenever you hear a man boast that he is holy, remember that good scent needs no proclaiming. The only cart I ever meet with that rings a bell is the dust cart. If jewels and diamonds, or the bullion of the Bank of England, are carried through the streets no bell is rung. "Great cry and little wool" is a proverb which has had a new exposition in this country of late—a wonderful cry about holiness and wonderful little holiness to cry about, but a great deal to be wept over and lamented before the living God. To stand in every room and cry spikenard! spikenard! wonderful spikenard! would have been idle. Pour it on Jesus' feet and you will not have to say anything about it, for every room will be sweet with the smell thereof. We need now-a-days, dear friends, to have a little less talk about what men are and much more actual living unto Jesus. The Lord work it in us by his Spirit.

Why was it that Mary's spikenard did perfume all the house, and how is it that if there is true grace in a man's life it is sure to be

felt, and recognised without his saying much about it? We reply, *because it is real.* Real religion is always influential: sham religion has but sham power. You cannot get influence by saying, "I mean to influence so and-so;" as well hope to stop the sun and moon without Joshua's miraculous power. The power of religion within yourself will be very much the measure of the power which you exercise over others. Artificial flowers may be made so exactly like the real plants that you can scarcely detect them, but they lack the perfume of our garden favourites; and so also the mere professor has not the fragrance of real grace, and consequently no attractive and sweetening influence upon others; but where religion is real, true, heartfelt, deep —where there is strong, all-absorbing love to Christ—the sweet perfume of grace will give the man influence over his fellow-men. I cannot tell you how it is that a man who lives near to God has this influence, but I know he has it. The camphor tree is full of camphor in all parts of it, branch, bark, root, and flower are all full of camphor; and the man who really lives for Jesus is full of gracious influence in all places and times. May you and I be so.

How was it that the rooms became filled with the odour? There is a law of nature which chemists call *the law of transfusion.* If two gases of an entirely different nature are brought into contact they commence at once to mix with one another, and continue to unite till they are thoroughly intermingled. Thus flavours and odours diffuse themselves in the air. It is so with good and evil in the world. Insensibly every man is the worse for coming in contact with a vicious example; and consciously or unconsciously every man is swayed to some degree for good by the presence of a virtuous life. The law of transfusion enters into moral and spiritual matters, as well as into the realm of chemistry, and if you walk with God and endeavour to preserve a blameless life, and glorify Christ, influence will be yours without your seeking it. How far it will extend God alone knows. It may reach far beyond what you suppose to be its sphere, and may even teach some who are yet unborn, who shall hear from others how you lived and how you glorified Christ.

Besides, dear friends, true piety is a very powerful essence, and *possesses great energy.* There are perfumes in nature, like the otto of roses, of which the smallest drop will make a chamber smell for many a day: true holiness is such a mighty, pervading essence that if you possess it it cannot be hidden, it will make itself known as a sweet savour even as far as heaven. The life of God is in it, and it must operate. In everything that is good God lieth hidden. The Spirit of God dwells in every gracious word, and godly thought, and holy deed, and he is sweetness itself. The name of Jesus is as ointment poured forth, what must his Spirit be? Yet that Spirit is to be found in every true believer.

I want to close by asking you, dear friends, how far as yet you have concentrated your love upon Christ, and thus have influenced those who dwell in your house? I will only ask about your own house. Has *your* house been filled with the odour of the ointment? You do pray, but have your prayers been so mighty with God that they have brought down a blessing upon your family?

You seek to avoid sin, you try to make your conversation pure, gracious, kind, cheerful, loving, and Christlike: do you think that some in your house have been blessed thereby? I do not say, have all been converted? for though all the house was the better for Mary's ointment, yet Judas remained a traitor. I should not wonder if some in your house may have even disliked you the more for your piety, but still the Lord frequently blesses godliness and makes it the means of conversion. O woman, thou mayest gain thy husband by thy piety; if he will not hear sermons he will hear that quiet, loving life of thine! O sister, thou mayest win thy brother by thy love: he will not read pious books, but those letters of thine, those sweet words of tender rebuke and invitation—he does read them and he feels them too, though you fear he does not! Father, those boys of yours are not yet what you could wish, but they must feel your godly example. Perhaps, when you lie beneath the sod, they will recollect what you used to be. Fill the house with the odour of true religion. Fill the parlour and the drawing room, the bedchamber, and the kitchen, with hallowed conversation. I say again, not with mere talk and Pharisaic pretence, but with real holy living and true godly communion; and depend upon it you are doing for your children and your servants the best thing in your power to do. Give them teaching, give them warning and entreaty, but still the actual perfuming with godliness must arise from your own holy living, it must be begotten of the ointment poured on Jesus' feet.

Ah, dear friends, I wish that not only the house in which we may happen to dwell, but the workshop where we labour, the shop where we trade, the place of business where we associate with others, might all be perfumed with grace. Christian men are not to glide out of the way of their fellow creatures and shut themselves up in order to be pious, any more than a soldier may hope to win the battle by running away. No, mix with your fellow men. If there are offices of trust to discharge, do not leave them to the lowest of the low to discharge them, but be willing to do public service for your country. But so do this that you shall spread abroad in every office the savour of honesty and integrity, and make the rogue and the cheat ashamed of themselves. I would to God that every Christian church were a living protest against all the wrong-doing of the times, a gracious disinfectant to stay the abounding corruption. There is an evil smell of sin perpetually reeking towards heaven, and it needs that you Christian men should live Christlike lives in public as well as in private until you fill this country with a healthier savour, and until England shall become a Christian country in fact as well as in name. Would to God that the example of Christians might yet become so potent that all nations might feel its power, that wars might cease, that cruelties of every kind might come to an end, and that the sweet savour of Jesus' name manifested through his people, might perfume the whole world as though God had showered upon it ambrosial essences and fragrances from the flowers of heaven to sweeten it against the time when Christ himself shall come and make it a marriage chamber for his chosen bride. God grant that the perfume of your holiness may reach the stars; that your lives may be so sweet that, beyond these fogs and clouds, the sweet aroma of your grace may rise acceptable to God

through Jesus Christ, for we are ever a sweet savour unto him if we live unto the Lord.

I fear me, however, that I may be addressing some whose lives are not a sweet perfume at all. Ah, take heed to yourselves. If you are living without God and without Christ—if you are living in any secret sin—take heed to yourselves. You may think that you will be able to conceal the ill savour of your sin, but you will not. How wonderfully does evil tell its own secret. The intolerable effluvium of many a secret sin has forced its way to notice. Beware thou who wouldest cover thy sin! Beware, I pray thee! For the task is hopeless. Dig, dig, dig—dig deep, and in the dead of night cover up the sin, but like the blood of Abel, it crieth from the ground. Be sure your sin will find you out. If you are living now in a sin, and yet pretend to be virtuous, remember if your hypocrisy is never found out in this life, it will confront you at the last great day. How terrible will be the resurrection of buried sins to men who know not Christ! They will wake up in the next world and find their sins howling around them like grim wolves, insatiable, fierce, and terrible. Any one sin is able to destroy the soul, but what must it be to be surrounded by thousands howling with terrible voices and eager to drag you down and tear you in pieces? It will be so with you, sirs,—it must be so with many of you, unless you lay hold now upon the great salvation. Jesus Christ can drive away these wolves, can stay the ill savour of your sins. If you will trust him, if you will yield your hearts to him he will deliver you; but if you will not, on your own heads be your blood.

Sleep.

DR. ALEXANDER was often heard to say in substance as follows: "Clergymen, authors, teachers, and other persons of reflective habits, lose much health by losing sleep; and this because they carry their trains of thought to bed with them. In my earlier years, I greatly injured myself by studying my sermons in bed. The best thing one can do is, to take care of the *last half-hour before retiring.* Devotion being ended, something should be done to quiet the strings of the harp, which otherwise would go on to vibrate. Let me commend to you this maxim, which I somewhere learnt from Dr. Watts, who says he had it in his boyhood from the lips of Dr. John Owen: *Break the chain of thoughts at bed-time by something at once serious and agreeable.* By all means break the continuity, or sleep will be vexed, if not even driven away. If you wish to know my method of finding sleep, it is to turn over the pages of my English Bible without plan, and without allowing my mind to fasten on any, leaving any place the moment it ceases to interest me. Some tranquilizing word often becomes a divine message of peace: 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"—*Lady Bountiful's Legacy.*

A Few Words from Mrs. Spurgeon concerning her Book Fund.*

ALL last winter, in the sunniest corner of the south window of our especial sanctum, there stood a common garden flower-pot containing a little plant which we deemed a marvel of grace and beauty. We had sown some lemon pips the preceding autumn with a lively hope that one or more of them might possess the wonderful life-germ, and we were well rewarded for our confidence. In due time a frail little stem and two of the tiniest leaves that ever coaxed their way through the dark mould made their appearance, and from that moment it was watched, and watered, and tended with assiduous care. So frail at first, and delicate, that a drop of dew would have overwhelmed it, it nevertheless soon gained courage, the tender stem strengthened, one by one other and larger leaves unfolded themselves, and the little plant stood perfect and complete. It was a very little thing, but it gave great pleasure; and though some of the younger members of the household would occasionally ask, with just a suspicion of sarcasm in their tone, "If there were any lemons yet?" we cherished our little plant even more lovingly, and thanked God who, with infinite tenderness towards his suffering children, often deepens and intensifies their enjoyment of daily mercies, throwing a special charm around their common comforts, and causing a leaf, a flower, or the song of a bird, to whisper sweet "comfortable thoughts" in their hearts.

But this winter our Heavenly Father has given us a better plant to care for. The little tree of the "Book Fund" sprang from as small a beginning as the lemon plant itself, and we fondly hope it is as surely a creation of the Lord's hand. Great was the lovingkindness which brought *this* plant into our sick chamber and gave us the loving commission to "dress and keep it." With what joy we received the charge, and how happy the work made us, words fail us to tell; but since the little tree has grown rapidly under the sunshine of the Lord's blessing, we thought our friends would be interested to know how much and what manner of fruit it bears.

At first we intended only to distribute one hundred copies of Mr. Spurgeon's "Lectures to my Students," but we received so many kind donations from friends who sympathised with our wishes that we soon became ambitious, and without discontinuing the distribution of "Lectures" we longed to supply needy ministers with the precious volumes of the "Treasury of David," Sermons, etc. This we have been enabled to do, and the work goes on daily. Without any solicitation friends have sent in £182, and though our dear Mr. Editor thinks they might not like their names to be published, yet if he should one day

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* The beloved writer, with profound reverence for our editorial authority, placed this paper in our hand with a great deal of diffidence, and coaxingly entreated us to alter and amend it, and make it presentable. It is not in our heart to touch a word of it, we could not improve it, and we do not want to partake in the honour of it. Every line cost the suffering writer pain, and gave her joy, and it shall speak for itself. We cannot, dare not alter it.

change his mind they are all ready for him faithfully registered, and would look very nice in his *Sword and Trowel*. We keep also a strict debtor and creditor account, in which said dear Mr. Editor takes great interest, being quite as delighted as ourselves when any increase to the fund is announced. Better still, the Lord's "book of remembrance" is open, and therein assuredly the names of all those who aid his toiling servants will be recorded. We are still prepared to give the "Lectures" to all ministers who apply direct to us. Up to this date we have sent out *five hundred and fifty "Lectures,"* each one with an earnest prayer for God's blessing, and we have had many delightful proofs that this has been bestowed. One minister thus writes—

"I may also say for your encouragement that after I received your copy ('Lectures') Mr. Mayers kindly sent me one which I gave to a poor brother in a neighbouring village, who has not been to our College, and the effect on his heart has been most blessed; after reading it he went to prayer, like myself, and next Lord's-day he and his congregation were in tears."

The students of Pontypool and Haverfordwest Colleges, and the members of the East-end Training Institute, were especially anxious to possess the "Lectures," and were joyfully supplied, while ministers of all denominations have eagerly accepted the gift.

As yet, with three or four exceptions, the "Treasury of David" has been given only to pastors once students of the Pastors' College, but as our work prospers we may hope to extend the boon to others also. We have had the pleasure of giving

49 Entire sets of the "Treasury" (4 vols. each).
121 Volumes of "Treasury" to complete sets.
167 Volumes Sermons to those already possessing "Treasury."
100 Volumes of Dr. Fish's "Handbook of Revivals."
4 Copies of the "Interpreter," and a few of Mr. Spurgeon's lesser works.

How greatly these gifts are needed, and how thoroughly they are appreciated will be best seen by some extracts from letters which we here subjoin.

A pastor with a salary of £80 a-year writes thus:—

"Your great gift to me came safely to hand this morning. I cannot command language that will adequately convey to you the thanks I desire to offer. You will believe me when I say that the gift, and the way in which it came to me, thoroughly broke me down, and tears of joy flowed freely."

"I beg to acknowledge with ten thousand thanks the receipt of the precious 'Treasury of David.' I have long sighed for these volumes, but they were out of my reach. I cannot tell you with what delight I receive them."

"My salary is £60 a-year. I have a wife and family. You will be able to conceive my feelings (on receiving four vols. of 'Treasury') when I tell you that these are the only new books I have had for three years past."

"I was not educated at the Pastors' College, and fear, therefore, that I have no claim, but if mistaken in this I shall be most thankful for any help of the kind you may be able to render me. My library is small, and minus several books which I am daily thirsting to possess, but thirsting in vain, inasmuch as there are nine of us to subsist upon £100 per annum. It costs so much to clothe and feed my boys and girls, that I have nothing left for the clothing and

feeding of my bookshelves. If it is not in your power to assist me, I will not murmur, for I have become accustomed to disappointment, but will labour on as hitherto with the Master's help."

"A thousand thanks to you, and also to the kind friends who have aided you. The four vols. of Sermons received safely to-day. They are a splendid addition to my small library, and will be highly valued and greatly used."

"Through the long illness of my dear wife . . . I have been unable to add a single book to my very small stock for the last two years, therefore any present of a book is most thankfully accepted. . . . May the Lord raise up many other friends, so that you may be able to help poor ministers yet more and more."

"The prospect of having a new book seems to put new life into me. I have often longed to have the "Treasury of David,' but could not afford to purchase it. After buying necessary things there is nothing left for buying books."

"It would have been next to impossible for me to have purchased them (the volumes of Treasury) at the published price."

"Very heartily do I thank you for your kindness, it is most opportune. Affliction has been in my home ever since the first week in this year (1875), and the money that would have gone for books, will have to go towards paying a ten months' doctor's bill."

"I have long desired the whole of the 'Treasury of David.' Mr. Spurgeon gave me the first vol. (which is all I possess), but I had given up all hope of possessing the remaining volumes. You will understand this when I tell you I have a wife and five little ones to support, also aged parents, one of whom is now in his 86th year, and £100 is my only income to meet all, so that out of it I dare not attempt to buy such a valuable work as the 'Treasury.'"

"My family has increased very rapidly, while my income has remained nearly stationary, consequently during the past two years I have not been able to buy above three or four books. I have been compelled to be one of those whom our president addressed in his lecture to 'Workers with slender apparatus.'"

Perhaps in closing this short statement my dear Mr. Editor would graciously accord me the privilege of laying aside for a moment that formal and perplexing "we," and allow me to say how deeply I am personally indebted to the dear friends who have furnished me with the means of making others happy. For me there has been a *double* blessing. I have been both recipient and donor, and in such a case as this it is hard to say which is the "more blessed." My days have been made indescribably bright and happy by the delightful duties connected with the work and its little arrangements, and so many loving messages have come to me in letters, such kind words, such hearty good wishes, such earnest, fervent prayers have surrounded me that I seem to be living in an atmosphere of blessing and love, and can truly say with the psalmist, "my cup runneth over." So, with a heart full of gratitude to God, and deep thankfulness to my dear friends, I bid them for the present a loving farewell.

SUSIE SPURGEON.

William West, the Veteran Sunday School Superintendent.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

SURREY Chapel has always been famous for its Sunday-schools, and has maintained efficiently in the most necessitous parts of south London no less than thirteen schools, containing four thousand children, taught by four hundred teachers. Such an agency could not fail to call forth the talents and enlist the energies of a large number of Christian young men during its existence. Several of the superintendents, secretaries, and teachers have held office for long periods. One of the most remarkable men, whose name is inseparably connected with the Kent-street Sunday-school, was William West, the subject of this paper. For sixty years he held the office of superintendent, and was seldom absent; even during his annual holidays he returned to London on Saturday and remained till Monday morning that he might be at his post. And what is more to his honour, he was never known to be late. His usual plan was to be at school half-an-hour before the teaching commenced, giving a hearty welcome to the children as they arrived, and extemporising a Bible-class with some of the elder boys. This conscientious discharge of his duty is an example which some superintendents might copy with honour to themselves and advantage to their schools. An unpunctual superintendent must be held responsible for the irregular attendance of the staff of teachers. Mr. West was a thorough disciplinarian, but he was as kind at heart as he was firm in purpose. He was impelled to the performance of his duties by an irresistible impulse from which he could not escape. He said on one occasion, "I could not stay away from school if I had tried to do so." There was nothing attractive in the school or neighbourhood to account for this attachment, yet he was to be found at his post, not only on the Sunday, but on the evenings in the week, when he taught the children the elements of a plain education. "The school," he says, "was a very dilapidated room on a first-floor in Kent-street; there were holes quite through the brickwork of the wall into the yard behind; the floor was very inconvenient, being nearly a foot higher in some parts than in others; the staircase opened directly into the court, which was worse than Kent-street itself. We took our breakfast, dinner, and tea in the schoolroom, not finally leaving on the Sabbath until nine o'clock at night." After ten years of endurance in this ill-contrived room, a new building was erected in 1814, capable of holding six hundred children.

The neighbours always spoke of it as "Mr. West's school," and it would have been almost impossible to convince them that it was not his own private property. He maintained a very laudable custom of inviting three or four boys to his house to tea every Sunday afternoon, when the improved circumstances of the school admitted of his taking that meal at home. He would ask one to read, another to pray, and a third to give out a hymn, and, in conversation, he elicited a confession of their experiences and circumstances, and turned the knowledge, thus acquired, to their spiritual and temporal advantage. Being thorough in

his devotion to the work, he could not tolerate anything like indifference or inefficiency in the teachers, and would not hesitate to sacrifice a teacher for the good of the school, or even a single class. "I'm afraid, Mr. ————," he said to a self-sufficient teacher, on one occasion, "you are not quite the right sort of teacher for this class—it does not get on as I should like." When the individual thus addressed demanded an explanation to satisfy his injured dignity, Mr. West replied, "Why, you see, you are very often late in your attendance, you are not here when school begins; that makes the boys careless; and sometimes you stay away altogether without finding a substitute; that won't do! Unless you can be more regular and diligent, you had better resign the class." The latter alternative was accepted, and the school was the gainer by the change. Such discipline as this would prove a wholesome tonic to many teachers in the present day, whose affected regard for their health on a wet Sunday is only a pretext for a little selfish indulgence. Mr. West's motto was that the self-imposed task of a Sunday-school teacher is as obligatory as the duty of a paid official in a mercantile establishment. With many the secondary motive in labouring for a school or society is allowed to weaken the primary motive, which should impel a Christian to live and labour for Christ. "To our own master we stand or fall," and every Christian is called to serve to the utmost of his talent, strength, and opportunity. Mere devotion to official routine is degrading to one who should occupy the lofty platform of filial consecration. "Ye are not your own," is a truth which should be engraven upon the heart of every redeemed man, and the impulse of a grateful emotion should constrain the fervent prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do!" Whenever the divine command is issued, "Son, go work," the response should be prompt and unquestioning. This would seem to be the last lesson which many learn, for while they regard themselves as the favoured recipients of heaven's bounty, they lose sight of the corresponding obligation. The solemn lesson of the parable of the fruitless tree has not broken the spell of that fatal self-complacency under which the ear becomes deaf to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," and the eye is blinded to the woes and wants which afflict poor fallen humanity. If we entered more fully into fellowship with the Saviour's tender compassion for the lost, there would be no reluctance to consecrate all we have and are to the mission on which his heart is still set.

The Sunday-school was the only Christian work, connected with the church, in which Mr. West was engaged; but as his time and energies were fully consecrated to it, we admire him for doing one work well in preference to dabbling in many without doing any one of them thoroughly. We have known men who, had they concentrated their labour, would have realized a splendid success. In their effort to compass a larger sphere they failed to consolidate their work. Mr. West in pursuing the method of devotion and concentration became a centre around which workers of a kindred spirit gathered, and who formed a phalanx which took every difficulty by storm, and led the army of Sunday-school teachers on to victory.

What Mr. West was in the sphere of Christian service he was in business—earnest, painstaking, and whole-hearted. For many years

he was employed in the Borough Bank, which was afterwards absorbed by the London and Westminster Bank.

One of the principal directors said, on one occasion, "they would be glad to pay Mr. West's salary even if he did no work, for his appearance gave a stamp of respectability to the bank." In sustaining his mission he never encroached upon the time allotted to business, nor did he become impatient of the duties of his office because he occupied an important post amongst Christian workers. Religion *versus* business is by no means essential to success in Christian work, but we know many who subscribe to the dogma, and who would rather endure the discomfort of poverty than sacrifice ministerial status. It is a mistake to appraise every act of Christian service at a commercial value, and to suppose that every branch of spiritual work must be sustained by those who are not degraded (!) by a secular vocation. On the other hand, some of the most successful workers we know maintain themselves by the pursuit of a lawful calling without compromising their work for the Lord. We are no advocates of the theory, however, that all service for Christ and is church should be unpaid. Far from it: we believe the exigencies of the work demand that many should devote their whole time to it, and they should not be hindered by the anxieties of poverty, but receive the liberal support of the Lord's people. The man whose qualifications for the work are indisputable, and whose sincerity is above suspicion, need entertain no fear of the result. The Lord's stewards will not fail him, but then he should be careful not to assume absolute control over all moneys entrusted to him for his work, and appropriate an indefinite sum for his own private purposes without holding himself responsible to his constituency. A true worker will not hesitate to give an account of his stewardship, and thus disarm suspicion and retain the confidence of his brethren. He will be very careful not to urge a questionable distinction between receiving "payment for his services" and "living upon the Lord." There may be a touch of worldliness about the former phrase, but this is to be preferred to the undisguised cant of the latter. People of common sense know that a man, to be honest, must have the means to provide for his household, and when they hear a Christian worker reiterate the stock phrase, "that he lives on the Lord," they begin to question his sincerity, and entertain the suspicion that it is nothing more than a puffing advertisement and a disguised appeal for money.

We never understood the reason of Mr. West's refusal to join the church, unless it was that he would not enter into any relationship without discharging all the obligations which it involved. His work was the Sunday-school, and he did not wish to prejudice that by assuming any other office. In refusing to unite with the church we consider him to have been greatly mistaken, and cannot but regard his example as injurious to young Christians, who specially need the advantages of church fellowship. We are assured that Mr. West did not hold the church of God in light esteem, nor did he counsel others to follow his example. He moved in an eccentric orbit, but he was true to a firm, though, as we think, mistaken conviction. It is to be deplored that so many Christians in the present day are of the same mind as Mr. West in this respect, and, having nothing of his practical

stability, become mere religious gipsies, "without a local habitation or a name." They ignore the fundamental doctrine that communion with our fellow Christians is essential to the assertion of our union to Christ and the demonstration of the unity of the church.

An undenominational mission may be a necessary expedient in view of the divided state of parties, but it has a tendency to loosen the tie of Christian workers and imperils true success, for the results are not garnered. It must be admitted as a fact that our churches received but few accessions from the recent campaign, but it does not follow that the results were limited to the few who applied for admission. A large number, we apprehend, became spiritual nomads, and are to be met with in the religious gipsydom of the present day. Fellowship with a properly constituted church for work and worship is an imperative duty, and was never more binding than it is now. Some of our most successful evangelists, we are glad to know, are beginning to realise this, and are withdrawing from guerilla warfare to fight, shoulder to shoulder, with their own regiment. Sectarian exclusiveness we deplore, but we are of the opinion that it involves fewer evils than the lawlessness of undenominational laxity. It will be an ill day for the church when the only pabulum of truth consists of an indescribable hodge-podge, concocted from the parings of doctrine contributed by the various denominations, for there will be "death in *that* pot" most assuredly.

Our friend, Mr. West, while remaining outside the fellowship of the church enjoyed the esteem and friendship of Rowland Hill, James Sherman, and Newman Hall, the successive pastors of the church. He was beloved by all who knew him for his personal worth and his work's sake. Even the poor inhabitants of Kent-street would raise their hats or politely curtsey as he passed their doors. "God bless him, the dear old man," was a frequent remark which he sometimes overheard. His death occurred while we were labouring at Surrey Chapel in 1866, and we shall not easily forget the impression which it created. Mr. Newman Hall preached a funeral sermon, which was afterwards published, and from which we extract the closing paragraphs.

"Towards the end of last year his health began to fail, and his fellow-workers feared that they might soon have to part with their veteran chief, counsellor and friend. On November 29, he said to the present superintendent, whom he dearly loved, and whom he rejoiced to see qualified by Divine grace and humbly ready to occupy his post, 'Everything here is passing away. It makes me long to go too, but God knows best. I must wait. I have always been a poor puny creature, but God has perhaps on that account always provided men remarkable for piety and ability to help me in the work, or I don't think I could have gone on.'

"On Sunday, December 17, he seemed very feeble, and talked of giving up regular attendance at the school, as it was now united and prosperous. He seemed to feel that the end was approaching, for on one of the teachers who was leaving saying she should return to him in six months, he replied: 'I shall be in heaven before then.'

"On December 26, he sent the following message to the Annual Tea Meeting of the Teachers at Surrey Chapel: 'Tell them we are all very

happy and united, and I feel that with God's blessing the school will now go on very well without me. I have no fear of the school sinking.'

"On Sunday, January 28, of the present year (1866), our friend visited the school for the last time. Indeed he was too unwell to leave his house with safety. But his desire to be at his post of labour was irrepressible. He would not be absent so long as he could possibly be there. The exertion was too much for him. He was taken very ill at the school. Some thought he was dying. The children were dismissed. As they were leaving they sang the hymn, 'For ever with the Lord.' He asked what they were singing—then lifted up both his hands, and said, 'Oh, they sing very well.' When the children had gone, tenderly, lovingly, with many tears, his friends and teachers bore him through the school, the scene of the labours of more than sixty years, to the carriage which was to convey the old warrior from the battle-field. Smiling through his tears he wished his younger comrades farewell, and so departed. None who witnessed that scene can ever forget it. A great general, wounded, yet unwilling to quit the field; Lord Chatham, carried to the House of Lords from his couch, and fainting from the exertion he made, are surely not nobler instances of devotion than this!

"Even then his mind was intent on usefulness, for he asked that a Bible might be sent him that he might write in it the name of a youth to whom he wished to present it. He wrote the name, his last effort with his pen, and sent the book on the next Sunday to the school for presentation.

"On the following Thursday I had the privilege of seeing him, and never shall I forget that interview. He was sitting before his fire, but rose up and gave me a most affectionate welcome. Then he poured out such a flood of Scriptural truth and Christian experience, humility mingled with joyful assurance, confessions of unworthiness with confidence in Christ and blissful hope, as it has seldom been my privilege to listen to. I might almost say his face shone like an angel's. His eye had an extraordinary brilliancy and force of expression. His manner was solemn but most energetic. Almost the first words he uttered were: 'There's no dying! It's only a transfer.' During his long life he had an instinctive dread of the physical act of dying. But, as I have observed in the case of many others, this was entirely removed as the time to die drew near. Death to him had not only ceased to exist, he was 'more than conqueror.' I shall not soon forget his manner when he said—'There's no dying!' Then, after quoting various passages of Scripture, he spoke of the safety of the believer, saying, 'I don't dispute the power of the devil. O he's very strong. But if we are in Christ Jesus he can't do us any harm—not a bit of it.' Then, after a while, he repeated several times words to this effect—'Remember that religion is this—God loving us first—and thus making us love him—how wonderful that God should dwell in us and make us love him—and then we obey him—for we can't love him and go on sinning against him.'

"He then showed me the Bible he had prepared for the youth referred to, and spoke of the privilege he had enjoyed of giving away a large

number of copies with references. I begged him to pray with and for me—for 'the less is blessed of the greater,' for he was manifestly in the land of Beulah—and seemed more like an inhabitant of heaven than of earth. But he positively declined, begging me to express our desires before God. How hearty were his responses, and how courteous and affectionate his farewell.

"Sunday, Feb. 4, was the only Sunday he was absent from the school, for on the following Saturday he went to be with Jesus. On the Monday he said to a friend—'There is no variableness with him. He will not forsake the work of his own hands.

> '"Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
> Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite through."

He retaineth not his anger for ever. He is not really angry. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'

"On Friday, 9th February, he said to one of the teachers, 'The Lord is good to me—he changes not.' The teacher said, 'He cannot change.' He earnestly responded, 'It cannot be—it cannot be.' The teacher said, 'I am glad you are so happy, it increases my faith so much.' He replied, with a loud voice, 'So it ought.' He then said, 'Read part of the eighth of Romans.' At verse 32 he went on with the passage, quoting it correctly to the end of the chapter.

"On the same day he was visited by his friend and successor in the superintendency of the school, Mr. Joy, who read to him the twenty-third psalm. At the last verse, the departing saint said, 'Every word is important—"I will *dwell*——in the *house of the Lord*——*for ever*."'

"This was his happy prospect, now very near. He was on the threshold of the house of the Lord; about to be admitted to his immediate presence. He was to be an inmate of the palace of the Great King. He was to be, not a visitor, but a resident. He was going, not to sojourn there as a stranger, but to dwell there as a child at home. And this was to be *for ever!* Yes, he was about to realise the hymn he was so fond of hearing his school-children sing—

> "'For ever with the Lord!
> Amen, so let it be;
> Life from the dead is in that word—
> 'Tis immortality!'

"But, in the immediate prospect of heavenly glory, the Kent-street Sunday-school was still in his thoughts. When he ceased to speak about the psalm, he said, 'The school has been as prosperous and I have been as happy in it this last year as any year I have been in it. And it will go on, I am sure of it. I never had a doubt of it. Only let the Scriptures be the foundation of everything.'

"In his wanderings the school was constantly in his mind. He seemed to fancy he was teaching the little ones their letters, and sometimes was heard to say, '*Spell it, dear.*'

"Faithful old servant! Diligent to the last! There was no eagerness to escape from labour. There was no casting off all care for his school, as if not in harmony with his exalted spiritual joy. He was close to heaven, but not too heavenly for earthly service, even as the

angels who are in the presence of God, but yet rejoice over one sinner that repenteth on earth.

"And how beautifully were his tenderness and humility illustrated, even in his mental wandering. Truly there was a method in his madness! The saint, almost perfected and glorified,—ready to be welcomed by angels and the Lord of angels—is, in spirit, sitting by the side of little children, teaching them the first rudiments, and doing it in the temper of him who took little children in his arms and blessed them. There was no incongruity—rather, there was a beautiful harmony between his exalted character and condition as a saint on the threshold of glory, and his humility and gentleness in still caring for the little ones of the flock.

"The next day—Saturday, the 10th—the message came to him to pass the Jordan and enter the promised inheritance. His answer to the summons was expressed in the words, almost the last he uttered—'Show unto me the joy of thy salvation!'

"Afterwards he said—'All the day long let me see the goodness of God.'

"As he descended through the dark valley to the river's brink he said—'O Saviour, shine upon me.'

"Then, as if rejoicing in the answer to the prayer and the light of his Lord's countenance making the valley radiant, he said—'The promises of God are sure and steadfast.'

"So he went down to the river's brink. That river, dark and deep and turbid though it may be, cannot harm any who trust in him by whose death and resurrection safe passage is secured to all his followers. Our departed friend, relying on the help of One mightier than death, entered that Jordan through which is our only path to the celestial city. He entered it alone, as we all must. Yet he was not alone. Angels were there as ministering spirits. Christ was there, his Almighty Saviour. He saw them beckoning him across. He felt their supporting arms. He invoked the help never withheld. The last words he was heard to utter were these—'Pull me out of the river—pull me! Pull hard!' And so he passed over, and his friends on this side saw him no more.

"But what a happy greeting awaited him yonder! What loving salutations from old scholars, some who had passed over as little children, some as grown men and women, who by his instrumentality had been led to Christ and heaven! What affectionate greetings from old friends and fellow-labourers! How at home our departed friend would feel at once in such a company! And so, escorted by angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, he was led before the throne of the Saviour he so long loved and served—and from whose lips he heard the greeting—'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Who can doubt that in him is illustrated the text—

"'THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE FIRMAMENT, AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER.'

"Mr. West's was a long life. But long life, unless, like his, well spent, will prove a curse and not a blessing. A long life may be in store for

some of us. What will you make of it? Shall it be a long record of vanity, covetousness, frivolity, sloth, self-seeking? What a terrible account to render at last for a long life so spent! Rather let the example of Mr. West stimulate us all to spend our life, whether a long or a short one, for some good purpose and in the fear of God. Our position in life may be obscure, our resources limited, our influence small; but if we use that influence well, an incalculable amount of good may result from persevering efforts. And whether our usefulness be great or small, if we are faithful, God will accept and bless us, as our friend often used to say, 'According to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' Let us imitate our departed friend's humility, his entire trust in Christ, his study of the Scriptures, his prayerful spirit, his plodding diligence in doing good; and by the same Divine grace that saved him, may we join him in the better land."

On a Squatter's Run in Victoria.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MR. BUNNING, OF GEELONG.

Quambatook, Towaninnie, 24th Oct., 1875.

HONOURED AND BELOVED PRESIDENT,

A PHASE of Christian life and work so new to me has been presented by my visit up here, that I thought many of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* would like to read some account of it. My host, who is greatly interested in all that concerns Mr. Spurgeon, and who showed a most prompt generosity by the gift of £100 to the New College Buildings some time ago, is an enthusiastic believer, a Highlander, and a Baptist. Some days ago he wrote down to me at Geelong, pressing the spiritual claims of the lonely dwellers in the bush, and especially just now when the work of sheep washing and shearing has called together upon the station many men of all sorts. I felt the force of his plea, and, being jaded with a long but very blessed winter's work in town, got a most cordial consent from my deacons, and resolved to come at once. My journey took me first forty-five miles by rail to Melbourne, that "queen city of the south," as it is justly called. The Intercolonial Industrial Exhibition there is drawing thousands from all parts, and greatly interested me. The same day I left by rail for Sandhurst (alias Bendigo), the well-known gold-mining centre, distant one hundred miles from Melbourne. Our train was crowded by hundreds of apprentices, male and female, who had been privileged by the Government to go to Melbourne to see the Exhibition and back for five shillings. I stayed one day with Brother G. W. Gillings, very dear for Christ's sake; and just before twelve on Thursday night, got into the coach for Inglewood, a new gold "rush." We travelled all night, and such a jolting over the unmade road through the bush I never had. At one place called the "Glue Pot," we had to get out and walk, and a nice mess we got into with the sticking miry clay. We dropped our mail-bags at the small log inns yclept post-offices going along, and, by

five o'clock next morning, sleepy, chilly, and bruised, got into Inglewood. Thence by open waggon to Wedderburn, a new but smaller gold "rush," twenty miles distant. The sun had now risen, and the drive through the wild forest was grand in the extreme. What surprised me was the ingenuity with which our driver managed to avoid fallen logs and tree-stumps, collision with any one of which would have "spilt" the whole contents of the waggon. The trees leaning in every direction at all angles, and festooned with creepers, the occasional flights of cockatoos and parrots, flashing their gay plumage in the bright Australian sun, thrilled one with ecstacy at the wild beauty. But all our bright visions had an unromantic termination when down we thumped into an awkward gully, our hinder axle bent, and out we had to get. Fortunately we had little more than a mile to tramp to Wedderburn, whither in due time the mails and baggage were brought on horseback.

After breakfast we started for East Charlton, about twenty miles distant. Not knowing the whereabouts of my destination, I was rather chagrined to find at Wedderburn that I had sixty miles more to do. I was the only passenger in the rough mail-waggon, but the morning was bright and crisp and the driver intelligent, so on, on, with one change of horses, to Charlton. Tried to dine there, but was too sleepy, and then soon away behind two spirited little mares for thirty miles to Towaninnie, which is the station on a great squatting run, and where the mail bags for stations all round are received. All this ride was through an extent of level and beautifully-timbered country, down the centre of which flows the small river Avoca. Just as it was getting dark, we dashed through a creek, with water to the horses' bellies, and then into the station yard. The master was at home, and, having told me I could not go the remaining nine miles that night, with true bush hospitality, showed me a bed and a joint of roast lamb, telling me to "go into both." Nothing loth, I obeyed, and was soon at rest. As the family breakfasted before six, and as fowls, pigs, cows, crows, and horses raised their tuneful notes about my log residence, I soon arose.

After breakfast went over to Towaninnie wool-shed, which is reckoned to be one of the most perfect in its arrangements in the colony. It is new, and cost £4,000. The proprietor owns seventy thousand sheep, and all the operations connected with a new "clip" were in full swing. The pens with the sheep waiting for shearing are in the centre. In two long rows the shearers were at work. Not one "ba-a" from the ewes and wethers being shorn brought the words to one's mind, "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb." In this shed there were some "ringers," as quick shearers are called, who can shear from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty sheep a day. I got a word with a good many of the men about the things of the Kingdom, left a tract under each man's sharpening stone, and then went to see the wool-sorting and pressing. One man told me he would give the tract to his "old woman." I said he needed it. "Not I, I want nowt of it," said he; "I believe in a glass of whisky." I reminded him that whisky could not be obtained in the other world. "Then I will take a sup with me." I pressed eternal things on him, however, until he said, "I know you're right, and you must not think I am as bad as my talk." I then

visited a small camp of aborigines a short distance from the station. With one interesting young woman who had been brought up on a mission station I had some pleasing conversation. She said plainly that all her trust was in Christ, and that she knew the preciousness of his name. A pang shot through my heart when I saw one blind old man lying wrapped in a blanket, and a poor shrivelled old "lubra" smoking in a corner, to think that they could not understand the words of eternal life, and that, humanly speaking, they must die without the gospel.

Very soon I was informed that my friend from Quambatook had ridden over for his mails. I mounted a mare reputed to be quiet, though all her tendencies were to turn her head homewards, and away from the direction in which I wanted her to go. Arrived at the station, it soon got abroad that that *rara avis*, a minister in the bush, was here, and I had a fine muster of men and maid-servants in the dining-room to every worship. In the morning at eleven we assembled in the wool-shed for divine worship. We had some strangers with us, including the government inspector of schools, and a selector with his wife and child, who followed me to all the services of the day. I had a most attentive and appreciative auditory, and was greatly helped to preach a finished salvation. Immediately after a hasty dinner some of the family started with me in the buggy for Towaninnie. We were accompanied by quite a troop of horsemen, consisting of shearers and others, coming over to the afternoon service. In that great woolshed I had a fine congregation, including three black men, aborigines. The singing surprised me—some of Philips' and Sankey's hymns being taken up with great spirit. The master expressed himself much pleased with the service, and thanked me most heartily. In the evening at Quambatook we had a blessed service. I preached on our Lord's words to Zaccheus. The power of the Spirit was present, and at the close of the service the men waited on me in a body to ask me to speak again to them. I gladly consented. My host was full of joy at the way the word had been received all day. He said that the eager reception of the truth by them was something quite new to him, and he was filled with hope that saving results would follow. I announced that I would be glad to converse personally with any of them, and since then I have found opportunity to speak to six or eight of them alone. My soul has been greatly drawn out towards them, especially to those who reside all the year quite away from the means of grace, as the nearest township or place of worship is thirty miles distant.

On the following Tuesday I went down to see the sheep-washing. This operation is performed in a broad bend of the Avoca, three miles away. My walk alone through the woods thither I shall not soon forget. It is well known that the fleece of the sheep contains a quantity of potash called "yolk," and this with warm water is the main detergent. The sheep are led to the different operations by trained sheep called "pets," who go through their work with the greatest perseverance and gravity. The plunging of the muttons into the wash-tub, where they are "crutched," and their subsequent plunge into the river, with their piteous look and silent submission, touches the mind greatly. I went to the washers' hut and had dinner with them. Our table was a rude log bench,

surrounded by berths for the men to sleep in. We had tin plates, and a pannikin of tea beside each man. Mutton baked in a camp oven, and some delicious currant "duff," as it is universally called here, made no mean repast. After dinner I asked attention for a few minutes, which was most cheerfully given, and I spoke from the words, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," using the operations I had just witnessed as illustrations. On getting back to the house I found the Presbyterian minister from Swan Hill, fifty miles north of this, had arrived. He was lamenting the absence of spiritual life throughout the whole district, and the loss of all, or nearly all Christian fellowship. We all greatly felt for him. In the evening we held a service in the wool-shed, and prayed and gave addresses alternately. The attendance was excellent, although the rain was pouring down. And here I notice a characteristic feature of each of my services here. In the pens of the wool-shed, under the same roof as ourselves, there were some hundreds of sheep and lambs, being kept dry for the morrow's shearing. Now and then, in the course of my remarks, bleatings in all the notes of the gamut would be heard. Yet this was rare, for both of the flocks listening to me were reverent and attentive.

On the morrow, after the departure of the minister just mentioned who had expressed himself as joyfully refreshed by prayer and fellowship with us, we started in the buggy with a pair of stout horses for a distant part of the run. When I tell you that said run is fifteen miles long, comprising all sorts of country, but mostly plains, well timbered with box, bull-oak, pine, gum-trees, and mallee scrub, you may judge both of the extent of pasturage for the sheep and of the area over which the squatter and his men have to extend their constant and watchful attention. My host has between 40,000 and 50,000 sheep depasturing now. As we drove along it was mournful to see the bodies of the sheep lying about mangled and mutilated by the dingoes, or native wild dogs. These are the great enemies of the squatter. My friend's grief over the sufferings of his stock, apart from the immense pecuniary loss occasioned by the savage depredations of the dingoes, reminded me of the compassion of the Good Shepherd.

In one way or another he has lost 5,000 sheep during the past year, which means a loss of considerably over £2,000. As we pursued our journey we came upon small groups of kangaroos grazing. It was very fine to see them disappearing so swiftly with a succession of immense leaps among the timber. We had four dogs of the staghound breed with us. They soon gave chase to a company of kangaroos, and after separating for a time concentrated their attention upon one "old man," as the advanced males are called. These "old men" are noted for their stubborn resistance, sometimes holding a dog with their short fore-arms, whilst with the one great claw of the hind leg they tear him to pieces. At other times they make for the water, and will hold a dog under water till he is drowned. When we got to the scene of conflict the four dogs had got the "old man" down; but he speedily rose again, and I was pained to see the struggle between him and his four fierce adversaries. I could not help thinking of the words, "Dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me." He stood six feet high, and my host, who felt as sad as I did at seeing him

tormented, got behind him and killed him by a heavy stroke on the head with an iron rod. These marsupials never molest the sheep, but as they are very voracious feeders upon the most succulent grass they materially lessen the feed for the sheep, especially in the hot, dry season. At mid-day we kindled a fire of dry timber, boiled our "billy," and had mutton and tea for luncheon. On our return we fell in with men who were mustering 10,000 sheep, from which 5,000 were to be selected for sale, and bringing them on to the drafting yards. All the shepherds here are on horseback, and the handling of so many sheep upon these wide forest lands must be difficult work. Just as we were passing the flock two majestic emus ran right through the sheep, and our dogs gave chase. We tried to get upon their trail, but in vain; though, doubtless, one or both of them were run down by those keen, swift dogs. Just at dusk we got to the homestead, I having spent one of the wildest, freshest, and most healthful days of my life.

On Thursday five thousand sheep had to be drafted and counted ready for sale, so as to lighten the stock on the run against the time when all the feed is dry and burned. We started early for the drafting yards, four miles distant. The method pursued is this. All the "mob" of ten thousand put into a large paddock, then they were driven into smaller yards, until they came to the race, through which they must pass in single file. At the end of this race are three or four gates, all opening upon the race; one lets in the "woolly" or unshorn sheep, another the sheep which have some neighbouring squatter's brand on them, another to let in the afflicted, lean, or maimed. The shorn and well-conditioned sheep pass through to be counted and then to be at liberty once more. These gates were put under my charge, and many a reflection was suggested. I thought of the words, "He shall separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." The gates were so near together, and yet to what different issues did they lead! If sheep could reason and speak, they might say whilst in the crowd of ten thousand, "the Master will never find me out." But when they came to pass singly through the race, they would find out their mistake. So must thousands of deluded human souls. I thought of some sheep who had escaped the painful process of washing and shearing, who might be congratulating themselves; but the single file race would dispel all their illusions. So through the narrow gate of death, one at a time, we must go, and as we go must take our different and proper directions. Oh, how wide apart! I also helped to count the five thousand—a difficult and tedious task to a freshman like myself; and as the sheep ran singly by, leaping to get into the open and the rich feed, I sang

> "O glorious hour of full discharge,
> That sets our longing souls at large,
> Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
> And gives us with our God to dwell."

On this day great preparations were going forward for a service of song and feast we were to give the men in the woolshed in the evening. The piano was carefully carried by ten men to the shed; the Chinaman cook was busy manufacturing tarts and cool drinks, and we were rehearsing the songs. The gathering proved to be one of the most enjoy-

able and spiritually profitable I ever attended. The young lady governess sang, "What shall the harvest be?" I sang several solos and gave recitations, and the squatter and his family made up a famous chorus, the men occasionally joining in. The well-known hymn "Almost Persuaded," seemed to be accompanied with a blessed effect. Upon each of the songs I gave a few suitable words, and I assure you we parted most regretfully, after uproarious votes of thanks. The deep, tender, and continual interest of the squatter's wife in everything relating to the spiritual welfare of the servants and men greatly touched my heart. The enthusiastic desire for the progress of soul-work among all by my host was beyond praise—it was Christlike. God give him what his soul yearns for in his home and on his station. On the next Lord's Day I held two services, attended, in addition to the men, by some hawkers, who traverse the bush with their ware-laden carts, and by some land-selectors and their families, who had travelled a good many miles to be present. At both services the power of the Lord in answer to prayer was present, and we know of many anxious souls. In the afternoon, with the two or three believers I could gather together in the house, we celebrated the blessed supper of our Lord O when did I feel that ordinance so precious to the pilgrim church of the Lamb, as out here in the wilderness! I adore the thoughtful lovingkindness of the Crucified and the Risen One again and again. After the evening service that day it greatly affected me to see those rough-bearded, shock-headed shearers lingering about the shed, so reluctant to say good-bye, and asking again and yet again for another of the words of this life to be spoken to them. I felt as Rutherford did about Anwoth.

"O if one soul from Quambatook
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
In Immanuel's land."

On Monday morning, by half-past four o'clock the men were astir, oiling the buggy wheels, looking for the horses, and putting up some kangaroo skins, emu skins, and eggs, and a dingo's skin for me to take home. I should have mentioned also that on going out one morning I found my host had been out with his gun, and had shot a tiger-snake (deadly venomous) and a carpet-snake. The carpet-snake, most beautifully marked, he has had skinned, and I take that among other "curios" to Geelong with me. But the horses, where are they? They had broken down the paddock rail, and were away in wild freedom, flying over the plains and then hiding in the scrub. After seven hours' hunt, they were found many miles away. A nice chase it was to catch them, quite "knocking up" two other horses. But they were caught, and then farewell to Quambatook, not without tears. Away fifty miles through the Avoca Forest to Bealiba, and then forty to Dimolly, and then the other hundred by rail, *viâ* Ballaarat.

Finally, I address those whose means of grace are abundant, and say, "Pray for these lonely dwellers in the bush." The minister from Swan Hill told us he had not heard any but his own voice in prayer for more than twelve months, and that Quambatook was the first house in which he found family prayer. All about this region, however,

Spurgeon's sermons are read by many, and so a light shining in dark places is kept constantly burning. All the year round my host reads them himself, and to his men. Pray, too, that the church of Victoria, especially the Baptist church, may be moved to send evangelists to itinerate in these "regions beyond," carrying the word of life to the utmost borders, and all along the River Murray. Grateful that I was privileged to do a little in this way, I remain, dear President,

Your affectionate ex-student,

WILLIAM CHRISTOPHER BUNNING.

[God bless this beloved brother. His letter has cheered us greatly, and we hope every one who has helped the Pastors' College will share in our joy. May the gracious family at Quambatook prosper exceedingly, and long remain as a great light in the regions of darkness.—C. H. S.]

The Divine Wooer and the Trembling Believer.

ME Lord? canst thou misspend
One word, misplace one look on me?
Call *me* "thy love," "thy friend"?
Can this poor soul the object be
Of those fond glances, those life-kindling eyes?
What! I the centre of thy arm's embraces?
Of all thy labour I the prize?
Love never mocks, truth never lies.
Oh how I quake: hope fear, fear hope displaces:
I would but cannot hope: such wondrous love amazes.

See, I am black as night;
See, I am darkness: dark as hell.
Lord, thou more fair than light;
Heaven's sun's thy shadow: can suns dwell
With shades? 'twixt light and darkness what commerce?
True: thou art darkness, I'm thy light: my ray
Thy mists and gloomy fogs shall pierce.
With me, black soul, with me converse.
I'll make the foul December flow'ry May.
Turn thou thy night to me, I'll turn thy night to day.

See, Lord, see I am dead,
Tomb'd in myself, myself my grave.
A drudge, so born, so bred:
Myself, even to myself, a slave.
Thou'rt freedom, life: can life and liberty
Love bondage, death? *Thy freedom I: I'm tied*
To loose thy bonds: be bound to me:
My yoke shall ease, my bonds shall free.
Dead soul, thy spring of life's my dying side:
There die with me to live: to live in thee I died.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

John Knox—Reformer and Hero.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

JOHN KNOX is one of those old world worthies whose characters cannot be properly understood until the winds of centuries have swept over their graves, to clear the atmosphere, which during their life-time was charged with prejudice, hatred, and misrepresentation. The judgments of their contemporaries were warped by the influence of excitement, and their ears were deafened by the noise of controversy. In later times the prejudices of historians have also served to throw dust in the eyes of truth-seeking students, facts have been obscured, and falsehoods have been paraded. Thus it has happened to a great number of patriots and Christian heroes, that their characters have long been misunderstood, and have only been vindicated in after ages. In his own tempestuous age John Knox was portrayed by the monks, whose craft he destroyed, as a morally deformed monster, whose art was hellish and whose allies were the powers of evil. At the royal Council-Board he was reviled as "Knox that knave," by men who were incensed because their own superstitions were shown to be "the puddle of papistry." After his death the Reformer's character was still more fiercely assailed, and still fouler epithets were fastened on his memory: furious with rage, the monks charged him with being a sorcerer and an adulterer. In a later age, Hume and other writers, whose chivalrous attachment to the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots blinded them to the claims of another kind of beauty, have done gross injustice to the memory of the Reformer. Time, however, is a great vindicator, and the truth has at length come to light; none but those who are either grossly ignorant, or who willingly remain prejudiced, believe otherwise than that Knox was a genuine and honest character. We who are more in sympathy with his work are sure that he was a hero raised up for a particular crisis in his country's history; that he was a devout servant of God, an enthusiastic lover of men, in fine, a blessing to his age and to the world.

When John Knox was born in the year 1505, in the obscure village of Gifford, in East Lothian, the earliest dawnings of the Reformation were scarcely seen. Here and there a star sent its beams across the abounding darkness, but antichrist still held the people in the gloom of night. The so-called "church" was becoming more and more corrupt; among the clergy simony and licentiousness were rampant, and while the religious houses were temples architecturally beautiful, they fostered indolence and lust to an incredible extent. In Scotland the populace were too benighted to be ashamed of their degradation, and the clergy too besotted to feel their responsibility. Those were dreadful times, in which the common people apparently lived for no higher purpose than that of feeding the rapacity of abbots, bishops, and nobles.

Yet we need not be surprised that priests were worse than other men when their very office shielded them from the penalties of sin. Prior to the reign of Henry VII. it was scarcely possible to imprison an offending priest, because the sacerdotal office was considered too sacred

to come under the jurisdiction of secular courts. Clerics as a body were protected, and as all who could read were able to pass as clerks, "the church" promoted the spread of iniquity by making knowledge a license to transgress. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the eyes of the populace were being opened to see the enormity of the reigning iniquities, and Parliament made some endeavours to put some wholesome restraint on the men who sinned with impunity. It was time to do something when the precincts of churches and abbeys were regarded as refuges for ruffians and murderers, whence they could emerge to commit outrages on the populace, and then return to defy the civil powers. The old sanctuary of Westminster remained as a relic of pre-Reformation times until the days of George I.

At the date of Knox's birth the papal church had reached the zenith of power and luxury. The churches were adorned with the rich offerings of the Dark Ages, while the monasteries were endowed with wealth too enormous to be realised by any ordinary imagination. In proud security abbots exercised a prince-like authority over their several domains, and the majority of them as they walked their parks and gardens failed to discern the gathering storm. Yet the printing-press had entered England, and, had they known it, its influence was more to be dreaded than the thunders of an invading host. To the prevailing ignorance the printing-press was what the sun is to morning mists. People were beginning to lose faith in relics: Henry VII. might go on pilgrimage, but all great men were not of his mind. When Erasmus visited the relic-treasures of Walsingham, he examined a mammoth joint—"a finger of Saint Peter"—and drily remarked that the apostle was a man of "very large size." Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, was on another occasion riding with Erasmus, when a monk appeared in the road with a shoe of "Saint Peter." "What!" cried Colet, "Do the brutes imagine that we must kiss every good man's shoe?"

In such rough days John Knox was born, his family being of respectable descent, though they might not rank among the aristocracy. From the first the old people desired that their son should be a scholar, and with that view they arranged for him to sit at the feet of the celebrated John Mair, the oracle of St. Andrew's university; a man whose opinions regarding the limited power of the pope and of the church generally were far in advance of the times, in a measure anticipating the Reformation, and even the political principles of the Revolution of 1688. Yet in spite of a few redeeming virtues the old professor was a thorough schoolman of the most antique order. He would start fine theories, and spin out wearisome debates, so that neither Knox nor his fellow-student, Buchanan, cared to be held in check by the leading-strings of such a master. Their genius and persevering enterprise enabled them to outstrip their preceptor. Knox soon proved that he possessed gifts which would enable him to shine as a subtle casuist, but he happily relinquished the follies of the schools for the more profitable study of the Christian Fathers.

The surprising accounts which contemporary records supply regarding the social, moral, and religious condition of Scotland just prior to the Reformation show that Popery attains to its rankest growth of

power and iniquity in the darkest age. The soil in which it thrives is that of ignorance, and the less knowledge there is abroad the firmer will be the grasp of "the church" upon the people. When Knox was a youth at St. Andrew's, the Scottish clergy were as grossly illiterate as they were luxurious and dissolute. The most highly exalted among them neither preached nor read their Bibles, being in many instances scarcely competent to do either one or the other. It is computed that about half the wealth of the nation had passed into the grasping hands of the clergy, and this gave them immense power over the multitude. The clergy literally loved darkness rather than light; they gloried in their shame, and while refusing knowledge themselves they formed an impassable barrier in the way of its general diffusion. The monkish religion of the day consisted in self-seeking and servile superstition, and so long as their greed was satisfied they looked for no higher reward. Knox was a young man of twenty-three when the proto-martyr, Patrick Hamilton, was committed to the flames at St. Andrew's. Hamilton conquered when he fell, and the Reformation gained more by his death than it could have done by his most energetic sermons. The striking cry of his last moments, "How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this realm?" was carried to heaven, as it were, on the tongues of flame which consumed the Reformer's body. The crowd who gathered around the stake went home thinking on what the man of God had said; and curiosity and enquiry, so abhorrent to Popery, were awakened never more to be quelled.

The spiteful opposition of the clergy to gospel doctrines received a considerable check by the death of James the Fifth; and being favoured for the time by the Regent Arran, the Reformation made real progress, although the doctrines of Luther were hurled down and his name reviled by every wandering preacher in the country. The parliament showed that they were wiser than the church when they licensed the reading of the Bible, for the poor people who were able to do so read the book with avidity, and thus became more than a match for the clergy, and other promoters of superstition. All was certain to come right at last when the Bible was opened to the people; for the word of truth is the weapon most dreaded by the apostate church. What singular turn the thread of history would have taken had Henry the Eighth carried out his design of marrying Prince Edward to the youthful Queen of Scots is a question for speculation; but it is hardly possible that the alliance would have brought anything better than disaster to the Reformation. England was at that time in the throes of a religious revolution no less momentous than that which was occurring in Scotland. A commoner might read Tyndale's translation of the Bible, and might even reject the Pope, provided he did homage to the burly king, whose ambition it was to be both king of England and Pope of the English church. Yet though the storm was passing over both countries, England was the more tolerant of the two, and Protestants fled thither to escape the unrelenting vindictiveness of Scotch persecutors. Not that English liberty was at all complete, for men like Fisher and Sir Thomas More died rather than bow the knee to Pope Henry the Eighth. It was under such circumstances that Knox was groping his way from darkness to light. He was becoming

gradually enlightened by the preaching and companionship of such men as Williams and Wishart. Slowly but surely he was being prepared for his life-work, in the execution of which, to borrow Carlyle's simile, he resembled a Hebrew prophet in a Scottish dress.

After the murder of the infamous Archbishop Beatoun, Knox sought refuge in the Castle of St. Andrews, where, after preaching for some time, he received one of the most solemn calls to the regular gospel ministry ever recorded in history. John Rough publicly called him to the work and then challenged the congregation to say if they had not charged him to do what he had done, when all solemnly answered Yes. When the castle was subsequently besieged and fell into the hands of the French, Knox and a number more were taken prisoners of war, and condemned to the slavery of the galleys. In spite of much illusage and dreadful threatenings these devoted heroic souls remained faithful to the gospel they professed, proving stronger than their enemies. Whether or not it was the Reformer himself who contemptuously tossed an image of the Virgin into the water when forced to kiss that idol cannot now be determined; but this was done by one of the company. "Let our laidie now save hirself," cried the facetious Scotchman; "sehe is lycht enoughe, lat hir leirne to swyme." In a similar vein of humour Knox himself refers to the consecrated wafer:—"The round clipped god wherein standeth all the holiness of the papists."

When Knox settled in England in 1549, the Reformed Prayer Book was already issued, and the idolatry of the mass was being superseded by the simple ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Amid the general awakening good preachers were in earnest request, and in their great crusade they found their fiercest opponents in the bishops, the odious Bonner standing especially prominent as an enemy of truth. The court formed so high an opinion of our Reformer's talents and character that his services were secured as a preacher of the Reformation in this country. The good old custom was for the king to have six chaplains, two of whom remained at court while four itinerated about the country. As one of the itinerants, Knox settled at Berwick, a town which then stood sorely in need of the quieting influence of religion. The neighbourhood was still the border land of feud and outrage; while the town, crowded with soldiers, was troubled with party disputes and class jealousies. Until his thirty-eighth year the Reformer had remained in bondage to Rome; but he now stood forth as the Lord's freeman, glorying in new-found liberty to denounce the man of sin, and to proclaim the pure gospel with a power that was irresistible, and which soon effected a reformation among the soldiery. No abuse was spared, nor was the preacher tongue-tied by fear of man. His strong intellect at once apprehended the divine simplicity of the New Testament, and he accordingly acted in advance of his time by introducing many salutary changes. He declared that kneeling was "no convenient posture for a table," and while he desired that communicants should remain seated, he substituted ordinary bread for wafers, or the Papists' "round clipped god." Both he and Hooper, who Dr. Lorimer in his late "Monograph," says was the father of Episcopal Puritanism, as Knox was of Presbyterian Puritanism, looked upon current events with seer-like eyes. They plainly perceived at what door error would creep in,

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and spoke accordingly. "If the minister have bread, wine, a table, and a fair table-cloth, let him not be solicitous for the rest," said Hooper, "seeing they be no things brought in by Christ, but by popes; unto whom, if the king's majesty and his honourable council have good conscience, they must be restored again; and great shame it is for a noble king, emperor, or magistrate, contrary unto God's word to detain and keep from the devil or his minister any of their goods or treasure, as the candles, vestments, crosses, altars! For if they be kept in the church as things indifferent, at length they will be maintained as things necesary."* A man who wrote words so applicable to the ritualistic corruptions of our own times was little less than a prophet.

Knox was also regarded as a seer, and view them in whatever light we may, some of his sayings were sufficiently extraordinary. By a word he could sometimes inspire the wicked with wholesome terror. Nor could Hooper surpass the Reformer in honest outspokenness; for when he removed to Newcastle in 1551, he startled a goodly number of his hearers by pronouncing the mass to be idolatry. His language might well have been applied to those ecclesiastical fops the Ritualists. "All worshipping, honouring, or service invented by the brain of man in the religion of God, without his own express commandment is idolatry; the mass is invented by the brain of man, without any commandment from God. Therefore it is idolatry."

The work of Knox in England during the reign of Edward the Sixth was of a kind permanently valuable, as was seen in the fortitude of the martyrs during the succeeding reign. Before the church's season of fiery trial set in, the seer-like Reformer perceived the possibility or even probability of the king being taken by death, and the thought of coming calamity filled his soul with anguish and his eyes with tears. When at length his worst fears were realised by the falling of that dread stroke which deprived England of a favourite and favoured monarch, he bowed his head in sorrowful resignation to the will of heaven. When the storm of persecution burst in fury, he was still loyal to truth; he yielded nothing to the enemy, and he was willing even to die for the sake of that kingdom which is not of this world. He left London, which under Mary soon became a stronghold of Popery, purposing to visit friends in the north; but on perceiving that, in consequence of "the rage and fury of Satan," evangelistic work in England must be suspended, he crossed the Channel and visited France. In the succeeding days of gloom and misery he regarded with intensest interest the progress of affairs in England, "that wretched and miserable realm," and he penned a stimulating letter to those who were braving the storm. It were easy to cavil at the reformer's procedure during this trying juncture, but it is not easy to give a reason why he should have wantonly sacrificed his life in the savage persecution which ensued. Joined to other causes of anxiety was that of seeing his wife's family divided against itself; the father was still a bigoted Papist, while the mother and daughter resolved to risk domestic peace, and even life itself, for the sake of Christ.

During the time of exile, when his mind was daily distressed by the

* Quoted in Dr. Lorimer's "Monograph."

dark news from England, Knox turned his face towards Switzerland, where Calvin was continuing the work begun by Luther. Geneva was then the oasis of Europe, where political liberty and Christian peace thrived together. Calvin was pastor in chief; Knox, as an illustrious exile and a brother in Christ, sought the hospitality of the little republic, and was cordially welcomed. One would like to have seen the first meeting of those apostolic men, the stout-hearted broad-speaking Scot, and the more learned Frenchman. Their hearts beat in unison, they were one in the faith, and equally ready to sacrifice their all in the cause of the Reformation. What was the common talk of those memorable days? Were the leaders appalled as they reviewed the situation, or did their strong faith exalt them triumphantly above the mists of misgiving into the sunshine of unwavering assurance? Of the fresh batches of exiles which continually arrived, some were penniless, while others had hastily gathered together what they could save from the wreck of their personal estate. The novel situation was not without compensating advantages. Christian virtues were developed to a degree unusual in times of quiet and prosperity, while the faithful were drawn closely together in the bonds of love. The hospitality accorded to the English and Scotch refugees was really noble, the only exceptions being the instance of some bigoted Lutherans who refused succour in the hour of need on account of their differing in doctrine.

Eager to be about his Master's business, Knox soon found employment in the land of his adoption, but he also fell into the perplexities common to the times. It is by no means re-assuring when exiles of one church quarrel among themselves as was the case with the congregation at Frankfort soon after the settlement of the Reformer among them. This dispute is interesting, as being the commencement of the controversy between the strictest sect of Anglicans and the Nonconformists. The brethren agreed to a compromise which set aside certain objectionable portions of the English Prayer Book, and they were living in peace together when the arrival among them of Dr. Coxe and other zealots destroyed their harmony, obliging Knox to relinquish his lectureship, and even to flee to Geneva, as his enemies had not scrupled to lodge against him a charge of treason. Passion and bigotry blinded these men to the claims of charity, and even of justice; and things which Calvin styled "the tolerable fooleries" and dregs of Popery in the Common Prayer were valued by them above the interests of peace and true religion. Dr. Coxe, who figured so ingloriously in these transactions, subsequently earned some sharp rebukes from Queen Elizabeth; but what is perhaps more creditable, he was the ancestor of a man who, in the succeeding century, became a light in the Baptist denomination—another Dr. Coxe who amid the trials of the Restoration was reduced to the humble craft of shoemaking, but baffled his adversaries by his learning.

Perhaps it is not possible by any effort of the imagination to picture before the eye of the mind the condition of Scotch society in those troublous days. A fluent-speaking preacher of respectable talents was not only a man of power, but a prodigy in the estimation of the common people. Such was the hopeless stupor of the church in Scotland that the bishops and upper clergy were urged to bestir themselves, and

reform their ways by preaching at least four times during the year. The inferior clergy were an ignorant, besotted herd, whose elevation might be viewed in the light of an impossibility except a miracle should be wrought upon them. How to impress them with a sense of their responsibility was one of the hopeless enigmas of the times. As though they had been children making their first essay on the ladder of knowledge, a catechism was circulated among them, and to save them if possible from altogether forgetting their reading they were enjoined to practice a little every day, and thus to avoid stammering and hesitation, which would be sure to provoke the derisive laughter of the vulgar. These endeavours and precautions availed nothing, the servants of Rome being sunk too low in the superstition of idolatry to heed a friendly warning voice, or to feel either shame or alarm when both shepherds and sheep were perishing for lack of saving knowledge. The Scotch refugees might have concluded that their fatherland was redelivered unto Satan had not the news they received from time to time preserved some redeeming features. A jealousy was providentially kindled, and a coolness sprang up between the Scottish and English courts, and hence Old Scotland became a convenient asylum for Protestants. So dangerous were the times, however, that Knox wandered from place to place without having any settled home, and what work he was able to do was done by stealth. Now he is on the Continent taking counsel with Calvin and his coadjutors, then he hastily revisits Scotland to take an anxious survey of the Reformation, and anon he flees again to Geneva to wait until more prosperous times. While in England the last spark of liberty seemed to be stamped out by the iron heel of oppression, Scotland was more than ever distracted, and the determined upholders of priestcraft, who, in spite of the fury of the reigning persecution, appeared instinctively to scent coming danger, burned the effigy of Knox in the High-street of Edinburgh. Yet the truth mightily prevailed, and the enemy could no more stay its progress than they could hinder the sun from rising on a summer morning. There were certain brethren scattered over Scotland who embraced the gospel in its fulness, and when, as was sometimes the case, these were protected by powerful nobles, they were not easily intimidated or repressed. Other brave men were less fortunate, and these freely gave up their lives for the sake of Christ. Walter Mill, who was bound to the stake at the age of eighty-two, spoke like a prophet in the flames—"As for me, I cannot live long by course of nature, but A HUNDRED BETTER SHALL RISE OUT OF THE ASHES OF MY BONES!"

After the death of "Bloody Mary" in England the warfare of religious parties waxed fiercer in Scotland, and by her time-serving policy the Queen Regent now favoured the Reformers, and then turned her face the other way, to smile on the priests, with whom she really sympathised. The ascension of Elizabeth to the English throne inspired new hopes and dreads, and in their frenzy of fear the clergy were prepared to commit any knavery. A crisis occurred in the history of the country when Knox finally landed in Scotland. The tones of his familiar voice acted like a spark on a train of gunpowder, and old Edinburgh was ablaze with excitement. Now was the time when the monks made a last struggle

to retain their "nests" and superstitions, and they industriously denounced the Reformer as an outlaw and a plotter against the Queen's authority. Their opposition did little more than augment the strong tide of the Reformation; the claws of monkism were cut, and its power for evil largely diminished. Nevertheless, the Popish leaders made desperate efforts to save their system. The reformed preachers were summoned to Stirling to answer for themselves; but before they were able to reach that town fear overcame their enemies, the summons was annulled, and finally the Protestant pastors were outlawed for disobeying the original order. It was at this juncture that a celebrated event occurred at Perth—the destruction of the monasteries by "the rascal multitude," which contemporary Papists strove to turn into capital, and which historians have coloured according to their personal prejudices. Knox preaches one of his characteristic sermons in the church, and after this a certain priest proceeds to celebrate mass by way of answering the abhorent doctrines. To revenge a slap on the face a wanton boy throws a stone which breaks an image, and the people, looking on, side with the boy, and destroy the altar, the fury of the iconoclasts gaining force until three monasteries are gutted. When the throwing of a stone could bring about these momentous results the times were ripe for radical religious changes. The Reformers and the defenders of Popery-at-any-price were soon congregated in two hostile fortified camps, and the best excuse we can make for this drawing of the sword on the part of the patriots is that they were simply defending home and property, preferring to fight rather than to be massacred in cold blood.

There were several episodes in the Scottish Reformation which, if not actually tragic, closely approach the sublime. Several perplexing crises also occurred, and in these Knox evinced a bravery, a decision, and a genius which were unique. The Queen Regent was no very keen discoverer of the signs of the times, and she probably soon learned to stand aghast at the opposition she encountered while prosecuting her self-imposed task of banishing the gospel from Scotland. Well understanding the Regent's character, a number of Protestant nobles resisted her authority, and promoted the new doctrines. When Knox was appointed by such defenders to preach in the Cathedral of St. Andrew's, he passed through one of those striking experiences which are second only in interest and importance to the appearance of Luther at Worms. The archbishop being highly incensed, if not greatly alarmed, threatened to order the troops to fire upon Knox in the pulpit if he dared to appear in the church. Such warnings in those day were not accepted as idle threats, and the royal army was strongly entrenched not far away. Nobles who were by no means chicken-hearted, men who were accustomed to the shock of arms, and who would have scorned to shrink from risking their lives on the field, said that Knox must not enter the cathedral, but the Reformer insisted on going, and go he did. The fruit of this holy intrepidity was the establishment of the Reformed worship in the city. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, whose hatred of the Reformed doctrines amounted to a passion, was about as lame a preacher as any illiterate boor of our own day. So little accustomed was he to do any kind

of work, that his appearance in the pulpit at Holyrood on a memorable summer day is styled by M'Crie "a singular phenomenon." A fish in a balloon could not be further removed from its natural element than was this servant of Rome when he attempted to handle gospel mysteries; and the best thing we can say in his defence is that he was aware of his defects, and would beg frankly of his hearers to pardon them.

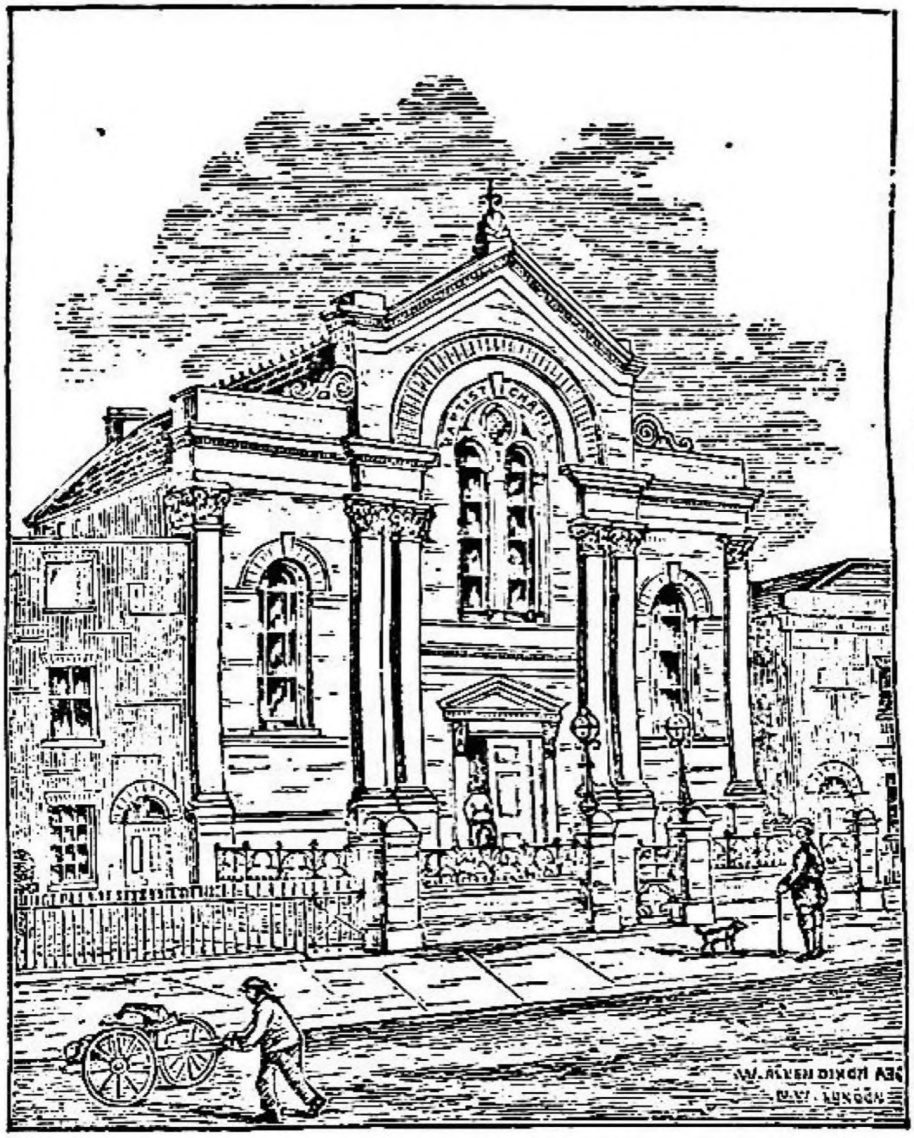
Gospel doctrines spread so satisfactorily that by the middle of the year 1560 the great fabric of Popery, fairly overbalanced by the weight of its own corruptions, fell in Scotland, never to rise again. The wily ecclesiastics still bestirred themselves, however, and some appear to have been rather foolishly sanguine that they should be able to effect a turn in the tide. The last resource of Rome is a "miracle," and one of the last of the ingenious contrivances ever witnessed in Scotland rebounded in confusion on the heads of the priests. At the chapel of Musselburgh a boy who could counterfeit blindness was perfectly "cured" before a wondering crowd; but when a knowing bystander took charge of the impostor, and obliged him to confess his imposition at the cross in Edinburgh, the "miracle" exercised a most salutary influence in exposing the falsehoods of Rome.

[To be continued.]

The Lion Fountain.

ONE frequently sees in our cities water pouring forth from the mouths of lions, and we have become so accustomed to it that it hardly strikes us as being so odd and absurd as it really is. How can water properly gush from a lion's mouth? Yet, as a matter of fact, the fountain yields good sweet water, and when we have been refreshed thereby we have uttered no complaint as to the grotesqueness of the source. Still it is incongruous, and the more we think of it the more we smile at these "Fountains of Lions," whether they flood the courts of the Alhambra, or stand in the centre of a London square.

The moral fact which tallies to this freak of the artist is the production of good gospel discourses by men of hard, contentious spirit. Grace and truth do pour forth from the mouths of people who are rather more like lions than lambs, and the gospel does not lose its refreshing influence because of the character of him who delivers it. Still, the man and the message are not in harmony. Water from lions' mouths, and words of love from hard-headed controversialists are both out of place. Let sweetness dwell in the man who speaks of Jesus. Let love adorn the woman who teaches children of the Redeemer's grace. He who tells of divine pity should himself be tender and pitiful. Grace should be proclaimed with grace, and love with love. A stern manner and a severe spirit are to be avoided rather than imitated. We are not followers of Elijah, but of Jesus.



Baptist Chapel, Charles St., Camberwell New Rd., S. E.

NECESSITY was laid upon the people at Charles Street to "arise and build." Soon after Mr. Griffin entered on the pastorate, as successor of our late respected brother Thomas Attwood, the old chapel was found too strait for the increasing congregation. This fact, combined with a dilapidated structure entirely beyond repair, led the friends, in the spring of 1874, to decide on a new building. Their original purpose was to delay operations until the best part of the probable cost had been gathered. But, in July last, the downfall, one Lord's-day morning, just after service, of a large mass of the ceiling of the old place rendered prompt action imperative. We were glad to hear that the fall was no worse, for the place was so propped and shored up, and altogether so crazy upon its pins that we should not have been surprised if it had all come down at a run, and buried the congregation. The ceiling sealed the fate of the building, and the people were compelled to go out, or the walls and roof would have come in. Accordingly, the "Horns Assembly Rooms," Kennington Park,

where they continue to meet, was engaged as a temporary place of worship, and designs, plans, and tenders were sought. During their sojourn at the "Horns" a blessed work has been carried on, and there is every prospect of the pastor's going back with a greatly increased congregation. Mr. Griffin has a high place in our regard, and we have promised him a collection at the Tabernacle of £100. We have no doubt the friends will cheerfully respond.

The successful tender is that of Mr. William Cullum, Camberwell New Road, the amount is £1,638. The memorial stone was laid by James Stiff, Esq., in October, 1875. The building, of which the foregoing is a view, is now covered in, and will, probably, be completed by the end of February, 1876. Towards the cost nearly £1,000 have been obtained in money and promises, but the pastor, deacons, and people laudably desire to open free of debt. Giving and working still to their utmost, they urgently need help, and they deserve it. The neighbourhood is poor, and the chapel is of the class which we desire to see multiplied. Our friends will make a profitable investment if they give to this work, for it will furnish a home for a good and earnest church. The address of the pastor is—Mr. Griffin, 61, Lothian Road, Brixton, S.W.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Great Britain.*

THE avowed object of Mr. Moody in setting foot on our shores was to win ten thousand souls for Christ; and he landed at Liverpool in the middle of June, 1873, under somewhat gloomy circumstances, such as would have damped the zeal of any man whose all-sustaining faith had not borne him aloft above difficulties and earthly care. Two of his most influential friends were dead; and of those who were left few expected him, and to judge by appearances none very particularly wished for his services. Yet, as a beginning would have to be made somewhere, York—"cold and dead"—was the chosen spot. Late at night "he reached the city where very few had ever heard his name."

Humanly speaking, a more unpromising starting-point could not have been selected. The inhabitants of cathedral cities have never been remarkable for their zeal in the promotion of religious revivals, and this was most emphatically true of the polite church-goers whose homes clustered around York Minster. Having been used to have everything done in an elegant, orthodox, ecclesiastical manner, they were the less inclined to tolerate an invader of their primly-kept *parterre*, who had only one aim in life, whose speech was as homely as his illustrations were bold and original, and who, to crown all other disqualifications, was totally unknown to fame. The congregation which first welcomed the evangelists was characteristic of the place and of the times; it assembled "in one of the small rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association," and "eight persons only were in attendance." Learn not to despise the day of small things by remembering that this company of eight was "the first of that long series of revival meetings which were destined to form an era in the history of England, Scotland, and Ireland."

Yet even in aristocratic York an impression of a kind was made before the allotted month of service had expired; although the clergy looked on with lofty disdain, while the Dissenters, according to their denominational bias, timidly shrank from abetting the cause of men who were not of their school. The common people at any rate soon discovered that strangers of no ordinary calibre were among them. The earnestness of the visitors was manifest. The flaming solicitude of the preacher struck numbers with awe, and Mr. Sankey sang for a purpose. The Bible expositions were thoroughly original and effective, so

* D. L. Moody and His Work. By W. H. Daniels, A.M., Chicago. With Portraits and Illustrations. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1875.

that "people who went to church with no particular religious impressions were often brought under the influence of the truth." The harvest at York was no mean one—many were brought into the Saviour's fold, and both singer and preacher rejoiced over the spoil.

On taking leave of York to continue the campaign in Sunderland the outlook was still unpromising. Only one Nonconformist minister held out his hand to welcome the itinerant gospellers, and this fact immediately awakened sectarian prejudices which occasioned the main body of the pastors to keep in the background, if not actually to discountenance the work in progress. "We can never go on in this way. It is easier fighting the devil than fighting the ministers," said Mr. Moody. A slight advance was made when an invitation came to preach before the Young Men's Christian Association; but when this was done, and the meetings were all ablaze in consequence of the largeness of the blessings poured out upon them, not a few influential persons even became embittered against the Young Men's Institution because of its connection with the evangelists. Having scented his "Calvinistic theology" the Wesleyans would have found reason for justifying a determined opposition had not the wise counsel of Dr. Punshon led them to adopt an opposite course. Pamphlets and flyleaves more or less bitterly hostile to the American innovators were thickly sown among the crowd. Some lifted up the warning voice because the entire affair was different from anything with which they were acquainted; others were offended because people were converted too fast; and a few insisted that singing the gospel was a snare and a sham. "Poor Mr. Moody! His soul was among lions. Even the sweet singing of Mr. Sankey could not calm all the disturbances which were raised by his vigorous discourses."

At Newcastle an era of better things was inaugurated. The battle with the ministers and with prejudices in high places was now virtually over, and Mr. Moody was master of the situation. One after another the pastors came forward to wish the work God-speed and to render assistance. The best people in the town, in common with the lowest, came in crowds to the preaching services, to the noon prayer-meetings, and to the popular Bible readings. The searching words of the preacher went abroad far and wide to hit their mark in most unexpected places. The hardened and the abandoned were rescued from ruin. Half-and-half professors felt their first love rekindled; and "More than one minister of the gospel, who found himself without a satisfactory experience, gave himself to Christ anew, and came into a joyful sense of pardon and acceptance." There was one poor soul who felt that he could not come to Christ because the fetters were about his soul and Satan was hard upon him. Dr. Lowe read to him the passage relating to the Pool of Bethesda; but still the inquirer was desponding—his case clearly resembled that of the impotent folk, but still he could not for some reason or another lay hold on the Saviour:—

"'You are impotent?' 'Yes; I cannot help myself a bit.' 'You are blind? you just now said the devil was throwing dust in your eyes.' 'True.' 'And you have had this infirmity as long as thirty-eight years, have you not?' 'Yes; just about that time,' said the inquirer. 'Now, hear what Jesus said:—"And when Jesus saw him lying, and knew that he had been a long time in that case, he said unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?" Now, my friend, that is just what Christ is saying to you: "Wilt thou be made whole?"' Quick as lightning the truth flashed in upon the poor man's mind. He sprang to his feet, shouting, 'I am free! Where is Mr. Moody?' And away he rushed to find him; threw his arms about him, nearly carrying him off his feet; seized both his hands, and shook them joyfully, exclaiming, 'I am free! I am free!'"

A number of other towns besides Newcastle, York, and Sunderland were visited, the most marvellous results following. In the meantime Scotland was looking on with wonder, and having received unimpeachable testimony that all was orthodox and straightforward, she invited the evangelists to Edinburgh. "What can such a man as I do up there amongst those great Scotch divines?"

said Mr. Moody. The answer came when he really went, and when the romantic capital of the north was stirred, as she has probably not been stirred since the Reformation days, when John Knox preached in the cathedral, and Craig in the Cowgate. What was called "the voracity" of the evangelist's faith astonished everybody, while his "use of the Bible was greatly enjoyed." The interest felt in the movement by Edinburgh soon extended to the whole of Scotland; newspapers devoted a large portion of their space to the daily history of the revivals, while the multitudes who thronged the meeting places were largely composed of the élite of a city which calls itself the modern Athens. "In thousands of Christian households," we are told, "the deepest interest was felt by parents for their children, and by masters and mistresses for their servants; and so universal was this that Dr. Horatius Bonar declares his belief that there was scarcely a Christian household in all Edinburgh in which there were not one or more persons converted during this revival." The voice of slander was raised; so was also the cry of heresy; the press poured forth its vituperations, and letters of violent abuse were plentifully received; but still the wave of revival swept forward. The following affords us an insight into the character of the work carried on at this time:—

"Edinburgh is a city of wealth and leisure. Large numbers of persons who have either made or inherited fortunes reside here; and among the very highest classes of Edinburgh society were found the heartiest admirers of, and the most enthusiastic workers with, the evangelists from across the sea. But there are also, in this centre of wealth and learning, a good many educated infidels, who have united themselves into clubs for the purpose of preaching their unbelief in much the same way as Christians unite in churches to enjoy the fellowship of faith. Among the notable cases of conversion was the chairman of one of these infidel clubs. He came to a meeting, intending not only to ridicule it, but hoping also to raise a controversy with Mr. Moody, and thus practically break it up. In this, however, he was altogether unsuccessful, and would have been thrust out of the house for his interruption, if the speaker had not interposed in his behalf. He remained for some time after the congregation were dismissed; and Mr. Moody, seeing him, inquired if he wanted to be a Christian. He replied that he did not, and that he had a very poor opinion of Christians. 'Would you like to have us pray for you?' said Mr. Moody. 'Oh yes; I have no objection to your trying your hand on me, if you like; but I think you will find me a match for you.' Mr. Moody kneeled down beside the scoffer, prayed for him earnestly and tenderly, and then left him, promising to pray for him still further at home. It was not long before he was brought under deep conviction of sin, resigned his presidency of the infidel club, and earnestly and faithfully sought the Saviour. At a subsequent meeting in Edinburgh, out of thirty persons seeking the Lord, seventeen were members of this infidel club,—one of them its chairman, the successor of him whose conversion has just been related; and who has since become a successful evangelist."

The work in Edinburgh was repeated in many other towns of Scotland such as Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc., and with similar results, the people going so far as to tolerate Mr. Sankey's "unsanctified musical machine." The campaign in Ireland which succeeded was still more remarkable when we take into account the national prejudices of the population. In Dublin the Great Exhibition building was hired for the meetings as being the only place in the city capable of accommodating the multitudes who came to hear. This success of the evangelists in the Emerald Isle was a fine testimony to the power of the simple gospel; for while no fierce denunciations of the apostate church were heard from the platform, the converts came alike from the ranks of Romanists as well as from the houses of the Protestants. The Romish leaders raised the voice of warning, but to no purpose; and their machinations were aided by a club of atheists, who penetrated into the inquiry rooms to endeavour to turn the whole into controversy. As an illustration of Mr. Moody's carefulness in minor matters, it may be mentioned that he took pains to have the vast area

of their meeting-place made warm and comfortable. "Let us get all the difficulties out of the way," he remarked: "it will not be easy to save these people while they are shivering with cold."

Of the subsequent work of the evangelists in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield, want of space will preclude our speaking. We will, however, quote a passage relating to a comic singer of Liverpool:—

"This man was coming upon the stage one evening to sing a comic song, when a verse of a Sunday School hymn, which he had learned years ago, flashed through his mind, producing so deep an impression that he was unable to drive it away. He attempted to sing his song but failed, and on retiring from the stage was summarily dismissed by the manager. For three weeks he plunged into the deepest dissipation, being scarcely sober for a single hour all that time. During this debauch he wrote a comedy, which he finished off with a burlesque upon Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who had just then arrived in Liverpool; and in order to give greater point to his satire, he attended one of the services in Victoria Hall, to hear them for himself. While thus watching for something of which to make sport upon the comic stage, the Holy Spirit so impressed the truth upon his heart that he remained to the after-meeting for inquirers, was instructed in the way of his duty, and that very night found peace with God. He has now entered into training for the purpose of becoming a missionary."

Of the work in London, we can only say that various opinions are held, but no one can doubt that the two beloved workers did their utmost to bring down a blessing, and that in a measure the blessing did come. The large halls were crowded with Christians, and so the unconverted were kept out, and the work was quite distinct from all places of worship, and so many who were converted have not yet found their way to regular houses of prayer. The state of affairs in London was very different from that in Scotland, and if (as we fear) the result is different, the honoured men of God are none the less accepted of their Master. While we have in England the perpetual irritation of an established semi-Papal church it will be impossible to work together as brethren do in Scotland, therefore the like blessing cannot be expected.

Mr. Daniels would not agree with this last paragraph, neither have we any pleasure in writing it, but we dare not before the Lord write otherwise than we believe to be true. The work of Mr. Daniels deserves to be widely circulated. The book abounds in information which the Christian philanthropist will be able to utilize; and the general reader, who demands entertainment as well as instruction, will not be disappointed while turning over its pages.

Notices of Books.

The volumes of the *Sunday at Home* and the *Leisure Hour* are on our table, and we would honestly point out their defects if we could, but they are altogether good, each one in its own place, and are artistic in illustration, fascinating in variety, and admirable in tone. Long may the *Tract Society* send forth such magazines. The *Sunday at Home* is specially attractive and interesting.

Our *Sword and Trowel* volume for 1875 is still on sale at the publisher's, but we leave our readers to commend it to their friends.

The Tract Society issues two excellent pocket books—*The Scripture Pocket Book*, and the *Young People's Pocket Book*. Through our absence this notice appears rather late, but perhaps there are still parents who have not given their youngsters a pocket book for the year who will be glad to hear of these pretty and useful gifts.

The Animals of the Bible. Sunday School Union.

Well illustrated, and very useful for young people: it should be in every Sunday school library.

The Preacher's Budget, Dickinson, is a new candidate for ministerial favour. The first number contains too many scraps and too little of solid value. It is good, but will need to be better to become a success.

The Christian Age. Dickinson.

This penny paper reprints the sermons of famous American preachers, and thus furnishes to Christian readers a mass of spiritual food, in general very wholesome, but a little too highly spiced with sensationalism. It is a good paper, and we rejoice to see that it has a weekly circulation of over 50,000. The volumes, which are issued half-yearly, will enrich a minister's library with sermons which will set his mind in motion for making others on his own account.

In the Beginning; or, from Eden to Canaan. Conquerors and Captives; or, from David to Daniel. The Star of Promise; or, from Bethlehem to Calvary. By Mary E. S. Leathley. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

These three children's books are called "Beeton's Good Aim Series." They are mainly a condensation of the Bible story, in the words of Scripture, and are therefore not fit subjects for criticism. At the same time what can be the need of such books while children have their Bibles?

The Message of Hope, and other Stories. By A. L. O. E. Nelson and Sons.

Here are eight of the very prettiest sixpenny books we have ever seen, by an authoress who is beyond all praise. In this particular line Messrs. Nelson and Sons surpass even the Tract Society itself. They produce a great variety of juvenile books of the best character.

My Darling's Album. Partridge and Co.

And a very sweet darling she ought to be to have such a splendid book presented to her. Time was when none but a prince's darling could have had such a right royal treasure. The tastefulness of the binding and the beauty of the illustrations cannot be surpassed.

Deacon Pitman's Farm and *Christ's Christmas Presents*. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. James Clarke and Co.

Two stories by this great story-teller for one shilling. Humour and pathos will be found in the two tales, and a little improbability in the last.

The Christian Family. A monthly magazine. Vol. IV., 1865. Elliot Stock.

A very respectable pennyworth. One of the highest class of Nonconformist monthlies.

Little Folks, published by Messrs. Cassell, always surprises us. It exhibits such a wealth of artistic beauty, that we cannot understand how it can be produced for the money. They are great magicians, these Ludgate Hill people, and would astonish Old King Lud if he could pop in upon them. The quantity of pleasure which little folks receive in the year from *Little Folks* it would need Mr. Babbage to calculate. *Hymns and Poems for Little Folks* is quite a distinct work, but equally marvellous: it contains 150 full-page illustrations, some of them the queerest we ever set eyes on, others the sweetest of bijous, and there is not one inferior plate among them all. We do not know a nicer present for a child in the whole range of juvenile literature.

The Sunday School World. Elliot Stock. Vol. II.

Teachers who take in such a weekly paper as this, and read it thoroughly, will seldom be short of instructive matter. The volume is well worthy of a permanent place in the school library.

The Christian Treasury, Edinburgh, Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., is an old favourite, and keeps to its own spiritual domain without interjecting sensational tales. Half the Sunday books now issued are such an amalgam of the sacred and the secular, that they have no peculiar fitness for edification. With Horatius Bonar as editor we have abundant guarantee for orthodox doctrine, for we all know "how well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old."

It is scarcely needful for us to mention *The Band of Hope Review* and *The British Workman*, which have risen to the dignity of popular classics. The engravings are unsurpassed, and the matter always fresh and useful. Partridge and Co. also issue *The Family Friend*, *The Children's Friend*, and *The Infant's Visitor*, which are all well up to the mark, and are the kind of literature which deserves to be scattered thick and thirty-fold.

The Children's Record of the Free Church of Scotland. Nelson and Sons.

This is always fresh and lively. As a halfpennyworth of missionary matter it cannot be excelled. We congratulate the Free Church on having such a magazine for the bairns.

The Baptist Messenger contains one of our sermons every month, and is well conducted. *The Church* and *The Appeal* are also commended.

The History of Protestantism. By the Rev. Dr. Wylie. Vol. I. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

This is a great work. The illustrations are profuse, and are well executed. The history is, we believe, carefully and faithfully written, but we confess that we find it rather prosy, and we fear before the work is all complete a good many readers will be weary of it. Only now and then do we meet with an historian whose style is as charming as that of the writer of fiction: Dr. Wylie certainly does not come under that description. Having made this remark we would not be thought to undervalue this work; on the contrary, we think it an able and seasonable production, which we should like to see in the hands of every Englishman. We need to keep alive in men's minds the memories of the courage of our sires and the cruelties to which Rome exposed them, and this volume will help to do it, and the pictures will teach our little children to hate Popery, even as the "Book of Martyrs" has done in thousands of instances.

The enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell do well to furnish such works in a form in which they can be purchased by the multitude.

Memorials of an Oxford Ministry. A A Selection from the Sermons and Lectures of the late Rev. William Allen. Edited by the Rev. George Hill. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Allen was for twenty years the minister of the Baptist Church, New Road Chapel, Oxford. He was a man of considerable abilities, and his sermons are above the average, though there is nothing either very brilliant or very instructive in them. As a memorial of their deceased pastor this selection of discourses will be much valued by his congregation, and a still wider circle of friends will be pleased to have such a memento of one whom they esteemed. Our friend, Mr. George Hill, now of Osmaston Road, Derby, has discharged the office of editor with zeal and accuracy.

The Living Wesley as he was in his Youth and in his Prime. By James Rigg, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.

It was not to be expected that our Methodist friends would rest content with Mr. Tyerman's sternly faithful, and unceremoniously severe, life of their leader. We could not ourselves help feeling that the fidelity was a little overdone. Dr. Rigg's book is a protest against certain points in Tyerman and other writers, and is such a book as a devoted Wesleyan would naturally write. At the same time, Tyerman's volumes will long remain a singular monument of his industry and rigid honesty; and whatever emendations are proposed in them had need be well substantiated, for Tyerman is a masterly dealer in facts. After all, the good man has long been dead, and it will be better to follow the Master than dispute about the servant.

Homes and Haunts of Luther. By John Stoughton, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A drawing-room book. Binding, paper, engravings, matter, style, all of the best. It is a pleasant occupation to look through such a choice collection of the *notabilia* of so great a man as Luther. Dr. Stoughton has the esteem of all who know him for the accuracy, impartiality, and vividness of all his historical portraits.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. Volume II. Hodder and Stoughton.

This serial is sometimes a little too broad to be quite to our mind, but it certainly furnishes an important contribution to the stores of the expositor. It is well written, and we are heartily glad to see that Mr. Cox is encouraged to continue it. Our fear was that it would shoot over the heads of the bulk of our ministers, and so would fail to find a constituency, and we are delighted to have been mistaken. The list of contributors is singularly rich, and contains the names of many of the ripest biblical scholars of the period. Our ministering brethren will do well to take in the monthly issues of the *Expositor*, and begin from January, if they cannot afford to purchase the two previous volumes.

Dickinson's Theological Quarterly. The volume for 1875. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

A high class quarterly, devoted to theology. We may not be able to endorse all the articles, but the great merit of the yearly volume as a whole no candid person can deny. American divines are much in the ascendant in this volume, and there are also papers from Continental writers; we suppose that this is the peculiar line which this quarterly pursues, for surely there are yet a few English theologians surviving. This quarterly deserves to live, and to increase the number of its subscribers among the more literary of our ministers. We wish it every success. The volume is a portly tome of comely appearance.

Home Words for Heart and Hearth. Conducted by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. Vol. for 1875. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

Also *Our Own Fireside.* By the same Editor.

And, thirdly, as we ministers say, *The Day of Rest.* Editor and publisher the same.

Mr. Bullock has a rare genius for editing magazines. None can carry out this business better than he. He is an out-and-out churchman, and of course does his best for his own side of the question, for which we are the last to blame him. Yet he is thoroughly evangelical, and far more a Christian than a churchman, and aims at the real benefit of his readers' souls. He once crowed over us very lustily, as if he had won a great victory, when we really thought he had made a great stupid of himself, and proved nothing; but we have never felt aggrieved, and are in no way loath to say that the pretty volumes before us are well illustrated, well written, and very cheap. Our Episcopalian friends ought to see to it that such magazines are well sustained.

From out the Deeps. A Story of Cornish Life. By an Old Cornish Bor. With Introduction and Notes by S. W. Christophers. Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster-row.

If that "Old Cornish Boy" is not Mr. Christophers himself we are very much mistaken. We recognise that far too florid style, which we hope no one will imitate, but which is very well managed by its present owner, and always consecrated to worthy aims. These Cornish stories pieced into a narrative do not exactly please us, for the style is too fine for the matter. To intermingle the Cornish dialect with semi-poetic, rhythmical language, is like joining on a piece of silk to a fustian jacket; the two things do not blend. Moreover, there really is so little in the stories that if they were not very pleasantly told nobody would ever care to hear them; but on the other hand, the telling is so well done that nobody has the heart to find fault, unless it be some crusty, crabbed reviewer like ourselves. Our taste does not run in the flowery and rhetorical line, and therefore we cannot properly estimate this work: Mark Guy Pearse's book was more to our mind, for it seemed more natural. Still, the lessons taught by Mr. Christophers are excellent; his spirit is always admirable, and there are many who will be charmed by that very redundance of style which does not approve itself to us. Our readers had better get the book and test our judgment, and if they do we shall have done for the author a service which we would gladly have rendered by a more distinct commendation if we could have seen our way to do so.

The *Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union*, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings, has just issued five of the most beautiful *Bible Cartoons* we have ever seen. They illustrate the early life of Jesus, in gold and sepia, in a truly classical manner. As the pictures are only one shilling each, they ought to be purchased by hundreds of thousands. They would adorn any Sabbath School-room in the best possible manner. We wish the Sunday-school societies would bring out some larger coloured prints for the walls of halls and large school-rooms. These are the largest and best we know of.

Illustrative Texts and Texts Illustrated. By the Rev. James Wareing Bardsley, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Greenwich. Second edition. Nisbet and Co.

There was no need for Mr. Bardsley to apologise, or think his illustrations ephemeral; the fact is that many a preacher and teacher will rejoice over his ninety and two portions as one that findeth spoil. The more of such suggestive books the better. Mr. Bardsley has travelled through the Holy Land with his eyes open, his Bible open, and his note-book open, and hence he has been able to cast a pleasing light on many a text, and that light not so much for the eye of the geographer, or literary student, as for the many, with the intent that the ordinary hearer might understand the Word of God better, and, understanding, might believe. From the second edition we hope that this really useful and interesting book will soon rise to the seventh. The following is a fair sample of the *Texts Illustrated*.

"In Miss E. J. Whately's very interesting Life of her Father, the celebrated Archbishop of Dublin, a fact is recorded, as told by Dr. Whately, with reference to the introduction of the larch-tree into England. When the plants were first brought, the gardener, hearing that they came from the south of Europe, and taking it for granted that they would require warmth,—forgetting that they might grow near the snow-line,—put them into a hot-house. Day by day they withered, until the gardener in disgust threw them on a dung-heap outside; there they began to revive and bud, and at last grew into trees. They needed the cold.

"The Great Husbandman often saves his plants by throwing them out into the cold. The nipping frosts of trial and affliction are ofttimes needed, if God's larches are to grow. It is under such discipline that new thoughts and feelings appear. The heart becomes more dead to the world and self. From the night of sorrow rises the morning of joy. Winter is the harbinger of spring. From the crucifixion of the old man comes the resurrection of the new, as in nature life is the child of death.

'The night is the mother of the day,
And winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses spring.'"

Letters of Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. Translated by the Rev. J. S. Cunningham, Lochwinnoch. Two volumes. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Even the scraps which fall from the pen of such a man as Augustine are precious, but these letters are many of them lengthy epistles upon the weightiest points of divinity, and cannot be read without much instruction. Augustine is in serious error upon many points which are all the more important because of the sacramentarian heresy, now, alas, so rampant; but he is most excellently inconsistent, and is as clear upon the doctrine of grace as if he had not been beclouded by mistaken views on baptism. We wonder when we read his clear doctrine how his name could be retained on the list of Romish saints, and then again when we peruse some of his utter rubbish upon sacramentarianism we equally marvel how he could have been so mighty a teacher of grace. Good men, like other men, are strange beings, creatures full of incongruities and contradictions, and this is allowed to become apparent that no man may glory in men. To read these letters rightly the salt-cellar must stand close at hand, and the head must be anointed with that unction which teacheth all things. We thank the Messrs. Clark for producing the works of Augustine in so clear a translation, and for appending a Scriptural index, which greatly enhances their value.

Eastern Blossoms; Sketches of Native Christian Life in India. By Mary E. Leslie. London: John Snow and Co., 2, Ivy Lane.

The best argument for mission work is the story of its success. The sketches in this volume are brief, but set forth admirably the peculiar agency by which the women of India are to be evangelised. Hindu women are assigned a portion of the house called the Zenana, and if they are to be reached by the gospel at all, it must be by the Zenana mission. The story of Bedoo, a native convert appointed to this work, is intensely interesting. Mr. Sparrow, who contributes the preface to the book, says: "Miss Leslie writes of that she well knows; for her long residence in Calcutta and noble efforts in behalf of native female education in addition to her unusual personal culture, qualify her in an unusual degree to write on such themes."

Notes.

Thanks, a thousand thanks, for the noble presents to the Orphanage which this month we chronicle, which not only gave us a right royal Christmas, but have cheered, and adorned, and nourished our *little* trooop in many ways. Kind donors we thank you heartily. May the Lord be gracious unto you.

We came home to find some seventy converts waiting to be added to the church. The Lord had not suffered the good work to flag. During the year 510 were added to the church, 208 went to strengthen or form other churches, 66 went home to glory, and we have remaining a clear increase of 136. Our number is now 4,813. We must win for our Lord at least one soul each Sabbath or our loss by death cannot be made up.

Our Colportage Society now occupies forty-three districts. If we were not cramped for room we would give the Secretary's excellent report. New districts have been taken up at Blyth, Yarm, Reading, Cardiff, and Upper Broughton. All this is hopeful, but, alas, some stations have to be given up because local supporters fail, and the Society cannot make up the deficiency. Presteign is a well worked region, but will have to be abandoned for lack of £20 a year. The Society does all it can with the means at its disposal. One of these days it may find more friends; it deserves to do so.

Several of our students are settling over pastorates. Many churches are unable to obtain ministers: the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. We hope to have a prosperous year in the College, for we commence it with most encouraging tokens. The missionary spirit is alive among us, and we hope to find many recruits for the missionary army among our men.

Jan. 24.—Our dear friend Mr. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, brought three of his missionaries to the Tabernacle, and most earnest prayer was presented on their behalf. This is one of the noblest enterprises now carried on by the Christian Church. We have an appeal from Mr. Harvey for a medical mission to the Chineso in Bhamo, where the beloved brethren Stevenson and Soltau have gone. We are sorry that we could not insert it this month, for it is certainly one of the most admirable suggestions we have lately seen. We hope our readers subscribe to "China's Millions," and if so they are well posted up. The first volume of that magazine may be had for one shilling.

The congregation in Gloucester under the pastoral care of our brother John Bloomfield are about to build schools as a memorial of Robert Raikes. We wonder this has not been done before. If ever man deserved a memorial, he does; and the form which is suggested is such as would have exactly suited his wishes, had he been alive. Next month we purpose giving an engraving of the proposed building. Meanwhile Sunday-schools can send on their help to Rev. John Bloomfield, Gloucester.

The zealous friends in Finchley, under the pastorate of Mr. Chadwick, have worshipped for some time in a place of the most inconvenient kind, and have now quite outgrown it: they are very anxious to build a new chapel; we wish we could give them a large donation, but just now the brook runs low. We do, however, heartily commend their case to all the Lord's stewards.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—December 20th, 1875, eighteen. By Rev. V. J. Charlesworth:—December 30th, 1875, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 19th, 1875, to January 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	3	0
A friend, per Mr. Stewart	0	3	0
Legacy, late Mr. H. P. Olney	100	0	0
Mr. J. Johnstone	1	0	0
Mr. J. Urquhart	0	5	0
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	0	0
Mr. Gardner	1	10	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
T. C. L.	1	1	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
D. E. G.	0	2	6
Mr. W. A. Macfie	5	0	0
F. and M. Woodhams	1	0	0
Rev. H. Neviandt	0	4	0
H. E.	0	12	0
Mrs. Goslin	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. J. Green	1	0	0
Mr. Rutherford	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Miss Jeffs	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thomas	2	10	0
Mr. J. L. Thomson	0	5	0
A Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	5	0	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
S. Walton and Friend	0	5	0
Miss Withall	0	5	0
Mr. Crate	0	5	0
Mr. J. Trickett	0	10	0
Miss Edwards	0	10	0
Mr W. Pedley	2	2	0
Miss Leathers	0	15	0
Mrs. Huggett	1	5	0
Two Sisters, Wimbledon	0	10	0
Mr. Cremer	5	0	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	0	15	0
Rev. J. W. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. N. Read, per Mr. Court	2	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Mr. Chessher	0	5	0
Mr. R. Scott	1	0	0
Miss Janet Martion	3	0	0
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0
Sermon Readers, per Mr. T. R. Morris	1	0	0
Mr. E. King	0	15	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	5	0
W. T., Birmingham	0	5	0
H. O.	3	0	0
Sarah	0	10	0
Mrs. Crawford	1	0	0
Mr. E. Weeks	2	2	0
Mr. A. G. Berryman	0	10	0
Mr. C. Allard	1	1	0
C. S. F.	0	5	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Mr. E. Coulson	5	0	0
A Sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
A Brother, Bankhead	0	1	0
An Aged Sister	0	2	6
Mr Bowker's Bible Class	18	0	0
Mr. R. Boulton	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hawkins	0	5	0
Mrs. McNeilage	1	10	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
A Young Church Member	0	10	0
Mr. J. Turner	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Miss Fairly	1	0	0
Mr. T. Hill	5	5	0
Mr. John Ball	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
R. W. M.	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Davis	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader, per Rev. H. Fletcher	0	10	0
Miss Fosbury	0	12	11
Miss Hutchings	1	16	10
Collection at Clay Cross, per Rev. W. Williams	2	12	0
Mrs. Allbury	0	2	0
Mr. E. David	0	10	0
Legacy, late Miss Smith	0	13	8
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Mr. Catterson	3	4	0
Mr. J. Jones	2	10	0
Mr. J. Masters	1	0	0
Mr. W. Lockwood	1	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	3	3	0
G. L. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Wilkinson	4	0	0
Mrs. Elias	2	10	0
Mr. A. Sheppard	0	10	0
Mrs. Snell	1	0	0
Mr. Hobson	10	0	0
Collection at Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn	8	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Dec. 19	34	18	0
" " " Jan. 2	26	100	0	0
" " " " 9	55	0	0
" " " " 16	32	2	3
	34	19	0
	£525	8	8

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 19th, 1875, to January 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss C. Pearce	1	1	0
Matt. xxv. 40	3	0	0
Mr. J. Stewart	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	10	0
Miss Dods and Friends	1	10	0
S. A.	0	10	0
Legacy, late Mr. H. P. Olney	200	0	0
Miss J. Simpson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Johnstone	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Urquhart	0	5	0
Per Mr. A. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mr. F. B. Crittall...	1	1	0
Mrs. Allbury	0	5	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
T. C. L.	1	1	0
Mrs. Bradley	1	0	0
Mr. H. H. Dore	0	17	0
Miss Minnie M. Bailey	0	5	6
D. E. G.	0	2	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Dear Old Granny	0	4	0
Bible Class, S. H.	1	4	0
Mr. J. G. Priestly	2	0	0
Chiswick Chapel School and Friends, per Mr. Whiting...	0	14	8
Metropolitan Store...	0	15	3
H. E.	0	3	0
Nellie, Edith, and Mary Spurrier ...	0	15	6
Mr. W. A. Macfie	5	0	0
Mr. G. Davidson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Davidson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	50	0	0
Mr. G. James	1	0	0
Rev. H. Nevlandt	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mercer	2	2	0
W. (Kent)	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Jones	0	5	0
W. W. (Edinburgh)	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	4	10	0
Mr. W. McArthur, M.P.	10	0	0
Mr. J. Hullers	5	0	0
Mrs. Allison...	5	0	0
Papa, Mama, Rosa, Frank	0	5	0
Mr. Kelley, per Mr. S. Wigney	0	5	0
Miss Hogg	0	5	0
Mr. Rutherford	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
A Friend (Wraysbury)	1	0	0
Mr. Hobson	6	0	0
Mr. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. G. Hillyer	1	1	0
Weekly Pence, E. D. N. J.	0	4	4
Mr. S. Chew	5	0	0
A Friend, at Tabernacle Gate	1	10	0
Bright Shillings by Six Children ...	0	12	0
Mr. J. Thomas	2	10	0
Mrs. Snell	3	3	0
A. H. Nash	0	2	0
Mrs. Robottom	1	2	6
Mr. J. Cubey	3	5	0
Mr. G. W. Charnley	1	0	6
Mr. Bainbridge	10	0	0
Laddie's Friend	2	0	0
Greenock	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	5	0	0
Machine Stitching...	0	2	6
Mrs. White	0	10	0
Mrs. Spencer...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Underwood	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Warbis	0	10	0
Sunday School, Brunderburgh, per Rev. G. Whittet	1	14	0
Mr. W. Pedler	1	1	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston	1	0	0
Mr. G. Virgo	5	0	0
Miss Oldings' Bible Class	1	1	0
Mr. E. Longhurst	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Couzens	0	10	0
Mrs. Huggett	1	5	0
E. Whitaker...	0	5	0
Z. Z.	0	12	6
W. H. and M. L., Markgate Street ...	2	0	0
Mr. W. Scott	1	0	0
Mrs Hubbard	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mrs. Mott	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies...	1	13	0
Miss Hagger...	5	0	0
Mr. Miller	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. Court	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Disher	0	2	0
Mrs. Hinton...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hunt	0	10	0
Mr. Swaffield	0	4	3
Mr. Chessher	0	5	0
Collected by Messrs. Salsbury, Phillips, and Miss Walker, from friends at Brockley New Cross	4	15	0
Mr. J. B. Gibson	2	2	0
Mr. J. R. Waugh	1	0	0
Mr. James Tod	0	10	0
Christmas Tree, Baptist Schoolroom, Eelon, per Mr. J. Field	3	0	0
Mr. James Houston	5	0	0
Mr. John Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. McK.	5	0	0
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0
H. D.	0	10	3
Mr. D. Burgess	0	5	0
Three Friends, parish of Craig, Montrose	1	5	0
Mr. Close and Family	0	4	0
Mr. C. Clark...	0	10	0
Mr. H. J. Ancy	0	10	6
Mr. W. Horn	0	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Children's Offering, Mr. Evan	0	5	0
Miss Margaret Grant	1	0	0
T. A., H. P., W.	10	0	0
W. A. M.	0	3	0
Leeds...	1	0	0
Mrs. Riddell...	0	10	0
C. W. D.	0	5	0
Mr. E. King	0	15	0
Mr. J. Crocker	2	0	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm...	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies	0	18	0
A Strict Baptist	2	10	0
Mr. J. Fawcett	5	0	0
Every Little Helps...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lock	0	10	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. R. Brown	0	10	0
Dundee, too late for Christmas Puddings	10	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Mr. Sargeant	0	10	0
Mrs. Layard...	1	0	0
A Brother, Bankhead	0	1	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	3	0
Constant Reader	0	2	0
Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Mrs. Grant and Friends	0	5	0
Mr. Priestley	0	16	0
Miss Annie Craig	0	6	4
Mr. Armistead	0	7	7
Mrs. Knight...	1	16	10
Mrs. Lambert	0	9	0
Esperance	5	0	0
Vauxhall Sunday School, per Rev. G. Hearson	0	10	6
A Friend, per Rev. D. Russell	0	10	0
Rev. W. P. Cope	0	12	0
Miss Lee	0	13	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. A. Pash, per Mrs. Evans	1	1	0
Mrs. J. A Pash, per Mrs. Evans... ...	0	10	6
J. B. C.	1	0	0
R. W. M.	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Davies	5	0	0
Miss Higgs, Sale of Goods	5	0	0
Miss Annie Brown...	4	0	0
Miss Battrum	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Brecon...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Cason	0	10	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
W. J. B.	2	15	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Mr. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Ranford..	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, per Rev. H. A. Fletcher	0	10	0
Miss Prust	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Miss Hatley	0	4	9
Miss Swain	1	6	10
Miss De Bne	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Price	1	0	0
Mr. H. Arnold	1	5	0
Mr. Farley	5	0	0
Rev. S. Minton	1	0	0
Miss Howard	0	3	6
Rose, Fred, and Lily	0	3	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mr. E. Joscelyn	2	0	0
Ashley Parva	0	10	0
Mrs. Cook	0	10	0
Mr. J. Jones, Oporto	2	10	0
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	0	3	0
A Friend	0	7	0
Mr. R. Finlayson and Children	1	0	0
Mr. J. Masters	1	0	0
Mr. S. Sargeant	0	12	0
Mr. W. Lockwood	1	10	0
Mr. T. Webster	5	0	0
J. and R. D. Kirkcaldy	0	5	0
Teachers and Scholars, Cottage Green Chapel Sunday School, per Mr. T. Lewis	5	8	1
Rev. T. W. Medhurst's Bible Class	17	10	0
G. L. B.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Perring	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
N. N.	1	0	0
Mrs. Elias	2	10	0
J. W. P.	0	4	0
Mrs. Snell	1	0	0
Mr. H. T. Street	0	5	0
Mr. H. M. Street	0	5	0
A Highlander	0	5	0
M. C. J.	5	0	0
Mrs. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. T. Osborn	2	10	0
Sabbath Scholars, Gorebridge, per Rev. T. Forsyth	1	6	0
Mr. Hobson	10	0	0
Mr. Hellier, per Mr Hobson	1	0	0
Mrs. Weston	1	0	0
Sale of Pony	12	12	0
Reading	0	2	6
Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Marsh	1	0	0
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. S. Pewtress	0	5	0
H. Keen	0	5	0
D. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0
Mr. G. Dix	0	5	0
Mr. Probin	0	5	0
Mrs. Probin	0	5	0
Mr. Telfer Higgins	0	5	0
In Remembrance	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
Miss Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Bremner	0	5	0
	3	5	0
Mr. C. Alldis	1	1	0
	£609	12	8

Christmas Festival at the Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	1	1	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	5	0
M. D. S.	0	10	0
A Young Disciple	0	2	6
C. T.	0	5	0
M. G.	0	5	0
An Orphan	0	1	0
Wilfred Hine	0	10	6
Alfred Hine	0	10	6
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	5	0
Mr. S. Rodwell	0	5	0
Ebenezer	0	0	6
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
J. W. C.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Nutsey	0	10	0
S. W.	0	10	0
B. W. S.	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Woolland	0	10	0
Walter and Percy	0	5	0
Mr. J. Harper	1	0	0
Mr. T. W. Jesser	0	10	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smellie	2	2	0
John Ploughman (Dec. 18)	0	2	6
B. T.	0	5	0
Mr. B. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie	0	1	0
Lottie	0	1	0
Bennie	0	1	0
E. Smith	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sears	1	0	0
Friends at Bures, per Mrs. Kemp	0	16	6
Lillie, Wattie, and Nellie	0	3	0
Miss Morrison	0	10	0
	£15	6	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—100 lbs. of Meat and 20 bunches of Carrots, Mr. Goslin; 56 lbs. of Rice, Mr. Marshall; 2 sacks of Flour, 2 ditto Potatoes, and some Apples, per Rev. J. Stubbs; 28 lbs. of Baking Powder, Freeman and Hildyard; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; a sack of Flour, Mr. Russell; a quantity of Fruit Preserve, S. Chivers and Son; 2 casks of broken Biscuits, Huntley and Palmer.

Clothing:—32 Cotton Shirts, Teachers and Scholars Down's Chapel Sunday School; 14 pairs of Knitted Socks, Miss Gough; Silk Ties for the Boys, Mr. Statham, per Mr. Smith; Ditto, Rix and Bridge; 36 Flannel Shirts, Young Ladies' Working Society, Wynne Road Chapel; 50 ditto, the Misses Dransfield; 21 dozen Linen Collars, Miss Dransfield; Sundry Clothing, per Rev. J. Stubbs; 2 Cotton Shirts, E. J. Leeder; 6 pairs of Knitted Mitts, T. T. Marks.

Sundries:—1 cwt. of Soap, Mr. Smith; 2 tons of Coals, James Brown, per Brewis Brothers; a Pony, "B."; 250 Almanacks, W. J. Mayers.

Donations:—F. Gammon, 10s; H. W. Chapman, £1; W. R. Rickett, £10; Mrs. Way, Collected by, £2 0s 9d; Mr. Scotchmer, 10s; G. Kerridge, 2s; Mr. Naylor, 3s; Mr. Basley, £1; Sunday School, Evesham, £3 14s 6d; W. J. Denniss, £1 1s; Mr. Wadland, 10s; Mr. Wayre, 10s; Mr. Alder, £1 1s; Collected by Miss Simms, £1.—Total, £23 2s 3d.

Christmas Presents:—20 lbs. Plums, 20 lbs. Currants, 1 box Figs, 6 boxes Chocolate Lozenges, 2 boxes Cosaques, 1 box Biscuits, Mrs. Arnold; 2 Books, Miss Smithers; 4 gross of Cosaques, 1 box of Scent Fountains, Mr. Pascal; 6 boxes of Sweets, Mr. Tuckett; a quantity of Soiled Picture Books, Ward, Lock, and Tyler; a quantity of Christmas Cakes, Peek, Frean, and Co.; two Fowls and some Apples, E. R. B.; a case of Oranges, 3 jars of Marmalade, 6 small boxes of Wax Candles, A. Austin; 1 box of Plums, 1 box of Currants, 1 box of Mixed Peel, J. W. Llewellyn; cask of Apples, E. J. Bowley; ingredients for a Plum Pudding, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 240 Toys, Mr. Zimmerman; 240 boxes of Figs, Mr. W. Harrison; 240 New Shillings, J. D., per Mr. Harrison; 240 Mince Pies, Mr. Bromley; case of Oranges and bag of Nuts, Mr. Vickery; 2 bags of Apples, Mr. Woodnutt; a Football, W. J. Evans; a

large Christmas Tree, &c., Mr. Fryer; an Ornamental German ditto, a Student; a Turkey, Mr. Tubby; case of Oranges, per Hanson and Co.; 2 Hares, D. Pattison.

FOR SALE ROOM:—1 pair of Wool Slippers, 1 piece of Wool Work, 1 Wool Mat, 1 Needle Book, 1 Wool Ball, 11 Collars, 1 Netted Stove Apron, Anonymous.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT THE ORPHANAGE.—T. Buckmaster, £2; A. Austin, £1; R. Lane, £1; "Brierly Hill," 5s; J. Lang, 5s; J. S. Morris, 10s; Two Little Girls at Offham, 5s 3d; "A Mite," 2s; Miss Brown, £1 1s; F. Gammon, 5s; W. Payne, £1; The Little Paynes, 5s; A Friend, 10s; Sunday School, Sittingbourne 13s 9d.—Total, £9 2s.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Books, Christmas, 1875:—Robinson, H. J., £1 3s; Jordan, A., £1 13s 6d; Tanner, T. S., 6s; Bowers, A., 8s 6d; Evans, T., 2s; Cockerton, A., 9s; Bignall, T. £1 9s; Walker, D., £1; Smith, A., £1 1s 3d; Staynes, E., 5s 2d; Parker, F., 15s 1d; Horley, B., 16s 2d; Bourne, A., £2 7s; Austin, J., 10s 6d; Mitchell, W., 10s; Mallett, J., 11s 6d; Campbell, C., £1 15s; Clarke, A., 6s 3d; Walton, H., £1 1s; Andrews, F. W., 12s; Dixon, T., £1 9s; Mackenzie, W., 10s 6d; Simmonds, F., 11s 6d; Corke, L., 4s 4d; Crisp, T., 16s; Young, W., 3s; Earle, L., 4s; Brown, J., 5s; White, A. W., £1 3s; Ladds, W., 5s; Marsh, H., 4s 7d; Mills, H., 15s 5d; Webb, C., 6s 3d; Gubbins, S. J., 6s 6d, Phillips, B., 2s 6d; Johnson, G., £2; Kitchen, T., £1 2s 6d; Hart, F., 4s; Parker, F., 11s 8d; Tatum, T., 4s. 9d; Scoats, W., 5s; Marley, W., 4s; Blakelock, H., 1s; Thornton, H. C., 2s 6d; Morgan, I., 3s 6d; Smith, G., 12s 8d; Morley, J., 2s 6d; Dangerfield, E., 13s 3d; Madigan, W., 11s; Richards, G., 5s; Cook, H. W., 7s; Buttfield, G., £1 8s; Cockerton, T. W., 2s; White, A. W., 5s; Glaysher, G., 12s; Foulsham, W. T., 12s 4d; Cox, W., 17s; Wheeler, A. H., 12s; Scott, G., 10s; Ellis, G., 6s; Day, H., 14s; Haddon, T., 5s 6d; Crowle, J., £3 5s 0d; Clarke, M., 12s 6d; Snell, J., 12s; Eves, G. B., £1 0s 6d; Goddard, 4s 6d; Webster, G. W., 14s; Osborn, E., 15s 6d; Conquest, H., 7s; Conquest, G., 8s; Fordham, Joe, 9s 7d; Hands, H., 6s; Whitehead, W., 10s 1d; Jones, A., 8s; Wells, W., 2s 6d, Machin, F. W., 6s 2d; Reddall, T., 5s; Parry, L., 4s; Reid, F., 6s 10d; Barrett, C., 12s; Osman, J., 16s; Thorewell, F., 5s; Parker, F., 6s; Atkins, G., 5s 10d; Minty, A., £3; Coles, G., £3; Lonnon; T., £1; Dalby, W. E., £1 13s; Herriell, Thos., 15s 6d; Dean, G., £1; Roberts, C., £1; Fulton, T., 13s 6d Bowtell, E., £1 0s 6d; Gardiner, T., 5s; Sandford, H., £1 0s 6d; Pratt, T., £1 9s; Smith, Herbert, £1 4s 1d; Wilkinson, W., 9s 10d; White, W., 7s.—Total, £70 0s 7d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	20	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset	17	11	6
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Hillmorton	10	0	0
Salop Colportage Agency...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	7	10	0
Wrexham District	10	0	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mr. F. A. Jones, towards a New District	10	0	0
H. M....	20	0	0
Collection at Whitbourne, for South Wilts District	1	8	0
R. Cory, junior, Esq., for Cardiff, No. 1	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage and Evangelistic Association	30	0	0
Eythorne	7	10	0
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
E. M., Berkhampstead	1	6	0
Mr. W. Pyne	0	10	0
Mr. S. Harris	1	0	0
Mr. Rhodes	0	2	6
Mr. Graham	0	1	0
Mr. Anderson	0	0	6
Messrs. Hill and Rogers	5	0	0
Mrs. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. C. Waters (two years)	1	0	0
Mrs. Fosket	0	2	6
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Co.... ...	2	2	0
Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	6
J. P. Bacon, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. Tubley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Beckley	0	5	0
Matt. xxv. 30	1	0	0
Mrs. Dods and Friends	0	10	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
D. E. G.	0	2	6
Mr. Vicary	1	0	0
Miss Withall	0	5	0
Mr. W. Pedley	0	2	0
Mrs. Gardner	0	5	0
Miss Fosbury	0	6	0
Mrs. Balls	0	1	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
	£238	13	0

Loan Building and Reserve Fund.

Special Subscriptions to raise the Fund to £5,000.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. Olney, Esq.	50	0	0	W. Higgs, Esq.	50	0	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.

MARCH, 1876.

A Short Sermon for a Winter's Evening.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And the servants and officers stood there, who had made a fire of coals; for it was cold: and they warmed themselves: and Peter stood with them, and warmed himself."—John xviii. 18.

WE note from this incident that *it was a cold night in which our Redeemer agonised in the garden of Gethsemane.* A cold night, and yet he sweat! A cold night, and yet there fell from him, not the sweat of a man who earns the staff of life, but the sweat of one who was earning life itself. "He sweat as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground." No natural heat of the sun, or of a sultry evening, caused this, but the heat within his soul distilled those sacred drops. His heart's throbs were so mighty that it seemed to empty itself, and his life floods rushed with such awful force that the veins, like overfilled rivers, burst their banks, and covered his blessed person with gory drops. On such a wintry night as this, while you wrap your garments about you, I would ask you to remember the olive garden, and the lone sufferer, all unsheltered, entering into the dread anguish by which he won our souls from death and hell. The sharp frost may be a useful monitor to us, if it makes us think of him, and remember that dark, that doleful night, when all the powers of evil met, and, even unto blood, he strove with them for our sakes.

Now we will take you away from the garden to the high priest's hall, where the incident occurred which is recorded in the text, and we will make as good a use as we can of it. I suppose it was a large dark hall in which the soldiers, and the priests, and the rabble were

gathered together. There may have been a few lamps lighting up the further end where Christ was with his judge and his accusers, but the greater part of the hall would have no other light than the glare of the fire which had been kindled—a charcoal fire, around which the band of men who had seized Christ, and the servants of the high priest, gathered, to keep themselves warm. We are going to make five observations upon that, and upon the fact that Peter was amongst those who warmed their hands.

The first observation is this. *This is a typical incident as to the most of men.* Jesus Christ was being tried. Some were very busy about it, being full of malice and burning with rage, but a great many more were indifferent, and in the presence of a rejected and maltreated Saviour were carelessly warming their hands. It was not a matter that interested them, they did not care whether he escaped or was condemned: it was very cold, and so they warmed their hands. Now, in a land like this, where Jesus Christ is preached, it is a sad circumstance that there are individuals who oppose him and his gospel: there is the infidel, who denies the gospel altogether, there is the superstitious man, who sets up another way of salvation, and there is the persecutor, who rages at Christ and his people. Yet these active enemies are comparatively few: the great bulk of those who hear the gospel are not open opponents, but like Gallio, care for none of these things. They know that there is a Christ, and they have some idea of his salvation, but it does not interest them or awaken any sympathy in their minds. "What shall we eat and what shall we drink?"—these are the great questions of their catechism: but as to who this glorious sufferer is, and why he died, and what are the blessings which he bought with his precious blood,—none of these things move them, and they forget, neglect, or despise the great salvation and the Saviour too. They are full of the business of warming their hands! The death of Jesus may be important to other people, it may concern ministers, and clergymen, and professors, but it is nothing at all to them—they have other matters to attend to, and their own comfort is their main concern. Around that charcoal brazier the servants of the high priest warmed their hands; and so, in their temporal comforts, or in murmuring at the lack of them, the most of men spend their lives. To them it is nothing that Jesus should die: a rise in their wages, a fall in provisions, or a change in the money market is far more important to them.

If you think of it, this is a very terrible thing. Christ comes into the world to save men, and men do not think it worth their while to turn their gaze upon him. He takes their nature, but his incarnation does not interest them; he dies that men may not perish, and men care not one whit for his great love. One hies away to his farm, and another to his merchandise; one has bought a yoke of oxen, and goes to prove them, and another has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come. They are eager for the bread which perisheth, but they make light of the meat which endureth to life everlasting; they think much of this world, but nothing of the world to come. Jesus is over yonder on his trial, and they are warming their hands. I pray you think this over a few minutes, any of you who have been indifferent to the great realities of redemption, and see what it is and who it is that you thus treat with

discourtesy. It is the Son of God, the Redeemer of men, whom you neglect.

Can you imitate those who rattled the dice-box at the foot of the cross, in utter hardness of heart, though his blood was falling upon them as they cast lots upon his vesture? Can you trifle in the presence of a dying Saviour? *Can you*, did I say? Alas! some have done so for thirty, forty, fifty, and even sixty years, and unless the mighty grace of God prevents, they will continue to trifle still—to sport, and play, and seek their own ease in the presence of the bleeding Son of God, within earshot of his dying groans. See, he dies, and they place his body in the sepulchre, but on the third day, according to the promise, he rises again from the dead. That risen Saviour is surrounded by the glory of promises unspeakably precious, for he has risen for the justification of his people and as the firstfruits of them that slept—the great pledge that all those who sleep in him shall rise as he has risen. An august mystery—a mystery which brought angels out of heaven, the one to sit at the head and the other at the foot, where his body had lain; and yet men eat, drink, sleep, and wake as if no risen Jesus had been here. In the presence of the risen Christ many only warm their hands, for it is cold. The animal has mastered the mental: the body, which is the baser part of man, and cleaveth to the dust, has subdued the soul, and and so the man allows himself to trifle in the presence of Jesus riser from the dead.

Nor is this all, for he that rose from the dead ascended after forty days. A cloud received him out of the sight of his disciples, and he rose into the glory, and now he sitteth at the right hand of the Father, reigning there head over all principalities and powers, King of kings and Lord of lords. Men do not generally trifle in the presence of a king; if they have petitions to present they put on an air of reverence. In the presence of the Royal Intercessor, who pleads for us day and night, one would think there would be some interest excited: but no, the multitude warm their hands, and think nothing of him. In his presence they forget his redeeming love, neglect his great salvation, and remain without God and without Christ. This is terrible! As I see the worldling, merely caring for his personal comfort, while Christ is in the glory, I marvel, first, at the insolence of the sinner, and, secondly, at the infinite patience of the Saviour.

The Lord Jesus is to come a second time to judge the earth in righteousness; when he shall appear no man knoweth, but come he will, and before him every one of us must stand. If we be alive and remain, we shall join in that great throng, and if we fall asleep before his coming, we shall rise from the dead, at the sound of the trumpet, which proclaims his advent, and shall all be judged of the Most High. The hour of his appearing is not revealed, in order that we may always stand a tiptoe, expecting it to be to-day, or to-morrow, for he has said, "Behold, I come quickly." Oh, how can you still be money-grubbing, pleasure seeking, enjoying yourselves, living only for this world, living to get a competence, living to be what is called "respectable," and to feed yourselves like the beasts of the field? Have you no thoughts for the Judge, and the day of his coming? Shall our immortal spirits spend all their energies on these trifling temporary things in prospect

of "that great tremendous day, when Christ with clouds shall come"? Surely the solemnities of judgment should constrain us to think of something nobler than earth and time.

There was no harm in their warming their hands, neither is there any harm in our attending to the things of this life; indeed they ought to be seen to, and seen to with care; but there is something higher, something nobler and loftier for us to do than to serve ourselves; and as it was horrible that men should be so callous in the presence of the suffering Jesus, so is the wide-spread indifference of sinners a terrible thing. I would to God that the unthinking portion of those who hear the gospel might be startled out of their grovelling care for the things of this life, and be led to say—"What have I to do with this Jesus of Nazareth? Is his blood sprinkled upon me? Has he cleansed me from sin? May I hope for salvation through him?" Oh, consider ye these things, and give an answer to your consciences; and God do so with you, as you shall think of Christ your Lord.

Secondly, we remark that, *for a disciple to make his own comfort the chief thing in the presence of his suffering Master is most inconsistent.* One does not wonder at the high priest's servants making a fire of coals, for it was cold, and one is not surprised at *their* standing to warm their hands, for they knew but little, comparatively, of Christ. They had never tasted of his love, they had never seen his miracles, they had not been asked to watch with him in the garden of Gethsemane, they had never heard him say "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjonas, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee": the marvel is that *Peter* should stand there among them warming his hands. Why did he do so? Not because he was indifferent to his Master. Let us do him justice; it is plain that he was in a dreadful state of mind that night. He was so attached to His Master that he followed him—followed him up to the door of the hall, and stopped there till John came out and admitted him. He went up to the fire because he thought he must act as others did, so as to escape suspicion, and as they warmed their hands, he did the same, so as to appear as one of them. It so happened, however, that the light of the fire shone upon his face, and lit up his countenance, so that one said, "Thou art one of his disciples." Then, to get away from observation, we find Peter passing into another part of the hall, where, I suppose, it was darker. The people were talking, and Peter must needs talk, for it was his weakness to do so, and, moreover, he might have been suspected again had he been silent. Then another remarked, "Thou also art of Galilee, for thy speech bewrayeth thee." He was discovered again, and so made for the door, but was known there also. He was all in a tremble. He did love his Master, weak as his faith was, and therefore he could not leave him, and yet he was afraid to confess him. He was worried and troubled, tossed to and fro between a desire to rush forward and do some rash thing for his Lord and a fear of his own life. He went to the fire, because nobody would think that a follower of Jesus could warm his hands while his Master was being despitefully entreated.

You see the gist of my observation, that for a disciple of Christ to make his own ease and comfort the main thing is most palpably inconsistent with the Christian character. Ah, dear brethren, our Lord

had not where to lay his head; though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor: can it be consistent for the Christian to make the getting of money the main business of life? Is such a disciple like his Master? The Master gives up everything, shall the disciple labour to aggrandize himself?

Some warm their hands, not at the fire of wealth so much as at the fire of honour. They want approbation, respect, esteem, they will do anything to gain it. Conscience is violated, and principle is forgotten, to gain the approbation of their fellow men. They must be respected and admired whatever happens. Is this as it should be? Are they really disciples of the Nazarene? Is that their Master, despised and rejected, spit upon and jeered? Is he their Lord who made himself of no reputation? If so, how can they court the smiles of men, and sacrifice truth to popularity? What can be more inconsistent! The disciple warming his hands, and the Master enduring the contradiction of sinners against himself! Dear brethren, every time our cheek crimsons with shame because of the taunts of the wicked, and we lower our colours because of the jeers of the godless, we are guilty at heart of the meanness of seeking to fare better than our Lord. Every time we check a testimony because it would involve us in censure, every time we stay from a labour because we covet ease, every time we are impatient at the suffering which the cross involves, every time we "make provision for the flesh, to obey the lusts thereof," every time we seek ease where he toiled, honour where he was put to shame, and luxury where he endured an ignominious death—we are like Peter amongst the ribald throng, warming our hands at the fire while our Lord is buffeted and shamefully entreated. May the Holy Spirit keep us from this.

We now come to our third observation. *It is much better to be cold than to warm ourselves where we are exposed to temptation.* Peter, if he had known it, was better off outside the door than in the hall. I suppose he had forgotten the Master's warnings, for if he had thought of them he would have said to himself, "Peter, thou hadst better go home. Did not Jesus, in fact, tell thee to go home, when he said to those who came to seize him, 'If ye seek me, let these go their way'?" It would seem to have been the path of humble obedience to have gone his way and not to have pressed into the hall. Though no doubt the motives which led both him and John into the high priest's house were commendable, Peter's position among the soldiers and hangers on around the fire was extremely full of peril, and offered no corresponding advantages. Did he not know that "evil communications corrupt good manners"? Did he not know that the men who had taken his Lord prisoner were not fit associates for him? Should he not have felt that, though he might have his hands warmed, he would be likely to get his heart blackened by mixing with such company? Brethren, I like to warm my hands, but if I cannot warm them without burning them, I would rather keep them cold. Many things are in a measure desirable, but if you cannot obtain them without exposing yourself to the smut of sin, you had better let them alone. I have known professors far too anxious to mix with what is called "good society." Now, for the most part, good society, as the thing goes now-a-days, is very bad society for a Christian. The best society in the world, for me, I know, is to

associate with my brethren in Christ. Title, rank, wealth, are a poor recompense for the lack of true religion. Yet some professors covet the honours of the ungodly world, and they say, "It is not so much for ourselves; we are advanced in years; but we want to bring the girls out; and our young men you know—our sons—well, they must have some society." Yes, and for the sake of this dangerous luxury our churches are deprived of successors to godly fathers. Instead of seeing the younger members of Christian households drafted into our ranks, we have continually to begin again with new converts from the outer world. Full often professors whom God prospers in this world so train their children that they forsake the spiritual worship of God and turn their backs on principles for which their forefathers dared to bleed and die. I charge you, brethren, remember that if you cannot be admitted into "society" without concealing your principles, you are far better off without society. Has not our Lord called us to go without the camp? Are we not warned against being conformed to this world? Deny yourselves the warm place around society's charcoal brasier, for its sulphurous vapour will do you more harm than the cold.

Some whom I have known have ventured very far upon very dangerous ground to win the affection of a chosen object. There is no wiser precept in Holy Scripture than that which commands us to marry "only in the Lord." It never can conduce to the comfort of any Christian man or woman to be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever: you had far better remain in the cold of your bachelor or spinster life than warm your hands at the fire of unhallowed marriage.

Not a few are tempted by the cleverness of certain literature to defile their minds with sceptical and even blasphemous writings. Such and such a Quarterly or Fortnightly is so very clever that you are regarded as a Philistine and an ignoramus if you do not read it. Yet if you do read it you are never the better, but very much the worse, for your pains; why then yield to its more than doubtful influence? Do you pray the better for such reading? Have you more faith in God after perusing such works? No; but doubts which would not else have occurred to you are sown in your mind, difficulties which only exist in ungodly brains are conjured up, and the time which ought to have been spent in devotion, and in growing in grace, and in bringing others to Jesus, you waste in battling for the very life of your faith, which you have needlessly exposed to assault. I do not believe it to be essential to roll in a ditch every day for the sake of proving the efficacy of the clothes brush, neither is it worth while to seek out infidel doubts in order to try our logical powers upon them. Some tell us that we must keep abreast of the times, but if the times run the wrong way, I see no reason why we should run with them. Rather let us leave the times and dwell in the eternities. If I can be cheered and refreshed by good literature, and be the better and wiser for it, I am thankful; but if I must, in warming my hands, defile them with unbelief, I will sooner let them become blue with cold.

Perhaps, dear friends, our liability to be injured by that which renders us comfortable is one reason why God does not subject some of his best people to the trials of prosperity. Have you not sometimes wished that you were rich? I dare say you have. But perhaps you

never will be. You did prosper once, but it came to an end. Once or twice the prize of wealth seemed within your reach, others seized it, and you are still working hard and earning a bare crust. We do not know what you might have been if you had been allowed to succeed. In warming your hands you might have burned them. Many Christians have been impoverished by their wealth, and brought to inward wretchedness by outward prosperity. You have flourished best in the soil in which the Lord has kept you; anywhere else you might have run to seed. Some years since when the first larch tree was introduced into England the person who had brought home the specimen put it into his hothouse to grow. It did not flourish, and no wonder, for it delights in a colder atmosphere; the gardener therefore pulled up the spindly thing by the roots and threw it upon the dunghill, and there to everybody's surprise it grew wonderfully. It was created to flourish under trying circumstances, and perhaps you are of the same order. Learn you the lesson, and be content to be where you are.

A fourth observation is this—*if a Christian acts inconsistently he is pretty sure to be found out.* Here was Peter warming his hands, and he thought that nobody would know him; but his face, as we said before, was illuminated by the light of the fire, and one said, "Surely thou art one of his disciples." The fire did not merely warm, but it threw light on him, and showed him up; and so, when it comes to pass that a Christian gets into association with the ungodly, and figures with them, his sin will find him out. I have noticed in a very wide sphere of observation—that bad men may do wrong for years and not be discovered, and that hypocrites may contrive to carry on their hypocrisy half a lifetime without being unmasked; but a true man, a real child of God, if he shall only do a tenth as much wrong as others, will be certain to be detected. Peter tried to look uncommmonly comfortable and calm while at the fire, but he could not do it; he discovered himself by the twitches of his face, and the very look of him, and when he spoke, as we have already said, the tones of his voice betrayed him. A Philistine helmet will not sit well upon an Israelite, he wears it awkwardly and is known though in disguise. Ah, Christian man, you had better keep to your own company, it is of no use for you to try to travel *incognito* through this world, for it will detect you. Never go where you will be ashamed to be seen, for you will be seen. A city set on a hill cannot be hid; a lighted candle must be seen. A speckled bird will be noticed where no note is taken of others. Worldlings have lynx eyes with which to spy out erring professors, and they are sure to publish your faults, for they are sweet morsels to them. "Report it! Report it!" say they. In vain will you try to pass yourself off as a stranger to Christ, your speech will betray you, and the finger of scorn will be justly pointed at you for your inconsistency; therefore keep to your own company, and walk not in the way of the wicked.

The fifth point is this—and you all know it to be true—*it is a great deal easier to warm your hands than your hearts.* A few coals in a brasier suffice to warm Peter's hands: but even the infinite love of Jesus did not just then warm his heart. O sirs, what was the scene at the end of the hall? Was not that enough to set all hearts aglow?

It was a bush that burned with fire and was not consumed. It was the Son of God smitten on the mouth and vilely slandered, and yet bearing it all for love of us. O sirs, there was a furnace at the other end of the hall—a furnace of love divine. If Peter had but looked at his Master's face, marred with agony, and seen upon it the mark of his terrible night sweat, surely, had his heart been right, it must have burned within him. One marvels that with such a sight before him—if Peter had been Peter—if he had only been true to that true heart of his, he would have braved the malice of the throng, placed himself side by side with his Lord and said, "Do to me whatever you do to him. If you smite him, smite me. Take me and let me suffer with him." If he might not have done that, one would not have wondered if Peter had sat there and wept till he broke his heart to see his Master treated so. But, alas, the sight of his Lord, accused and betrayed, did not warm Peter's heart. My brethren, we sometimes wish that we had actually seen our Lord, but seeing Christ after the flesh was of small service to Peter. It was when the Holy Spirit used the glance of Jesus as a special means of grace, that Peter's heart was thawed and his eyes dropped with tears of repentance. O Lord and Master, though a bodily sight of thee would not warm us, if thou shouldst walk up these aisles and shouldst show thy pierced hands in this pulpit, yet if thy blessed Spirit will come upon us to-night, we shall see thee by faith; and the sight will make our hearts burn within us, winter though it be. Come, sacred Spirit, shed abroad the love of Jesus in our souls, and so shall our love be kindled and burn vehemently. Grant it therefore, we pray thee, for thy love's sake. Amen.

"I'll Pay."

WHEN men meet together at a tavern or alehouse, upon jovial occasions, by way of kindness to drink together, then happy is that man, when the reckoning is brought, that can be rid of his money first. "*I'll pay*," says one; "*I'll pay*," says another. "*You shall not pay a penny*," says a third, "*I'll pay all*," etc.; and so it grows sometimes very near unto a quarrel, because one man cannot spend his money before another. Thus in works of worldly fellowship and merry makings: but come to a work of mercy, how is it then? Is the money upon the table? Is every man ready to throw down, and make it a leading case to the rest of the company? No such matter: one puts it off to another; "*Alas, I am in debt*," says one; "*I have no money about me*," says another. Then every finger is a thumb, and it is such a while before anything will be got out, that it would trouble any one to behold it. Then the question is not, Who shall be first? but, Who shall be last? A sad thing! that in way of courtesy or indulgence any man should be thus free; and yet when it comes to a work of mercy, he is thus bound up.—*From an old Sermon. Date* 1642.

On board the Margate Boat.

[We cannot withhold the accompanying letter, which was read to the open air preachers when we had the privilege of addressing them. God bless the writer. We have his name and address, but we have not inserted it, thinking that he might not care for publicity. We have omitted all names for the same reason.]

"DEAR Mr. Spurgeon,—As you are about to address the open air mission next Monday, I thought I might send you the following incident.

"I was a passenger home by the ——— steamer from Margate, the boat was crowded, the company, taking it altogether, respectable excursionists. A group of young men, who had seated themselves on the luggage, were holding a concert, which had lasted about two hours. They gave us all the popular airs of the day—'The Fast Man,' 'The Sewing Machine,' 'Susan's Sunday Out,' 'The Organ Grinder,' 'The Milkman of Paddington Green,' 'The German Band,' 'Jolly Dogs,' &c. Encore after encore followed each song, and bottled ale and stout were in great demand. The boat was too full to allow me to shift my seat, and so I was obliged to sit it out.

"As we neared the mouth of the Thames, there was a momentary lull, taking advantage of which, some faithful servant of God stood up to read, and attempted to preach Christ to the company. I rather brightened up, but, alas, the poor fellow, who made this bold attempt, was soon hounded down as a hypocrite! 'Scandalous,' cried one, 'Shameful,' shouted another, 'Blasphemy,' vociferated a third, 'In such a place as this, and under such circumstances, to introduce religion is disgraceful, *pull him down*,' cried a fourth. 'Hear! Hear! Hear!' shouted the company, who were quite determined not to allow the preacher to proceed; and as the waiter had more to expect from the former than the latter, by way of increasing his popularity with the company, he pulled the preacher down.

"'Bravo! Bravo! we don't want religion here,' was the general cry. Scarcely, however, had the preacher disappeared, ere I had mounted, and addressing the company with 'Come now, I am not much of a singer, but I will give you a recital.' 'Hear! Hear! Order for a recitation.' The poor disciple looked downcast at me, and quietly murmured, 'Ah, anything but Christ!' Another moment, and I was reciting 'The Lady and the Pye,' by Hannah More. I got an encore, with 'Bravo! he's one of our sort.' This time I brought my audience to the feet of Jesus, by giving 'The alabaster box of ointment,' which was received with perfect silence, and I replied, 'Now, that is just what my brother over there wanted to tell you, but you determined not to hear him.' 'His brother,' shouted one. 'Yes, my brother, for this reason, that he, like me, is a saved man, and is not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, but would proclaim it as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' 'Button up your pockets, gentlemen,' said one of the company, 'here's another Methodist. The whole batch of them are swindlers, and *Spurgeon's a thief*.' The poor preacher looked pleasantly towards me, while I was receiving my share of the compliments; then

up came the waiter, so I at once shouted, 'Give your orders, gentlemen, the waiter's in the room, so don't spoil your mirth, I can talk while you drink your bottled stout. In the meantime I thank that good friend, who set me down as a swindler; it was in some such terms, but more severe, the rabble spoke of the Lord Jesus, his disciples cannot expect anything better: nevertheless, let me inform my complimentary friend, that its fortunate for him, as Spurgeon says, my Gentile jacket has been taken off, or I should have given him a good licking, I have thrashed bigger men than he, but now I must put up with the insult. Now, do you think you are justified in calling another man a thief, simply because he professes a religion with which you have no sympathy. Neither myself nor my friend yonder, attempted to cast a slur upon your characters because of your ungodliness.' '*Who do you call ungodly?*' shouted several voices. I replied, 'All of you who dare uphold the man who calls another a swindler, because he belongs to Christ. You are against being called ungodly, and yet you call others swindlers and thieves; and for why, my friend? Because they wish to tell you of the love of Christ, and are anxious for the salvation of those who have no anxiety for themselves, because they remind you that in the midst of life we are in death; because they wish to impress on your minds that the wages of sin is death, and, finally, because one of these wanted to tell you how Christ died for such as we are, you cry, away with him, down with him! Jolly dogs, to serve a man like that! Covetous dogs, I deem you, for you held the sway for 30 miles, and whether the Christian liked your songs or not, you drove them down his throat. And what is your excuse? You say that the place and the circumstances are not proper for religion—how do you support what you say? Did not the Lord come to call sinners? Are there none here? Where did he go to find them? Was it not among all classes? Did he confine his teachings to the Sabbath day only? But you say holy things ought not to be spoken of here; if not here, where then? Surely such things are needed where dying men are led away by the pleasures of the world, and sing and laugh as though they were to live here for ever. Let me ask those who were so ready to talk about fitness and place—will you be found in the house of God to-morrow? Will you go thither to return thanks to God for bringing you home in safety, assuming, of course, that you will leave this boat safely, of which none of us can be certain. If death should seize upon you here, how will you stand before God, out of Christ? Believe me, my friends, no Christian man wishes to mar your pleasure, nay, he is only desirous to point you to the source of the truest pleasure, which is only to be found in religion. The guide to it is that Old Book which my friend tried to read to you, and at which you scoffed, yet how you have proved its truth this day, for it says if you are of the world the world will love its own, but if not of the world then they will hate you. When I stood up you were all for me; you said 'I was one of your sort.' You set me down for a jolly dog, but, like the apostle of old, I caught you with guile. God forbid that I should mar your pleasure on your return home from your holiday. God loves to make us happy, or he would not have sent Christ to die for us. He is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. O you jolly dogs, you are glad when its Susan's Sunday out.

Don't make a mistake in supposing the Christian is a stranger to the world; he, like you, lived for a time without Christ. He could sing foolish songs, and act so as to make the virtuous blush; but then he was blind, like you, but now he sees. May God in his mercy open your eyes to see that, whatever your natural state, be it of the most refined, or of the baser sort, Christ says, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. '*Then what becomes of morality*,' shouted a voice. 'Thank God for your question. Here is one who thinks to save himself with an armful of morality: his question declares it. Christ says, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God, so overboard with your morality as the ground of your salvation. God knows that all men need to be saved. Listen to his invitation:—'Let the wicked forsake his way,' etc. Now remember, turn to God or not, we shall all appear at the judgment seat of Christ. Now is the time to seek salvation; if you seek it you will find it, and with it obtain the 'peace that passeth understanding.' Now, my jolly dogs, I know you can sing, shall we have one of *our* songs this time? '*Hear, hear.*' Up came a missionary, and we sang, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' and then he read from Matthew the story of the men who built their houses, one on the sand and the other on the rock. When the captain shouted 'ease her,' we were passing the Tower. As I got down, a gentleman asked pardon for opposing me; another asked if I was not Dick Weaver. The jolly dogs surrounded me, shook me by the hand, and asked where I preached. I replied, 'To-morrow, God willing, I shall be on the Seven Dials with a dozen more swindlers like myself; my congregation will not be so respectable as I have had to-day, but quite as well behaved.' Then up came the boatswain. 'God bless you, sir,' said he, 'for the words of comfort you have spoken this afternoon, I believe they will tend to the salvation of my soul. I have attended all sorts of places of worship, but never saw or understood salvation as I have done to-day.' Last of all, up came the preacher who had been cried down; he seized my hand, and said, 'God bless you, brother. I have never seen the devil so completely floored as I have done this afternoon; for an hour-and-a-half you have preached Christ to the people amidst profound attention, where is your chapel, brother?' 'My good friend, I am not a preacher, but am simply a Christian, a member of Dr. Brock's. I saw you hounded down, and so jumped up for the Master's cause. He evidently was on board, and so cheered me on; let him take the glory. I can understand now how it was my wife prevailed upon me to come home by this boat.' Thus with pleasant smiles from all classes, I passed out of the boat."

Gideon Ouseley.*

THE gifted author of "The Tongue of Fire" has found a subject after his own heart in the life of Gideon Ouseley, and has done full justice to the materials at his command. The story of such a life was worth telling, and Mr. Arthur was just the man for the task. Having to deal with "twenty-eight MSS. books, besides numbers of lesser documents, copies of writings, *and so on*," he could have produced several volumes with great ease; but feeling "it would be a dis-service to the cause of God to bury Gideon Ouseley in a big book," he has compressed the loving labour of eighteen months into a single volume of some three hundred pages. "Every page," says Mr. Arthur, "will go out with prayers, that it may be the means of raising up other Gideon Ouseleys."

Born in 1762, at Dunmore, Gideon grew up under the conflicting influence of a sceptical father and a godly mother. With that wonderful tact which none but an anxious mother can display, she instilled into his mind Christian truth, by employing him to read to her from Young's "Night Thoughts," Tillotson's "Sermons," and the Bible. The father's scepticism was no match for the mother's simple, ardent piety, and her moral qualities greatly influenced the character of the boy. The men who rise to greatness are, for the most part, more indebted to their mother than their father. The child of a pious mother rarely goes far astray; but, of course, there are some sad exceptions to the rule.

His father, with an inconsistency difficult to explain, "meant to make Gideon a parson," but the influence of godless squires so led the young man astray by hunting, gambling, and dissipation, that the idea had to be abandoned. The accidental discharge of a fowling-piece in a drunken brawl, as he was passing down the street, deprived him of the sight of one eye, and it was during the enforced leisure, which his sickness occasioned, that the memories of forgotten truths were revived, and their power felt. His young wife longed for his reformation, for she was weary of the hard lot which his dissipation entailed. "Wise with the many reflections of his retirement, and strong in the purpose to be good, he once more set foot on the highway of life. He had not travelled far, when the dismissed follies began to come about him again. His old comrades thought he was now all regained to them. No doubt his poor wife thought he was all lost, and lost for life. But neither could see what divine checks the new course of sinning had to contend against within the bosom of the sinner himself." "We seldom realize," adds Mr. Arthur, "how much God may be working in the heart of those who seem to be loosed from all restraint."

Gideon was for a long time in the border land of the two kingdoms, where the light of the one and the darkness of the other struggle for the mastery. In "this region of the shadow of death" he was the subject of a new experience, alternately drawn towards the light and driven back to a darkness which seemed to increase in density. If my reader

* The Life of Gideon Ouseley. By William Arthur. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row. 1876.

is traversing the same dreary pathway, "faint, yet pursuing," we would record one special promise for his encouragement: "then shall ye know if ye follow on to know the Lord."

At this crisis in Gideon's history, "a detachment of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards marched into the cavalry barracks at Dunmore." The quartermaster was a man of the same type as Hedley Vicars, and engaged the public room at the principal inn for evangelistic services. The novelty of the procedure excited the comments of both Catholics and Protestants alike, for the suspicion was entertained that there was some secret motive not yet discovered. "It was in April, 1791, that the powerful man of twenty-nine years of age, with one eye blind and the other full of shrewdness and roguery, came in and faced the quartermaster, determined to find him out." Unconsciously to himself this was another step toward light, liberty, and peace. He now became an habitual reader of the Bible; but his conflict was distressing, and the victory seemed doubtful. It was with him as with the diabolised youth of the gospel narrative, "while he was yet a coming the devil threw him down and tare him." He could not break the spell, however, which held him to the simple-minded folk who, in utter disregard of the soulless technicalities of a mere official ministry, told the story of their conversion and encouraged each other heavenward "What he had found was very far from being the discovery of a new religion; yet it was the discovery of a church in a new aspect as to Gideon Ouseley. Here was a church in a house, not a church with her tongue always tied, except when vicariously opened on Sunday in the pulpit; but a church seated at home like a joyful mother of children, with her sons and daughters holding free fellowship in family communion." It must be admitted that the class meeting, as described by Mr. Arthur, indicates and defines that social aspect of Christian life which is, to a great extent, ignored by other communions, to their serious detriment.

Dorcas meetings and missionary working parties are sorry substitutes for the true Wesleyan class meeting in which every individual bears testimony to the gracious dealings of a faithful God with his own soul. The morbid introspection and analysis of spiritual emotions, and the tendency to indulge in self-complacent platitudes, indicate the Scylla and Charybdis of the Methodist Institution, but the risk only affects the members themselves; as far as we can learn, the reputation of others is in no danger of being assailed as is the case, we know, in too many of the social meetings of other dissenting communions.

"Thus agitated, and yet led onwards, Mr. Ouseley was now nearing the foot of the cross. His views of God's plain way of mercy were still far from clear, but he had a dawning knowledge that salvation was of grace alone, through the merit of Christ alone, and received by faith alone. The bitterness of his sin and its burden became more and more intolerable. He would cry; 'Oh God! My wicked nature! Fain would I be made a new creature, but, I can no more do this for myself than I can touch the stars or create a world.'" In telling the story of his conversion, in his sermons, he would say, "I saw Jesus—Jesus the Saviour of sinners—Jesus the Saviour for me. I saw him as the gift of the love of God to me. Jesus loved me, and gave himself for me;

and the hardness of my heart all passed away. It melted at the sight of that love of God to me, and I knew—yes, I knew—that God had forgiven me all my sins; and my soul was filled with gladness, and I wept for joy."

We have thus lingered over the toils and triumphs of a seeker after God, with the hope and prayer that the story may prove helpful to others who are engaged in the same blessed quest. As to the kingdom of heaven, so to the kingdom of God on earth, the same truth applies—"Through much tribulation ye shall enter."

Gideon was not long in proving the reality of his conversion. "All admitted the wonderful moral improvement, and, so far as that was concerned, were delighted; but his zeal was very objectionable, and still more so his Methodism." As the kingdom of darkness projects its dreary shadows far into the kingdom of God's dear Son, we are not surprised that the young convert should feel their chilling, blighting influence. "Shortly after the late gracious manifestation I had received," he says, "darkness came upon me, and I thought of St. Paul's fasting. I resolved to try to fast three days. I did so, and found no pain on account of the fast, and continued three more days doing so, and did not eat a morsel, or even drink a drop of water, during those six days, till I received the Sacrament in the church on Sunday, and all through the time I felt sweetness as if I had been drinking honey." When a soul is aroused from its death slumber, and heaven's glory stands revealed, no sacrifice is too great to secure the deep blessedness of joy and peace. He now began to feel the resistless impulse of the constraining love of Christ to publish the glad tidings of salvation. And when he thought of his own ignorance and unworthiness, he was saved from playing the coward by a voice which reached his conscience, "Do you not know the disease?" "Oh yes, Lord, I do." "And do you not know the cure?" "Oh yes, glory be to thy name, I do." "Go, then, and tell them these two things, the disease and the cure; never mind the rest; the rest is only talk." His first address was given in the parish burial ground on the occasion of a neighbour's funeral, and having tasted the sweets of service, he continued his efforts. The new curate, who was "neither sober nor moral," denounced the irregular labours and strange doctrines of his parishioner from the pulpit, but Gideon stood up in his pew, and urged a just defence. The curate replied—"Only that you are John Ouseley's son, I would do as the law empowers me—fine and confine you, sir."

His family felt disgraced by this rash display of zeal, and "his father insisted that he should give up preaching, or he would disown him. He gently replied, that to give offence was no design of his, but at any risk he would obey God rather than man." The enthusiasm of a young Christian, in the first ardour of a divine love, is not to be controlled by the nice proprieties of social etiquette, nor quenched by the threats of family displeasure. A parish water-cart may spend itself within prescribed limits, but God's aerial reservoirs recognise no parochial boundary. A caged squirrel may be contented with the revolutions of its cylindrical prison, but in its native freedom a forest is none too large. "All the world" is the area of the apostolic communion. "Every creature," the limit of evangelical solicitude. "Go,"

is the plain command urged with a touching emphasis, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!"

Having had the advantages of a very fair education, Gideon's logic was more than a match for the superstition of his infatuated fellow countrymen. Meeting, on one occasion, a man who had been on a pilgrimage to the "Reek," as the majestic cove of Croagh-patrick is called, which stands on the south of Clew Bay—the mountain from which St. Patrick gave all the venomous reptiles their final orders to depart from the Emerald Isle, and "to bury themselves in the depths of the sea," he asked him where he had been.

"To the Reek," was the reply—the distance being four-score miles.

"What were you doing there, poor man?"

"Looking for God, sir."

"On what part of the hill did you expect to find him?"

The poor fellow replied, with tears in his eyes, "I did not think of that, sir."

Mr. Ouseley then put the question, "Where is God?" to which the reply naturally was, "Everywhere;" and now came out the point—

"When the sun is up, where, in Ireland, is the daylight?"

Of course the poor pilgrim replied, "Sure, sir, it is everywhere."

"So, then, it is about your own cabin as much as in any place. Would it not, then, be a strange thing for you to go four-score miles, and bruise your poor feet so, *looking for the daylight?*"

The man paused. "Oh, the Lord help us, sir, and sure I never saw the folly of it before. I will never take another pilgrimage."

We confess to a feeling of regret that Bunyan, in his immortal allegory, did not bring the burdened pilgrim back to his own door and there reveal the cross to his wondering gaze, the sight of which dispossessed him of the load.

When the Irish Conference resolved upon the formation of a mission to the Irish-speaking population, Gideon Ouseley was appointed one of its first agents, and laboured in connection with Charles Graham—a man of kindred spirit.

"Without hesitation," he says, "I unreservedly rendered myself, my all, to the Lord, to labour as he should help me." It was far better that he should go forth as the recognised agent of a society, than continue to itinerate without reference to any organisation of fellow-workers. His brethren honoured him with their confidence, and very wisely conceded that degree of personal liberty, without which his manly spirit would have fretted under the restraints imposed. His daring would have brought him into very serious scrapes, had he not brought rare tact to bear upon the emergency. "As the shoeless creatures, who had been praying and making offerings, perhaps for the forgiveness of sins, perhaps for the recovery of a sick cow, straggled in little groups along the road, they would expect to exchange a courteous, 'God save your honour!' with the gentleman on horseback, but were probably surprised when the horses were reined up, and 'broadcloth' began to talk 'frieze' in the kindest tones, and in the best Irish. They did not suspect heresy in that tongue; indeed, probably, they believed that Satan himself could never speak it. Therefore their ears were open. They were told of one who loved the like of

them so much that he came from heaven to seek them, and that he would forgive all their iniquities, and heal all their diseases." But his Irish brogue was not always such a potent charm, and he and his companion were assailed with missiles—the weak arguments of an ignorant mob. Rough usage did not divert him from his all-absorbing aim. His good humour broke down a great deal of opposition, and rallied many a true friend to his side. When he had succeeded in clearing the mud from his mouth on one occasion, he conquered his assailants with the shrewd question addressed to the bystanders, "Now boys, did I deserve that?" The priests incited their ignorant followers to oppose the Evangelists, but with very poor success, for their disinterested labours appealed to their better judgment, and the opposition was soon abandoned. The nature of their work is well described in one of Gideon's sentences: "We stormed the little towns as we rode along, sounding a brief but loud call to repentance." There is something truly apostolic in this mode of procedure, and indicates a method of usefulness too much neglected in our rural villages. Mr. Graham writing of their mission, says, "Even in places where we expected nothing but persecution, we saw the people weeping and praying in the streets." We quote the following from Gideon's journal—"Closed the week's labour, and lay down weary and worn, yet happy in God. And what on earth can equal this? What king can boast such true, substantial, and solid happiness? Ye are kings, saith the apostle; yes, and more than kings; happier than any, and moving in a grander sphere; ambassadors for Christ to immortal souls."

Mr. Arthur says of Ouseley and Graham, they coursed all Ireland through, as perhaps no two men did before, travelling uncounted thousands of miles. The same missiles had whizzed about their ears, and the same blessings lighted on their heads. During the six years, the Methodist societies in Ireland had increased from 16,277 members to 23,321.

In illustration of the rare tact he displayed, Mr. Arthur gives the following incidents, proving that the children of this world have not all the wisdom on their side:—

"Before many sentences had been uttered, missiles began to fly—at first, not of a very destructive character, being refuse vegetables, potatoes, turnips, etc.; but before long harder materials were thrown—brickbats and stones, some of which reached him and inflicted slight wounds. He stopped, and, after a pause, cried out, 'Boys dear, what's the matter with you to-day? Won't you let an old man talk to you a little?' 'We don't want to hear a word out of your old head,' was the prompt reply from one in the crowd, 'But I want to tell you what, I think, you would like to hear.' 'No, we'll like nothing you can tell us.' 'How do you know? I want to tell you a story about one you all say you respect and love.' 'Who's that?' 'The blessed Virgin.' 'Och, and what do *you* know about the blessed Virgin?' 'More than you think; and I'm sure you'll be pleased with what I have to tell you, if you'll only listen to me.' 'Come, then,' said another voice, 'let us hear what he has to say about the Holy Mother.' And there was a lull, and the missionary began: 'There was once a young couple to be married, belonging to a little town called Cana. It's away in

that country where our blessed Saviour spent a great part of his life among us; and the decent people whose children were to be married thought it right to invite the blessed Virgin to the wedding feast, and her blessed Son too, and some of his disciples; and they all thought it right to come. As they sat at table, the Virgin Mother thought she saw that the wine provided for the entertainment began to run short, and she was troubled lest the decent young people should be shamed before their neighbours; and so she whispered to her blessed Son, 'They have no wine.' 'Don't let that trouble you, ma'am,' said he. And in a minute or two after, she, knowing well what was in his good heart, said to one of the servants that was passing behind them, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' Accordingly, by-and-by, our blessed Lord said to another of them—I suppose they had passed the word among themselves—'Fill those large water-pots with water.' (There were six of them standing in a corner of the room, and they held nearly three gallons apiece, for the people of those countries use a great deal of water every day.) And remembering the words of the holy Virgin, they did his bidding, and came back and said, 'Sir, they are full to the brim.' 'Take some, then, to the master, at the head of the table,' he said. And they did so, and the Master tasted it, and, lo and behold you! it was wine, and the best of wine too! And there was plenty of it for the feast, ay, and, it may be, some left to help the young couple setting up house-keeping. And all that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the blessed Virgin, and doing what she bid them. Now, if she was here among us this day, she would give just the same advice to every one of us, 'Whatsoever *he* saith to you, do it;' and with good reason too, for well she knows there is nothing but love in his heart to us, and nothing but wisdom comes from his lips. And now I'll tell you some of the things he says to us. He says, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will strive to enter in, and shall not be able.' And straightway the preacher briefly, but clearly and forcibly, expounded the nature of the gate of life, its straitness, and the dread necessity for pressing into it, winding up with the Virgin's counsel, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' In like manner he explained, and pressed upon his hearers, some other of the weighty words of our divine Lord,—'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;' and, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.'—enforcing his exhortation in each instance by the Virgin's counsel to the servants at Cana. 'But no,' at last he broke forth, 'no; with all the love and reverence you pretend for the blessed Virgin, you won't take her advice, but will listen willingly to any drunken schoolmaster that will wheedle you into a public-house, and put mischief and wickedness into your heads.' Here he was interrupted by a voice, which seemed to be that of an old man, exclaiming, 'True for you, true for ye! If you were tellin' lies all the days of your life, it's the truth you're tellin' now.' And so the preacher got leave to finish his discourse with not a little of good effect."

"One fine summer's day, Mr. Ouseley saw some men cutting peat. He said, 'What are you doing, boys?' 'We are cutting turf, sir,' was the reply. 'Sure, you don't require it this fine weather?' 'No, sir,

we don't want it now, but we will want it in the cold days of winter, and in the long nights.' 'And won't it be time enough to cut it when you want it, and let the winter provide for itself?' 'Oh, *muisha*, sir, it would be too late then.' It will be readily seen that he had been working for a text, and having now got it would proceed with his sermon."

"Mr. Ouseley used to relate the following illustrations of his manner in dealing with Roman Catholics. He reports as an eyewitness. Conversing with a Romanist, Mr. Ouseley learns that he has been at confession; 'And what good do you get from that, my child?' 'Och, and I get plenty, your riverence. I get absolution, and everything is put right for my soul.' 'And how long does it last, my child?' 'Och, and shure enough, not long; for I'm soon back to my ould ways, and I'm in need of absolution again.' 'And so, my child, you're no better. Your old sin has still the old power over you. You're not cured. Don't you see that? You're not cured. Now, suppose you had the falling sickness, and that you had tried every way that you could think of for a cure; but you're no better—rather worse. One day a man comes to your village, and sends word round by the bellman that he has a never-failing cure for the falling sickness. 'Och,' you think, 'I may be cured after all!' and you're very glad, and away you go to him with your money; and you find him with a robe and a ribbon upon him; and he asks you a lot of questions; then he says some words in a strange tongue, and waves his hands over you, and tells you you're cured. That would make you happy, Asthore, and you'd pay him his fee; and as you went home, your heart would be light, and you'd be saying, 'I'm cured—I'm cured at last!' But just as you're reaching your house, the old fit comes on, and you fall down at your own door. Would you call that a cure?' 'Troth no, your riverence.' 'Would'nt you be ready to run back, and call the man a cheat, and require him to restore your money?' And then he would preach Jesus, the Saviour from both guilt and sin, until the wondering dupe was brought to understand the difference between the imposture and the healing power as it is in Jesus."

"As he was preaching in a fair, 'a furious mob of roughs' came, intent on mischief. Some friends tried to form a 'close circle' round him for his protection; and this indication of intended defence increased the violent excitement of the advancing mob. Mr. Ouseley immediately with a loud voice, addressed those nearest him—'Make way for the gintlemen;' and then with perfect courtesy of manner, looking at the surprised roughs, he said, 'Come forward, gintlemen, I want to speak to you on important business.' This reception was so unexpected, and the mode of address so novel, that they were quite disarmed, and their leader hushed them to quiet, and quite respectfully approached the preacher. 'You saw Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest?' 'Yes, your riverence.' 'Will you carry a message to him for me?' 'To be sure, your riverence.' 'Well, take Gideon Ouseley's compliments to the reverend father, and ask him, Can he make a fly? not the fly that they put on the fishing-hook; but one of those little things buzzing about our ears.' 'It's no use, your riverence,' said two or three at once; 'shure, we know he couldn't.' 'What! is it Father O'Shaughnessy, the parish priest, cannot make one of these little flies' 'Och,

and shure, he could do nothing of the kind!' several voices good-humouredly shouted. 'Ah, then, gintlemen, if you're sure he couldn't make a little fly out of a bit of clay, how could he make the blessed Saviour out of a bit of bread?' 'True for your riverence,' several said gravely. So he proceeded to show the absurdity and impossibility of transubstantiation."

"Dr. Doyle, one of the popular Roman Catholic bishops, had published his view that purgatory was paradise. 'My Roman Catholic brethren,' said Mr. Ouseley, 'you have heard much about purgatory, and it has cost you a great deal. Perhaps the priest never told you where it is.' 'Arrah, sure he didn't,' was the immediate response. 'Well, listen, and I'll tell you. You know Dr. Doyle? Well, Dr. Doyle says paradise is purgatory. Aren't you sure *he's* right? Then we'll take for granted he is. You know the blessed apostle St. Paul says paradise is in the third heavens. And sure *the apostle* must be right. Then, we'll take for granted they are both right. If paradise is purgatory, and paradise is in the third heavens, *ergo*, purgatory is in the third heavens! Now, ye fools, go and sell your yarn, your cattle, and your pigs, and give your money to the priest, to bring your friends out of the third heavens!'"

The advice which Gideon Ouseley gave a young man on receiving an appointment and asking for a "plan," reveals the principle on which he himself acted. "I have no plan to give you, my son; the country is before you; go into every open door and, if permitted, preach or exhort and pray, proclaiming the grand truths of our holy Christianity; and while you thus preach with divine power and the love of God burning in your heart, you will never want hearers." The Saviour's commission on Olivet, uttered with the pathos of a friend's request rather than the sternness of a commander's order, is the disciples' warrant—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The disciple is not above his Lord, and he came to "SEEK and to save that which was lost."

Nothing but the Master's presence could cheer—nothing but his grace sustain this sturdy champion of his cross. On the first day of his seventy-eighth year, and the fortieth of his ministry, he preached four times and met the class without being fatigued, and said he felt as able to labour in his Lord's work as he did twenty years before. He was not the only labourer in the vineyard who had verified the promise,—"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." But it was time for him to go home, for his work was done.

"Alas! for us if thou wert all,
And nought beyond of earth!"

The home beyond had filled his vision, and his heart was drawn upwards by the cords of a Saviour's love. "I have no fear of death. The Spirit of God sustains me. God's Spirit is my support." These were the last words which fell from his lips, and with heaven's peace to tranquilize his mind, and a Saviour's smile lighting up his soul, one of the best sons of Erin was gathered to the grave of his fathers, and the home of his God. "The one cry that seems to rise from every period of the labouring life of Ouseley is—Evangelize! Evangelize! Evangelize!"

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

John Knox—Reformer and Hero.

(*Continued from page* 82.)

THE Reformation was in a sense an accomplished fact when the young and beautiful Mary Queen of Scots came from France to ascend the throne of her ancestors. Unfortunately she fostered the notion which had undone the Regent—that her weak arm would be able to repress the Protestant heresy. By this time the nation was thoroughly awakened, and the people not only discarded the shackles of superstition, but showed a determined boldness in demolishing what Knox called "the nests of the crows." Sanguine and perverse in temperament, with all the prejudices in her mind which a French education could engender, Mary was not likely to realise the universality of the recent religious revolution, and hence she miscalculated her power. The queen has found many sympathisers, and much has been said about the harsh treatment accorded to her youthful royalty by unfeeling northmen; but those who cavil would not have found it easy to have been prodigally magnanimous in those times when the foe was ever vigilant, and dangers lurked on all sides. "I maintain," says a sagacious writer, "that in the state of men's spirits at that time, if a Huguenot queen had come to take possession of a Roman Catholic kingdom, with the retinue with which Mary came to Scotland, the first thing they would have done would have been to arrest her; and if she had persevered in her religion, they would have procured her degradation by the Pope, thrown her into the inquisition, and burned her as a heretic." When Mary entered the realm the monks and clergy were utterly disreputable in the eyes of the people, while the Reformers were showing an extraordinary industry in supplying the wants of the times. Schools were being established in various parts of Scotland, and the people were instructed by every available means until a sufficient number of preachers could be sent out into the highways and byeways of the country. The transition from darkness to light was remarkably rapid; there was no show of compromise as was the case in England, and from those days to the present Scotland has shown the sincerity of her conversion by holding fast to the truth. The Scottish Reformers were the chosen vessels of heaven; wherever they went it was as if the voice of God preceded them—"Let there be light, and there was light."

Knox and his hard-working co-patriot John Craig, became prominent citizens of Old Edinburgh, which then contained no considerable place of worship besides the cathedral church of St. Giles. In that spacious structure a congregation of three thousand people or more assembled weekly, and when the onerous labours of so large a pastorate pressed too heavily upon the Reformer, Craig became his colleague, and the two walked in harmony together. John Craig is a most interesting character in all respects; for his tragic adventures and hair-breadth escapes constitute a really piquant chapter in the history of the Scottish Reformation. Born early in the century, he was about seven years younger than Knox, and after being educated at St. Andrews, he procured a tutorship in a nobleman's family, after which he passed some

time as a monk among the Dominicans of his native country. He was of a liberal, inquisitive temperament, and becoming suspected of harbouring Protestant opinions, he soon found himself in prison, and on regaining his freedom he fled to the Continent, disgusted with the almost universal corruption of the Scotch church. Craig joined the fraternity of the Dominicans at Bologna, and in that monastery his conversion was completed. In the library he discovered a copy of Calvin's "Institutes," which he read with avidity, his mind becoming so enlightened with the exercise that he discarded Popery, forsook the cloisters, and again assumed a tutorship in a family of distinction. Ranking now as an unmistakable heretic, Craig was pounced upon by the Inquisition, was tried, and condemned to death ; but on the night before he was to have been burned the Pope died, the prisons of Rome were thrown open, and though heretics were not allowed to get away, Craig with some others escaped into the suburbs. At an inn where they sought refuge, situated a short distance from Rome, the party were overtaken by a troop of soldiers, when the last spark of hope must have expired had not the officer recognised in Craig a friend who had shown him kindness in a former time of distress, and, by way of repayment, the Roman allowed the Scotchman to escape, giving him money for present wants. He travelled through Italy, warily avoiding the public highways until his money failed, and he seemed to be reduced to as pitiful a strait as were Hagar and Ishmael in the desert. Alone and without hope, as it seemed, he sat down to think about his forlorn condition and to plan what should next be done, when a dog in a pleased and fawning mood, and carrying a purse of money in its mouth, mysteriously approached the Reformer's lonely resting-place. At first Craig was somewhat alarmed, thinking the owner of the dog might be near, and anxious only to play a practical joke, but seeing at length that no mischief was intended, he took the heaven-sent bounty and reached Vienna in safety. At Vienna he found steadfast friends, even attracting by his preaching the notice of the Emperor Maximilian, who gave the wanderer a safe conduct to England in spite of the Pope's demand for his surrender. Passing through this country, Craig finally reached Edinburgh, where he was cordially welcomed by the Scotch Reformers. Having been absent from Scotland for about a quarter of a century, he found himself only able to speak his native language very imperfectly, and on this account he preached for a time in Latin, his chapel standing in the Cowgate, and being no other than the "Crosse House," which is at present the home of the Medical Mission. Craig must soon have regained what he had forgotten of his mother tongue, for he became a powerful preacher and a pillar of the Reformation in Old Edinburgh.

In the meantime Knox fulfilled the difficult duties of his situation with consummate ability. As a conscientious patriot he was celebrated for his honest out-spokenness, and when need arose he could show himself a subtle casuist. The Reformer has been so persistently misrepresented as an unfeeling barbarian who could maintain his rigidity in the presence of "youth, beauty, and royal dignity," that many, without inquiring further, have taken their opinions from the misleading pages of Hume. Yet, if we study closely and fairly the bearing of Knox in the presence of the Queen, we shall not readily

detect anything which a kind nature would have modified. Knox was of an eminently transparent character, and none were able to say that they were ever misled by his honest, straightforward boldness. As lovers of British fair-play we are bound to concede a due share of honour to the man who could retain his self-possession, and lose sight of self, when assailed by such insinuating enemies, and by such subtle weapons as were used against him. He might have been excused had he quailed before the sharp questionings and royal frowns of the Queen, or had he stood cowed before the savage threats of armed enemies. He is to be honoured that he did not lose his balance when subjected to the silvery compliments and fawning smiles of Mary, who, for once mistaking the power of her charms, found that the hero was perfectly proof against "The Monstrous Regiment of Women." Again and again is the Reformer commanded to appear in the royal presence at Holyrood, and when neither courtly reproofs nor cunning coercion exercise any influence, he is summoned before the Privy Council to answer a charge of preaching against the court. In every one of these trying situations Knox appears to advantage; and research into the dusky records of those days will show that in his every-day language, and in the still more telling language of his actions, he was uniformly anxious to honour the gospel of Christ.

While the reformed doctrines were finding their way into every corner of the land, the tactics of Rome were diverting on account of their sheer absurdity. The word-pictures which were published concerning Knox and his character in general were savagely ludicrous, and would be particularly suggestive to any artist who might be trying his pencil on a study of the arch-fiend and his less known allies. When anything tragic or unfortunate happened they were certain to be ready with an interpretation. When, in 1561, the steeple of St. Paul's, in London, was fired by lightning the Papists pronounced the calamity to be a judgment on the Protestant city; for the bones of divers saints were buried there to protect the church from these passing dangers. The diverse treatment accorded to the two queens showed the temper of the times, besides warning Romish plotters not to be too venturesome in playing out their game. Elizabeth was enthusiastically cheered on all occasions; Mary was an unwilling learner, or the good people of Edinburgh would have taught her to beware how she courted the punishment of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, by offering strange fire to heaven, the strange fire the heresies of the man of sin.

The events of Scottish church history followed each other at this time with interesting rapidity, and over many things, tragic and otherwise, belonging to the chronicle there hangs a shroud of mystery. In times of transition like this Reformation epoch disputes were sure to run high, and many discussions which we should think trivial, distracted the minds of both rulers and nobles. The shock of dissension in England also reached Edinburgh; for in England the fathers of Puritanism were beginning to secede from that system of compromise with Rome—the Church of England. As time wore on the character of the Scottish Queen gradually developed, and her French education bore the most unwelcome fruits. Mary was a dissembler, and understood perfectly well the power of a beautiful face, fawning words, and deceitful smiles.

She was blindly attached to Romanism and priestcraft, and when her infatuated policy culminated in some dismal tragedy she artfully provoked sympathy by her tears and passionate expressions. There can be no doubt that the personal charms of Mary have much influenced her apologists; for in the present state of human nature, that "Youthful grace and royal dignity," which so captivated the mind of Hume, may be made to hide a multitude of sins. Happily we are able to take account of the Queen's actions without being biassed either by Popery, or by that foolish chivalry which vindicates an unjust cause because it happens to be that of a handsome woman. Mary was the slave of Rome, and in order to advance the interests of "the church" we see her making a confidant of the fanatical Italian, Rizzio, whose untimely end was the result of the immodest preference of his royal mistress, no less than of his native presumption and insolence. Such a pest was Rizzio to the Protestant church that the most godly Reformers regarded his removal to be both a mercy and a judgment. Fickle-minded as she was personally lovely, the royal vixen looked coldly on her husband after the murder of her contemptible favourite. Dark misgivings cloud our mind when we ask, Had she any share in that second tragedy which soon after shocked Old Edinburgh, when a mysterious explosion destroyed the house where the unfortunate Darnley was lying? At this time, while one crisis was succeeding another with awful rapidity in Scotland, Knox was in England, viewing from afar the current of events in his beloved native land. Perhaps he judged that the crisis of Mary's ruin had come; but he had still a discerning eye to detect, and a trenchant wit to describe, the foibles of Elizabeth. The English Queen never forgave the plain-spoken Reformer his offence in publishing "The First Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women;" and though the author had some regard for Her Britannic Majesty, he was too honest to offer compliments where they were not due. He said she was "Neither gude Protestant nor yet resolute Papist; let the world juge quhilk is the third." Perhaps the far-gone Ritualists of our favoured and enlightened era might answer this perplexing query.

As Knox's busy life drew nigh to its close his peace was invaded by many cares and threatening dangers, consequent on the murder of the "good Regent Murray." The distress which that atrocious crime occasioned the Reformer was shared by everyone who was zealous for the truth. Days of fearful portent settled over the country when Murray fell; and, worn out rather by work and privation than by age, Knox was obliged to fly from Edinburgh and take refuge from his enemies in Saint Andrew's. It is no less reassuring than delightful to find him, faithful to the last, and rejoicing in the prospect of inheriting the promises.

An expression used by Knox in his last days reminds us of an interesting episode in his life during the reign of Edward the Sixth. When one corruption after another crept into the English as well as the Scotch church, Knox was led to thank God that he was "not a lord bishop, but a painful preacher of the gospel." When accused in his old age of harbouring sinister motives he was able to remind his enemies that in former years he had refused rich preferment in the English Establishment

for conscience sake. During the reign of the godly young king, as Edward the Sixth is repeatedly called, Knox would probably have become Bishop of Rochester had he been sufficiently enamoured of Episcopacy to accept so equivocal an honour. The Duke of Northumberland, as he lay upon his sick bed, "ill at ease," exercised his ingenious brain in thinking out various plans for furthering the prosperity of both the church and the country generally, and a curious letter, "scribbled in bed," addressed to Cecil, has been discovered since Dr. McCrie published the Reformer's "Life," which contains the following sentences:—"I would to God it might please the King's majesty to appoint Mr. Knox to the office of Rochester bishopric, which for three purposes should do very well. The first, he would not only be a whetstone to quicken and sharp the Bishop of Canterbury, whereof he hath need, but also he would be a great confounder of the Anabaptists lately sprung up in Kent." Taking into consideration his princely revenue, and the consequent temptation to luxury and indolence, we should expect no other than that an archbishop should need a neighbourly brother "to quicken and sharp" him; and that the Baptists of Kent in the sixteenth century were sufficiently prosperous to attract the opposition of leading statesmen is at least a gratifying piece of history. It is while unearthing such things as these that we open what Dr. Lorimer thinks is the first chapter in the story of English Puritanism. "We are now, then," he says, "fully in presence of the very remarkable fact, that for four years after the issue of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI.—*i.e.*, from 1549 to 1553—the border counties of England were exempted from the obligation of conformity to the authorised liturgy of the national church, and that the Puritan forms of worship and sacramental administration were in use in several at least of their most important parish churches. John Knox preached, and prayed, and dispensed the sacraments during all these years entirely according to his own views of Scripture warrant and prescription, not only statedly for two years at Berwick, and for two years more in Newcastle, but also occasionally in Carlisle, and in many other places of the two most northern counties. And he used this Puritan freedom, not only with the full cognizance of the King and the Privy Council, but with their cordial recognition and support, manifested on more than one occasion when the enemies of his ministry endeavoured to discredit him and to bring his work among them to a close."

In the opening summer of 1572 Knox had arrived at the last stage of life; weak in body, weary in his work, he ardently desired to depart and be with his Lord. St. Andrew's was to him now a city of refuge, whither he had hastened to escape from the malice of the enemy. He was extremely weak; he could walk only with difficulty while a servant bore up his arm, yet when once he found himself in the pulpit he preached with an eloquence which thrilled the audience, and while in the act of speaking seemed to rise above mere physical weakness. A very striking experience was that of his last days, when he delivered his farewell message to the church of Scotland, whose prosperity to-day is a befitting sequel to the days of seed time and early promise. The close of Knox's chequered career was similar in some respects to the last chapter in the life of his great contemporary, Calvin. He was

heartily beloved by all the godly of the land, the admiring crowd still eagerly drank in his words. As his physical strength gave way, a smaller church than the cathedral of St. Giles was used as a place of assembly. The Reformer was enabled to return to Edinburgh, but, having separated from his assistant, Craig, a successor was appointed, and after the installation of this lecturer, Knox left the great church to enter it no more. The populace were exceedingly solicitous about his welfare, but the sad truth was too apparent that the end was near. His work was ended, and though, while lingering on the border land of a better country, he was subjected to the assaults of Satan, he uttered many joyous expressions in anticipation of what he called "winning the battle." Fairly judged in connection with all its surroundings his life was a most extraordinary career, abounding in incessant labours, dire privations, and hair-breadth escapes. His stormy voyage was succeeded by a great calm; there was light at eventide. The Reformer occupied a chamber in the antique house which the citizens of Edinburgh still religiously preserve as a relic of the days when Old Scotland broke her union with the man of sin. He lay in a state of great prostration, finding daily comfort in the 17th chapter of John's Gospel, the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and other favourite portions of the Word. While looking back on such a spectacle, on the man, and on his work, what can we say but "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The grateful hearts of two nations can now appreciate the words of Froude, when he says that our Reformer was "the representative of all that was best in Scotland. . . . No grander figure can be found in the entire history of the Reformation in this island than that of Knox." Men like Knox and Cromwell committed their all to God, and their characters have been abundantly vindicated.

Rebukes should be Timely.

WHY do our road-menders persist in putting down stones when the ground is hard and dry? We have known them throw down their flints in the middle of summer, or shoot down their granite during a hard frost. If I were a surveyor I think I should look out for rainy weather, and put on my materials when the ways had become soft, so that they might soon be amalgamated with the road.

Is there not another sort of road-mending for which we ought carefully to watch our opportunity? What is the good of rebuking a man when he is in an ill humour, or half-tipsy, or in a fit of obstinacy? Time your admonitions. Seize upon seasons when the heart is softened, and the mind is prepared to receive the kindly word. I have often thought the roads were worse instead of better after untimely repairs, and doubtless many men have been irritated into worse faults by words which were meant to amend their errors. "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." Wisdom is profitable to direct, and happy is that man who knows where to look for it. "A word fitly spoken how good it is."

A Schoolmaster's Story in Low London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WE have so often visited Golden-lane to pick up piquant stories, illustrative of life in London, or better still, narratives showing how grace triumphs by winning trophies in the darkest recesses of poverty, that we always feel justified in likening Mr. Orsman to a showman and his territory to a kaleidoscope. He himself has always some new thing to tell; and the district in which his influence is felt is continually revealing novelties of which the public likes to hear. Happily, the publication of our notes has not only supplied readers with novelties, but by such means the hands of the evangelist have been strengthened, and the mission treasury has been liberally replenished; for on one occasion an anonymous donor who had read an article in *The Sword and Trowel*,* as well as a paragraph relating to the work in a newspaper, sent a £1000 note by post to Mr. Orsman as a contribution to the building fund for new mission premises. Quite recently we paid two visits to the spot in question: on the first occasion we mixed with the throng who assemble in the hall on Sabbath evening; and on the second visit, on a week night, in a quiet upper room, we took down the life history of a single individual. After saying a word about the services we shall give the narrative at length.

It is a Sabbath evening in November, and the aspect of everything within and without doors tells us that Old Winter is early commencing his annual ascendancy. Violently does the wind sweep along the almost deserted streets of the suburbs, driving the rain against the windows and down the chimneys. From the distance we hear news of flood, disaster, and death, and even Father Thames, by a tide of unparalleled height, has inundated his banks, and spread consternation along his marshy shores. On such a night we set our face towards Golden-lane.

Passing on along the Hackney-road the tide of life thickens, the rain ceases to fall, and the full moon is rising over the great city. At Shoreditch the din of active life increases seven-fold; and a country visitor who should look upon it for the first time might suppose that Sunday in London was the noisiest day of the week. Yet amid the Babel of sounds, occasioned by street vehicles, trams, railway trains, and sundry shoutings, many are wending their way to the house of God. At this particular spot the call to prayer comes from the bells of Shoreditch Church, where a scanty audience assembles; and also from the new town hall where Mr. Cuff preaches Sabbath by Sabbath to two thousand persons. Onward we go through Old-street, pass that dread-inspiring institution, St. Luke's Hospital for lunatics, which seems to frown upon us through the moonlit atmosphere, and where we know many a wicked life has come to a sorry close. Further on, a little crowd of workingmen are seen clustering around the door of "The Hall of Science," *alias* the School of Blasphemy, Political Vandalism and Social Retrogression—

* "A Ramble into Golden-lane," April, 1873.

in a word, a place where subjects may speedily be prepared for the mad-house on the opposite side of the road. This is a heart-sickening sight, for infidelity is rampant here, and those who by laughing and scoffing at sacred themes would escape from themselves, are here trained in the arts of unbelief. Here at length, however, is Mr. Orsman's base of operations—Whitecross-street, Golden-lane, and their accompanying maze of courts, alleys and minor streets. Dark, sloppy, and forbidding, is the prospect as we turn down one opening and then into another, the only light seeming to come from the corner gin-shops, and from the flaming shop lights of a noisy fruiterer, who seems anxious to ruin his throat and lungs by bawling abroad the merits of his wares seven days a week without intermission.

The mission house is fast closed, although the time for commencing the usual Sabbath evening service has arrived, and this is explained by the fact that the old premises have no room large enough to accommodate the congregation. Until the new mission hall is provided, for which funds are being collected, the costers and their families assemble at the Forester's Institution in Wilderness-row, where seven hundred can be comfortably seated. On entering this building we find a respectable looking audience already in possession. Whatever the people may once have been, there are no signs now of a ragged church; and Mr. Orsman is one who does not at all believe in ragged Christians. No sooner does a man or a woman become converted by his means than rags, drink and squalor are instinctively laid aside as things of the past to be touched no more. There are those who insist that even the gospel is not a cure for drunkenness apart from total abstinence; but the church in Golden-lane has never been minished and brought low through its members relapsing into inebriety.

The service too closely resembled any other gospel service to render particular description necessary. As he had of late addressed his words chiefly to the unconverted, the preacher embraced the opportunity of saying something to a different class. Winter was upon them with its many trials, and the poor, the ailing, and the aged needed such consolation as was to be found in the word of God. The sermon was, therefore, a comforting sermon, founded on the prophet Daniel's narrative of how the Lord took care of his servants in the fire in ancient Babylon. Everything seemed to be very hearty, and the enthusiasm is sure to be genuine when converts, through their very poverty, all the more keenly realise the priceless blessings of the gospel. The prayer-meeting, which was subsequently held, was also a solemn heart-touching time, for it seemed as though only the already decided, or those who were earnestly seeking salvation, presumed to enter that room. A number of brief prayers were offered; Mr. Orsman explained the nature of conversion; an old lady of the poorest sort referred to what God had done for her in her poverty, and the Bible-woman spoke about the progress of her work. This is where the anxious come for direction, and, to judge by appearances, the Golden-lane mission is, after all, more than a match for the Old-street School of Blasphemy. We saw at least one young girl whose heart was breaking, and whose eyes were red with weeping on account of sin. A stout coster woman some time before cried out with startling emphasis, "Mr. Orsman, if I don't find Christ

to-night I shall die!" Converts are continually coming in, for the work is confessedly one of active aggression on the world. Such is Sunday night in Golden-lane, and a casual Christian visitor will find it good to be there. The scene cannot be looked upon without joy, such as causes tears to dim the eyes. It was like stepping forth from the mere parade of ordinary profession on to the actual battle-ground of the Church militant, where the warfare is directed by Him who promises victory to his servants.

For some years we have been acquainted with the Golden-lane schoolmaster, and have noticed that he is a man in whom good humour and energy are happily combined. Mr. Harwood's private opinion of himself is that he was admirably endowed by nature to excel as a professional clown, and that the grace of God alone has fitted him for something higher. Not averse to a frolic with the juveniles at the proper season, his companionship on high days and holidays is duly sought and prized by the scholars, who are, nevertheless, aware that they may not question the master's authoritative word at other times. We have met with him both in and ont of school; we have listened to his utterances in the costers' meetings both on week-days and on the Sabbath, and enough has been seen to prove that he is a man in love with his arduous calling. From other sources we learn that he has actually turned aside from attractive worldly paths for the sake of the mission work, and he is able to go about that work with the healthy enthusiasm of a man who believes that his service is a divinely appointed one. Mr. Orsman thought that the life of his friend and helper contained sufficient incident and adventure to be of interest to the public, and accordingly we have written the narrative.

Thomas Harwood's grandmother was first cousin to David Garrick, and to many this early fact will suffice to account for the schoolmaster's theatrical predilections. His father was parish clerk and Queen's tax-gatherer of Holy Trinity church in the Minories, but he died before Thomas was out of his infancy, leaving the family in tolerably good circumstances. During the first few months of his life, the future tutor and evangelist led a rather precarious existence. When one year of age he was on a certain occasion supposed to be dead, and was therefore laid out for burial, measured for a coffin, and would have been interred had not an elderly lady appeared on the scene with the timely injunction, "O you should never give 'em up!" and then proceeded to suit her actions to her words. She placed a piece of glass over his mouth, prepared a hot bath, and by such means soon surprised the bystanders by proving that she was dealing with a living child, and one that appeared to be awaking out of sleep. Many, afterwards valuable lives—that of Dr. Doddridge among others—have thus, as it were, hung on a thread at the time of their entrance on the world's great stage.

Mr. Harwood traces his family pedigree to the days of Elizabeth, the head of the house having been Sir Thomas Harwood, who in the days of Shakespeare and Spencer flourished in Leicestershire. Part of the unclaimed stock now lying at the Bank of England is supposed to be a remnant of the family property, and will be paid when an heir stands forward who can fairly establish his claim. In what family is there not some legend of enormous wealth wrongfully withheld?

Though his father died when Thomas was in his fourth year, the family was left in comfortable circumstances, until the father's death was followed by a still more dreadful calamity. A few weeks after the death of her husband Mrs. Harwood found her youngest child dead in its crib, and the sudden fright produced paralysis of the brain, and hence she has been an inmate of St. Luke's Hospital for nearly forty years. The home of the parish-clerk was now broken up, and Thomas was taken charge of by two maiden aunts, whose estates had been lost in litigation.

At this date Thomas Harwood's struggles in life really commenced. He was eight years old; and gloomy as was his outlook he faced the world with a courage beyond his years. His natural protectors were lone women without means, and he thought it was unreasonable for a strong child to be dependent on their uncertain earnings. He therefore went forth into the streets to seek his fortune, and before returning home he accepted a situation with a greengrocer and coal dealer, the business hours being from seven a.m. to ten p.m., with three additional hours on Saturdays. With some reluctance the kind old ladies allowed their little relative to engage in this excessive drudgery; for to borrow his own expression the wind had, hitherto, scarcely been allowed to blow on his face. The duties of the situation were far beyond the strength of a young child; but for two years, by dint of desperate effort, they were faithfully discharged, at a salary of two shillings a week. Though unable either to read or write he went his rounds regularly, collected orders, and entered his accounts in a book, hieroglyphics being used instead of the usual characters. After two years' service this situation was resigned in favour of an oil shop in the Kennington-road, where the remuneration was one shilling a week with board; but as no bed was included in the agreement he slept at a lodging-house, part of the expense being shared by his aunts. By day he still went his rounds, served in the shop, mixed paint, &c.; and by night his companions were none of the best. If, during these early years, Thomas Harwood was preserved from going wrong, he was preserved by the grace of God alone.

His third situation was in all respects more desirable, his employer being an elderly Christian woman who kept a stationery store in the Brixton-road, and the hire was three shillings and sixpence a week with tea. The time had now come for learning to read; and for the first time he listened to home readings from the Bible. It was of course quite contrary to the wishes of his kind aunts that Thomas's education was thus neglected, for though making no profession of religion the old ladies taught their nephew Watts's divine and moral songs, long before he was able to read. Beyond this he received no Christian training of any kind.

At the age of thirteen the family left the suburbs and settled in the city, where the sisters sought to relieve their necessities by working with the needle. Thomas had no situation, there was no immediate prospect of his obtaining one; but still as a young man of thirteen, who had already battled with the world for five years, he could not sit listlessly at home. He perambulated the streets in search of "a place," calling first at this warehouse and then at that, to receive the same

answer—"he was too little." At length a fellow lodger brought the news that a boy was wanted at a wholesale stationer's in Queenhithe; Thomas applied, he was engaged and remained in the situation for twenty years. He now began to attend the Sabbath-school of the Poultry Chapel, and he will have reason through eternity to be thankful that he was ever directed thither. Not that he was converted at once; for the time came when he thought himself too big to sit in class, and the bent of his mind was towards the theatre. To borrow our friend's own expression, he was "stage struck" at seventeen; he sang in character, and, being altogether theatrically inclined, he witnessed the performance of four or five plays a week, while he set his heart on adopting the stage as a profession. Thomas Harwood's family connections were of this school; he had been taken again and again to the theatre as a child of tender years, so that now his love for the drama amounted to a passion.

He was engaged in the warehouse of the wholesale stationer's when the great change of conversion occurred, and the instrument used by God in bringing home his truth to Thomas Harwood's heart was a Christian housemaid engaged in the same house of business. This girl set her face against the playhouse. "Would you like to die in a theatre?" she asked. The girl's manner of speaking showed her strong common sense; she spoke seriously too, as only a Christian can speak, and what she said left a deep impression on the young man's heart. For a time he stayed away from the theatre, but, stifling conscience, he went again, just for once. That was a critical time. God's Spirit was striving with the sinner and would not give him up. Conscience asserted its authority in a manner which showed it would not be trifled with or suppressed. The histrionic enthusiast was in his favourite haunt, but as he gazed on a fascinating scene the question came—*What if I should die here?* and if he turned his head in another direction the housemaid's words were still sounding in his ear—WHAT IF I SHOULD DIE HERE? Unable to endure the storm within, and feeling as apprehensive as Bunyan felt when he thought that the tower of Elstow would fall and crush so notorious a sinner, Thomas Harwood hastened from the place, for he "couldn't stand it" any longer. He was now really awakened; he began reading the Bible in earnest, and for six months endured the sufferings of a soul under deep conviction of sin. The Christian housemaid, who had been a friend of the family in more prosperous days, proved herself to be a friend-in-need. She it was who came forward with her sympathy and godly counsel, until the enquirer felt the burden fall from his shoulders, and found that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. At eighteen he joined the church at the Poultry Chapel, became a Sunday school teacher, and he still feels that he was lastingly benefited by the ministry and Christian advice of Dr. Spence.

Thomas Harwood being converted, openly professed his attachment to Christ, and was recognised as a Christian worker at the Poultry Chapel. He soon found that he must take up his cross, for many endeavours were made to bring about his fall, and to cast shame on his profession of the gospel. In the large stationery establishment, where he was rising yearly to a position of trust, his religion was

derided, and the knowing ones played the tempter in various diabolical ways. Coin would be secretly placed about the premises, now hidden under a mat, and now placed beneath a fender; and had this been pocketed, as the plotters hoped it would be, loud indeed would have been their laugh of scorn. Though annoyed at this treatment, young Harwood showed that he was more than a match for his opponents. "Look here, gentlemen!" he cried, in presence of the clerks, and also of one of the principals, "I find money put about in curious places where it could not roll. I think it is put there for me to take, or to test me, and therefore I give you notice that if I find any more I shall keep it." It is needless to say that no further troubles of this kind occurred.

After he joined the church, Mr. Harwood actively engaged in Christian work, both in connection with his own church and the old Golden-lane ragged school, which was instituted before the commencement of Mr. Orsman's mission. He once entered a thieves' kitchen for missionary purposes, when he was locked in by way of "a lark," and was only liberated by the inadvertence of a new comer, who was unaware of the fun in progress. He continued his voluntary efforts for some time longer, until he was prevailed on to resign the situation at Queenhithe, and to undertake the personal superintendence, as rent-collector, of the Golden-lane baths. These baths had living accommodation attached, and it was expected that the person in charge should seek to make known the gospel among the families occupying the floors. Something else was also expected;—if the rent was not regularly paid he was required to seize the tenants' goods, and to turn the poor people out of doors. As he happened to be of a genus not sufficiently hardy for this lawful practice, Mr. Harwood relinquished the appointment, and once more found himself without either friends or business on the streets of London.

During three weeks no work could be obtained, and the family was reduced to poverty. It was customary to call the household together for morning and evening prayer, and one day it was asked of the Lord that he would open the hedged-up path. Harwood rose from his knees and started on another ramble. He intended to walk as far as Fleet-street, but on seeing a large poster announcing that a political meeting was then being held in Guildhall, he said to himself, "I'll just go in here for a minute." A great crowd had assembled to hear the sentiments, patriotic and otherwise, of a number of gentlemen on the platform, who appeared to know of a panacea for all political and social evils, if people would but listen and act. "Hear, hear!" cried a free and independent voter from among the crowd. Our friend quickly turned his head, for the voice was a familiar one.

"Halloa! who'd have thought of seeing you here," said the gentleman.

"And who'd have thought of seeing you?" answered the other.

"I was coming up to you, to see if you could recommend me a man to do a job," continued the voter.

"Yes, I think I can recommend you one; I want a job myself—I'm your man," said Harwood, who thus providentially found employment through turning into Guildhall. If that was not an answer to the morning prayer, the man's faith was strong enough to accept it as such.

While in this situation an offer came of a permanent appointment at a wharf in Thames-street, with good wages, coals, apartments, and gas. This was a tempting proposal; but it became a source of trial in a peculiar manner. Just at this conjuncture the schoolmistress of the Golden-lane Mission had removed into another sphere, had, truth to say, married one of "Spurgeon's students" to set up a house on her own account. Who should fill the vacancy?

"Well, Harwood, I want a schoolmaster, and I think the Lord has opened the way—I think you're just the man," said Mr. Orsman one day, when his friend had not quite decided whether he should accept the Thames-street offer.

"I'll think over it and pray over it," replied the other, not knowing what else to say.

Though the wages at Golden-lane did not amount to half what he could now command, Mr. Harwood did not like to refuse the call, though at the moment he would not have been displeased if the opening had not occurred. On the eve of accepting the latter situation he was prevented from completing the act as forcibly as if a hand had been placed upon his shoulder. He sought direction in prayer; he saw the way open, and felt the confidence of a man whose duty lies straight before him. Had the Thames-street office offered thirty-five pounds a week instead of as many shillings, Thomas Harwood would not have dared to take the bait; for as he turned his face towards Golden-lane a voice seemed to say, "That is the way!" Thus he was led to make a sacrifice in the cause of Christ, but what he did was far from gaining universal approval. Even at the Poultry Chapel there were prudent souls, who found plenty to say about a Christian's duty to his family, and so on; but to one and all Harwood gave the same answer, "I feel I must do it," and now that ten years have been passed in this service, he has never regretted his decision.

The first day spent by a new master in a London ragged-school is usually a trying ordeal. When Mr. Harwood entered on his duties he received the customary cautions, while a friend pointed out the incorrigibles of the band,—young bravadoes who were spiteful as well as lawless, and who had openly defied and kicked the former governess. The new comer at once perceived the nature of the situation; he had never yet been defeated by a mere arab of the streets, so that he assumed a bold mien and called on the ringleader of the unruly ones to come forward.

"George, I hear you can fight," he remarked.

"I dunno; I can do me bit wi' any one me own size," said the boy.

"But I'm given to understand you're going to fight *me*," continued the master.

"Who told you that?" asked the young desperado, looking up into his interrogator's face with an indignant glance.

"Your late governess told me you fought and kicked her, and that you'll do the same with me," Mr. Harwood continued gravely, and showing by his looks that he meant what he said. "Now, look here George, *I* can fight; but I don't want to—let us shake hands, my boy." Then as he took the hand of the surprised scholar, he added, "You and I will be good friends, I know."

George completely surrendered, being conquered by this kind of treatment. Not only did he discontinue the pastime of fighting and kicking, he would even shed tears if an angry word happened to be spoken. George the incorrigible turned out to be one of the best boys in the school, and he is now engaged in business on his own account. There are others also who once belonged to the "larking" fraternity of other days who are now consistent church members. We are not surprised to find that his "family" call Mr. Harwood "father," and that his successes in reclaiming for Christ the juvenile Pariahs of our streets have more than repaid for the personal sacrifices of former days.

Of the children he has educated during the last six years, fifty-eight have gained the Ragged-school Union prize of seven shillings and sixpence, with a mounted certificate for keeping their first situation for not less than twelve months. Out of one hundred and eight who have obtained situations, *one* only has been discharged for dishonesty. Six are in the postal telegraph service. Nineteen have been sent to Canada, some of whom were, when first found, sleeping in closets and out-buildings both friendless and homeless. Nine are in industrial schools, while others have been sent to Australia and America. Better than all, fourteen have united themselves in fellowship with the church, and twenty-five others profess faith in Christ who are not as yet communicants. A much larger harvest is looked for in the future; but these are proofs that the schoolmaster's endeavours have borne substantial fruit, and have been honoured of God.

Though eminently successful in the work of training others, our friend is self-educated; and he thinks it may be counted as an anomaly that a man should adopt the profession of a schoolmaster who himself never went to a school, his brief attendance at the Poultry Chapel on the Sabbath being only excepted. Through the years when other boys of his own age were at their lessons Thomas Harwood was battling with adverse fortune.

He was the subject of many hairbreadth escapes. At twelve years of age he was knocked down by an omnibus in the Newington-causeway, when the wheel of another vehicle grazed his face. At fifteen he fell into the Thames, and was saved in a marvellous manner. At a later date he was given over for dead in the fever hospital, when to the surprise of his attendants he recovered. With truth may it be said that the Christian worker is immortal till his work is done, for this good man has had many narrow escapes.

Mr. Harwood's evangelistic efforts have not been confined to the school. He founded, and for some time superintended, a self-improvement class, and on the lasting good accomplished by this humble agency he still looks with gratitude. The members were brought in from the streets, and of the little band, one is an evangelist in Essex, and another labours in the City Mission, one is settled in a Canadian pastorate, one is a Christian worker at the East-end, and others are filling honourable positions in private life. There was one exception, a man who said it was of no use, he couldn't learn. He turned aside to spend his evenings in self-indulgence, and as a result he is still unable to read, and finds no better employment than that of drawing a truck. Those men who see no good in learning, and, come

what will, must at any cost satisfy the cravings of the flesh, are the real incorrigibles who dishearten philanthropists. Thomas Harwood has encountered many such. Three shopmates once raised a laugh of derision because he thought well to join the band of teetotallers; these all became drunkards, and all are now in the grave.

Like all self-educated men who have made their mark in any chosen profession, Mr. Harwood has worked hard. He learned to spell in the street; and before conversion his pocket-money went in books. He has never known what it is either to waste time or to be cowed by difficulties. He has been a painful student, and as an amateur author he has won four prizes besides composing a hundred poems. Still it is as a Christian worker, and as Mr. Orsman's co-pastor that we recognise him in this place. At the Poultry Chapel he was "the worst boy," and "the clown" of the school; but grace has made him a pillar in the house of the Lord.

The Child Minister.*

"Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod."—1 Samuel ii. 18.

IN a city built on the top of one of the hills of Ephraim lived a man called Elkanah, and his wife, Hannah. They were good people, who served God; but Hannah had one great trouble,—she had no son; and she promised that if the Heavenly Father would send her a son, she would give him up to the Lord all the days of his life. God heard her prayer, and Samuel was born. Whilst he was yet a little child, his mother took him to the high priest, and there left him to be trained for the service of the Lord.

The first thing I want you to notice about Samuel is this, that, like most good men, he had the best thing that any little child can find when first it comes into the world—a praying mother. When I was a boy, there was a very favourite story of mine, about a negro who sat one day on the deck of a steamer, waiting to be sold. He was very wretched, sitting there with his face buried in his hands, when a stranger came up and asked him what was the matter. "Me gwine to be sold, massa," said the poor negro. "What for?" asked the stranger. "Well, you see, me disobeys orders. Me pray too loud, and my massa gwine to sell me. He let me pray easy, but when me gets happy me begin to holler, and then me know nothing about orders or anything else." The stranger was struck with the negro's appearance, and as the master came up just then, he said, "What will you take for your negro?" The price was a hundred and fifty pounds. He was healthy, the master said, and the best hand on the estate. But he got religious, and used to pray so loud that the master had resolved to get rid of him. Now the stranger thought that it would be a very good thing if he could get a good negro to pray for him and his family, so he bought him. "Has he a wife and family?" the stranger asked. "Yes," said the old master, "a wife and three children, and I will sell them for a hundred and fifty more." The stranger paid the three hundred pounds, and then going up to the negro he said to him, "Well, Moses, I've bought you." "O, hab you, massa?" and the poor negro looked very, very sad. He was thinking of his wife and children. "Yes, and your wife and children too," said the stranger. "Bless God for that!" cried Moses. "And look here," said the gentleman, "You may pray as much and as long and as loud as you like, only whenever you pray you must pray for me and for my wife, and my children."

* Taken from Sermons for Children, by Mark Guy Pearse. London: Wesleyan Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

"Why, bless the Lord," cried Moses, "me hab all kind o' commodation, like Joseph in Egypt." Twelve months had gone by, when one day his old master came in to see him. He found Moses measuring corn, and looking very happy. "I want to buy Moses back again," he said, "I can't get on without him, everything is going wrong, and I've been a miserable man." "No," said his master, "I'm not going to sell Moses to anybody, but I shall give him his liberty, and let him work for me, if he will, as a free man, for since he has been here I and my wife and my children have found the Saviour, and everything has prospered wonderfully. I owe more than I can ever tell to praying Moses." "O, Massa," cried Moses, with tears in his eyes, "me always prays for you too, sare. Me put the old massa and the new one both together." Now, if a man would give three hundred pounds for a praying slave, who can tell the worth of a praying mother? Next to the love of Jesus in our own hearts, the best thing in the world is this—a mother who prays for us. I have heard people say sometimes of a boy who was born heir to a large estate, or to very much money, "Ah, he's a lucky fellow, he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth." But very often it was the most unlucky thing that could happen. This is the best fortune that any child can have—the heritage of a mother's prayers.

I am going to talk to you boys and girls about this little minister, his robe, and his little coat, and I pray that the Lord may help me to speak so wisely that some of you, like Samuel, may begin to serve him.

First, let us think about the child minister. Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child. No doubt Eli saw that the child was called of God. Bu' even then he must have been a very kind and a very wise old man to let th fellow come to help him in the house of the Lord when he was so young. Mc people would have said, "What is the good of a little lad like that? Wh help can he be? He is not strong enough or wise enough to do anything. L him stay at home, and let his mother take care of him till he is grown up Then he will be of some good. But this child, he is too little to know anything about it. I think this story is put in the Bible to teach us that it is very foolish and very wrong to talk in this way. The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord, and so can you. Your little hands can serve him, and your young hearts can love him. Let nobody say you are too young. Jesus said something very different from that. He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And at another time Jesus said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for it seemed good in thy sight." So, you see, Jesus would have you to love him now. He would not have you wait till you are grown up. He wants children to minister to him. Samuel, though a child, was not too young to love Jesus.

"But what could this little minister do?" you ask. "It was all very well for him to be with the old man Eli, learning good lessons and hearing God's word, but of course he could not do anything." Oh, but he could. He did many things that were helpful, as we shall see by-and-by.

Little folks can do very many things. To begin with, nobody doubts that children can do much harm.

The other day there was a robbery near London. The people who lived in the house thought that they had guarded it securely; there were bolts on the doors and bars on the windows. But one morning the servants came down and found all the silver things were gone. How had the thieves got in? Why, there was just one little tiny window, so small that they thought there was no danger in that; but in through that window the thieves had sent a little boy, and when he got inside he could open the door for the rest, and so all the mischief was done. They found then what harm little folks could do.

And then, too, people know that little things can do much good. Those of you who keep your eyes open—and I hope you all do—must have seen at the railway stations and at other places, a picture of a lion in a net, and a little

mouse gnawing at the rope. And this is the story it represents. A lion, who was the great king of the forest, had somehow got into a net,—I don't know how, but so it was. All the animals when they heard of it came to his majesty's help. The elephant came and walked round and round as majestically as it would, and looked very sad. The bear came and danced all about. The tiger came and roared very loud indeed. But all that did not bring the king out of his trouble. Then came the hyænas and jackals and wolves; they shook their heads very wisely, and said if only this were done, and that. But as no one could possibly do what they talked about, that didn't help very much. So it seemed that the great king of the forest must die thus miserably in a net. Then, as the lion was sadly bemoaning his fate, there came a little mouse, and said, that if he might make so bold he thought he could set his majesty at liberty. It was very absurd in such a little thing to try and do what the elephant and the great animals could not do. But the lion thought there could be no harm in his trying. So he crept up to the rope and began to gnaw it. Strand after strand of the rope was bitten through by the sharp little teeth. It was a long and wearisome task, but the little teeth worked on. At last the rope was loosed, and when once it gave way it was an easy thing for the lion to get out, and the king of the forest was set at liberty by a little mouse. Such good little things can do.

But best of all is this, that little hands can do something for Jesus. Do not be wishing that you had this or that. Do not be waiting until you are grown up to be men and women. The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord. There were many little things that he could do. He could pour the oil into the lamps, he could keep the wick trimmed, he could keep the golden candlestick clean, and his little hands could put out the lights in it every night. And all day long he could wait upon the old man Eli, and he could think what he would want, and could help and comfort him in many ways. Are you thinking now, "What can I do for Jesus?" Well, you can always be kind for Jesus—gentle and loving. Kneel down to-day and ask Jesus to help you. Each one of us can always be brave and truthful and generous for him; and we can keep clean thoughts and truthful words and right ways for him. At sunrise Samuel, perhaps, had to draw aside the covering of skins, and the sunlight came in, flooding all the place with radiant light. So you can let joy and sunshine come into your house by trying to make those about you happy. And in doing that you, like Samuel, will minister unto the Lord.

Here is a story of a child minister that will show you how very much children can do for Jesus. Little Annie Gale had given her heart to Jesus, and now all day long she wanted to be doing his will and pleasing him. But one morning her heart was very much grieved. A gentleman had called at her father's house, and he laughed at the notion of little Annie being converted. "She was always so good that she did not need it to make her any better," he said. "If old Dan Hunter began to love Jesus, now, I should think that there was something in it." Poor little Annie was very grieved, and going away to her room, she knelt down and said, "O Jesus, they won't believe that thou dost love me, because I am so little. O Jesus, help me to get poor old Dan Hunter to love thee, and then they will believe that thou dost love me too.". Then little Annie set out for old Dan Hunter's house.

Now, there was no mistake about it, that old Dan was the very crossest and most disagreeable man in the village. He worked away in his wheelwright's yard, grumbling and growling all day long. No poor woman ever came into his yard to get some shavings for the fire, and no boy ever crept in there for a basket of chips. Nobody who could help it ever came to see old Dan. This morning he was at work bending at his saw, when a very pleasant little voice said, "Good morning, Dan."

The voice was so pleasant that Dan looked round and forgot to scowl. "Please Dan," said little Annie, "I want to speak to you, and I'm sure you won't mind, will you?"

Now it was so long since anybody had cared to speak to Dan at all, that he could not understand what this little maiden could have to say, so he set down his saw and rolled his apron round his waist, and sat down on the trunk of a tree. Really, for old Dan, he was looking quite pleased.

"Well, whatever do you want to say to me, little one?" He spoke gruffly —he always did—but it was a good deal for old Dan to speak at all, for he generally only grunted.

Little Annie sat down by his side, and, looking up into his rugged, wrinkled face, she said, "Well, Dan, you know Jesus does love me, and I do love him. But the gentleman at home says that I am so little, and that I am so good, that he does not believe that I know anything about it; but he says that if you would begin to love Jesus then he would believe in it. Now, Dan, you will, won't you? because Jesus does love you, you know,"—and little Annie took hold of Dan's great rough hand. "He loves you very much, Dan. You know he died upon the cross for all of us."

Poor old Dan! Nobody had ever talked to him like that for years and years and years,—never since his mother had gone to heaven; and down those wrinkled cheeks the tears began to come, very big and very fast. "Don't cry, Dan, because God loves us, though we have sinned, and he sent Jesus into the world to save sinners." Dan's heart was broken. He could only say, "God be merciful to me, the worst of sinners." As little Annie talked to him he came to see it all,—how that Jesus had died for him, and was able to give him a clean heart and a right spirit. Little Annie left him, praising God her heavenly Father for such wonderful love, and went away to tell the gentleman at home.

"Now, sir," said she, "you must believe that Jesus loves me, because old Dan Hunter has really begun to love him, and he has got converted."

"Nonsense," laughed the gentleman. "Why Annie, whoever told you that?"

"Well, you'll see;" and he did, and so did everybody else in the place. They saw that old nipped, frowning face turned into joy and gladness; they saw the ill-tempered old Dan become so kind that everybody had a friend in him, and when you passed the yard you might be sure to hear a happy old man, as he worked with his hammer and saw, cheerily singing about the wondrous love of Jesus.

So little Annie ministered unto the Lord.

I must say a word about another thing. "Samuel ministered unto the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." The linen ephod was the dress that the priest wore. You may read of it in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus and the sixth verse. Though he was only a child, yet it would not do for Samuel to appear before the Lord without the proper robe. Not in his own robes, but in the robes that were appointed and commanded of God. And so I think God teaches us that we cannot minister to him in our own strength, or in our own goodness. We must get the right robe, and that is the robe washed and made white in the blood of Jesus. We must get his Spirit into our hearts. When he has forgiven us our sins, and washed them all away, and when he has clothed us with his love and gentleness, and truth and wisdom and courage and goodness, then we are beautiful in his sight. The ephod was to be made of gold, of purple, of blue, of scarlet, and of fine twined linen. We must come to Jesus for the robe first, the golden love and all the virtues, and the cleansing blood. Dear children, before any of us can minister unto the Lord we must have the right robe.

And, then, lastly, we are told that his mother made him a little coat. She was a wise mother, and made his coat to fit him. Boys and girls, don't any of you think that because you are going to minister to the Lord you must give up being children, and must be men and women. Many people think that ministering children must never have little coats. They make great, stiff, solemn coats, much too long and too heavy, and too clumsy for little wearers.

The blessed Lord would have you minister to him, and wear the linen ephod. But you are to wear the little coat too. Be simple and happy and merry, like children; and wear your little coats even though you minister unto the Lord.

The Resting Place.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

THE human soul, tossed up and down in inward disquiet and trouble, wandered out to find rest, and as she roamed she piteously wailed,

"Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

While she spoke a glittering sea spread out before her, on which she floated in a gilded barque; music and mirth filled the air with life, and she thought "Here is rest." But ere long the ocean heaved and tossed, and the sick and weary soul was forced with loathing to forsake the sea of pleasure.

Then an arbour sprang up at her feet. She entered, and found it lighted up with the lamps of love, and filled with the delights of society and friendship. She sat down on the couch of sympathy. "Here I have found relief:" but she had hardly said it before the chill wind of death breathed there, the lamps went out one by one, and she was left alone in gloom.

Then a busy mart lay before her. The gay active groups of men and the din of commerce bid fair to banish loneliness, and she thought, "I will mix up in this activity; this will dispel my sadness." But she found no rest; rude commerce jostled her hither and thither, but did not understand the craving of the human soul.

Then she stood before the palace of wealth, and over its door was this inscription, "Money answereth all things." "Then it will give rest," she said. "Here at last I have found what I seek." But she had not been in it long before the winds of discontent moaned round the palace; every luxury palled upon her taste and all the splendour did but sicken her and intensify her woe: for wealth could not comfort the soul.

"I find all these fail me," said she. "Pleasure and friendship, business and wealth are but mockeries. I will get me to the retreat of solitude;" and she went far away to a cave in the wilderness, where she thought to be shut out from trouble, quiet from fear of evil. All was peace without; the birds sang peace to each other, the flowers bloomed in peace, and the soft winds seemed to sigh peace in the evening twilight; yet the restlessness within grew more restless; like an insatiable fire, it preyed on her till she left her solitude and wandered in bitter grief and despair.

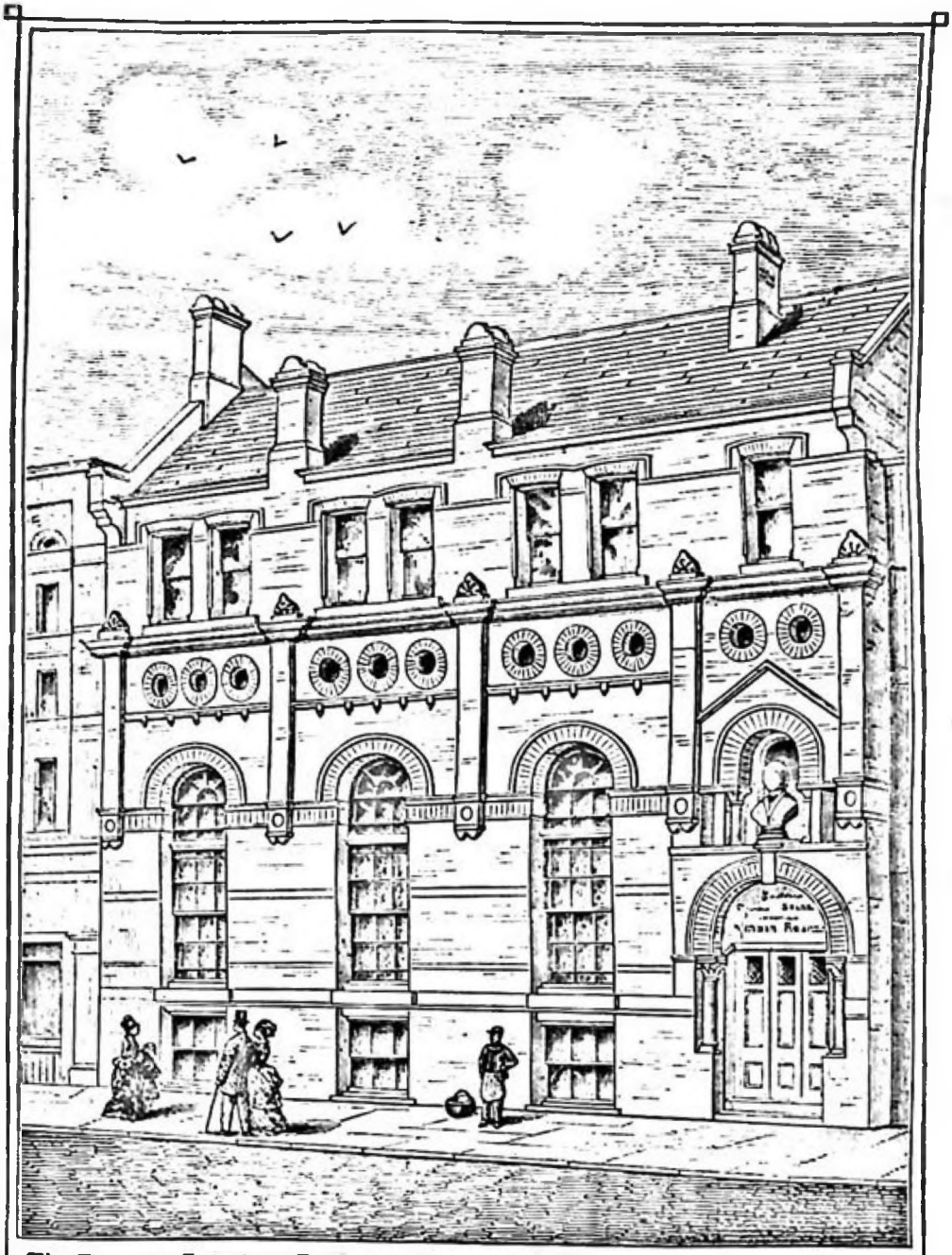
Now, she had not gone far when she heard before her the tones of one singing,—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad."

She listened, and the fire of trouble within seemed allayed as the sounds fell on her ear. She overtook the singer and asked him wherefore his song. He told her he had been long wandering in search of rest, but found it not, till, as he roamed, there met him one who said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "I went to him," said he, "he charmed away my sadness," he said, "Peace! be still": his voice calmed the heaving sea of disquiet within, and he gave me this jewel of rest which I carry in my bosom.

Memorial to Robert Raikes.

IT is time that some one produced a fitting biography of Robert Raikes, who has been very unfortunate in this respect. Meanwhile, the subjoined, from "The Imperial Dictionary," may suffice as a miniature portrait of the good man.



The Baptist Sunday Schools Gloucester Memorial to Robert Raikes.

Chas G Searle & Son Archts London.

"Robert Raikes, one of the founders, if not actually the first promoter of Sunday Schools, was born in Gloucester, Sept. 14, 1736. His father was a printer, and conducted for many years the *Gloucester Journal*. The son derived a handsome income from the same source. Mr. Raikes, like Howard, began his career of philanthropy by endeavouring to mitigate the sufferings of the prisoner and captive. While thus employed he became fully convinced that ignorance was one of the main causes of crime, and that persons most needing instruction could not be taught on the ordinary days of the week. He resolved, therefore, to try the experiment of collecting together on the Lord's-day the children of the poorest classes. From this little seed sprang the mighty Sunday-school system. In 1763 the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, vicar of Catterick, in Yorkshire, established a Sunday-school, and other similar attempts had been made by pious individuals; but until Raikes arose and was assisted by the Rev. Thomas Stock—at that time curate of St. John's, Gloucester—no organized plan existed for the founding and extending of Sunday-schools. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1784 contains a letter written by Mr. Raikes to Colonel Townley, a gentleman of Lancashire, which furnishes the particulars of the origin of the scheme. Mr. Raikes' business led him to observe a group of ragged children playing in the street, who were given up to unrestrained riot on the Sabbath-day. Four decent women in the neighbourhood, who kept dames' schools, were applied to, and consented to receive these children on the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading and the Church catechism. The women were to be paid each a shilling for their day's work. Mr. Stock visited the schools on a Sunday afternoon, and examined the progress that was made. Many of the little ragamuffins not only learned to say their catechism, but voluntarily attended early morning prayers at the cathedral. This latter excited general interest. Applications for further information on the subject to Mr. Raikes poured in from every quarter, and in a short period Sunday-schools were established in most of the manufacturing towns of England. The benevolent man was himself a debtor to his own institution. It is recorded concerning him, that he was deeply impressed with the power and truth of the gospel by reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to one of his scholars. During the last few years of his life his health rapidly declined. On the evening of the 5th of April, 1811, he peacefully expired in his native city of Gloucester, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His long career was marked by unvarying simplicity and kindness. He delighted in associating himself with charitable and benevolent men. 'I find few pleasures,' said he, 'equal to those which arise from the conversation of men who are endeavouring to promote the glory of their Creator and the good of their fellow creatures.' The results of his experiment it is impossible to estimate. The number of children in Sunday-schools has swelled to millions, and of their teachers to hundreds of thousands."

It is most fitting that Raikes should have a memorial, and Gloucester is of course the most appropriate place for it. We wonder some other Gloucester school has not carried out the idea long ago, but as it has now been taken up by the Baptist church, of which our esteemed friend John Bloomfield is the pastor, we hope the Sunday-school public will aid in carrying the project through in a worthy manner. Help from all sides will be wanted. Address Pastor John Bloomfield, Gloucester.

Notices of Books.

Commenting and Commentaries: two Lectures Addressed to the Students of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, together with a Catalogue of Biblical Commentaries and Expositions. By C. H. SPURGEON, President. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

IT has been in our heart to prepare a series of half-crown books for the use of students and ministers. The first of these—"Lectures to my Students"—has met with great success, the publishers having the twentieth thousand upon the press. Our second venture is of a somewhat different kind, and we fear will never attain to anything like the same sale, though it deserves far more. The student, besides two lectures on commenting, has here presented to him an almost complete catalogue of all the Biblical expositions in the English tongue. From three to four thousand volumes have passed through our hands in the compilation of this list, and had it not been for the Pastors' College library we could never have procured them. Probably not one reader in a hundred will have any idea of the expense, labour, and research which this catalogue has involved. We have given our opinion on each work in a sort of brief review, and have appended the second-hand price at which the books can be bought. We could with ease have produced a volume of ten times the size, for the matter was all ready to hand, but we have condensed and re-condensed in order to keep the work within the reach of poor men. There is no such list extant: Orme and Horne being of quite another character. We are very much mistaken if our work does not prove to be of the utmost value to purchasers of books: we wish that all ministers were included under that head, but from what we are daily pained to see in connection with Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund it is clear that many of them are seldom or never purchasers of literature. We have wrought with much labour upon this catalogue, with no object in view but the benefit of our brethren. The largest sale we can reasonably expect will not repay our bare expenses, but it will be remuneration enough to have aided the ministers of God in the study of his word.

Round the Tower; or, the Story of the London City Mission. By JOHN MATTHIAS WEYLLAND. Partridge and Co.

A WELL told story. The first chapter, which condenses the life of David Nasmith, is worthy of a chief place in the roll of heroic deeds. What that man did for our city, when, with only two others, he commenced the London City Mission, the angels know better than any of us; but perhaps even they cannot fully estimate it. Mr. Weylland charmed us once before when he appeared as "The Man with the Book," and therefore he now needs but slender introduction, having become a writer of established repute. His theme is hardly so novel or striking as that which he handled on previous occasions, but he does his best with it, and succeeds in investing the history of the great and good Society with many charms. A good lecture might be prepared out of the materials here given, and if the City Mission were to prepare diagrams, and lend them out at a small charge, it would be advantageous in many ways.

A Complete Compendium of Revival Music. Compiled by WM. BOOTH. Partridge.

HERE are enough hymns, sacred songs, pious ditties, and godly rhymes to set up a Primitive Methodist for a life-time. For the open-air and special services here is all the variety a man could wish for, and more. We think some of the pieces execrable; but then there are people who sing them with gusto, and get good out of them, and therefore it is as well to have them inserted in the "Complete Compendium," that we may know what they are. We confess we prefer our old-fashioned psalms and hymns, and their solemn music, to all the new jigs in the world. We cannot yet "jump Jim Crow" to the glory of God, nor yet tune the songs of Zion to nigger melodies. Still, we remember the old proverb, which bids us neither dispute with winds nor tastes.

Pulpit Echoes. Select Sermons by eminent Ministers of all Denominations. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane.

If these are specimen sermons, our brethren cannot be complained of on the score of length, nor can they be very much commended on the score of merit. We do not regard them as *select* at all, but as being just such as the publishers could get for nothing. The book is defaced by a professed portrait of Dean Stanley, of the same type of art as those other horrible caricatures of Moody, Sankey, Punshon, Spurgeon, and others, which are stuck about everywhere. Thus are the preachers of righteousness made to go to the wall.

Sermons for Children. By Mark Guy Pearse. London: Wesleyan Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

If the fourteen sermons contained in this book are a fair sample of Mr. Pearse's sermons to children, and we have every reason to believe they are, he may claim to have succeeded in one of the most difficult tasks which a minister is called to undertake. To interest children by the narration of interesting anecdotes is one thing, to interest *and* instruct is another. These sermons abound with striking anecdotes, and have all the charm of a fairy tale about them, and the moral is so cleverly interwoven, that restless Jim and thoughtless Mary must have kept awake during their delivery, and could not have failed to catch the preacher's lesson. We know no better book for mothers who are in the habit of reading to their little ones.

Out of the mouth of the Lion; or, the Church in the Catacombs. By the author of "Glaucia, the Greek slave." Religious Tract Society.

This tale very pleasingly sets forth the manners of the Christians in the old Roman persecutions under the emperors. It is an excellent way of making history move before the reader's eye. Lessons of holy fortitude are taught by example, and pure doctrine is inculcated by the conversations of the persons introduced into the story.

Songs of the Christian Creed and Life. Selected from eighteen centuries, and translated by Hamilton M. Macgill, D.D. Pickering, 196, Piccadilly.

A deeply interesting collection of sacred Latin poetry, with the English translations, and brief biographies of the writers. The work is finely printed, and, to students of hymnology, will be a standard work. The selection has been made in the most Catholic spirit, but it contains nothing inconsistent with the standards of orthodox theology.

Plain Rhymes for Plain People; or, Verses on the Five Books of Moses. By Mrs. Joseph Fearn. Wm. Macintosh.

We have no heart to criticise a lady's book, which evidently aims at doing good, and is likely to do it among a certain class. The verses are what they profess to be, and are likely to impress the facts and lessons of Scripture upon those who read them.

Gospel Sermons. Preached in the Presbyterian Chuch, Queen's-road, Brighton. By Rev. A. B. Mackay. Brighton: Tucknott.

These sermons have texts. Why not print them in the usual fashion? We shall be very sorry if the practice of announcing a text should ever be abandoned; we desire to see ministers go far, very far, in the opposite direction—viz., by keeping to the text, and giving forth the mind of the Spirit which is contained therein, as at least the main substance of discourse. Liberty there must be to prophesy from the whole Word, and not from any special portion of it, *at times*; but, as a rule, we think the common method has very much in its favour. Our friend, Mr. Mackay, has not in these Gospel sermons used the occasional liberty, but apparently has made it the rule to announce no text. Well, he must have his own way. He may preach as he likes, so long as he gives sermons as good as these. They are not very deep or methodical, but they are such as are likely to arouse and win, and these are main points of excellence. Warm-hearted, lively, colloquial, and full of evangelical truth, we congratulate the congregation which is in the habit of hearing such homilies.

Philosophy of the Atonement, and other Sermons, preached at Union Street Chapel, Brighton. By WADE ROBINSON. Hodder and Stoughton.

THAT independence of mind which in many modern writers asserts itself by heresy is here content to find ample scope in the defence of the old orthodox faith. Mr. Robinson has much thoughtfulness and a considerable degree of daring, but the bands of love hold him fast, and he is not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. In this we rejoice, yea and will rejoice. Still we fear that if some subtle foe or captious critic should turn his attention to Mr. Robinson's *philosophy*, it will vanish much sooner than he thinks. The old abused truth in the antique form in which the Puritans left it would be easier to defend than some of the author's amiable speculations. We are somewhat afraid of all suggestions which would render the Atonement more attractive to worldly minds. "Save me from my friends" fitly describes our feeling. Mr. Wade Robinson strikes us as being very indiscreet in the use of language, even upon a point so delicate as the Trinity: no man has a right to speak of "a human God." As an instance of what we mean by incautious use of words we quote the following fragment from page 68. It is given as a fragment, and therefore we do not quote unfairly.

"*God only Holy.*—There are two ways of feeling one's sinfulness. One is like having a stone hung round your neck to sink you into the sea; the other is like being given silver wings wherewith to fly up to heaven. You will never be right till you feel that your sinfulness is a *necessary* part of your existence here. You must be *content* to be sinful. All holiness is in Christ—not in you. You can have no holiness except as you are living in him and by him. You were never meant to live separate from God. Think of a flower trying to live by itself and separate from the earth.

"The sun is the centre of our system, and the planets shine by him. Blot him out, and all is darkness. God is the centre of the universe of goodness. All who are good are good by him. Blot him out, and all is hell. You and the archangel depend on him alike.

"Only God is holy. Holiness is a river so great that it can be born only in the mountains of the infinite. Yet people say: 'O, we are so bad!' Well, what do you expect to be? Do you want to have two Gods, and yourself one of them?"

Mr. Wade Robinson could not have meant to teach us to be *content* to be sinful; nor would he have us regard sinfulness as a *necessary* part of our existence here, yet he says so, and puts the words in italics. Brighton has heard very different doctrine from this of late—doctrine from which we differ, but not so much as to be able to subscribe to the sentences quoted, or anything like them. We hope never to be content to be sinful, and we dare not regard any sin as *necessary*. We desire ever to look upon sin as an evil to be overcome by the power of the Lord Jesus, and we shall never be content till it is so.

Steps Onward and Upward for Little Feet. Marlborough and Co.

THE author's design is to aid teachers in the gradual instruction of young minds, but we do not think he has hit upon a method which will ever be extensively used. We have the utmost esteem for the author, and know him to be a man of remarkable ability, and therefore we feel sure that there must be something in his little book which teachers will appreciate. We, who are not engaged among the very little ones, are hardly able to judge of what will suit their capacities.

Autumn Blossoms. By MARY BASKIN. F. E. Longley.

GUSHING stories; but why called "Autumn Blossoms" we are sure we do not know. There is not much in any of the incidents, and the style is very sentimental; but still Miss Baskin will have her admirers, and will do them good.

Heart-Spurs; or, Arousals to Christian Life and Work. By M. S. CUSHING, Primitive Methodist Minister, Sutton-street, Commercial-road.

THE effort of a sick minister to do good. It will be best appreciated by his friends and fellow-townsmen. The circumstances of its production place it beyond our criticism. May the suffering author's prayer be answered, and souls be blest.

Expositions of the Book of Revelation. By Wm. Robinson, of Cambridge. Hodder and Stoughton.

Of expositions of this mysterious Book there are swarms, *and yet not one.* A sort of fascination draws minds of all sorts towards the insufferable light of the Apocalypse, and around it they flit and dart like birds aroused at midnight by the introduction of a torch. Mr. Robinson has done as well as anybody else, and so far better that he has not abused other writers, nor padded out his book with distinguished names, and endless controversies. The laudable design to make the topics practical exists, but might have been more fully carried out. We do not expect that, as compared with Elliot and others, the present work will rise to any great eminence as an authority, or we would go more carefully into it. It is more rational in its interpretations, and more sensible in its speculations than works of this class generally are.

Onward. The organ of the Band of Hope movement. Vol. for 1875. Partridge and Co.

This is a very vigorous teetotal monthly, and always takes our fancy. Its stories are harrowing, and its descriptions vivid. Its style is lively, and its spirit truly religious. It has also a spice of fun in it, and is, as a whole, alive. We do not endorse all its arguments, but we like to see a cause well pleaded. Here are three or four good things from its "Pebbles and Pearls":—

"Said a tipsy husband to his wife, 'You neen-needn't bl-l-ame me. 'Twas woman that first tem-tempted man to eat forbidden things.' 'That won't do,' retorted the indignant wife. 'Woman may have tempted man to eat forbidden things, but he took to drinking of his own accord.'"

"Lawyer: 'How do you identify this handkerchief?' Witness: By its general appearance and the fact that I have others like it.' Counsel ('cutely): "That's no proof, for I have got one just like it in my pocket.' Witness (innocently): 'I don't doubt that, as I had more than one of the same sort stolen.'"

"A schoolboy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of 'Pins,' produced the following: 'Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and and children—in fact, whole families.' 'How so?' asked the puzzled teacher. And the boy replied: 'Why, by not swallowing them.' This matches the story of the other boy, who defined salt as 'the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any.'"

"As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer: 'Sir, I see your land here is not very productive.' 'No, sir,' said the honest farmer, 'our land is just like self-righteousness.' 'How is that?' 'Why, the more a man has of it the poorer he is.'"

Mission Sermons in Brighton. By Rev. W. H. Aitken. Second Series. Verrall, Brighton.

With the straightforwardness and courage of an Elijah, Mr. Aitken deals with the consciences of his hearers. He preaches the gospel with remarkable clearness, and there is no lack of tenderness in his spirit, but still the predominant tone of his message is stern earnestness and unflinching fidelity. We have on a former occasion commended previous volumes of his sermons, and we can only say that the last are as good as the first.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By D. Whedon, D.D. Vol. III. Acts—Romans. Hodder and Stoughton.

One of the very weakest commentaries ever issued. It is, from our point of view, unsound in doctrine, and the author seems to us to have an utterly confused mind upon almost everything he touches. For instance, he makes the very absurd remark upon Acts ii. 13, "Others mocking said, these men are full of new wine,"—that the "new wine" was the unfermented juice of the grape. Did the mockers mean then that the disciples' stomachs ached and so their heads had become affected? And what did Peter mean when he said "these men are not *drunken* as ye suppose"? Upon Acts ii. 38, although a Pædobaptist, he tells us that "baptism is the external act and manifestation

of an internal justifying faith already existing. Hence only the justified person is rightly baptised. The infant is baptised as a *virtual*, and the adult as an *actual* believer." Such writing looks as if the author had been riding on a whirligig and had unsettled his brains. It is very sad to have such a confused head occupied with the word of God, for many will follow blindly these hare-brained interpretations, and perhaps tell them to others. We believe the Doctor to be well-intentioned, and desirous to instruct, but he lacks the judgment needful for a commentator. Everybody knows that Albert Barnes was by no means a rigid Calvinist, yet this Dr. Whedon constantly attacks him, and tries to prove hyper-arminian doctrines; even Alford he calls ultra-fatalistic; indeed the man runs against the doctrines of grace like a bull at a red rag. Upon Romans viii. 8 he declares that "faith is the precedent condition in order to regeneration." We hope that he is not aware of what he does write, but in any case his phrenological developments must be very remarkable.

Notes.

JAN. 21. The open-air preachers of London came to the Tabernacle, and were addressed by C. H. Spurgeon. It was a great joy to have so intelligent, earnest, and enthusiastic an audience, but it was the reverse of a pleasure to see how several of the papers reported our remarks. The method adopted seems to be to pick out every sentence in which there appears to be a funny observation, and leave out all the rest. By this means the utmost absurdity is foisted upon the speaker, and the address itself is slandered rather than reported. One friend actually writes to upbraid us for having ridiculed the open-air preachers. HE WAS NOT THERE. We did our best to give a hearty practical word of advice, and we believe we had the thanks of all present, but it is not a little discouraging to find oneself caricatured in the papers by persons who are supposed to report you, but really misrepresent you. Some of the religious papers employ respectable, educated reporters who give fair *resumés* of speeches or lectures, but we shall one of these days be compelled to indicate by name certain penny ventures which insert reports from men who can scarcely spell, and whose ignorance is so great that they mistake the most common theological terms and names. The daily secular papers are usually well-conducted, and so are some of the older religious journals, but certain of the newer issues are scandalously managed in the matter of reporting. However, we hope this will be a great year for open-air preaching, and that in every town, and village, and hamlet Christ Jesus will be preached to all around. Young men who read the *Sword and Trowel*, this is work for you. Lift up your voices under every green tree, wherever men and women can be got together. Be at it as soon as the cuckoo has proclaimed the weather to be fit for *al fresco* speeches. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.

On Jan. 26th prayer meetings were held in the evening at the houses of friends connected with the Tabernacle church. Some sixty meetings were thus commenced at the same hour, and from the letters received there appears to have been a general manifestation of the spirit of prayer in these household gatherings. The advantages are many in thus collecting small companies in private houses: friends are encouraged to pray before others who would never have done so in large assemblies, and the ice being once broken, they are prepared to take their turn in public another time; the members of the church are also brought into personal contact with each other where their intercourse need be under no restraint; and the young people of the families where the prayer meetings are held are led to take an interest in the proceedings of the church. Many good results have followed from this way of encouraging church prayer. We print a list of the houses open, send a student to each, and under direction of the elders the whole business is a glad and joyful one. Once a quarter would be better than once a year for these HOUSE PRAYER MEETINGS. We must try it.

On Friday, Jan. 28, the President of the College met the evening classes to tea, with a meeting afterwards. It was a

bright occasion. Under the earnest tutorship of Messrs. Fergusson and Johnson, with very efficient officers, the evening classes have become a strong body. Nearly three hundred names are on the books, and some two hundred are in regular attendance. These are all men engaged in business by day who seek to improve their gifts for the service of God by study in the evening. From this hive come teachers, preachers, missionaries, and workers of all kinds. Those friends who help us by sending funds for the College may fitly rejoice with us that this branch of our work is producing the very best results. With infidel teachings on all sides, under the name of science, it is no small matter to cut the ground from under the enemy's feet by training a band of men in the Word of God, and in that true science which is full of witness to the divine presence and power. The evening classes have a loan library of growing dimensions, and they have already organised various works of usefulness on their own account. Dear reader, ask the Lord to bless this work.

The College Conference begins April 3. We entreat the prayers of God's people that this may be a holy convocation unto the Lord.

The COLPORTAGE works well, but the gold and the silver come in very very scantily.

The College annual tea meeting came off on Feb. 7, and was a most hearty gathering. No work ever commanded warmer supporters than the work of the Pastors' College. Week by week the Tabernacle friends sustain it (they gave £1,875 last year), and others from a distance send in aid as it is required. Just now funds are running out and very small currents are flowing in, but the balance will hold out for awhile.

Mrs. Spurgeon has been rendered very happy by a number of sums of money contributed to her Book Fund by several considerate friends, whom we are requested to thank; and we do so not only officially but personally. The article in last month's magazine has been remarkably fruitful in encouraging applications for books. These have come in thick and threefold, and are rather embarrassing our beloved one, for she will have to keep some of her petitioners waiting till she has the time and strength to attend to them, and worse still, till the pecuniary means shall be equal to all demands. No doubt all in good time everything will be right, but at present the receivers are more numerous than the givers.

Some years ago friends at the Tabernacle determined to raise a sum of money with which the College could be wound up in case of the Pastor's decease; with the subsidiary object that the amount should be loaned out without interest to aid in clearing debts from new chapels. By a strong effort the sum of £4,363 was reached, but this fell short of the £5,000 originally intended. A short time ago a friend greatly delighted us by writing that provided we would not disclose his name he would give one-half of the amount now deficient as soon as he knew that the other half was paid. We beg to inform that generous donor that the moiety is promised already, and will be in hand in a day or two, and we are ready for his cheque for £318 10s. We thank him, and bless God for this completion of a noble work.

We beg to thank thoughtful donors for many useful presents to the Orphanage. All goes well with us there. We purpose holding a Bazaar all day at the Orphanage on June 20th, when we celebrate the President's forty-second birthday, if all be well. Will the unwearied friends of the orphan lend a hand again and make this a success?

The *Islington Gazette*, Feb. 15th, contains a letter which should make parents careful as to where their children are allowed to go. A father says—"My daughter, who is now sixteen years of age, went some months ago to an evening party, at the home of a Christian family, where it appears there were two young men, Papists, lodging. There was a good deal of fun and some flirtation going on. One of these young men, in all subsequent visits paid by my daughter to this family, insisted upon seeing her home. Poor, giddy, thoughtless girl; she said on one occasion, she rather liked the Roman Catholic religion. 'Well,' said the Romanist, 'I will introduce you to one of our clergymen.' She is introduced by him to Father Smith, of 39, Duncan-terrace. He puts the young girl into the hand of the nuns living at No. 40, on the other side of the chapel, who proceed to instruct her. Mark you, these visits to Father Smith and to the nuns are entirely unknown to us, her parents. Last Saturday afternoon this Father Smith baptised the child into the Popish faith." Thus may our young ones be seduced, and we may only know it when the mischief is done. A pretty church this must be which practises kidnapping after this fashion.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—January 31st, thirteen; February 3rd, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, to February 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Johnson	2	10	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	10	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
Mr. Ringerlee	0	10	0
Evening Classes	21	0	0
Mr. R. Rymer	10	0	0
M. K....	0	2	6
Per Mr. G. Aubery	1	1	0
Mr. G. Bate	1	0	0
Mr. W. Townshend	1	1	0
Mr. T. Waters	5	0	0
Mr. James Tod	0	10	0
Miss Giles	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Cumming	0	10	0
Mrs. Platt	0	10	0
Mr. H. Villacott	2	0	0
Mr. E. Watson	3	12	11
Miss Lang	1	0	0
Miss Gray	0	10	0
Mr. C. Child	2	10	0
Mr. J. G. Howlett	12	10	0
Wick	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	3	3	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. Hawkins, per Mr. Dunn	0	10	0
Birthday Gift, Little Rosie	0	1	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Friends in Edinburgh	0	5	6
βαπτισμα	8	0	0
Mr. A. Austin	0	10	0
Mr. C. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. J. Somerville	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Lovitt	0	1	0
Rev. C. M. Birrell	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lobb...	1	0	0
Miss Winslow	2	0	0
Miss Barnes...	1	1	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. Finlayson and Friends	0	5	0
Mr. J. Deverell	2	0	0
G. P.	0	5	0
A Widow, per Mr. Dunn...	1	0	0
Collection at Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	3	15	9
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Jan. 23	20	11	1
" " " " 30	30	2	9
" " " Feb. 6	29	5	5
" " " " 13	33	14	0
	£251	9	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1875, to February 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
E. D.	0	10	0
Miss Galloway	0	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson	2	10	0
Eizzil	0	10	0
A Sinner Saved by Grace...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Richmond Chapel Sunday School, per Mr. James P. Bourne	9	17	4
H. H.	0	5	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	10	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	5	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
Mr. J. Brandon	0	10	0
Mrs. Mee	1	0	0
Miss Mary Cowen	0	10	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Mrs. Ginger	0	1	6
Mr. G. Ringerlee	5	10	0
Mr. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. R. Salmond	5	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
N. M. J.	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible Class, Sandhurst, per Mrs. Brines	0	11	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	1	0
Mrs. Robertshaw	0	7	0
Mr. John Groom	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Tutcher	1	0	0
Mrs. Anne Tutcher'	0	10	0
Mrs. N. Black	0	10	0
Mr. E. Bott	1	0	0
W. H., Thornton Heath	5	0	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence, taken at Metropolitan Store	0	13	4
Mrs. W. Hall	1	0	0
Mr. Clark, per Miss Panter	1	0	0
J. L. and Friends	0	13	0
Eyethorne and Ashley Sunday Schools, per Mr. Clark	2	5	0
Mr. G. H. Hanson...	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Hanson	1	0	0
Romans vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
Mr. J. Carlyon	0	5	0
Mrs Turnbull	1	0	0
J. A. S.	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Frith	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Snell	1	0	0
Miss McGowan	0	2	6
Proceeds of Lecture, per Rev. F. H. White :—			
Grangemouth 10 10 0			
Crieff 10 0 0			
	20	10	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
Mrs. Fulks	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	2	13	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Christmas	0	3	0
Mr. R. Law	0	5	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Mottesfont, by Mr. Jas. White	0	12	0
Mrs. Bright	0	10	0
Mrs. Bowden	1	0	0
Mrs. Platt	0	10	0
Lochee Baptist Sunday School, per Mr. J. Pebles	1	15	0
Mr. H. Villacott	3	0	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
Mr. H. Smith	1	10	0
Mr. J. Best	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
In Memoriam	3	0	0
Mr. C. Child	2	10	0
Mr. S. S. Martyn	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Howlett	12	10	0
Mr. W. Wilkinson	1	1	0
Little Emmie's Farthings	0	5	0
Mr. S. Squire	1	1	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
Wick	10	0	0
Mr. R. Bryce	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	4	4	0
Mr. Hawkins, per Mr. Dunn	0	10	0
Mr. J. P. Coe, per Mr. Romang	5	0	0
J. D.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Steele	1	0	0
Friends, per Mr. J. C. Richards	0	15	0
Baptist Sunday School, Anstruther	2	5	0
Two Little Sisters, Agnes and Jessie	0	5	6
Friends in Warwick, Ontario	1	7	9
Mrs. Payer	0	5	0
Mr. T. Payer	0	5	0
Miss Jack	0	10	0
Miss Jane Janet Turnbull	0	10	0
A Few Friends near Kennay, per G. W.	2	0	0
A Thankoffering	20	0	0
Mrs. Mart	1	0	0
A Scotch Friend	1	0	0
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0
Mrs. Saunders	5	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture by Rev. J. E. Cracknell	5	0	0
Sermon Reader, West Haddon	0	5	0
Mrs. T. E. Vickery	1	1	0
R. M.	0	5	0
Per Mrs. Legge:—			
Mr. E. H. Wade	1	0	0
Mrs. Iveson	0	5	0
	1	5	0
Legacy, late James Houghton	250	0	0
Mr. T. Wallis	0	5	0
Rev. A. Smith	0	4	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Z.	1	0	0
A Widow, per Mr. Dunn	1	0	0
G. P.	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	7	5
Mr. C. Cuitchlow	1	10	0
Mr. J. Donaldson	15	0	0
Mr. J. Jago	2	0	0
W. C. E. J. M.	5	0	0
Pontypool	0	2	6
Mr. W. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bradford	5	0	0
Sale of Fruit, per Mr. Belcher	1	1	0
Mr. C. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.:—			
Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0
Rev. W. Mummery	0	5	0
Mr. Coe	0	5	0
Mrs. Gilbert	0	5	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	5	0
	1	5	0
	£420	19	10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—A quantity of Sweets and 21 lbs. of Biscuits, The Girls of the First Division Practising School, Stockwell; a Sack of Flour, Mr. Collins; Sundry Vegetables, Mr. Parker; a Ton of Potatoes, Mr. T. May.

Donations, &c.:—Collected by Miss Simms, £1; Collected by Mr. Kentfield, 12s; Visitors to Orphanage, £1; Collected by Master Laslett, 7s 6d; Collected by Master T. Stagg, 1s 2d; Collected by Miss Sayers, 10s; 42 Coins in Orphanage Box, 16s 3d; "To Thy Name be all the Praise," £1; "The Ship is still on the Go," 5s; "The Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell," per Miss Potter, 18s; Stamps, S. H., 5s.—Total, £6 11s 11d.

Clothing, &c.:—14 Cotton Shirts, Mr. Panter; A pair of Netted Curtains, E. G.; 50 pairs of Boys' Boots, Messrs. Meadows; 100 pairs ditto. "Leicester,"

General:—100 yards Iron Chain, A. Dunn; Some Temperance Publications, T. B. Smithies.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Leamington District	10	0	0
Cloughfold, per S. Whittaker, Esq.	10	0	0
Wigston District	10	0	0
Witney District	10	0	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Upper Broughton	10	0	0
Per Mr. F. A. Jones, towards Travelling Agent	20	0	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. T. Scott	0	10	0
A. U., Sheffield	0	2	5
Miss Winslow	5	0	0
Mr. Allen	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Castle	0	1	3
J. Maddock, Esq.	0	10	0
Romans vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
Mr. Ringerlee	0	10	0
Part of Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
Mrs. Platt	0	10	0
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Yorkshireman	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Ward	0	5	0
A Thankoffering	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Bell	1	0	0
	£101	18	11

Erratum for Feb.—Instead of Mr. F. A. Jones for a New District, £10, *per* Mr. F. A. Jones.

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, 1876.

A Sermon Bee.

REPORTED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SWEET indeed is the communion of saints, and when the Spirit of God is pleased to set brotherly love in active exercise, it brings those who enjoy it into the land which borders upon Paradise. Such was our experience the other evening when some thirty or forty ministers, labouring in London, and all brethren of the Pastors' College, met as is their wont once a month, to have fellowship one with another in the things of God. "As iron sharpeneth iron so doth a man's countenance his friend." Every man brought a bag of jewels with him, and the sacred traffic in the commodities of the "far country" ended in a gain to all.

First came the tea, a far from melancholy meal, for at a meeting of old friends and old college comrades, the talk is very free and fraternal. Christian love reigned in all hearts, and happiness smiled from every countenance. Even the downcast one forgot his sorrows, or told them to his fellows to receive words of cheer.

Then the tables were moved back and a great family circle was formed round the fire, and there we sat with the patriarchal and truly reverend G. R. in the midst of us, the one head of snow contrasting with the many others crowned with youthful locks. We sang one of the songs of Zion, and asked the divine Spirit to be present with us, and then the President suggested that we should read the Forty-second chapter of Isaiah and give our comments thereon, sermon fashion. This was done to pour water into the pump that more might flow, and flow it did with living waters. We wish we could remember even half the

good things which followed, but, alas, our memory is frail, so that much of the honey which flowed around us, as of old it dropped in the wood of Jonathan, cannot be conveyed to our readers. We will, however, do our best to give them a taste of it.

P. read "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law." He then remarked on verse 1, that we are called to *Behold Christ*,—a duty and a privilege never too often exercised. *To behold him as a servant*, and see how humbly, faithfully, and thoroughly he acted that part. *To behold where his great strength lay*, viz., in God's upholding, in his election to his office, and in the possession of the Holy Spirit. *To behold God's pleasure in him*, and to hope for the like delight in us if we too serve after the same manner. G. R. (not Georgius Rex, but a royal George) suggested for another arrangement, I. The titles he bears. II. The qualifications he possesses. III. The attention he demands,—"Behold," etc. A grand old homilist is the aforesaid G. R., and many a noteworthy sentence he let fall, which we, alas, have let slip.

M. most pertinently quoted a hymn which was new to most, if not all the brethren, and charmed us all.

"O LORD, TRULY I AM THY SERVANT."

"O! not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
O give me a diviner name;
Call me *thy servant*, Lord!

"Sweet title that delighteth me,
Rank earnestly implored;
O what can reach my dignity?
I am thy servant, Lord.

"No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
O not mine own, O not mine own;
Lord, I belong to thee.

"In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
And do thine every task.

"For ever, Lord, thy servant choose,
Naught of thy claim abate;
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

"In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity."

It was remembered that M. had read a paper at the London Baptist Association upon "The source of superhuman power in the Saviour's ministry," which subject is evidently contained in the verse before us.

We have looked up this paper in the *Baptist Magazine*, for October, 1874, and a capital article it is. We quote the last few sentences upon the Lord's restraint of his own omnipotence, and his willing dependence upon God "How majestic is the repose suggested in the voluntary dependence of our Lord! You look on a cup of water untroubled and still, and you do not say, 'How I admire that calm!' but you gaze on the great ocean with all its proud reserve of power, lying without a ripple beneath the silent sun, and it fills you with thoughts of rest. A child's toy-boat floats quietly on that same sea, yet that suggests nothing of peace, but the 'Great Eastern,' or one of our colossal war ships, with its engines of many hundred horse-power, and its guns, so terrible for thunder and destruction, floats placidly before you—idling gently on the idle sea—and you say, 'What a majestic symbol of tranquility!' Even so; the measure of power is the measure of repose. And, O brethren, in what a majestic aspect does this ministry of dependence reveal the peace of Christ! Here, i what we have tried to say be true,—here for over thirty years is omnipotence holding itself in reserve. Nothing provokes it to assert itself—not even the trials of the ministry. 'Command that these stones be made bread,' says the tempter: it replies gently, 'Man shall not live by bread alone; there is other bread—the bread of doing and following the will and plan of heaven.' No scribes irritate this omnipotence into action; no Pharisees provoke it. It is challenged on the Cross to come down that all men may believe it. It does not even break the silence, but merely thinks, as it had sometimes said before, 'How, then, shall the Scriptures be fulfilled?' Sweet peace, that knows no wish to be or to do anything apart from the Father's will."

Then followed remarks and questions by many as to the oneness of the Deity, whether in the Father or the Son, and many thoughts were suggested not soon to be forgotten. It is beyond measure amazing that Jesus should lay aside his own power to be upheld by the Father, and anointed by the Spirit; yet such is proven both by plain Scripture and by the facts of his life to have been the case.

As we were getting into deep waters the topic was changed and P. read again verses 2 and 3, Isaiah xlii. "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth." Remarks were made upon the very remarkable connection of this verse in Matthew xii. 20, where it follows upon the council of the Pharisees to destroy Jesus, and his withdrawal from them, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of Esaias the prophet," &c. Therefore, the first sense must be that our Lord would not come into needless conflict with such weak and offensive bruised reeds and smoking flaxes as the Pharisees were: he was not so combative as at once to crush out the miserable pretensions of these men. Those who strive and cry in the streets are eager for controversy where they feel sure of an easy victory, but not so Jesus: he turns aside and lets these despicable foes die out of themselves. From this first sense

the more common reading derives force, for if he did not stamp out such poor pretensions as these, we may be all the more sure that real life will be preserved and fostered by him.

The unambitious, gentle, peaceful character of our Lord's ministry was suggested as a topic upon verse 2.

Verse 4 was then read, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law." It was remarked that until the nations shall be converted, our Redeemer will follow out his great purpose. Topic suggested—The Lord's discouragements, or things which would of themselves cause failure to the gospel; and the constancy of the Lord in his work till his end is accomplished.

C. suggested that we heard a great deal of the final perseverance of the saints; it would be well to dwell upon the final perseverance of their Saviour, and, therefore, gave us an outline as follows:—

I. The *Fact* of our Lord's perseverance in the work which his Father gave him to do. This implies his true humanity, otherwise we could hardly speak of his persevering. What a glorious spectacle we are here permitted to behold! It was "a new thing in the earth."

II. The *Difficulty* of it. Arising from his being *almost alone* in his work, from his *not being strong* physically, from his *being poor*, from his "views" being *unpopular*, from his *own family deriding* his claims, from having *raw recruits as followers*, and lastly from his *real and sore temptations*.

III. The *Success* of it. He taught the truth he came to teach, he did the work he came to do, he suffered all that was necessary and appointed, he triumphed over sin, death, and hell, by his resurrection and ascension. We see his success in the triumphs of his apostles and the early church, we see it still to-day in the spread of the gospel, and that success shall continue until "the whole earth shall be filled with his glory," and he is "satisfied."

IV. Its *Secret*. "He trusted in God." "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works," his strong, abiding, and incomparable faith was the secret of his constancy. Jesus is the Greatest Believer.

V. Its *Practical Lessons* are two. Example and stimulus for his followers to "endure unto the end," and encouragement to those "without." "He will not fail" you, nor "be discouraged" about *you*: he saveth to the uttermost.

It was also proposed to show the Redeemer's perseverance in the case of each believer: this would be a very choice subject.

Thus we passed on from verse to verse till we reached the 16th. We can only remember a few of the jewels which were dropped around us by the brethren.

On verse sixth, "I will give thee for a covenant of the people," the Lord was spoken of as the surety, the seal, the substance, the mediator, and the federal head of the covenant, and as the covenant itself. On the words, "I will give thee for a light of the Gentiles," Christ as a light, and a light to ignorant, deluded, sinful, miserable Gentiles, was also suggested to our consideration.

"Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death."

None need him more or will prize him more than those whose darkness is extreme. V. P. illustrated the promise contained in the words "I will hold thy hand," from a father's holding a child's hand to guide him, to comfort him, or to strengthen him. "The arms of his hands were made strong by the mighty God of Jacob." When the boy tries to draw the bow his father puts his hand upon the boy's hands and imparts his own force to his pull.

Verse 7 is so rich that there was hardly any room or need for exposition.

Verse 8. The Lord's jealousy of his glory, and the practical lessons to be derived therefrom.

Verse 9. I. The novelties of grace—"new things do I declare." II. Though new to our experience, they are the "old, old story" of the word—"before they spring forth I tell you of them." III. The confirmation to our faith which this fact affords: when we see how the Bible and our own experience tally we gather confidence in God.

Verse 10. V. P. remarked upon the text as a suitable vindication of the abundant singing at revivals. P. suggested that *a new* song is asked for because we are new men, with new knowledge, new mercies, and new hopes. Old songs are not good enough, nor suitable to new circumstances, nor expressive of our own peculiar delights: besides, it would argue indolence to go on for ever in one strain, and honour the Lord with stale music.

It was proposed to take the two verses as exhorting people under all spiritual conditions, as well as in all physical positions to sing unto the Lord:—the far off ones, the restless souls at sea, the lonely ones like islets cut off from fellowship, the barren ones in the wilderness, the little ones in the villages, the believers to whom Christ is only a refuge, and the assured on the mountain top. This was dwelt upon as a jubilant theme to be handled when the heart is in tune.

Verse 13 contains a fresh and stimulating topic—the Lord in battle. I. His power displayed. II. His jealousy aroused. III. His voice heard. IV. His victory secured.

Verse 16 produced many remarks. W. suggested divisions—I. The unknown way. II. The known guide. P. remarked upon four kinds of blind; the physically, mentally, spiritually, and consciously blind, and reminded the brethren that at the end of the London-road, Southwark, they have all four; on the right is the Blind School, for the physically blind; on the left Bethlehem Hospital, for the mentally blind; right before you, St. George's Catholic Cathedral for the spiritually blind, and the Christian man is himself the fourth, or consciously blind. The words of our Lord to the Pharisees were quoted, "Now ye say we see, therefore your sin remaineth": and P. added this outline—I. Who these consciously blind are? II. What does God promise to do for them?—Bring, lead, &c. III. What comes of his guidance? I will make, &c. IV. How it all ends? Fulfilled promises—"these things will I do unto them." Everlasting preservation, "and not forsake them." These are mere gleanings of the vintage. Many voices contributed to the harmony of thought, and no one raised a discordant note, or one aside from the subject.

It was now proposed to begin at the right hand corner of the fire and

each one give an outline of a sermon. Our brother B. who is wealthy in all good things, gave us a handful of his golden apples. One was founded on Prov. ix. 8 : "*He knoweth not that the dead are there.*"

There are other houses besides those of "ill-fame," which contain the dead, and there are other temptresses besides the "strange woman." There are,

I. *Madam Avarice at the house of Wealth*, and in her house are 1. Dead affections. 2. Dead generous impulses. 3. Dead joys. 4. Dead manhood.

II. *Madam Gambling at the house of Speculation.* In her house are, 1. Dead honour. 2. Dead truthfulness.

III. *Madam Gaiety, at the house of Pleasure.* In her house are, 1. Dead virtue: young men and women ruined by music-halls. 2. Dead impressions: impressions of the sanctuary murdered. 3. Dead hopes of parents.

IV. *Madam Drink at the house of Intoxication.* 1. Dead promises of future usefulness. 2. Dead talents and gifts. 3. Dead home-happiness.

V. *Madam Morality at the house of Self-righteousness;* a more respectable courtesan, but she slays as many as any. Her house is full of dead souls.

After this admirable sketch, as the next brother was not prepared, B. favoured us with another in his stead, upon *what God's grace can do in an hour.* He has since favoured us with this outline on paper, and here it is.

Acts xvi. 33. "*He took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway.*"

In the history of the jailor we have the case of one who, *in one and the same hour*, was

I. *A heathen*, and a brutal one; for "he thrust them into the inner prison," and "made their feet fast in the stocks":—two aggravations of their sufferings which he had not been ordered to commit.

II. *An anxious enquirer.* 1. "He springs in"; see his earnestness. 2. "He trembled": showing his alarm. 3. "He fell down": which indicated his humble sense of helplessness. 4. He was suddenly courteous: he said, "Sirs;"—grace had already produced fruit. 5. He was thoroughly serious, and his one thought was *how to be saved.*

III. *A rejoicing believer.* He not only believed, but attained to assurance, for he "rejoiced." (verse 34).

IV. *A Christian worker.* 1. He brought his family to hear the gospel. 2. He washed the apostles' stripes; manifesting not only his love to the instruments used of God to his salvation; but also his desire to make amends for his former ill-treatment of them.

V. *A thorough Baptist*, and the head of a Baptist family: He was baptized, he and all his, straightway, for he is described as "believing in God with all his house."

These were lively and refreshing, and with many thanks we passed on to E., who is a thoughtful elder brother. He gave us his last sermon. The text was John viii. 31-32, "*Disciples indeed.*" He worked out the connection, making "*disciples indeed*" his central idea. From above that idea he drew forth *the two leading characteristics* of true disciple-

ship (verse 30); *faith*, "then said Jesus to those Jews which believed," and *perseverance*, "if ye continue in my word." From below the text he drew *the two leading privileges*, "and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (verse 32). Knowledge of the truth and freedom as the result.

B. of D. suggested the Saviour's *I ams of the gospels* as a topic; it is one in which there is plenty of sea room, and might be made into a series of discourses. The *I ams* of the Revelation he also mentioned, and showed how they could be profitably used.

V. P. gave an outline upon our Lord's visit to Bethesda, in which he shewed I. *Mystery present* everywhere. Sin and sorrow existing in God's world. II. *Mystery examined* by our Lord himself, and thus made more mysterious, since he looked on and did not at once heal all. III. *Mystery explained* by the reasons for the existence of sorrow, and, IV., *Mystery terminated* in heaven.

U. remarked that the visit of the King of kings to Bethesda might be illustrated by the late visit of Her Majesty to the London Hospital Sweetly did this brother descant upon the joy of the people, upon the mottoes upon the route, especially "*Come Again*," and upon the enthusiasm of the poor little sick child, who exclaimed, "O if I could only see the Queen, I am sure I should get well!" How the visits of our Lord create gladness, hope, and enthusiasm in all faithful hearts. The contrast as to what the Queen could not do, and Jesus does do, was also hinted at.

C. observed that whenever brethren were pressed for a subject they would find the whole of John xiii. a wonderful storehouse of preachable texts, almost every verse being available for a sermon.

Thus did one and another minister to the general edification till the time had expired; and P. closed the meeting with prayer, after reading from "Spiritual Fables, Apologues and Allegories" the three following eminently beautiful pieces:—

Camomiles.

"You smell delightfully fragrant," said the Gravel-walk to a bed of Camomile flowers, under the window.

"We have been trodden on," replied the Camomiles.

"Does that cause it?" asked the Gravel-walk. "Treading on me produces no sweetness."

"Our natures are different," answered the Camomiles. "Gravel-walks become only the harder by being trodden upon; but the effect on our own selves is, that if pressed and bruised when the dew is upon us, we give forth the sweet smell which you now perceive."

"Very delightful!" replied the Gravel.

Oh! what sweetness has issued from the sufferings of the Lord Jesus! "It pleased the Father to *bruise him*" (Is. liii. 10), and from his sorrows spring sympathy for his afflicted, comfort to the humble, and salvation unto sinners. (Heb. ii. 10, 17, 18.)

Our trials have their good effects only when they cause our spirits to send up ardent desires to heaven, and to shed a holy fragrance around us in the world.

With the dew of grace on our hearts (Hosea xiv. 5) persecutions and

afflictions will bring out our divine character, so that we shall be like bruised camomiles. "Thy dew is *as the dew of herbs.*" (Is. xxvi. 19.)

Softening.

"Unaccountable this!" said the Wax, as from the flame it dropped melting upon the paper beneath.

"Do not grieve," said the Taper. "I am sure it is all right."

"I was never in such agony!" exclaimed the Wax, still dripping.

"It is not without a good design, and will end well," replied the Taper.

The Wax was unable to reply at the moment, owing to a strong pressure; and when it again looked up, it bore a beautiful impression, the counterpart of the seal which had been applied to it.

"Ah! I comprehend now," said the Wax, no longer in suffering. "I was softened in order to receive this lovely durable impress. Yes, I see now it was all right, because it has given to me the beautiful likeness which I could not otherwise have obtained."

Afflictions in the hand of the Holy Spirit effect the softening of the heart, that it may receive heavenly impressions. Job said, "God maketh my heart soft" (xxiii. 16).

As the wax in its naturally hard state cannot take the impress of the signet, and needs to be melted to render it susceptible, so the believer is by sanctified trials prepared to receive and made to bear the Divine likeness. "In whom also after that ye believed (says the apostle) ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise" (Ephesians i. 13). "Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts" (2 Corintians i. 22).

Ebb and Flow.

"Mother," said a little Limpet, sticking to the rock, "Mother, what has become of the sea? I am so dry here!"

"Nothing unusual has taken place, dear," said the old Limpet, affectionately.

"Oh, it was so nice to be in the deep water," said the little one. "Is the sea all gone?"

"It will come again by-and-by, love," replied the kind old Limpet, who had had long experience of ebb and flow.

"But I am so thirsty, and almost faint; the sea has been away so long."

"Only wait awhile in hope, little one; hold fast to the rock, and the tide will soon come back to us."

And it *did* come, *soon* come; rolling up the beach and humming over the sands, making little pools, and forming tiny rivers in the hollows; and then it rolled up against the rocks, and at last it came to the Limpet, bathed it with its reviving waters, and so amply supplied its wants that it went to sleep in peace, forgetting its troubles.

Religious feeling has its ebbings and flowings. But, when former sensible comforts are departed, still to hold fast to the immovable, unchangeable rock, Christ Jesus, is the soul's support and safety.

Love mourns the absence of spiritual enjoyments. "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

Will he be favourable no more? and is his mercy clean gone for ever?" (Psalm lxxvii. 7—9).

It is then that faith checks fears, and encourages confidence in God. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." (Psalm xlii. 11).

[Since preparing this for the press it has been mildly hinted to us that the brethren cannot use these suggestions if we print them. Well, for this once we crave forgiveness. We will not transgress again until next time. Three weeks or more have elapsed since the meeting, and we hope all the gatherers have eaten their manna by this time. At any rate, we are seldom so near heaven as on that evening, and, having a great weakness as to letting out secrets, we could not keep our revelation for fifteen years as Paul did, nor is there the same need. If we stir up other brethren to meet together and edify each other in the same way our end will be served.]

On Objections to joining the Church.*

A FIRESIDE HOMILY, BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THERE are many pious persons who are not identified with any assembly of the Lord's people. That they are resting for salvation upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, that they cherish a refreshing sense of God's pardoning love, that they are heirs of an inheritance in the skies, and that their outward lives are, for the most part, regulated according to the Divine will, admit of no doubt whatever, and yet they hold aloof from those who share with them such glorious blessings. Although they are guilty of a strange inconsistency, they are perhaps sincere in the course they have taken; but while they are to be commended for their sincerity, their inconsistency is not to be excused. If my reader is living a Christian life without professing fellowship with the people of the Lord, let me beg his earnest attention to the following answers to the objections we have heard against becoming what is popularly called a *member of a church*.

1. Many true Christians fail to identify themselves with the Lord's people because they say *it is such a solemn thing to join the Church!* This objection is based upon a misunderstanding of the true nature of the Church of God. In the language of the New Testament, the Church is the aggregate of saved persons. We are not only saved when we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but we are "baptized by one Spirit into one body." True believers constitute this body, and no believer is contemplated by God as a solitary unit, for the Church, in the mind of God, is a living unity. There is a wondrous inter-relation of being, between the Lord Jesus Christ as Head, and all true believers who constitute his mystical body. There is no such thing as being saved, apart from a vital connection with this grand unity.

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* Hoping that this homily may prove useful and seasonable, we have issued it as a little book. Price one halfpenny, or 3s. per hundred. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings, E.C.

Now, every company of Christians, meeting together in any place whatsoever for worship, is *the local expression of this unity*. We call it a Church, but in reality it is only the local expression of "the Holy Church throughout all the world." The true Church is the unity of the entire company of believers, and each assembly is the local expression of this fact. No assembly, then, and no aggregate of assemblies short of the whole, can claim to be exclusively "*the Church*." The Church is broader than the sects, and embraces all who are united to the Lord Jesus Christ in life, liberty, and love. This truth has been overlooked in the zeal of party strifes. Many have shut themselves up to the circle of their own narrow views, and have looked upon all as excluded from the Church who are living beyond their self-defined boundary. It is pitiable to think that men should thus pretend to limit God. It is wicked to make and perpetuate schism upon the ground of difference of opinion. We must contemplate the Church from the Divine standpoint, and view it in all the comprehensiveness of the Divine idea!

If, then, the Lord regards the Church as a corporate body, and the Holy Spirit, dwelling in every believer, really unites us to this body, then you will see it is not optional with us, whether or not we avow the fact. Failure to identify ourselves with the assembly of saints is a contravention of Divine order, and is a guilty resistance of the Spirit of God. It is not enough that we are saved individually, we must "not forsake the assembling of ourselves together," for the Church of God can only be seen to exist in the world by the association of those who name the name of Jesus.

Now, it will be seen that the popular term "joining the Church" is not strictly correct. A man cannot be a Christian without having been joined to the Church of God by the baptism of the Spirit. If, then, a true believer in Jesus is already a member of the Church, the profession of the fact is not the awful thing many imagine.

2. Others admit the duty of publicly professing their identity with the Church of God, but do not feel the necessity of immediate action. Their excuse is that they "*will wait a little longer*." Now, while we object most strongly to any one outwardly uniting with the people of God as a worshipper, unless first united to the Lord as a saint, we equally object to a saint refusing to come forward as a worshipper. There should be much heart-searching before the Lord, and this may occasion a little delay, but delay should not be allowed to issue in procrastination. What is more natural than for Christians in the ardour of their first love to come forward and declare their decision for Christ before the Church and the world? It is a lamentable fact that thousands of Christians allow year after year to glide away, leaving them still outside the visible fold. They cannot altogether reconcile their delay with their sense of duty, and yet they still urge the idle plea that they "will wait a little longer."

If my reader is a member of this class, let me counsel a speedy decision. Let conviction of duty pass into resolution, and let your resolution lead to immediate action. Remember, "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Many of the people of God have bitterly regretted in old age, or on a

dying bed, that their best years were allowed to pass away without their becoming identified with the assembly of saints by the enrolment of their names, and by associating in loving fellowship with their fellow believers for the work and worship of God.

3. Again, it is asked, "*What are the advantages of church fellowship?*" You say you can unite now in the worship of God—you can meet with his people in social converse and public service, and what more can you secure? That you have no pew rents to pay for the support of the minister, and are not pledged to contribute to any enterprise to which the church is committed.

Now, while admitting that the mere record of your name in the Church register will not really unite you more closely to the Lord than you are at present through a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, we affirm that there is an immense *satisfaction to one's own mind* in the bond of fraternity to which we publicly subscribe. A child is no less a child because he keeps his relationship to his father's family a profound secret, but he acts an unfilial part; and the refusal of a child of God to avow before the world the fact of his relationship to the Divine family, does not unchristianize him, but it is an unworthy part to play.

Again, the fact of your identity with an assembly of God's people would furnish a most important *check to the spirit of worldliness* into which all are so prone to fall. A Christian in church fellowship feels, or ought to feel, that the slightest deviation from the path of rectitude not only injures his own reputation, but compromises others and injures the whole body corporate; and, as we are human, such a check as this is of the most salutary nature. Then, fellowship with the people of God secures the most *blessed sympathy*. The fellowship of saints is not maintained merely that we may listen to the instruction of a duly gifted pastor, and present the sacrifice of praise and prayer to our heavenly Father, but that mutual sympathy may be encouraged and manifested. We are commanded to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." It must be admitted that we fall very far below the standard fixed in the New Testament, and which was attained by the local assembly at Jerusalem shortly after Pentecost, when we are told "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." No doubt to those who have but little of the "mind of Christ" this seems Utopian, and in these days when the most popular creed is expressed in the syllable "GET," it is regarded as the dream of enthusiasts, but, depend upon it, the Church signally fails in duty unless the members are bound together by the bond of sympathy, and "live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." As individuals we are able to labour for the Lord, but in fellowship with others we increase our usefulness.

Another advantage is that *our growth in grace is assisted.* It is incumbent upon Church members to "edify one another in love." Faith is strengthened, love increased, and our zeal for Christ stimulated by fellowship with each other. The uniform testimony of Christians is that they are assisted in their heavenward walk by union in Church-fellowship with their fellow believers.

But, supposing you feel that *you* have no necessity to unite with the assembly of saints to secure these advantages, remember there are tens of thousands who crave for them, and, perhaps, the influence of your example is deterring some from coming forward to enjoy them. If you are a parent, you may thus inflict a permanent injury upon your children who are rising into manhood and womanhood. Their piety would be fostered and their spiritual life developed and matured if they enjoyed these advantages, but *your example* sanctions their delay. Or if you are a master, those in your employ are influenced by your example, and they feel justified in pleading your conduct as an excuse. Now, if *you* can rise superior to these advantages, *they* cannot, and for their sakes your decision should be prompt.

4. Another objection which is urged and which may have influenced my reader is, "*I see so much inconsistency in those who are Church members.*" Alas! all must plead guilty, we suppose, to some inconsistencies, greater or smaller. "There is none that doeth good and sinneth not." It is said of the late Dr. James Hamilton that "he has left no heavenlier soul behind him," but he would have confessed with the disciple whom Jesus loved, "If *we* say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves." We do not urge this to justify inconsistencies in the lives of professors, but to show that the Church is not composed of sinless persons; and that if we stand aloof from the public assembly of saints until we see absolute perfection in all its members, we shall have to wait until we join the Church of the First-born above. It is deeply to be deplored that all who name the name of Christ do not depart from iniquity, and are not sufficiently careful to maintain good works, but we must never plead the delinquencies of others in justification of our own neglect of duty.

Besides, if we are convinced that the Church fails in testimony to the world because of the inconsistencies of its members, is it not all the more incumbent upon us to endeavour to show them a more excellent way, and, by the influence of our saintly lives, to rebuke, if not correct their faults? But I would ask, do those who demand the strictest consistency between the profession and lives of others detect no inconsistencies in themselves? Are they without sin? Do they not judge others by a standard they dare not apply to themselves, demand more than they themselves are able to render, and withhold that charity from an erring brother which they feel they need? If my reader has been influenced by this spirit, let me counsel charity and forbearance. Do not neglect a duty by pleading the failures of others, but declare yourself openly to be on the Lord's side.

5. Then, again, it is urged that *salvation does not depend upon our communion with the Church, and that many eminent Christians are not members of any particular assembly.* This is true. He who seeks, by being publicly identified with the Church, a passport to heaven, is doomed to be disappointed, and he who refuses to be so identified, because it is not necessary to salvation, urges an idle plea. We must identify ourselves with the Church by a public profession, not to secure salvation, but because we *are saved*, and because church membership, though not necessary to salvation, is very helpful to the development of our piety.

The conduct of many eminent Christians, in refusing a public profession, does not justify *your* disobedience. If you can point to ten thousand eminent Christians who are not united to the church, this does not release you from your duty: their neglect of duty rather constitutes an argument for the immediate performance of yours. If the influence of so many is lost we should be anxious not to extend the number, but to exert ourselves the more earnestly to supply their lack. It is something worse than idle to plead the disobedience of others in justification of our own; were this plea allowed, the whole system of morals would be destroyed. In the determination of our duty we must not be influenced by an appeal to the conduct of others. To our own master we stand or fall.

6. Many are deterred from publicly uniting with the people of God for *fear they shall fall away!* The dread thought haunts them continually that they shall become castaways—it flings a dark shadow across their hearts, and disturbs their joy and peace. Now, those who withhold a profession and neglect a duty under the fear of falling and proving castaways, take the likeliest means of securing what they deprecate. The conscious performance of duty would dissipate such a fear as this.

But what is meant by becoming a castaway? The word castaway occurs in the ninth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. The metaphors of the passage are drawn from the Olympic Race. The apostle urges the Corinthians to run for an incorruptible crown—mark! not for salvation—not for eternal life, not for heaven, but for a CROWN. They had life, but there was a crown to be won for unwavering fidelity and persistent service. He says, "so run that ye may obtain." And to encourage them, he adds, "I therefore so run —I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway." The apostle was influenced by the salutary fear lest "after having been a herald to others, he himself should be disapproved of." This is a correct reading of the passage, and strips it of all its terror.

You will remember that it was the fear of losing his lord's money which led the servant of the parable to hide his talents in the napkin. Instead of commending him for his caution, his lord censured and condemned him for the neglect of duty. Fear of failure is right when it induces a spirit of watchfulness; it is wrong when it paralyzes effort and leads to the neglect of duty. If the reader belongs to this class, we would commend to him that noble resolution of the Psalmist, "what time I am afraid I will trust in thee," and urge the still nobler resolution of the prophet—"I will trust, and not be afraid!"

7. Many remain outside the pale of the visible church because of their *objection to the ordinance of believers' baptism.* Some contend that the baptism of the Spirit is sufficient, others urge that the mode of water baptism is unimportant. Many of the most estimable people of our acquaintance have lingered at the threshold of the visible church for years, and justify their conduct by an appeal to the above pleas.

We would ask these simple questions with an emphasis which the importance of the subject demands—Is water baptism a Christian ordinance? Is it implied, by the terms of the apostolic commission, that

it was intended for all disciples? Does the uniform practice of the apostles indicate that they so understood it? Let anyone take the New Testament, and, discarding all ecclesiastical traditions, endeavour to answer these questions, and we venture to affirm that he will come to the conclusion that baptism by immersion was appointed by the Lord Jesus Christ, that believers uniformly submitted to it, that the apostles administered it as one of the sacred functions of their office, and that it was regarded as an avowal and a recognition of Christian discipleship.

But it is urged by many, we were baptized as infants, is that to be ignored as of no account? This is, perhaps, best answered by the following questions:—Were you a voluntary, or even a conscious, party to the ordinance? Was it not impossible for you, as a condition of your, so-called, baptism not only to make a profession of faith, but even to exercise faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? What validity, then, can there be in an ordinance to which you were an unconscious party, and the divinely appointed conditions of which it was impossible for you to fulfil?

To those who contend that water baptism was only an initial ordinance of the Christian dispensation, and was not designed to be permanent in its obligation, we have simply to say—refer us to the text in which its limits are determined.

It is not within the scope of the present paper to discuss the fourfold ground on which, it is contended, infant baptism rests; we may recur to this anon. Our present purpose is to show that the baptism of believers by immersion is an ordinance of divine appointment, and is commanded as a preliminary to the public recognition of believers as disciples of Christ.

8. And now, in the last place, let me say a word to those who are deterred from church fellowship from *a fear to eat and drink the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper unworthily*. If it be a sin to eat and drink unworthily, it is, also, a sin to refuse to commune in the Lord's Supper from fear. If the fear were allowable in your case, it would be allowable in the case of others, and then there would be no table at all; and the whole Church would be guilty of disobeying the plain command of the Lord Jesus Christ—"This do in remembrance of me." The eating and drinking unworthily doubtless referred to the conduct of the Corinthians, who regarded the Lord's Supper as an ordinary meal, and partook of it in a most irreverent manner. "They did not discern the Lord's Body," but partook of the symbols of the "Body and Blood of Christ" as though they were bread and wine for ordinary use. They were thus guilty of slighting the sacrifice of Jesus which these elements symbolized. The words "guilty of the Body and Blood of Christ" do not imply that these Corinthian Christians were as guilty of the death of Christ as were his actual murderers, but their offence, whatever it was, was committed against the Body and Blood of Christ.

The word "damnation" here means judgment; and the judgment visited upon these people was very severe indeed. "For this cause," says the Apostle, *i.e.*, for eating and drinking unworthily, "many are weak and sickly among you," *i.e.*, are bodily afflicted, "and many sleep," *i.e.*, are dead. Not that those who had died had perished, for the Apostle adds, "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged; but when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that

we should not be condemned with the world." Read 1 Corinthians xi. 18—34.

But why should we eat and drink unworthily? Can we not come with our hearts rightly affected towards the Lord Jesus Christ, and discern in the bread and wine fit symbols of His broken body and shed blood? Can we not come mourning that so much evil lurks within us, and seek for grace to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts? Can we not come in the spirit of reverent humility to worship the Father, and to hold communion with each other? Believe me, if we come thus, we shall not eat and drink unworthily, and to us the Saviour says, "Eat, O friends! Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!"

But, still, you urge that you feel your own unworthiness. Be it so. This excuse may be innocent; but it savours more of self-righteousness than humility. The moment you feel worthy because of any goodness you may discover in yourself, that moment God must pronounce you unworthy. Did you go to Christ for salvation because you felt yourself worthy of it, or was your plea your deep necessity, your own unworthiness, and Christ's abounding mercy? Self-worthiness is no more the ground of church communion than of access to Christ for salvation. If all Christians held aloof from each other until each felt worthy of the honour, there would be no visible Church on earth. They are unworthy who still cling to their lusts, and are living in known sin, or who pride themselves in their own goodness: but they are worthy (in the Scriptural sense) who, in full reliance upon the atoning merits of the death of Jesus, are striving to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." In dealing with the above objections, we have endeavoured to reach the conclusion—That it is the imperative duty of all who are saved by virtue of their union with the Lord Jesus Christ, who "is the head of the body, the church," to avow the fact by an honest profession, and by obedience to his command to enter into sincere and hearty fellowship, that the unity of the Church may be apparent, and the worship and work of the Lord maintained in the world.

But if you are holding back from Church fellowship because you are holding back from Christ, we would urge the immediate acceptance of pardon. Jesus says to you, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Your first duty is to give yourself to the Lord, and then to his Church, by the will of God.

Private Prayer Essential.

OUR blessed Lord, we are sure, had very great business to transact with mankind, and a very short time in which to finish it; and yet, during his three years' conversation on earth, we find him often exchanging the duties of the active and public state for those of the solitary and private; "sending the multitudes away, and going up into the mountain apart to pray." And we are sure that in this, as well as in other respects, "He left us an example that we should follow his steps."—*Bishop Atterbury.*

Our First Seven Years.

[*We have been preparing a History of the Tabernacle, and it will be ready with the magazine, or soon after, price one shilling. It is full of illustrations, and to give our readers a taste of it we here insert part of Chapter VIII.*]

IT is not to be expected that we should write the story of our own personal ministry: this must be left to other pens, if it be thought worth while to write it at all. We could not turn these pages into an autobiography, nor could we very well ask any one else to write about us, and therefore we shall simply give bare facts, and extracts from the remarks of others.

On one of the last Sabbaths of the month of December, 1853, C. H. Spurgeon, being then nineteen years of age, preached in New Park Street Chapel, in response to an invitation which, very much to his surprise, called him away from a loving people in Waterbeach, near Cambridge, to supply a London pulpit. The congregation was a mere handful. The chapel seemed very large to the preacher, and very gloomy, but he stayed himself on the Lord, and delivered his message from James i. 17. There was an improvement even on the first evening, and the place looked more cheerful; the text was, "They are without fault before the throne of God."

In answer to earnest requests, C. H. Spurgeon agreed to preach in London on the first, third, and fifth Sundays in January, 1854, but before the last of these Sabbaths he had received an invitation, dated Jan. 25, inviting him to occupy the pulpit for six months upon probation. The reply to this invitation will be found entire in Mr. Pike's "*Sketches of Nonconformity in Southwark.*"

The six months' probation was never fulfilled, for there was no need. The place was filling, the prayer-meetings were full of power, and conversion was going on. A requisition for a special meeting, signed by fifty of the male members was sent in to the deacons on April 12, and according to the church book it was, on April 19, resolved unanimously, "that we tender our brother, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a most cordial and affectionate invitation forthwith to become pastor of this church, and we pray that the result of his services may be owned of God with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a revival of religion in our midst; that it may be fruitful in the conversion of sinners and in the edification of those that believe."

To this there was but one reply, and it was therefore answered in the affirmative in a letter dated, 75, Dover Road, April 28, 1854, also inserted in Mr. Pike's book, which can be had of our publishers.

In a very short time the congregation so multiplied as to make the chapel in the evening, when the gas was burning, like the black-hole of Calcutta. One evening in 1854 the preacher exclaimed, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, and by faith this wall at the back shall come down, too." An aged and prudent deacon in somewhat domineering terms observed to him, at the close of the sermon, "Let us never hear of that again." "What do you mean?" said the preacher, "you will hear

no more about it *when it is done*, and therefore the sooner you set about doing it the better." A meeting was held, and a fund was commenced, and in due course the vestries and schools were laid into the chapel and a new school-room was erected along the side of the chapel, with windows which could be let down, to allow those who were seated in the school to hear the preacher. While this was being done, worship was carried on at Exeter Hall, from Feb. 11, 1855, to May 27 of the same year. At this time paragraphs began to appear in the papers announcing that the Strand was blocked up by crowds who gathered to hear a young man in Exeter Hall. Remarks of no very flattering character appeared in various journals, and the multitude was thereby increased. Caricatures, such as "Brimstone and Treacle," adorned



BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE.

the printsellers' windows, the most ridiculous stories were circulated, and the most cruel falsehoods invented, but all these things worked together for good. The great Lord blessed the word more and more to the conversion of the hearers, and Exeter Hall was thronged throughout the whole time of our sojourn.

To return to New Park-street, enlarged though it was, resembled the attempt to put the sea into a teapot. We were more inconvenienced than ever. To turn many hundreds away was the general if not the universal necessity, and those who gained admission were but little better off, for the packing was dense in the extreme, and the heat something terrible even to remember. Our enemies continued to make our name more and more known by penny pamphlets and letters in the papers, which all tended to swell the crowd. More caricatures appeared, and among the rest "Catch-'em-alive-O!"

In June 1856 we were again at Exeter Hall, preaching there in the evening and at the chapel in the morning; but this was felt to be

inconvenient, and therefore in August a fund was commenced to provide for the erection of a larger house of prayer. Meanwhile the



CATCH-'EM-ALIVE-O!

Exeter Hall proprietors intimated that they were unable to let their hall continuously to one congregation, and therefore we looked about us for another place. Most opportunely a large hall, in the Royal Surrey Gardens, was just completed for the monster concerts of M. Jullien, and, with some trembling at the magnitude of the enterprise, this hall was secured for Sabbath evenings.

We find the following entry in the Church-book :—"Lord's-day, Oct. 19, 1856. On the evening of this day, in accordance with the resolution passed at the Church meeting, Oct. 6th, the church and congregation assembled to hear our pastor, in the Music Hall of the Royal Surrey Gardens. A very large number of persons (about 7000) were assembled on that occasion, and the service was commenced in the usual way, by singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. Just, however, after our Pastor had commenced his prayer, a disturbance was caused (as it is supposed, by some evil-disposed persons acting in concert), and the whole congregation were seized with a sudden panic. This caused a fearful rush to the doors, particularly from the galleries. Several persons, either in consequence of their heedless haste, or from the extreme pressure of the crowd behind, were thrown down on the

stone steps of the north-west staircase, and were trampled on by the crowd pressing upon them. The lamentable result was that seven persons lost their lives, and twenty-eight were removed to the hospitals seriously bruised and injured. Our pastor not being aware that any loss of life had occurred, continued in the pulpit, endeavouring by every means in his power to alleviate the fear of the people, and was successful to a very considerable extent. In attempting to renew the service, it was found that the people were too excited to listen to him, and the service was closed, and the people who remained dispersed quietly. This lamentable circumstance produced very serious effects on the nervous system of our pastor. He was entirely prostrated for some days, and compelled to relinquish his preaching engagements. Through the great mercy of our heavenly Father, he was, however, restored so as to be able to occupy the pulpit in our own chapel on Sunday, Oct. 31st, and gradually recovered his wonted health and vigour. 'The Lord's name be praised!'

"The church desire to note this event in their minutes, and to record their devout thankfulness to God that in this sad calamity the lives of their beloved pastor, the deacons, and members were all preserved; and also with the hope that our heavenly Father from this seeming evil may produce the greatest amount of real lasting good."

This was the way in which this great affliction was viewed by our church; but we had, in addition to the unutterable pain of the whole catastrophe, to bear the wicked accusations of the public press. We will give only one specimen; it is taken from a popular newspaper which has long been most friendly to us, and therefore we will not mention names. In the days of its ignorance it said—"Mr. Spurgeon is a preacher who hurls damnation at the heads of his sinful hearers. Some men there are who, taking their precepts from Holy Writ, would beckon erring souls to a rightful path with fair words and gentle admonition; Mr. Spurgeon would take them by the nose and bully them into religion. Let us set up a barrier to the encroachments and blasphemies of men like Spurgeon, saying to them, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no further;' let us devise some powerful means which shall tell to the thousands who now stand in need of enlightenment—This man, in his own opinion, is a righteous Christian, but in ours nothing more than a ranting charlatan. We are neither straightlaced nor Sabbatarian in our sentiments: but we would keep apart, widely apart, the theatre and the church—above all, would we place in the hand of every right-thinking man, a whip to scourge from society the authors of such vile blasphemies as on Sunday night, above the cries of the dead and the dying, and louder than the wails of misery from the maimed and suffering, resounded from the mouth of Mr. Spurgeon in the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens."

A fund was raised to help the poor sufferers, and to avoid all fear of further panic the preacher resolved to hold the service in the morning, though that part of the day is least favourable to large congregations. The multitude came, however, and continued still to come for three good years. All classes came, both high and low. We have before us a list of the nobility who attended the Music Hall, but as we never felt any great elation at their attendance, or cared to have their

presence blazoned abroad, we will not insert the names. It was a far greater joy to us that hundreds came who were led to seek the Lord, and to find eternal life in him.

A famous letter, signed *Habitans in Sicco*, and dated from Broad Phylactery, Westminster, appeared at this period in the "*Times*," and as it was known to be written by an eminent scholar it produced a very favourable impression. Part of the letter ran as follows:—

"I want to hear Spurgeon; let us go." Now, I am supposed to be a high churchman, so I answered, "What! go and hear a Calvinist—a Baptist!—a man who ought to be ashamed of himself for being so near the Church, and yet not within its pale?" "Never mind; come and hear him." Well, we went yesterday morning to the Music Hall, in the Surrey Gardens. . . . . Fancy a congregation consisting of 10,000 souls, streaming into the Hall, mounting the galleries, humming, buzzing, and swarming—a mighty hive of bees—eager to secure at first the best places, and, at last, any place at all. After waiting more than half an hour—for if you wish to have a seat you must be there at least hat space of time in advance—Mr. Spurgeon ascended his tribune. To the ium, and rush, and trampling of men, succeeded a low, concentrated thrill and murmur of devotion, which seemed to run at once, like an electric current, through the breast of every one present; and by this magnetic chain, the preacher held us fast bound for about two hours. It is not my purpose to give a summary of his discourse. It is enough to say of his voice, that its power and volume are sufficient to reach every one in that vast assembly; of his language, that it is neither high-flown nor homely; of his style, that it is at times familiar, at times declamatory, but always happy, and often eloquent; of his doctrine, that neither the Calvinist nor the Baptist appears in the forefront of the battle which is waged by Mr. Spurgeon with relentless animosity, and with gospel weapons, against irreligion, cant, hypocrisy, pride, and those secret bosom sins which so easily beset a man in daily life; and to sum up all in a word, it is enough to say of the man himself, that he impresses you with a perfect conviction of his sincerity.

But I have not written so much about my children's want of spiritual food when they listened to the mumbling of the Archbishop of ——, and my own banquet at the Surrey Gardens, without a desire to draw a practical conclusion from these two stories, and to point them by a moral. Here is a man not more Calvinistic than many an incumbent of the Established Church, who "humbles and mumbles," as old Latimer says, over his liturgy and text—here is a man who says the complete immersion, or something of the kind, of adults is necessary to baptism. These are his faults of doctrine; but if I were the examining chaplain of the Archbishop of ——, I would say, "May it please your grace, here is a man able to preach eloquently, able to fill the largest church in England with his voice, and what is more to the purpose, with people. And may it please your grace, here are two churches in the metropolis, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. What does your grace think of inviting Mr. Spurgeon, this heretical Calvinist and Baptist, who is able to draw 10,000 souls after him, just to try his voice, some Sunday morning, in the nave of either of those churches?"

Meanwhile the collection of funds for a new building went on, and in January, 1858, the money in hand was £6100; by January, 1859, it was £9,639, and £5,000 of it was set aside to pay for the ground near the Elephant and Castle. We went plodding on, the pastor collecting personally, or by his sermons, very much of the money, travelling far and wide to do so; Scotch friends especially helping; till in January, 1860, after the first stone had been laid, £16,868 was in hand, or more than half of the sum required, so that the land had been paid

for, and instalments paid to the builder as required. The first stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was laid with great rejoicings, August 16th, 1859, by Sir Morton Peto; but as a report of the whole proceedings can be procured of our publishers we will say but little here. We feel constrained, however, to mention the singular providence which placed Mr. Spicer and other friends upon the Court of the Fishmongers' Company, so as to secure the land; next, the fact that the company was able to sell the freehold; and, next, that the late Mr. William Joynson, of Mary Cray, deposited the amount to pay for an Act of Parliament to enable the company to sell in case it had turned out that they had not the legal power to do so. Singularly happy also was the circumstance that a gentleman in Bristol, who had never heard the pastor, nevertheless gave no less a sum than £5,000 towards the building. Eternity alone can reveal all the generous feeling and self-denying liberality evinced by Christian people in connection with this enterprise,—to us at any rate so gigantic at the time that apart from divine aid we could never have carried it through. One of the chief of our mercies was the fact that our beloved brother, William Higgs, was our builder, and treated us with unbounded liberality throughout the whole affair. He is now a worthy deacon of our church.

In December, 1859, we left the Surrey Music Hall. We paid the company a large sum for our morning service, and this was the only amount out of which a dividend was paid. They proposed to open the gardens for amusement on the Lord's-day evening, and we threatened to give up our tenancy if they did so. This prevented the evil for some time, but at length the baser sort prevailed, and under the notion that Sunday "pleasure" would prove remunerative, they advertised that the gardens would be opened on the Sabbath: we, therefore, felt bound in honour to leave the place, and we did so. After a while a fire almost destroyed the building, and the relics were for years turned into a hospital. We commenced on December 18th, 1859, our third and longest sojourn at Exeter Hall, which ended on March 1st, 1861. A few of our remarks upon leaving that place may fitly be quoted here.

"In the providence of God we, as a church and people, have had to wander often. This is our third sojourn within these walls. It is now about to close. We have had at all times and seasons a compulsion for moving: sometimes a compulsion of conscience, at other times a compulsion of pleasure, as on this occasion. I am sure that when we first went to the Surrey Music Hall, God went with us. Satan went too, but he fled before us. That frightful calamity, the impression of which can never be erased from my mind, turned out in the providence of God to be one of the most wonderful means of turning public attention to special services, and I do not doubt that—fearful catastrophe though it was—it has been the mother of multitudes of blessings. The Christian world noted the example; and saw its after-success; they followed it; and to this day, in the theatre and in the cathedral, the word of Christ is preached where it was never preached before. In each of our movings we have had reason to see the hand of God, and here particularly; for many residents in the West End have in this place come to listen to the word, who probably might not have taken a journey

beyond the river. Here God's grace has broken hard hearts; here have souls been renewed, and wanderers reclaimed. 'Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength; give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.' And now we journey to the house which God has in so special a manner given to us, and this day would I pray as Moses did, 'Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate thee flee before thee.'"

Under date January 6th, 1861, there stands in our records the following solemn declaration, signed by the pastor and leading friends:—"This church needs rather more than £4,000 to enable it to open the New Tabernacle free of all debt. It humbly asks this temporal mercy of God, and believes that for Jesus' sake the prayer will be heard and the boon bestowed. As witness our hands."

Now let the reader mark that, on May 6th of the same year, the pastor and many friends also signed their names to another testimony, which is worded as follows: "We, the undersigned members of the church lately worshipping in New Park Street Chapel, but now assembling in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, desire with overflowing hearts to make known and record the lovingkindness of our faithful God. We asked in faith, but our Lord has exceeded our desires, for not only was the whole sum given us, but far sooner than we had looked for it. Truly the Lord is good and worthy to be praised. We are ashamed of ourselves that we have ever doubted him, and we pray that as a church and as individuals we may be enabled to trust in the Lord at all times with confidence, so that in quietness we may possess our souls. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost we offer praise and thanksgiving, and we set to our seal that God is true."

After about a month of Opening Services, of which a full account can be had of our publishers, we began regular work at the Tabernacle in May 1861, the whole building being *free of debt*, and the accounts showing that £31,332 4s. 10d. had been received, and the same amount expended. Truly we serve a gracious God.

Little by Little.

CHRIST does not meet you with formidable conditions; he does not daunt you with impracticable requirements; he does not present to you at once in open vision the whole of life, with all its difficulties, disappointments, temptations, and follies, its sorrows and its sadnesses, its foiled efforts and frustrated hopes, and bid you take it all or none; rather he says to each of us, even as he said to his first disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now, and until you can bear them I will not tell you them; and when you can bear them I will tell you them, not all at once, but one by one," making you feel, as you surmount one difficulty, that you are ready for another, and that you can trust him who has supported you through one to uphold you through another, and so on one by one, even to the last of all.—*C. J. Vaughan.*

Pastor Cuff and his Work in Shoreditch.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WE suppose there is still a very large section of the public who as yet know comparatively little about the design and actual working of the Pastors' College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. From the smallest beginning possible—*i.e.*, one student—the institution has increased to its present proportions, and now wields an influence, in gathering sinners into the church, the importance of which we are in no danger of over-estimating. The object of the College is to train young men of promise for the hardest work in the church, and provided the applicants have piety and natural gifts, the mere want of previous education is not an obstacle to their admission. How far the founder has succeeded in his aims will appear as we proceed from church to church while making our general researches. Many who have passed through this gate into the ministry have manifested an heroic devotion to their work in the face of difficulty and opposition, and some have been subjects of a zeal almost apostolic in its fervency. The tutors desire above all things to send forth a race of effective preachers of the gospel, and they do not believe that any one can be properly qualified for this work unless he has a call from God. But while believing this, they do not undervalue knowledge or culture as a human aid in a divine work. The students are emphatically taught that God will not do for them what they can do for themselves. The plan differs from that of other colleges in not making scholastic attainments the chief test of merit, a test which in some quarters has been pushed to its extreme with no very satisfactory results. It may be very true that this age requires a cultured ministry, but when God calls into his vineyard men who are not scholars, we do not show our wisdom by disapproving of the choice. The barrier of learning which some desire to set up, would have excluded from the pulpit some of the most successful preachers who have ever proclaimed the gospel. "They represent so much sterling material which might have been lost to the church," says a contemporary, speaking of the ministers who have been educated in this College. "Some at least of the most successful of them would probably have knocked in vain at the doors of 'high-class' colleges, while the applications of others, who have done no mean work, would only have awakened a laugh of derision. It used to be far otherwise in the old days of dissent, when giants arose from the ranks of the people to fight the battles of our spiritual Israel. By raising their purely scholastic standard of admission our colleges must not forget that there is possibly a danger of excluding merit instead of attracting it. A journeyman shoemaker like William Carey, a John Foster, raw from the loom, or a Timothy Thomas, fresh from the carpenter's bench, would not, perhaps, have the best of chances in these days at the preliminary examination." The Pastors' College opens its doors to all suitable applicants; and, while preparing for

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* The first of a series of articles which we hope to prepare on the aggressive work of THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

future work, its students are members of the largest and one of the most active churches in the world.

In this and some following papers we purpose to look into the work of some of those who have gone forth from the Pastors' College to wage a successful warfare with sin in their respective spheres. We hope to say something about the men themselves, and their particular localities, as well as to give examples of their conquests. We begin with Shoreditch, and with pastor William Cuff, whose life-work has now become identified with that closely-packed region.

In the seventeenth century, when the citizens of London were able to take their morning and evening walks into the suburban fields, Shoreditch was a pleasant, thinly populated district, with plenty of attractions for the contemplative rambler who wished to escape from what we should now regard as the slight bustle of the City. A large portion of the area was cultivated fields; the lanes, which still retain their ancient nomenclature, were then unmistakable rural thoroughfares. The old Holy Well reminded passengers of the Priory, while the curfew—which, by the way, still tolls nightly—gave out its warnings as it had done since Saxon times. Not far away stood the Spital cross, which was one of the popular preaching places of Old London, and there, at particular seasons, a bishop, a dean, and a doctor formally dilated on a given theme connected with the gospel according to Popery.

In the present day Shoreditch has ceased to be a suburb; it is one of the most densely packed quarters of the metropolis. One cannot walk along the thronged high-street without experiencing a certain amount of inconvenience; and when we turn into the back parts, with their hidden recesses swarming with tenants, we wonder how it happens that disease does not make more awful ravages than it does. The three parishes of Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, and Hackney contain no less than three hundred and seventy-two thousand souls. Of these the poor—we might almost say the very poor—are in the majority. How vast are the spiritual needs of such a mighty host any words of ours would fail to express; but a man who can gather thousands of them together week by week, to hear the everlasting gospel, must exercise an influence for which even a moralist might well be supremely thankful, much more a Christian. Such is the sphere; now let us for awhile look into the life course of the pastor himself.

William Cuff was born at Hasfield, in Gloucestershire, on the 22nd of February, 1841. His parents were poor, but thoroughly respectable, and to the home teaching of his early years the pastor, under God, owes all that he is, as well as all that he has been able to accomplish in the world. During many years his mother occupied the position of schoolmistress in the village; yet, in spite of these early advantages, William always felt like a fish out of water in the atmosphere of the schoolroom, and regarded with ill-disguised abhorrence all the educational apparatus of pens, slates, books, maps, and multiplication tables. If only allowed to roam in the meadows, to search for treasures among the hedgerows, or better still, to ride in wild freedom on the bosom of Old Severn, he was content and happy. At an early age his love of boating adventures nearly cost him his life. Though neither he nor any of his companions were sufficiently fortunate to possess a boat, both the squire

and the parson were fond of water sports, so that the craft which they moored by the water-side could on certain occasions be surreptitiously used. This practice was attended with a certain amount of danger, but danger added piquancy to the sport; and hence, with their mother's bread-peels for oars, the young water-larks found abundance of diversion on the Severn. One day the boys were vigorously pursued by the enemy in the shape of the squire's man-servant, and while scrambling from the boat, and leaping, as he supposed, into shallow water, William jumped into a deep pool and narrowly escaped drowning.

Yet these days of youthful freshness were not without religious lessons and permanent early impressions. At one time a cousin from London, who is now a City Missionary, came down to visit Gloucestershire, and one Sabbath morning he was suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to town. As it was necessary for the stranger to be piloted across the country to Gloucester, William undertook this pleasant service. Their talk on the road was exclusively of Christ; and before they parted the elder prayed for the younger as they were alone in a meadow. The words then spoken were never forgotten; the seed then dropped into the youthful heart is even now bearing fruit.

Before our friend reached his teens he commenced to earn his own livelihood. His first employer was a butcher at Hasfield, a man who was both self-indulgent and kind to others, and who years afterwards came to a sorry end by falling into a canal while the worse for drink. He was a convivial man, who lived for this world alone; but the quality of his beef was appreciated in all the country round. He was also in a manner eccentric. It was the duty of his apprentice on certain days to make skewers, and for this purpose the master's large clasp knife was commonly borrowed; and whenever this was done a small piece of silver money was invariably found concealed between the blade and the handle. It needed little sagacity to see that this was planned to act as a test of honesty; and though a number of threepenny and fourpenny pieces were promptly delivered to their owner, a half-sovereign was retained, the tempter being boldly confronted and assured that the prize was too great to be ignored. The experience with this master butcher included an adventure with robbers on the causeway outside the city of Gloucester. After completing their Saturday's sale in the market the two were returning to Hasfield at midnight when they were suddenly attacked by three footpads—one seized the horse's reins, one tried to ascend the cart by the side-step, and the third hung on behind. By one blow from a heavy weapon which happened to be at hand, the man at the side was felled to the earth; he who seized the horse found the reins break in his hand, while the assailant in the rear hastily retreated after his fingers had received sundry slashes from a large quartering knife which happened also to be in readiness. The fingers of the unfortunate wretch were carefully sought for among the straw in the cart, but as they were not found it was concluded that he carried them away contrary to the apprentice's intentions.

At the age of fifteen the young butcher removed to Cheltenham, where he became perfected in his business, profited by the ministry of James Smith, and also attended the Bible-class of James Bloodworth, whose kind, effective instruction was of lasting service. Having been

all along disciplined by a Christian mother. Mr. Cuff's religious convictions were deepened by an earnest ministry, and peace of soul came at length through the instrumentality of a zealous teacher. In his twentieth year he was baptised, and commenced that course of Christian work which he has ever since continued. He first gave attention to a class of boys, and such were his powers of kindly discipline that the roughest characters in the school were delivered into his hands to be tamed. At the beginning there were only three; but the number soon increased to fifty, and the Sabbaths thus spent are still remembered as happy times. The class was a very mixed company, some being scholars from the Grammar-school, while others were arabs of the slums, their rags and unwashed state being an outward counterpart to their moral condition. Yet their teacher had sufficient tact to make all feel perfectly easy, and not one of the naturally unruly band ever turned out an incorrigible. From time to time, and in various parts of England, "the old boys" of this class are still encountered, when they never fail to acknowledge the benefits received.

While engaged in work like this, Mr. Cuff made his first essay at speaking in public, and he has some reason for averring that he became a preacher contrary to his own designs. On a certain memorable day he acceded to a request to accompany a friend to a village service, the meeting-place being an antique cottage of the poorer sort. The friend read and prayed, and then proceeded to inform the people that Mr. Cuff would follow with the sermon. Mr. Cuff felt that he was placed in a disagreeable dilemma, but rising to his feet he became equal to the occasion by giving over again the Bible lesson he had spoken to his arab class in the morning. From that time preaching engagements multiplied on his hands, and he thenceforward was practised in the art of conducting two services in one day. Cottage parlours were too confined for the congregations that assembled; in warm weather the outer door-way would serve as a pulpit, the hearers occupying the garden area as well as the space within. Thrifty dames would occasionally entertain well-grounded fears on account of "the taters" being "trampled to death;" but under circumstances so peculiar there was no remedy. For three years this active service continued—the boys' class in the morning, and village sermons in the afternoon and evening. The work necessitated a severe physical as well as mental strain; for over sixteen miles of road would have to be travelled, after dinner, in all weathers. While the meetings continued to be crowded, and souls were saved, there were not wanting those who privately whispered that the young butcher was lighter in the head than he should be. In any case, the flash-in-the-pan, the enthusiasm, the excitement would soon end. While the quidnuncs talked, the work progressed, and thoughts about the expediency of relinquishing business for the sake of the gospel entered into the worker's mind. Even in boyhood, he had thought that he should one day be elected to this high calling, and his thoughts now began to assume a definite shape. For two years he harboured the notion and prayed over it. There were many obstacles to be removed. The young evangelist was married, he had a comfortable home, and in business he was more than usually successful. The question still occurred, "What shall I do?" and the answer was still vague and

unsatisfactory. At length, on the occasion of Mr. Spurgeon's first visit to Cheltenham, our young friend stood among the throng, dressed in the uniform of his calling; and after listening to the sermon the path of duty was straight before him. He vowed that he would give up business to preach the gospel without hindrance, and he prayed for strength to carry out his design. That hour in the chapel was a triumphant hour.

An application was now made for admission to the Pastors' College. James Smith was succeeded in the pastorate by Mr. Cracknell, who, with Dr. Brown, ably befriended the young aspirant. He was called to preach before the Church, and at the end of a year he preached a second trial sermon. On the first occasion he enlarged on the Psalmist's words, "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart;" and the next time he selected a passage from the book of Habakkuk: "Though it tarry, wait for it."

When Mr. Spurgeon visited Cheltenham the second time, Mr. Cuff, who had now been a preacher three years, was introduced to the pastor by Dr. Brown, in the vestry of Cambray Chapel.

"This is a young man who is very desirous of entering your college, Mr. Spurgeon," said the doctor, "and I am pleased to introduce him."

In a tremulous, hesitating manner the candidate stood forward; and in his nervous state he thought that the scrutinizing glances to which he was subjected were severely searching.

"Well, Mr. Cuff, you want to come to college, do you?" asked the pastor: "do you think you can preach, then?"

"No, sir; but I want to know how," replied the other.

"How long have you been preaching?"

"Nearly three years."

"Can you get anybody to hear you?"

"Yes, sir; every place to which I go is soon too small."

"Has the Lord blessed the word?"

"Yes, sir; very many have joined the Church," Mr. Cuff was able to reply to the final query, and the result was that he became a member of the college at the Metropolitan Tabernacle in September, 1864.

The hopes of early youth, as well as the aspirations of a fond mother, were now realized; and Mr. Cuff diligently engaged in the work of self-improvement. He received several invitations to accept the oversight of churches whose pulpits he occasionally supplied, but prudently manifested no desire to choose contrary to the wishes of his tutors. Those student days are also remembered as days of hard service; and so constant were his engagements that from first to last he never knew what it was to enjoy a quiet Sabbath at the Tabernacle.

On leaving college he accepted the pastorate of the church at Ridgmount, Bedfordshire, after receiving an unanimous invitation to do so. As a village, Ridgmount lies in proximity to Woburn Abbey, and is remarkable for the extreme beauty of its natural surroundings. The chapel, with its comfortable manse and ample garden, showed that the past must have been days of prosperity, and that Dissent had found congenial neighbours in the noble family of Russell. Through many long years the Baptist interest flourished most satisfactorily; but a time of decay set in; and when Mr. Cuff received his first fifteen

shillings for travelling expenses, the scant congregation seemed to presage an early extinction of the society. While sorrowing over what they could not remedy, the good people concluded that it was their duty to conform to the altered circumstances of the times. They met in council, and arranged that a partition should be erected in the chapel, the large area of which was no longer needed, now that a number of other sanctuaries had risen up around them. Twelve months after the settlement of Mr. Cuff, the perplexities of the people were of another kind—the chapel would need to be enlarged and galleries provided. Large crowds were attracted, so that the members of the Church were admitted through a private entrance. Still better, the work did not end with the excitement, for while many were converted, corresponding numbers were added to the Church. The moral tone of the entire village visibly improved, and the fruits are discernible even now. Young men who were street idlers or loose livers were persuaded to join a Bible-class, which was conducted by the pastor's wife, the result being that many were converted who still honourably bear the Christian name. Preaching-stations were set up in the villages around, and the preacher was once required to answer before the magistrates for his action. There was a certain lord of the manor in those parts who owned a certain green, and though mountebanks, merry-andrews, and showmen of all grades were cordially welcomed upon his territory, he was not disposed to tolerate Nonconformist gospellers. Yet as it never, or seldom, fails to do, opposition furthered the work by exciting the interest of the populace, and by stimulating the zeal of the agents employed. Thus the work at Ridgmount was manifestly of God; and while the people were many of them artless peasants, they were able to appreciate the blessings enjoyed, which came as dew from heaven.

While these things were in progress changes were at hand which neither pastor nor people suspected to be near. One sunny morning, in the summer of 1867, Mr. Cuff sat reading in his garden, when a note was handed to him, a note from London and in the handwriting of Mr. Spurgeon—"If you hear from my good old friend, Mr. Elven of Bury St. Edmund's, please give it your best attention." The expected communication from Mr. Elven arrived a day or two afterwards; Mr. Cuff proceeded to Bury, and shortly after was unanimously invited to assume the co-pastorate. His position was now no mean one; for Mr. Elven was universally respected, and his life had been successful in the best sense. He was born in the town which has become identified with his name; and it was there, immediately after conversion, that he first began to preach the gospel. Under his able, faithful ministry the church of which Mr. Elven was pastor greatly increased in strength. He became instrumental in rearing a chapel capable of seating a thousand persons; he evangelized in the neighbouring villages, so that many now flourishing churches survive as the fruits of those early days of struggle and triumph. No less than eight village stations were regularly supplied by members of the church, which numbered between six and seven hundred members. The young preacher of five-and-twenty now found himself in a large sphere, his co-worker being a veteran of more than seventy years of age. In a way the position was a trying one, though Mr. Cuff was encouraged to go forward by the crowded state of the

chapel and by the many conversions which were reported. Services were also held in the street, and some of the worst characters in the town were gathered into the church as trophies of redeeming grace.

In the absence of Mr. Cuff the street services were not allowed to proceed without a little of that rioting which, though it come from the roughs, is commonly encouraged by those above them. One Saturday evening the appointed preacher was Jonathan Grubb, a good Quaker, who at a given signal found himself in the centre of a shower of potatoes and cabbage stalks, while the neat portable pulpit was totally destroyed. The local papers were in high glee, and pronouncing the services "a nuisance," they predicted "a grand *mêlée*" for the ensuing Saturday night. On that occasion Mr. Cuff appeared on the scene, and after speaking to the people respecting his own right to preach and their liberty to hear, no further disturbance took place. In summer these Saturday night services were continued on the Market-hill, and in winter the mayor allowed the use of the Town-hall for the same purpose. By this means the word was preached to crowds of weekly marketers, many having bundles in their hands or baskets on their arms, while peasants and their wives stood among the throng in company. A quiet and profitable way surely of concluding a week's toil. The great day alone will declare how many found peace on that Market-hill, and in that hall at Bury.

In other parts of the town services were held nearly every night, and eight village stations were regularly supplied. The hand of opposition was occasionally raised. Once a brass band was engaged to drown the preacher's voice; but on hearing of these tactics Mr. Cuff gave the sermon at the commencement of the service, and the musicians arrived just in time to hear the benediction.

While all these things were in progress, and while he entertained for Mr. Elven the highest possible regard, Mr. Cuff was not happy as a mere assistant. His opinions appear to have coincided with those of Dr. Gill—Christ gave pastors, but not co-pastors. In the spring of 1872 he settled at Acton, and six months later he removed into his present sphere at Providence Chapel, Shoreditch.

The work in Shoreditch, and the great need that exists for the workers to be encouraged and strengthened by liberal assistance we have already described in a contemporary. No apology need be offered for transferring this brief sketch to our pages, as different words would but convey the same impressions:—

> According to the testimony of Mr. Spurgeon himself, Mr. Cuff is one of the most successful of the many preachers who have been trained in the Pastors' College. He may even lay claim to be a natural orator; for the charm of his eloquence not only ensures a full meeting in the old chapel, which is overshadowed by Shoreditch Church, he weekly attracts an assembly two thousand strong in the Town Hall hard by. The population is as dense as it is poor, and when it is said that the congregation are hoping to provide themselves with the largest chapel in London, the Metropolitan Tabernacle only excepted, the work in progress will appear to be both important and interesting. The sphere is properly speaking, a mission station; and again to borrow Mr. Spurgeon's words, "what is wanted seems to be that some persons of means should take up the project in the name of the Lord, and see it through." As money is

rarely long wanted for a really good work, Mr. Cuff and his friends anticipate the future with confidence.

Persons who are acquainted with Shoreditch as it exists to-day, find it hard to realise that the area was ever a green rural suburb. Yet some two hundred years ago the Puritan Luke Milburne, when preaching engagements brought him to Bishopsgate, would retire to the quietness of Shoreditch during the hours between morning and evening service. The old church, founded in Saxon times, was an exceedingly antique structure, with its floor seven feet below the level of the street; and Queen Elizabeth is said to have been pleased with the sweetness of the tone of its bells. According to the inscription on a tombstone in a neighbouring churchyard, a farmer of Shoreditch ended his course in the opening days of the last century.

But reminiscences of what Shoreditch was in the past seem only to intensify its uninviting dinginess and overcrowded condition of to-day. Then, on Monday last evening the weather did not contribute to showing off the unclassic spot to best advantage. The sharp, clear, frosty air of the preceding few days was superseded by a murkiness of damp and smoke which the street-lamps helped to make more visible. Still, in spite of natural and local discouragements, Providence Chapel was taken possession of by an animated crowd, several hundreds strong, soon after five; for Mr. Cuff and his friends had arranged to drink tea together, as it is their custom to do at least once a year. Entering the schoolroom, we find the long rows of amply furnished tables crowded with guests who show the taste of thorough-going Londoners by their appreciation of the evergreen ornaments which are supposed to impart to the room a rural-like aspect in keeping with the convivial occasion. One company eat and drink until they are satisfied, and then they make room, by retiring into the chapel, for another host who are waiting to take their turn, and when these have finished their repast the meeting comes off in the chapel.

Without attempting to give any summary of the worthy deacons' speeches which now follow, we will rapidly review the work which Mr. Cuff and his attached friends have been enabled to accomplish in their densely crowded sphere. Undoubtedly they owe much of the blessing they have enjoyed to the natural capacity of the pastor; but the peace and unity that prevail among the people have also won for the church that good name in the neighbourhood which is indispensable to the success of an actively aggressive mission. The Sabbath services are crowded, that of Sunday evening being now regularly held in the spacious Town Hall; and the popular interest is not only sustained in the week-night gatherings, many of the pastor's sermons are published in penny numbers, and to judge by their appearance in the local news-shops are generally read.

While the chapel is four times too small to accommodate the congregation eager to gather within its walls, the Sunday-school is in a still more anomalous condition. Many schools are as well attended as they conveniently can be; in Shoreditch they are full to overflowing; the children sit on the floor in double rows around their teachers; and, in sheer despair, the superintendent closes his books, while he assures the crowd of applicants out of doors that he can receive no more until new schools are erected. We doubt if another example of this kind could be found even in London.

In addition to all this the able members of the church undertake that kind of Christian work of which there is only too much to do in parishes like Shoreditch and Bethnal-green with their quarter of a million of souls. The tract visitors, of whom there are thirty-two, often come across famishing households where the tract alone without temporal succour would not be hailed as a boon; and on this account they subscribe to a fund among themselves to relieve any pressing case of distress which may come under notice. The young men's Bible-class, and also the young women's Bible-class, both do their part in relieving the vast need of the district, whether temporal or spiritual, and the girls alone have raised £100 for this purpose during the past year. It is bad

policy to allow the very poor to suspect that you are tempting them to become religious with the necessaries of this life, and yet when starving subjects meet the eye in every street the Christian hand dare not withhold what it has to bestow.

Perhaps even more interesting are the operations of another yet hardier band of Mr. Cuff's followers, who call themselves the Chapel Mission. Being a hundred strong they are emphatically an aggressive corps, who do the real sapper and miner work of the church, in a common-sense, effective way. When the weather permits they gather their congregations in the open air; but in winter they are found addressing the gospel message to the pariahs of lodging-house kitchens, and to other outcasts, wherever an opening is to be found. On a special occasion they will get up a feast for their unfortunate friends, at which the destitute will seem for the moment to be as light-hearted as are those with whom life's hours pass lightly and happily.

During the three years of Mr. Cuff's pastorate a sum of £4,000 has been raised for all purposes, and £1,500 is in hand for the new chapel, which will cost £15,000. Within the same period over five hundred persons have been added to the church, and it is believed still greater results will follow when suitable buildings are provided for the work and the workers. That such a civilising agency should be sustained in such a centre is certainly cause for devout satisfaction. Mr. Cuff is well fitted for the sphere, and as a pastor he may be congratulated on having found those to support him who can appreciate his worth and sympathise with him in its peculiar trials.

Illustrations of the striking character of the work in progress could be given, but as our article has already extended to the usual limit, these may be reserved for another occasion. The work in hand is a great work, and a large sum will be needed ere our friends can occupy vantage ground or utilize all their aggressive resources. Who will aid our Lord's work?

Norman Macleod.*

WHEN a biographer has to deal with a vast mass of material, and is anxious to convey to the outside world his own impressions of his hero, he is in danger of defeating the object he has in view by attempting too much. Every literary scrap is deemed as sacred as the relics of a patron saint, and what to a multitude of readers must be regarded as the merest trifle is invested with an importance bearing no proportion to its intrinsic value. In this age of express trains and condensed telegraphy, when the daily news is summarised in a column, when scientific treatises are compressed into a single article, when sermons addressed to royalty are limited to sixteen minutes, and when the essence of literature is prepared like "Liebig's Extract," we question the wisdom of extending a biography into two octavo volumes of 800 pages. We should like to know how many subscribers to Mudie it will take to cut all the leaves, and the average number of pages they will each read. By those who can command the time, however, the life of Norman Macleod will be read with interest and profit. The author has, perhaps, done well to give the material from which future biographers will cull and condense when the time comes to present the

* Norman Macleod. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill.

life-story in a briefer form. He has certainly attempted no unimportant task in vindicating his brother's character against the attacks of those whose prejudices or principles he had assailed. Having provoked the rebukes of Sabbatarians, the abuse of Teetotallers, and the anathemas of the Evangelicals, Norman was not only regarded with suspicion and distrust, but was even hissed in the street. We are not sure of the success of his attempt to justify Norman's State-church prejudices, for which he contended as though they were the indisputable axioms of the New Testament. To espouse a theory of church government, which from its very nature, treats dissentients as schismatics, and, at the same time, to profess a catholicity which embraces the whole brotherhood of man, is an anomaly difficult to defend, if, indeed, it does not involve an inconsistency impossible to justify. When a man lays down the postulate that an Established Church is the necessary exponent of national religion, he is sure to be confronted with problems impossible of solution, or to arrive at conclusions which involve the most palpable absurdities. We honour the good doctor for singing—

"Trust no party, sect, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action,
Trust in God and do the right;"

but, when "right" is interpreted by a mind influenced with foregone conclusions, we must regard it as only another way of writing "policy." We would not pronounce a harsh censure on any man for defending the traditions in which he was cradled; but when he betrays a doubt which indicates that his inherited convictions are not in strict accordance with the sober judgment of his maturer years, we begrudge him even his claim to conservatism as a solace for his qualms of conscience. We feel bound to say this much; but, at the same time, we frankly admit that Norman Macleod was a man of sympathies as true as they were broad—that he was faithful to his convictions, though these were toned by the most transparent prejudices, and that he was honestly impelled, in all he undertook, by a laudable desire to benefit his fellowmen, and to add the music of his deeds to swell the harmonies by which the name of the Lord is glorified.

In giving the salient features in his life-story, we shall show that he was a good man—simple, trustful, devout, earnest—and that his character has won him a lasting monument.

He came of a hardy stock, and was born June 3, 1812, at Campbeltown, of which parish his father was minister. As a boy he was very talkative, and had a keen sense of the ludicrous. "Once, when he was unwell and about six years old, it became necessary to apply leeches. These he named after the various characters of the town—the sheriff, the provost, &c., &c.; and while they were on his chest, he kept up an unceasing dialogue with them, scolding one or praising the other, as each did its curative work well or ill, and all in the exact voice and manner of the various persons they were meant to represent." At the age of twelve he was sent to Morven, where his grandfather had ministered for many years, and was lodged with the village schoolmaster, that he might learn Gaelic, with the view of becoming a Highland minister.

"The long evenings in the snug cottage, when the spinning-wheel was humming, the women teasing and carding wool, the boys dressing flies for fishing, or shaping boats, were also enlivened by wondrous stories of old times. Norman had here an insight into the best side of the Highland character, and into many Highland customs now long passed away." In his charming reminiscences of a Highland parish, he recalled those happy days of boyhood, and urged an appeal to all who have to do with children,—"Make the days of boyhood happy; for other days of labour and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes and clasping hands and sweet caressings will, next to the love of God, from whom they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the memory when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life." The way in which tens of thousands of children are brought up is inexpressibly sad. No loving smile ever flings its light upon the dark clouds of their little world; no tender word breaks in upon the dull monotony of the harsh restraints by which they are held in check; no fond caress reveals to them the beating of a human heart. We have heard of a boy who, when a ray of sunlight fell across the dreary room in which his whole life had been lived, ran to get a hammer and a nail to secure the welcome visitor. Juvenile delinquency is a terrible fact of our modern civilization, but its development is not wholly due to human depravity; parental neglect must bear its share of the responsibility.

On his father's removal to Campsie, young Norman left the home of his Gaelic tutor and entered the parish school, where he enjoyed the advantages of the instruction of a competent scholar: afterwards he went to Glasgow, thence to Edinburgh. It was at Campsie he formed a friendship with old Bell, a kind of Gaelic Johnson, who talked freely upon subjects literary, political, and theological. This quaint old man "used to utter aloud in church his dissent to any doctrine he disliked, or sometimes his impatience expressed itself by his long black stick being twirled gradually up through his fingers till it reached well over his head. On one occasion, a young preacher having chosen as his text, 'There shall be no more sea,' proceeded to show the advantages of such a condition of things. Higher and higher rose Bell's stick as his favourite principles of geography were being assailed under every head, till, at last, it came down with a dash on the pavement, accompanied by a loud 'Bah! the fule!'" We sympathise with old Bell under the affliction of having to listen to an assault on some pet dogma from the pulpit, but we cannot justify the rudeness of his protestations.

Norman Macleod was a student at Edinburgh when Dr. Chalmers occupied the professor's chair, and they appear to have cherished feelings of admiration for each other, which were not destroyed when they afterwards took opposite sides in the Disruption Controversy. His studies were rather desultory than deep, and the diligent application of after years never remedied the defects in his college education. There is a touch of sadness in the following entry in his journal towards the close of his life: "Intellectually I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this, and so he has led me and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellow men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art thou, O

God!" This honest self-depreciation must not, however, be unduly pressed into an absolute verdict. Every great man is led to form an estimate of himself which no one else can endorse, while little men exaggerate their virtues only to have their veracity called into question by the sober judgment of others.

The death of his brother James, to whom he was passionately attached, marked the turning point in Norman's career, and "formed an epoch from which he ever afterwards dated the commencement of earnest Christian life." It is impossible to read the extracts from his journal, which relate to his experience, without a deep conviction that whatever else he was, there was no doubt about the reality of his Christian character. In 1834 he writes:—"Oh thou who hast brought me to this. Thou who didst make me what I am when I had no strength of my own, to thy loving and merciful hands I commend myself, wholly trusting that I may, through the aid of thy Holy Spirit, be every day more sanctified in my affections, and ever constant in the performance of my duty." Again: "By the grace of God, I have been enabled to wait upon him more than I was wont. It is an awful mistake to think that when we conquer a sin it is beaten for ever. It is indeed invincible—we can only keep it from conquering us, and so overcome it." At another time: "In the name of God the Father, Son, and Spirit, my God, I begin the year! I am thine by creation and redemption, and by choice on my part, I am thine for ever, and I desire to consecrate every power and faculty of body and soul to thy service, knowing thee, the ever blessed One, whose service is unutterable joy." On entering his 43rd year, he wrote: "O my God, I have not hidden my daily shortcomings from thee. Thou hast forgiven me in Christ. My Father, never let me be without the indwelling of thy Spirit for an hour, for it would be an hour of dreadful horror. Let my life be every day more unconscious of my own presence, and more conscious of thine. Make me an instrument in thy hands for advancing thy kingdom, reviving the church of Scotland, and for uniting all Christians in this land."

"The passages from his journals, referring to his spiritual life," says his biographer, "are thoroughly just representations of the self-scrutiny to which he subjected himself during his whole life. Those who knew him only in society, buoyant, and witty, overflowing with animal spirits, the very soul of laughter and enjoyment, may feel surprised at the almost morbid self-condemnation and excessive tenderness of conscience which these journals display; still more at the tone of sadness which so frequently pervades them." But we ask, why should they feel the least surprise? If his moods were as varied as the ocean, his peace of soul may have been as serene as its solemn depths, even in the wildest storm. Every human faculty is sanctified and ennobled by genuine piety, which demands that a man shall be true to himself in the varied spheres in which his lot may be cast. Christianity is not a synonym for asceticism. Norman Macleod could not restrain his humour in congenial society any more than the blackbird can withhold his song when the sun has kissed the spring flowers into beauty; on the other hand, he could not repress the grateful emotions of his soul when, in his hours of solitude, he traced the blessings and the hopes of his life to the loving heart of God.

After acting as tutor to the son of a Yorkshire gentleman, an appointment for which he was indebted to Dr. Chalmers, and enjoying the advantages of foreign travel, he was installed as the minister of the Scotch Church at Loudoun. His toryism provoked the opposition of the Chartists, and the prestige of patronage, by which he was inducted to the living, aroused the suspicions of the Covenanters. An old pauper woman, who was looked upon as a great light among the Covenanters, resolved to put him to a severe test before she would recognise his credentials. Putting her tin trumpet to her ear she said to him, "Gang ower the fundamentals," and not until he had proved his orthodoxy to her satistaction would she condescend to give him a welcome as an ambassador for Christ. The success of the early years of his ministry at Loudoun was disappointing, although he commanded large congregations, and was justly held in high esteem by his parishioners. His great heart yearned for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and he perfected the usual parochial machinery, which he worked with great vigour. He seemed impatient, however, of the slow results of preaching, and cast about for expedients to gain the end desired. There was an evangelical ring in his sermons, but the influence of the broad church theology betrayed itself, and weakened his power as a soul winner.

The moral culture of the unregenerate is good so far as it goes, but casuistry is a sorry substitute for conversion. Human virtues, in their highest possible development, are like the drapery of a marble statue—they lend the semblance of life to the reality of death. When Christianity is reduced to a code of morals its chief glory is eclipsed, and "the cross of Christ is made of none effect." To urge the doctrine of the universal Fatherhood of God is to ignore the universal experience of men, and to discredit the inspired testimony that we are "by nature the children of wrath," because we are "the children of disobedience," and "the children of the wicked one." When the Saviour urged the necessity of the new birth, he laid down the primal law of the new creation, and any theory which suggests an interpretation to weaken its force, or restrict its application, must be dismissed as another gospel which will prove, in the end, a delusion and a snare. Neither mental discipline nor moral culture can induce the filial spirit by which we utter the responsive "Abba Father," and "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." We confess to a conscious thrill of horror when we contemplate vast masses of men to whom the Lord Jesus is only an historical personage, and the Bible a specimen of ancient literature, but we dare not indulge "a larger hope" respecting their destiny than the word of God warrants. An ambassador for Christ must be guided by the express terms of his commission, and, when confronted with problems difficult of solution, he can always fall back upon the axiomatic question, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

In 1843 Norman Macleod was transferred to Dalkeith, where he soon established several preaching stations that he might reach the lowest classes of the community. His devotion to his work was most commendable. In a letter to his mother he says:—"After working very hard during the week, I rose to-day at half-past six, studied till nine, taught my school till eleven, preached forenoon and afternoon long

sermons, had baptisms, slept an hour, preached for an hour to fifty outcasts in the Wynd, was my own precentor and clerk, and here I am as fresh as a lark—a pulse going like a chronometer, and a head calm, and clear, and cool as a mountain spring." He was greatly interested in the subject of missions, and assisted in the formation of thirty Missionary Associations for the support of Female Education in India. He went as a deputation to British North America, and afterwards to India; his impressions of these countries were given in the pages of *Good Words*. Having grown weary of ecclesiastical strife, into which he was drawn with some reluctance, he entered heartily into the movement for forming "The Evangelical Alliance," which was designed to promote Christian union, and to afford opportunities for fraternal intercourse, but, like many good men, he was ultimately compelled to sever his connection, when fellowship was only to be purchased by the suppression or surrender of convictions.

In writing to his brother, on the choice of a profession, he expressed his own exalted view of the Christian ministry, and, as these pages may be read by young men whose future is not yet definitely shaped to their mind, we give the following passage:—

"I would not exchange my profession for any on earth. All I have seen in courts and camps, at home and abroad, in Europe and America, all, all makes me cling to it and love it the more. My love to it is daily increasing. I bless and praise God that he has called me to it. Would only I were worthier of the glory and dignity which belong to it! I find in it work most congenial to my whole being. It at once nourishes and gives full scope to my spirit. It affords hourly opportunities for the gratification of my keenest sympathies and warmest affections. It engages my intellect with the loftiest investigations which can demand its exercise. It presents a field for constant activity in circumstances which are ever varying, yet always interesting, and never too burdensome to be borne. It enables me to bring to bear all I know, all I acquire, all I love, upon the temporal and eternal well-being of my fellow-men, and to influence their peace and good for ever. Kings and princes may veil their faces before such a profession!"

His position as minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, brought him into the prominence for which his natural abilities and experience had fitted him. His vigorous preaching attracted large congregations, and he set himself to organise methods of usefulness, in which he enlisted his communicants. He hit upon the novel plan of gathering none but working people on Sunday evenings in their every-day clothes to hear the gospel, and so popular were these services that his elders had to guard the doors, in order to keep out all persons who could boast a Sunday suit. As moderator of the General Assembly, and as a representative of the Scotch Church in a deputation to India to confer with the missionaries, he may be said to have reached the highest points of honour in the church to which he belonged.

It was as editor of *Good Words*, however, that he achieved his greatest popularity. His professed aim in this venture was usefulness, and his contributors numbered some of the ablest representatives of every class of literature. To keep up the freshness of novelty, and to admit nothing antagonistic to the truths and spirit of Christianity, and to

avoid offending the prejudices of all sections of the church, was a task demanding the exercise of extraordinary powers and discretion. The magazine attained an unprecedented circulation, and he may be said to have inaugurated a new era in periodical literature, but we question whether he derived, in the retrospect, as much real satisfaction from his editorial labours as he must have done from his mission work among the Glasgow wynds. The extraneous work with which he burdened himself, though honestly undertaken for the good of his fellow-men, may really be found to have restricted his usefulness. Power for good lies rather in concentration than diffusion, and when we consider his sincere and ardent piety, the versatility of his genius, his broad human sympathies, and his grand physical powers, we confess to a feeling of regret that his energies were not wholly given to the work of the Christian ministry. His attempts to raise the morals of the people by the lever of popular literature, and his efforts to build up an establishe church as the bulwark of Protestantism and the exponent of nation religion, must be regarded as the visionary schemes of an honest, thoug misguided enthusiast.

Norman Macleod was a great favourite with all the members of the Royal family, and, with very considerable delicacy, the author has given a few glimpses of the private life of the Queen. He appears to have discharged his duties as chaplain without any sacrifice of fidelity or compromise of conscience. "I saw the Queen on Sunday night," he writes, "and had a long and very confidential talk with her. I feel she wishes me to utter, as I do, anything which in my soul I feel to be true and according to God's will. She has a reasoning, searching mind, anxious to get at the root and the reality of things, and abhors all shams, whether in word or deed." To one of the young princes he said, "It is only as a pastor that I am permitted to address you. But as I wish you to thank me when we meet before God, so would I address you now." On hearing of his death the Queen wrote a letter to the bereaved family in which the following sentence occurs:—"To herself personally, the loss of dear Dr. Macleod is a very great one; he was so kind, and on all occasions showed her such warm sympathy, and in the early days of her sorrow gave the Queen so much comfort whenever she saw him that she always looked forward eagerly to those occasions when she saw him here." There is no affectation either on one side or the other. Norman Macleod saw in Her Majesty a good and true woman, and Her Majesty recognised in her Highland chaplain a good and true man.

His daughter was one of the last to see him, and she thus writes of the interview:—"He took my hands in both of his and said, 'I am an old man, and have passed through many experiences, but now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe.'" And so the good man passed away to the eternal home of the redeemed, where service is not embittered by the strifes of party factions, and where all worship, freed from the legislative restraints imposed by ecclesiastical or parliamentary councils, is the perfect expression of pure gratitude, and "God is all in all."

V. J. C.

A Letter about Books for poor Ministers.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

Just a few lines for the *Sword and Trowel* if you think proper. Reading in February *Sword and Trowel* a little about Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, it not only led one to hope some day to receive a little help that way, but it also set the mind a-going, and thoughts would keep coming, and sometimes of a quarrelling kind, too; for we felt rather inclined to quarrel with some advertisements. For instance, you see printed words staring at you here and there, sometimes in shop-windows and sometimes on periodical wrappers, thus—"*Important works for ministers and Bible students*;" and perhaps with the title of the said works, a reviewer's favourable estimation. "Well," you may say, "what is there in that to grumble about?" Now, the first two words seem quite right, viz.—"Important works;" but then it says, "FOR ministers, &c." I suppose it means *for* such as can manage to purchase them; but many a poor minister has to turn away and sigh, "*Not* FOR *me*." When one thinks of the wealthier folks who wish to be styled good Christian people, and who load their own book shelves with whatever they list, and store their own minds, and then appear so ready to chew over and over the poor preacher's blunders; this also rather tends to set the poor blunderer a grumbling inwardly; although (thanks be to God) he can sometimes happily sing—

> "Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
> Yet God, my God, forgets me not."

He hopes and prays on, that, though he is an unlearned and ignorant man, some may be constrained to take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

Sometimes the reviews of certain works set our mouths a-watering after them, something like the sight of the rosy apples in Farmer Plentiful's orchard acts upon the group of school children who pass by the orchard daily; but alas, the *sight* of the advertisements, like the *sight* of the apples, seems to be all our share. The apples do not belong to the school children, and a great hedge plainly and stubbornly tells them so. So in like manner the books do not belong to the poor minister, and a terrible hedge of stern facts tells him so. This hedge is rendered prickly with questions of this kind: "Where is the money to come from?" If the poor man thinks he will save up a shilling or two for the purchase, then the hedge grows higher, and he remembers "There's rent day near, Tommy's shoes are almost worn off his feet, Teddy must have a new tunic and knickerbockers, and little Jenny's frock and hat, I am ashamed for her to go down the street; there's my own coat getting quite shabby." A pretty stubborn hedge this. There! Don't say anything about books, and don't announce books *for* ministers, etc., because it's rather galling; say books *for* those who can get them, if you like.

Blessings for ever on the head and heart of those who lovingly determine to supply poor ministers with books. Dear reader, pray do not ask for my name, or perhaps the answer might be, "My name is LEGION, *for we are many*."

[If the writer of this note will apply to Mr. Spurgeon he will have some books at once. We have not his name. Our beloved wife continues her good work, and friends do not forget her. She has now sent out books to the value of £500, and from many indications we see that this will grow into a great work. A friend has given money to supply every Calvinistic minister in North Wales with a copy of our "Lectures to Students," and we hope those ministers will therefore apply without fail.]

Notices of Books.

We do not often insert replies to our reviews, but the following is written in such a good spirit, and we have really trodden on the writer's toes so heavily, that we feel bound to insert it:—

("To the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel.*)

"Feb. 15, 1876.

"Dear Sir,—I suppose that in free England everybody is at perfect liberty to call everybody else with whom he or she does not agree, 'a great stupid,' if only it be done in good humour. I do not wish to restrict that liberty in my own case, although the new designation is certainly a rather startling contrast by the side of the 'reverend' title we ministers have hitherto borne. Your good humour in the present instance I thoroughly appreciate; and you have so genially balanced matters by complimenting me on 'out and out churchmanship,' (for which I do not always get credit), 'and my equally thorough 'evangelicalism' (which is infinitely more important), that it would ill become me to utter any personal complaint. But as the question to which you refer was a matter of public discussion and interest, I think it would be only fair to insert in *The Sword and the Trowel* the following remark, made by the editor of *The Christian World*, at the time of our difference:—'It is a remarkable fact, that only *two* out of the extraordinary number of letters received are in vindication of Mr. Spurgeon's view of the subject.' It thus appears that 'the great stupids' were a rather numerous body.

"Allow me to add the assurance of my Catholic regard and esteem for one whom the Master has so highly honoured.

"I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"Charles Bullock."

[Our esteem for Mr. Bullock led us to review his books, and he is quite right in supposing that we called him "a great stupid" in perfect good humour. His good-natured letter leads us to withdraw the epithet, for he must be a sensible man to take it so pleasantly. After looking again into his arguments, we do not think one atom better of them than we did when we called *him* "a great stupid," but we will alter the criticism, and suppose that *we* must be very stupid ourselves not to see the force of his reasoning. As to the fewness of those who were on our side, we have no doubt about that, but we do not count heads when we feel sure we are right.]

The Metropolitan Tabernacle and its Institutions. By C. H. Spurgeon. Price, in paper cover, 1s. Passmore and Alabaster.

Here the reader will find a deeply interesting history of the church worshipping in the Tabernacle. It is full of illustrations, and costs only a shilling. Get a copy at once before the plates are worn. Bound in cloth the price is two shillings.

William Brock, D.D., First Pastor of Bloomsbury Chapel. By G. W. M'Cree. James Clarke and Co.

A good shilling's worth. Mr. M'Cree calls his memoir "a humble cairn," but we greatly question whether the stately monument, which we understand is in preparation, will one half so well commemorate William Brock. Mr. M'Cree's tribute is so full of hearty affection and intense admiration, that we have not the heart to indicate its weaknesses, and even if we had, they are not so serious as to prevent our heartily commending the effort, and recommending every lover of our noble old friend to read what his personal friend and helper has to say about him. We have been called to account for being one-sided and partial in our "Personal Recollections" of Dr. Brock, and certainly Mr. M'Cree is chargeable with the same crime; but he, no doubt, thought as we do, that it was for us to speak of him as we had found him, and leave others to do the same. No one said that Dr. Brock was perfect; but his frailties, whatever they may have been, were not such as abide upon our memory with sufficient vividness to be recorded; as for the good great man himself, we have him photographed on our heart, and the image is clearer every day.

The Religion of our Literature. Essays upon Thomas Carlyle, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, &c., including Criticisms upon the Theology of George Eliot, George Macdonald, and Robertson of Brighton. By GEORGE M'CREE. Hodder and Stoughton.

EVEN those who are opposed to evangelical views will read these important essays with interest; while to those of us who are of the old Calvinistic school they will afford real pleasure, and at the same time arouse emotions of deep sadness. It was time that someone took in hand the mystic, pretentious scepticism of the period, a fashionable vanity whose day has been too long already. Our author appreciates poetry and deep thought, but he deprecates their alliance with error. Few could so well have distinguished between talent and its perversion, genius and its aberrations; for lack of this discernment, some in reprobating heresy have denied the ability of its defender, and, on the other hand, in admiration of originality, many have winked at the deadly error which it propagated. Our author admits the beauty of the cup, but all the more vehemently warns us against the poisonous draught which it conveys to us.

We agree with his preference of Longfellow to Tennyson, and, indeed, there are few things in his book which we could not heartily endorse. The Christain church is under great obligation to Mr. M'Cree for this work, though he will be well abused for it by the latitudinarian party.

Christ in the Tabernacle: with some Remarks on the Offerings. By FRANK H. WHITE. Third Edition. Partridge and Co.

SINCE the time when we praised our friend's writing, but smiled at his illustrations, each edition has improved, so that now this work is got up in a manner worthy of the author. It is really a very charming book in appearance, and it is full of gracious, edifying matter. Those who know our beloved Frank White will expect to meet with deeply spiritual and simply evangelical thought, and they will not be disappointed.

How to Answer Objections to Revealed Religion. By Miss E. J. WHATELEY. Religious Tract Society.

TOUCHES upon some difficulties which are often raised, and answers them exceedingly well. We did not know that there were two Miss Whateleys of literary note; we are led to hope that there may be more. They have admirably kept up the honour of the name.

Up to Fifteen. A Tale for Boys. By the Author of "Only Me: an Autobiography." Religious Tract Society.

WE read this tale when our head ached, and were much pleased with it. It will make a pretty present for a boy who is just beginning to earn his own living.

Angelic Beings: their Nature and Ministry. By the Rev. CHARLES D. BELL, Rector of Cheltenham. Religious Tract Society.

EXCEEDINGLY elementary. Instructive to children, but we trust that our readers are most of them so well acquainted with their Bibles that all which is here said about angels they already know. It is a fine theme, and Mr. Bell is a safe guide, but we confess we should have been glad of something beyond the commonest of commonplaces.

"*To Whom Shall We Go?*" A review of Dr. Pusey's sermon, entitled, "God and human Independence," preached before the University of Oxford, on Sexagesima Sunday, 1876. By JOHN PYER BARNETT, Minister of New Road Chapel, Oxford. Elliot Stock.

MR. BARNETT gives Dr. Pusey credit for the great ability and the strong religious tone which mark his discourse, and then proceeds in the best possible spirit to demolish his Babel tower of priesthood. The Oxford friends are happy in having a minister who can handle a matter wisely. The sermon is to be had for fourpence. As for Dr. Pusey, he remains to us one of the greatest of puzzles,—an eminently devout, humble, Christian man, supporting a claim to priesthood which is in itself unholy, arrogant, and antichristian! Lord, what is man!

The Gates of Praise, and other original Hymns, Poems, and Fragments of Verse. By Dr. MACDUFF. Nisbet and Co.

WE felt sure from his books, that Dr. Macduff was mildly poetical; but we had no idea that he would actually perpetrate verse. This is a weakness of many noble minds, and of a few ignoble ones also. Our soul is burdened with the *poor try* which is daily sent to us. We are therefore the more pleased when, amid the mountains of rubbish, we now and then find a jewel. When we light upon one good poem among ten thousand, we are charmed indeed; this has been the case while we have had "The Gates of Praise" before us. Dr. Macduff is a pleasing versifier, and though he is by no means a great poet, he puts the grandest of truths into striking words, and frequently lets fall an expression worthy to live, and to be quoted on all sides. We have selected a specimen of his poems; it is entitled—

SINS CAST INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

DEEP sea! in whose unfathomed caves
Our sins are cast and found no more;
No tempest rage, no surging waves,
Can beat them back upon the shore.
Low in unsounded depths they lie,
Like Egypt's submerged chivalry.
Like the army and horse, the shield, bow and quiver,
That slumbered deep down on the coral-paved floor:
So our legion transgressions are buried for ever:
In judgment they rise to condemn us no more;
Buried for ever!
Evermore!
"Thou wilt cast all their sins in the depths of the sea":—
How gracious the tidings for you and for me!

Deep sea! the load from sight is lost;
But where the mighty burden fell,
Though many a gallant ship has crossed,
There is no milestone left to tell.
Unsounded caverns low and deep
For ever will the secret keep.
Oh yes! the great burden is sunk in no river,
Which the drought of the summer to sight might restore;
It is plunged in the ocean-depths,—buried for ever,
In judgment to rise and condemn us no more;
Buried for ever!
Evermore!
"Thou wilt cast all their sins in the depths of the sea":—
Thrice blessed the tidings for you and for me!

Heart Healing. By the Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., Holloway. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

WE have before introduced to our readers others of Mr. Carpenter's chaste and thoughtful little books, and we can say of this book, as of its predecessors, it is full of the quiet poetry of holy thought.

Notes.

Feb. 22.—This was the evening appointed for the annual meeting of the late *Mrs. Bartlett's Class*, now conducted by her son, and every one was full of expectation; but, alas, the senior pastor was confined to his bed with a thorough influenza cold, attended with rheumatism. However, with Pastor J. A. Spurgeon in the chair, and a good staff of willing speakers, the evening passed off happily, though all lamented the sick pastor's absence. They sent him £110 15s. 10d. for the College as their token of affection. He wrote them a letter bewailing his absence, and inviting them to meet him at some future day.

Feb. 25.—At the annual meeting of *the Baptist County Mission*, C. H. Spurgeon presided. It was a good hearty meeting throughout, and the pastor was himself again. This is a capital society, and does a great deal of good upon very little money. The brethren who go out to preach spoke up like men, and told of the Lord's dealings with them. At Carshalton, Walthamstow, and Putney, there will soon be Baptist churches as the result of their efforts. Never did the small sum of £60 enable men to do so much as these brethren are doing in the villages which surround London. Some may think our brethren intruders, but it will be of no use their thinking so, for they are bound to intrude much more as their numbers increase and God blesses them.

March 1.—A *meeting of the collectors* was held at *the Orphanage*, and a very lively, loving, enthusiastic meeting it was.

Friends came up in good numbers and brought in £200, the orphans sang like cherubs, and looked bright and cheerful as the morn. The Rev. John Spurgeon, C. H. Spurgeon, and Thomas Spurgeon—grandfather, father, and son, addressed the meeting, and the deepest possible interest was manifested. The grandsire spoke of twenty years ago, when C. H. Spurgeon preached at *his* grandfather's jubilee and three generations were present, and he blessed God that as the older generation had gone a new one had arisen. We all joined in his gratitude; and the more so when the grandson proved by his cool, clear delivery, and lively warm-hearted manner, that he would worthily sustain the family name. We thank the collectors, and hope they will go on again, for the orphan boys are going on morning, noon, and night, and will eat up £200 as fast as silkworms eat up mulberry leaves. We thank several friends for their presents in kind, they are as valuable as money.

March 6.—*The Tabernacle Ladies' Benevolent Society* met in their annual meeting and gave a very good report of work done with an income of £105. We hope every lady in our congregation will join this society, or at least send in a subscription, for our poor are very numerous, and our visitors find out many outsiders in deep distress.

March 7.—C. H. Spurgeon opened a bazaar in the Agricultural Hall for Mr. Stone, Arthur Street, Gray's Inn Road. This esteemed brother, who hails from our college, has crowded an empty chapel and been the means of leading hundreds to Christ. We have had six or seven students from his church. We mentioned this in our address, and we were somewhat amused to read in the newspaper report that we had 478 *members of Mr. Stone's church in our College!!* Think of this, dear friends, and never believe reports of our speeches again. It is really too bad thus to misrepresent a man's utterances. Where the 478 came from we cannot tell. However, Mr. Stone is a brother for whom we ask the sympathy and help of all around him, for he is doing a real work among a poor population, near to the spot where our friend Mr. Sawday is so usefully engaged.

On the same day the members of *the Baptist Fund* dined together at the Guildhall Coffee House, according to annual custom. It was a pleasure to meet so many esteemed brethren. This fund distributes some £3,200 annually among poor ministers and students, and it deserves the attention of all the London churches. A very few churches have done all this work, and we wish others would now join them. A payment of £50 would admit the pastor of a Baptist church and a delegate. Members of Baptist churches who give £50 can be elected personal members, and many of our wealthy brethren ought to join upon these terms: their presence at the board would be of the utmost service. Our poor country churches must be sustained, and London must take its full share in this Christian service. We observe that some caustic remarks have been made as to the Fund having £600 in hand; but really these ought not to be made, for the amount had been very properly reserved to aid new churches with large temporary grants. As the new churches have not been forthcoming the money is not now needed, and will be gladly expended next year, but it was needful to provide for contingencies, for it would have been very unwise to have offered aid and then have had no means of giving it. All things considered, the Baptist Fund is one of the best, most useful, and most adaptable of all our denominational institutions, and deserves to be largely increased.

March 14.—*The Butchers' Annual Meeting* was held at the Tabernacle. Some 1,600 sat down to a sort of tea-dinner, in which the consumption of meat, mustard, tea, and cake was immense. This is Mr. Varley's work, and he throws his whole heart into it, and we are sure that it is attended with the best results. We are glad that our rooms are available for such a gathering. We do not know where else such a force of men could be feasted and preached to.

March 10.—This was the night of the *Sermon Bee:* a night to be long remembered. After it the Pastor went into a lively meeting of *Mr. Perkins' Bible Class*, and assisted at a presentation to Mr. Rayner, the retiring Secretary, and Mr. Perkins, the President. The class presented £26 to the Pastor for the College. Thus one agency helps another, and God's cause goes on.

March 16.—Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the formation of a new Baptist church in Merstham, near Redhill. Mr. Barrow kindly built the chapel, and it must be a great joy to him to see it well attended and becoming a birth-place to many immortal souls. The little church only numbers seventeen, but the friends know that others are on the way, and they look for greater things. Surrey has few Baptist churches, but by God's grace we shall grow.

March 17th.—Dr. Angus and the stu-

dents of Regent's Park College came over to the Pastors' College and spent the afternoon. There was very hearty fraternisation among the men, and not less among the tutors. It was a cheering season. The addresses were all hearty, solid, and well received. We believe that the best interests of the denomination were subserved by the hours which were spent in social intercourse and Christian communion by the two Colleges. The Tabernacle men escorted their guests over the College and Tabernacle rooms, and we doubt not made acquaintances which will ripen into friendships when they meet each other on the actual field of service.

March 20th.—C. H. S. had his annual party of blind people at five o'clock. What a noisy, happy lot they were. There were many blind children; it was sad to see them, and yet we were glad to see them so happy. Our *Blind Society* was £45 in debt, but a collection on a Thursday night at Tabernacle has set us straight. Still we have nothing to go on with, and every Sunday expenses are incurred by giving tea and paying the guides. Will not some wealthy brother come out generously to help Mr. Hampton and our Society to preach Jesus to the poor blind, and to feed them at the same time? After tea Mr. Hampton and a blind brother spoke to us in the prayer-meeting and touched all our hearts. We did *pity the poor blind*, and yet we rejoiced to find that they could see Jesus.

The same evening Mr. Hudson Taylor, for the third time, came over to ask our prayers for another missionary who is going forth to work with the China Inland Mission. The friends were earnest in prayer. This is a noble work, and deserves both the prayers and the gifts of God's people.

March 21st.—This evening the Pastor presided at a meeting of the parents of the Sabbath-school children. Long ago we abandoned the system of treats to the children, seeing them to be in our case needless, and fraught with many dangers. The teachers agreed to spend the money in a tea *for the parents*. This brings them together, enables them to know the teachers, enables the teachers to plead with the parents, and is often made the means of salvation to fathers and mothers. Very excellent were the speeches of the superintendent and others, and very heartily did the pastor rejoice in the loving unity which was manifested, in the success of the teachers' labours, and in their zeal for the glory of God.

Mr. Pilling has removed from Potter's Bar to a larger sphere, Abingdon-street, Blackpool. We hope the great floods which have assailed that town will prove to be omens, not of storms and trials but of floods of blessing.

We were pleased to hear of a good work among the farm labourers at Eynsford, in Kent, under our friend, W. Mummery. Let but the country people be led to Jesus and we shall have hope that the continued influx into our cities will pour healthy blood into the veins of the body politic. Country pastors can seldom see the result of their work, for their young people remove to London if they can; but the Lord knows what they have done, and will reward them at the great day. It is sad to see how people who were accustomed to attend a place of worship in the country come to London and go nowhere. If they are converted before they are assailed with town temptations it will be a blessing indeed.

Colportage.—In addition to the new districts reported in February, the Association has started the following fresh ones: Cinderford, Forest of Dean, Hanley, Staffordshire Potteries, Ewell and River, Kent. A colporteur has also been started to work in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle, who will be supported by Mr. Charlesworth's Bible Classes. Other districts might be opened if the funds would permit the society to do so, but at present *general subscriptions to the work are greatly needed.* Many persons readily subscribe when they receive personal benefit from the labours of a colporteur; will our friends help by subscribing to the General Fund? Nearly fifty men are now engaged in the work with much blessing.

It will give pleasure to our friends to observe that our Loan Building Fund has been brought up to £5,000 by the generosity of an anonymous donor, who excited the liberality of others by offering to give half the deficit.

In the first week of April our Conference will be held. All the pastors educated at the College are invited, and nearly all come to this "gathering of the clan." Dear friends, pray for a blessing. Remember, also, that the College cannot prosper without your prayers.

Our annual account, which was issued in January, shows a large balance in hand, but this was occasioned by a legacy of £5,000. A considerable portion of this must be transferred to the trustees of the College Building to secure the payment of the rent and incidental expenses, and therefore the balance is not what it appears to be.

We had much more to place under the head of NOTES, but we find we have no more room. Friends can see that is has been a busy month.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon:—March 2, seventeen; by W. J. Orsman:—March 9, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th, to March 18th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
The late Mrs. Bartlett's Class	110	15	10
Friends at King Street, Reading ...	50	5	0
Mr. J. Callander	7	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Westrop	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim	2	0	0
Mr. W. Rooksby	1	0	0
M.	1	0	0
Miss Lovegrove	0	11	2
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
S. M. S.	5	0	0
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	5	0	0
A Friend, per C. L.	0	9	6
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland	0	10	0
Mr. Perkins' Bible Class	28	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Butler	2	2	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Bradshaw	0	5	0
Mrs. Gibson...	0	10	0
H. N. S.	30	0	0
H. L. Evening Classes	0	10	0
One who giveth to the Lord	1	1	0
Friends at Walden, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	0	12	0
Mr. A. Doggett	10	0	0
Dr. A. C. Air	1	1	0
J. A.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Clark...	25	0	0
Mr. E. Ryder	0	10	6
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Emmerson	1	0	0
Mr. Hayles...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Buet	0	10	0
Mr. T. Scoular	3	0	0
D. D. D.	1	1	0
Miss Bowley and Friends	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Wilson	1	4	0
Mr. T. King	10	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. King	2	10	0
Charlie Welton	0	6	0
Miss Peachey	1	0	0
E. J. and W. G.	0	10	0
Chelsea	1	1	0
Mr. G. Morgan	5	0	0
Collection at Octavius Street Chapel, Deptford, per Rev. D. Honour ...	1	6	0
Collection at Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewin	1	0	0
Collection at Southsea, per Rev. R. F. Jeffrey	10	2	0
Collection at Milton, per Rev. H. Winser	1	16	0
Collection at Coalville, per Rev. C. T. Johnson	4	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Feb. 20	26	10	6
" " " " 27	35	10	6
" " " March 5	23	0	9
" " " " 12	50	3	10
	£486	3	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th, 1875, to March 18th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Sunday School, Marsham ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Bedwell	0	6	6
Dura Street Sunday-school, Dundee ...	0	8	0
Friends at Clogher	0	9	6
M. S. K.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Reid...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	0	10	0
Montrose	0	4	0
A Friend, per Mr. Upwood	5	0	0
R. E. and J. S.. a Freewill Offering ...	0	9	0
Mrs. Whitaker	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. J. Mawby	0	1	0
Mr. C. Gladish	0	10	0
M.	1	0	0
C. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Goodson	0	3	0
Mr. Kelley, per Mr. S. Wigney ...	0	5	0
AEBIA	0	5	0
S. G.	2	0	0
Birthday Offering, Ellen Balls	0	5	6
Mr. S. Cone...	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Thankoffering, H. M. L.	1	0	0
S. M. S.	3	0	0
Metropolitan Store...	0	18	11
Mr. G. Jolley	0	10	0
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	16	0	0
Mr. T. Smith	2	2	0
Part Proceeds of Lecture at Campbeltown, per Rev. F. H. White	5	0	0
Ditto, at Berwick	3	7	0
Ditto, at Dunse	1	8	6
A Friend, per C. L.	0	9	6
Mr. J. Hart	2	0	0
Mr. J. Waller	0	5	0
J. and S. Harold	0	7	6
S. S.	4	4	0
Sunday-school, Cairnbanno, per Mr. E. McGregor	0	16	0
Rev. R. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. G. James	1	0	0
A Churchwoman	0	5	0
Rebecca	5	0	0
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mrs. Paulton	1	0	0
First Earnings	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. East :—			
Mrs. Uter 0 10 0			
Mr. Smeeton 0 4 0			
Mrs. Dewaro 0 10 0			
Mr. McWiney 0 4 0			
Mr. Meddin 0 5 0			
Mr. East 1 0 0			
	2	13	0
Mrs. Osborn	0	13	3
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Per Rev. W. H. J. Page :—			
Castle-st. Sunday-school... 0 10 6			
Collection at Bromham ... 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Chappel 0 10 0			
Miss Bailey 0 5 0			
	2	5	0
A Friend in the Lord	1	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Mr. W. Munro	0	5	0
Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
David Frame	1	0	0
Mr. E. Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. Kempster	2	0	0
Little Hugh	0	1	0
Mr. J. T. Yeates	5	0	0
H. N. S.	30	0	0
Leverage	0	10	0
Guthrie Vine	0	5	0
Sunday-school, Cornwall Road, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mrs. F. B. Walton, per Mr. Alder ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Healey	0	10	0
Mr. F. Parry, per Mr. A. H. Baynes ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. C. Parry, per Mr. A. H. Baynes	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Baynes	1	1	0
Lady McLeod	2	2	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Friends, per Mr. Murray...	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Mr. E. Ryder	0	10	6
Mr. J. Hector	2	0	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	11	0
Mrs. Jay, per Mr. Warmington ...	1	0	0
Miss Peevey	0	10	0
Mr. Buet	0	10	0
Mr. T. Scoular	1	0	0
Miss A. G. Ferris...	0	6	0
R. H. H., No. 40	0	5	0
H and W.	0	5	0
Sunday School, Halbeach	0	4	0
Per Editor "Christian World" ...	7	0	0
Miss Bowley and Friends	1	8	0
Sunday School, Swaffham	5	0	0
Hydra	0	15	0
Mrs. A. Wilson	1	4	0
Mrs. E. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. E. Porter	0	3	0
A Thankoffering for Harry	0	12	6
Mr. E. Williams	0	10	0
Friends at St. Austel	2	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
E. L. and W. G.	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Per Mrs. Withers :—			
Mr. W. Moore 5 0 0			
Mr. J. Hemsley 2 0 0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 1 0 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Withers (quarterly) 0 5 0			
Mr. Blackman ,, ... 0 1 1			
Mrs. Phillips ,, ... 0 3 1			
	8	19	2
Mrs. Lillycrop	1	1	0
Dr. A. C. Air	1	1	0
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mis Townes... ... ... 0 5 0			
	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collecting Books and Boxes:—			
Mrs. Gibbons	1	10	3
Miss A. Davis	0	6	2
Master A. Tobitt	0	2	11
Master Edwards	0	1	8
Miss Mitchell	0	4	3
Master J. Everett	0	4	3
Master W. Pugh	0	1	0
Mrs. Mills	0	8	9
Master E. R. Laslett... ...	0	7	3
Master Thimblethorp ...	0	8	10
Miss L. Field	0	13	9
Miss M. Gooding	2	2	3
Miss Drake	0	8	4
Mr. John Glover	0	6	6
Master W. Phillips	0	10	6
Miss Law	0	6	6
Master E. Phillips	0	10	1
Miss Moon	0	15	0
Miss Winslow	0	14	4
Miss Jones	0	7	5
Mrs. Hicks	0	0	11
Mrs. Lanchester	2	5	6
Robert Street Ragged School	0	6	4
Master W. C. Hubbard ...	0	9	8
Mrs. Robertson	0	3	6
Master E. Marsh	0	3	1
Master Hanson	0	8	9
No Name	0	12	7
Master R. Vears	0	8	6
Miss Court	0	4	2
Miss E. Viner	0	2	4
Miss Gater	0	2	1
Miss Descroix	0	13	5
Miss Perrett	1	2	10
Miss West	0	7	1
Miss Crawford...	0	7	5
Miss Kate Everett	0	4	10
Mr. Nicholls	0	8	10
Miss Baulff	0	6	1
Miss Gardner	0	8	8
Mrs. Hubbard...	0	7	1
Miss Gardner	0	10	0
Miss Doddington	0	12	3
Mr. W. J. Evans	1	0	0
Master W. Laker	0	3	11
Master H. Viner	0	2	8
Master Dalton...	1	2	1
Mr. Imbush	1	13	11
Miss Stone	0	6	6
Miss M. Wade	2	6	6
Mrs. Hertzell	0	3	7
Mrs. Mallison...	0	1	7
Miss E. Hughes	0	9	10
Miss A. Dunn...	0	2	0
Miss Skinner	0	4	2
Miss A. Conquest	0	3	1
Mrs. Fairman	0	10	3
Mr. M'Guffie	0	4	5
Miss M. Kieman	0	10	7
Miss C. Turner...	0	6	7
Miss Sinclair	0	3	2
Master F. Blake	0	9	10
Mr. Stringer	1	8	0
Mrs. Hudson	0	16	9
Miss Hayball	0	2	5
Miss Richardson	0	3	11
Miss E. Butler...	0	8	7
Master H. C. Hubbard ...	0	7	0
Miss Kemp	0	9	7
Miss Argyle	0	2	3
Miss C. Sinclair	0	2	7
Mrs. Farrar	0	17	11
Master Stone	0	3	4
Master A. Dunn	0	3	1
Master Carder...	0	5	3
Mrs. Allison	6	0	0
Mr. F. H. Ford	0	6	10
Mr. Buckmaster	1	7	5
Mr. A. Mitchell	0	4	3
Mrs. Smith	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Archer	1	3	4
Master Lowe	0	4	10
Mrs. Young	0	3	5
Mrs. Evans	0	8	6
Mr. Day...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Gerrish...	0	3	10
Miss Larkman...	0	5	0
Miss Buswell	1	1	2
Miss Peddle	0	3	7
Master Drake	1	1	0
Miss C. Richardson	0	3	3
Miss Davis	0	6	1
Miss Carder	0	5	8
Miss Burman	0	15	10
Miss E. Sherwood	0	9	0
Mr. Perkins	0	8	0
Miss Cockshaw...	1	1	6
Miss J. Cockshaw	2	0	0
Mrs. Taunton	1	0	0
Miss Jepes	3	3	0
Miss Lancashire	0	10	3
Mrs. Smith	0	1	6
Mrs. Bonser	0	4	6
Mrs. Underwood	0	4	6
Miss Moulton	0	1	9
Mrs. Thorne	0	10	0
Mrs. Cornell	0	10	1
Mrs. Crofts	1	0	0
Miss Hickenbotham	1	5	0
Mr. C. Howes	0	7	0
Master Stoares...	0	4	0
Mrs. Allum	1	9	6
Miss J. A. Langton	0	7	0
Master Brightwood	0	3	6
Mrs. Culver	0	13	0
Miss Weeks	0	16	3
Mr. Woollard	3	5	0
Mr. G. E. Thomas	1	7	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	12	0
Miss Alderson...	0	7	0
Miss Smith	1	0	4
Mr. Luff...	1	0	0
Miss H. Phillips	4	1	6
Miss Phillips	4	0	0
Mrs. Whitehead	1	16	6
Mr. Turner	0	10	6
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Miss Wells	0	4	0
Mr. Lloyd	0	10	0
Mrs. Bowles	1	2	0
Mrs. Everett	1	1	0
Mrs. Spry	0	10	0
Miss Wyatt	0	5	0
Mrs. Marsh	1	10	0
Mrs. Seaton	0	15	0
Miss Nisbett	2	2	0
Master Delacourt	0	3	0
Mr. Bansick	1	5	6
Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Young Friends, Surbiton Home	2	2	0
Miss Chilvers	1	10	6
Mrs. Bailey	0	10	11
Miss Wand	0	2	8
Master Shaw	0	1	0
Master H. Bates	0	14	9
Miss Higgs	1	8	10
Master H. Crane	0	9	0
Miss R. Patrick	0	4	1
Miss B. Hayball	0	2	2
Miss Cheyney	0	5	7
Miss Turner	0	8	4
Mrs. Harrington	0	4	8
Miss Carder	0	9	6
Mr. James Romang	1	6	0
Miss M. Romang	2	7	3
Miss Field	0	3	3
Mrs. Wilson	0	9	9
Miss Jones	1	14	0
Master H. Allen	0	9	9
Master Lancashire	6	6	9

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Henimon	0	4	2
Mrs. Kerridge	0	5	8
Master H. Caton	0	0	10
Master F. Capon	0	0	6
Master B. Semark	0	0	9
No Name	0	4	7
Mr. C. North	0	3	10
Master F. Drew	0	2	7
Mrs. Augur	0	5	4
Master C. Elmore	0	4	1
Miss Hughes	0	11	6
Mr. Sullivan	0	5	0
Miss Field	0	1	9
Miss E. Croker	1	1	11
Miss Durham	0	11	11
Miss Raybould...	0	4	9
Miss Lines	0	1	9
Master F. Fordham	0	13	11
Master R. Wagner	0	5	3
Mrs. Wheatley...	0	11	7
Master A. Kemp	0	1	7
Mrs. Mackrell	0	17	0
Mrs. Parker	2	15	0
Miss Verrel	1	4	0
Mrs. Evans	0	15	0
Mrs. John Gerrish	0	2	6
Mrs. Hinton	2	4	0
Mr. G. Eley	0	15	6
Miss Day	0	7	0
Miss R. Fryer	1	12	0
Miss Woollacott	23	10	0
Miss Thompson	0	16	6
Mr. John Lewis	0	9	0
Mr. C. Miller	0	15	0
Mrs. Hubbard...	1	10	7
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss Deacon	0	7	6
Mrs. Barrett	0	5	0
Miss Hallett	0	10	0
Miss C. W. Lovegrove ...	1	4	0
Miss Lizzie Craig	0	14	0
Mrs. Jumpson...	0	10	6
Miss Keys	2	10	0
Master Waters...	0	6	0
Miss Waters	0	10	0
Mrs. Peck	0	11	7
Mr. F. Giles	0	5	3
Mrs. Mills	6	18	4
Mrs. V. Peskett	0	13	0
Miss Gillard	0	14	0
Mrs. Hardwick	0	5	1
Miss Fidge	0	13	10
Mrs. Drayson	2	1	2
Mr. Speller	0	8	0
Mrs. Butler	1	3	4
Master O. Hasledon	0	1	5
Compositors and Readers at 170, Strand, per J. Pickering	0	9	6
Master H. Viner	0	7	6
Miss Powell	0	15	7
Mrs. Gisby	0	2	11
Mrs. Mayne	0	0	0
Miss Sargeant	0	8	9
Mr. Daintree	1	1	0
Mr. Greenwood	10	0	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	1	5
Master J. Sherrin	0	13	0
Mrs. A. Dines...	0	2	3
Miss Merritt	2	6	0
Mr. A. J. Ellis...	0	2	0
Miss Baverstock	1	13	9
Mr. H. Burgess	3	4	5
Miss Johnson	0	9	6
Miss Peters	0	3	8
Mr. R. Smith	0	1	6
Mr. Allison	5	0	0
Miss Hopkin	0	12	8
		203	6 4
		£354	1 8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS, &c. :—Five Half Boxes Valencias, S. Bayly; 200 Oranges, First Division Girls' Practising School, Stockwell; Cask containing 1 cwt Marmalade, 1 cwt Apple Jelly, 8 lbs. Cough Lozenges, Wm. Thompson, jun.; 2 Casks Biscuits, Mr. Mull; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; Sundry Vegetables, Mr. Parker.

CLOTHING, &c. :—25 Flannel Shirts, per Rev. J. T. Wigner; 24 Cotton Shirts, T. H. H.

FOR SALE ROOM :—Model of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, A. Ward; Parcel containing 46 Articles, Reader of "Sword and Trowel"; Parcel containing 100 small Articles, Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Voss; Wool Coverlet, Anon.; 100 Chromo Prints, Rev. F. White.

DONATIONS, &c. :—Cockrell and Collinson, £2 2s; Proceeds of Lecture at Balham, by Rev. Paxton Hood, £7 2s; E. Stiff, £5; Proceeds of Sale Room, £1 3s; by Sale of Flannel to Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne-road, Brixton, £5 13s 9d; Total, £21 0s 9d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Bacup, Ebenezer Baptist Church ...	10	0	0
Reading District	20	0	0
Burslem and Longton	2	0	10
Cinderford	7	10	0
Maldon	2	10	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association ...	7	10	0
Hawkurst	10	0	0
Hanley	10	0	0
"A Friend"...	28	14	0
Beeford and Skipsea	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
St. Melon's Cardiff, J. Cory, Esq. ...	10	0	0
Mr. Rolfe	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. A. Jones ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Collins	0	10	0
Mr. Dickerson	0	1	0
A Friend	0	0	6
Per Mr. T. S. Buckingham	0	2	0
Mrs. Legg, for Ely	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	10	0
In Memoriam	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
E. M.	0	10	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
Mr. G. Morgan	0	5	0
R. and E., York	0	5	0
Mr. Westrop...	5	0	0
Mr. W. Rooksby	1	0	0
A. E. B. I. A.	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardner	1	0	0
Miss Withall	0	5	0
S. M. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Brockie...	1	0	0
H. N. S.	20	0	0
H. Lerer	0	10	0
Halves	3	0	0
Mr. A. Buet	0	5	0
D. D. D.	1	1	0
H. and W.	0	5	0
E. J. and W. G.	0	5	0
	£129	18	4

Loan Building and Reserve Fund.

Special Subscriptions to raise the Fund to £5,000.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	50	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	50	0	0
Mr. Murrell...	20	0	0
Mr. Passmore	20	0	0
Mr. Mills	10	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. Phillips...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Westrop	5	0	0
Small Sums...	0	5	3
Mr. Greenwood	88	0	0
A Friend	318	10	0
	£581	15	3

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions acknowledged in the February Magazine...	55	0	0
" as above	581	15	3
	£636	15	3

Being the amount required to complete the £5,000.

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, 1875.

Dr. *Cr.*

	£	s.	d.
To Balance Brought Forward	444	1	8
„ Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,875	0	0
„ Annual Meeting and Lectures	186	0	4
„ Donations	3,617	15	5
„ Collections by Former Students	249	12	11
„ Legacy	5,000	0	0
„ Balance in Hand on Repairs Account	60	4	8
	£11,332	15	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By balance on Repairs Account brought forward				31	5	0
„ Salaries				1,245	8	0
„ Board and Lodging Students	3,606	4	4			
Less Payments	115	0	0			
				3,491	4	4
„ Printing, Stationery, and Books	971	8	0			
Less Sales	448	18	0			
				522	10	0
„ Grants of Books to Students				151	1	10
„ Preaching Stations				301	3	0
„ Clothing				93	17	0
„ Annual Conference Meetings				191	17	9
„ Evangelist				94	0	0
„ Cleaning and Keeping the College				79	10	0
„ Sundry Payments				212	9	8
„ Balance in Hand				4,915	8	5
				£11,332	15	0

The foregoing account has been examined by us with the vouchers, and found correct, leaving a balance in hand of Four thousand nine hundred and fifteen pounds, eight shillings, and five pence.

January 17th, 1876.

CHAS. BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*

BENJN. WILDON CARR,
ROBERT ROWTON,
WM. PAYNE,
} *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Dr. *Cr.*

	£	s.	d.
To Balance Brought Forward	660	16	9
„ Repayments	1,107	10	0
„ Interest on Cash in Hand	34	18	0
„ Legacy, Late Mr. H. P. Olney	100	0	0
	£1,903	4	0

	£	s.	d.
By Loan, Totteridge Road	150	0	0
„ Penge	250	0	0
„ Belmlnster	300	0	0
„ Wandsworth Road (Victoria)	200	0	0
„ Shooter's Hill	100	0	0
„ Arthur Street, Gray's Inn Road	300	0	0
„ Markgate Street	150	0	0
By Balance in hand	453	4	9
	£1,903	4	9

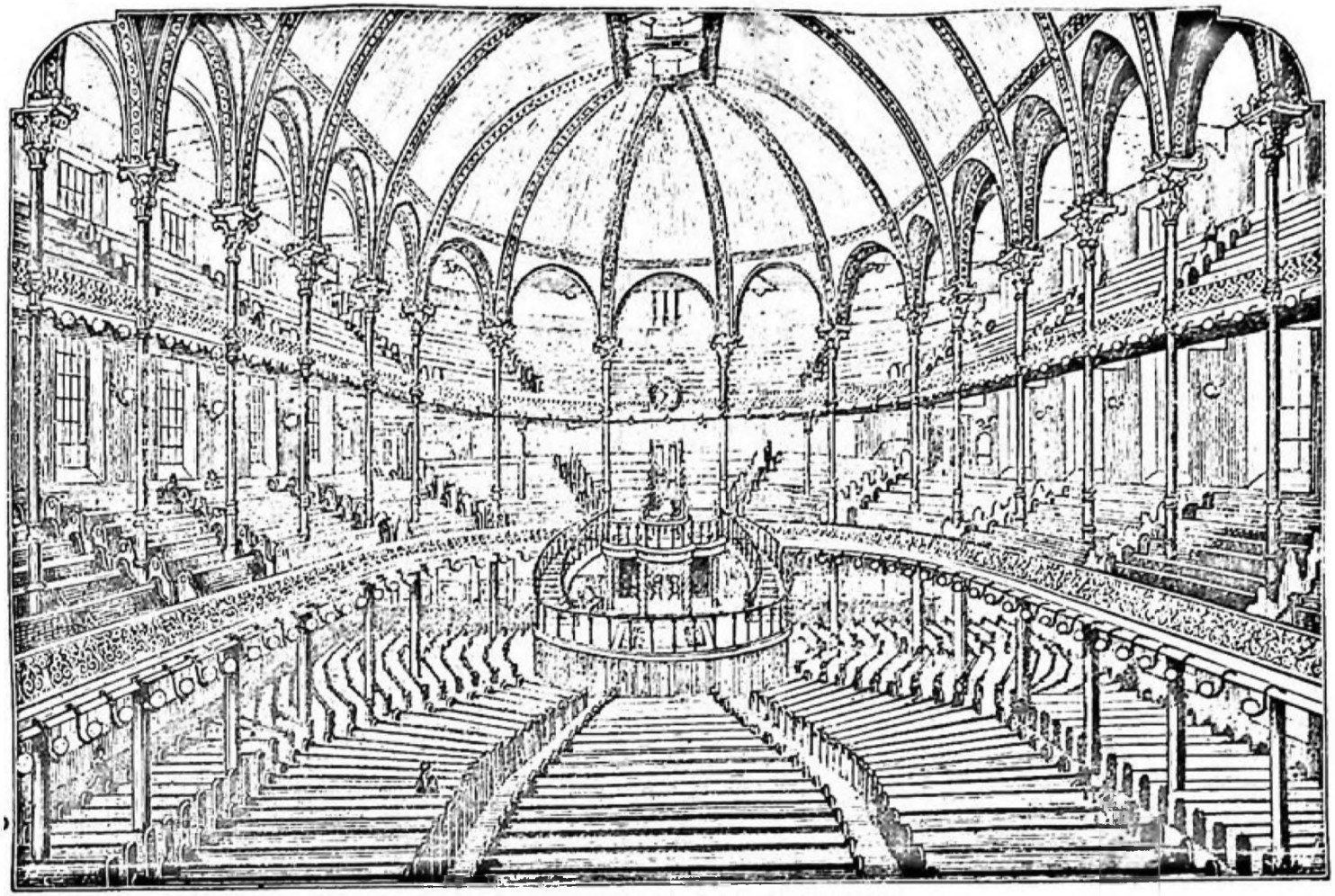
	£	s.	d.
Outstanding Loans, 1874	3,567	10	0
Loans during 1875	1,450	0	0
	5,017	10	0
Repayments	1,107	10	0
	£3,910	0	0

This account has been examined by us with the vouchers, and found correct, the balance in hand being Four hundred and fifty-three pounds, four shillings, and ninepence.

January 19th, 1876.

CHAS. BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*

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



INTERIOR OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1876.

Laid aside. Why?

A FRAGMENT BY C. H. SPURGEON.

MYSTERIOUS are the visitations of sickness. When the Lord is using a man for his glory it is singular that he should all of a sudden smite him down, and suspend his usefulness. It must be right, but the reason for it does not lie near the surface. The sinner whose every act pollutes the society in which he moves is frequently permitted year after year to spend an unabating vigour in infecting all who approach him. No sickness removes him even for an hour from his deadly ministry; he is always at his post, energetic in his mission of destruction. How is it that a heart eager for the welfare of men and the glory of God should find itself hampered by a sickly frame, and checked in its utmost usefulness by attacks of painful disease? We may ask the question if we do so without murmuring, but who shall answer it for us? When the advance of a body of soldiers is stopped by a galling fire which scatters painful wounds on all sides, we understand that this is but one of the natural incidents of war; but if a commander should check his troops in mid-battle, and proceed with his own hand to render some of his most zealous warriors incapable of service, should we not be at a loss to conceive his motives? Happily for us our happiness does not depend upon our understanding the providence of God: we are able to believe where we are not able to explain, and we are content to leave a thousand mysteries unsolved rather than tolerate a single doubt as to the wisdom and goodness of our heavenly Father. The painful malady which puts the Christian minister *hors de combat* when he is most needed in the conflict is a kind messenger from the God of love, and is to be entertained as such: this we know, but how it can be so we cannot precisely tell.

Let us consider awhile. Is it not good for us to be nonplussed, and puzzled, and so forced to exercise faith? Would it be well for us to have all things so ordered that we ourselves could see the reason for every dispensation? Could the scheme of divine love be indeed supremely, infinitely, wise if we could measure it with our short line of reason? Should we not ourselves remain as foolish and conceited as spoiled and petted children, if all things were arranged according to our judgment of what would be fit and proper? Ah, it is well to be cast out of our depth, and made to swim in the sweet waters of mighty love! We know that it is supremely blessed to be compelled to cease from self, to surrender both wish and judgment, and to lie passive in the hands of God.

It is of the utmost importance to us to be kept humble. Consciousness of self-importance is a hateful delusion, but one into which we fall as naturally as weeds grow on a dunghill. We cannot be used of the Lord but what we also dream of personal greatness, we think ourselves almost indispensable to the church, pillars of the cause, and foundations of the temple of God. We are nothings and nobodies, but that we do not think so is very evident, for as soon as we are put on the shelf we begin anxiously to enquire, "How will the work go on *without me?*" As well might the fly on the coach wheel enquire, "How will the mails be carried *without me?*" Far better men have been laid in the grave without having brought the Lord's work to a standstill, and shall we fume and fret because for a little season we must lie upon the bed of languishing? If we were only put on one side when apparently we could be easily spared, there would be no rebuke to our pride, but to weaken our strength in the way at the precise juncture when our presence seems most needed, is the surest way to teach us that we are not *necessary* to God's work, and that when we are most useful he can easily do without us. If this be the practical lesson, the rough schooling may be easily endured, for assuredly it is beyond all things desirable that self should be kept low and the Lord alone magnified.

May not our gracious Lord design a double honour when he sends a double set of trials? "*Abundant in labours*" is a high degree, but "*patient in suffering*" is not less so. Some believers have excelled in active service, but have scarcely been tried in the other and equally honourable field of submissive endurance; though veterans in work, they have been little better than raw recruits as to patience, and on this account they have been in some respects but half developed in their Christian manhood. May not the Lord have choice designs for some of his servants and intend to perfect them in both forms of Christly imitation? There seems to be no natural reason why both a man's hands should not be equally useful, but few men actually become *ambidextrous*, because the left hand is not adequately exercised. The left-handed men of the Scriptures were really men who had two right hands, being able to use both members with equal dexterity. Patience is the left hand of faith, and if the Lord requires an Ehud to smite Eglon, or a Benjamite to sling stones at a hair's breadth, and not miss, it may be he will take turns with him, and exercise his patience as well as his industry. Should this be so, who would wish to avoid the divine

favour? Far wiser would it be to remember that such double warfare will require double grace, and involve corresponding responsibility.

A change in the mode of our spiritual exercises may also be highly beneficial, and avert unknown but serious evils. The cumbering engendered by much service, like a growth upon the bark of a fruit tree, might become injurious, and therefore our Father, who is the husbandman, with the rough instruments of pain scrapes away the obnoxious parasite. Great walkers have assured us that they tire soonest upon level ground, but that in scaling the mountains and descending the valleys fresh muscles are brought into play, and the variety of the exertion and change of scene enable them to hold on with less fatigue: pilgrims to heaven can probably confirm this witness. The continuous exercise of a single virtue, called forth by peculiar circumstances, is exceedingly commendable; but if other graces are allowed to lie dormant, the soul may become warped, and the good may be exaggerated till it is tinged with evil. Holy activities are the means of blessing to a large part of our nature, but there are other equally precious portions of our new-born manhood which are unvisited by their influence. The early and the latter rain may suffice for the wheat, and the barley, and the flax, but the trees which yield the fragrant gums of Araby must first weep with the night dews. The traveller on *terra firma* beholds the hand of God on all sides, and is filled with holy admiration, but he has not completed his education till he has tried the other element; for "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;" nor is the advantage confined to what they see, for the breath of the ocean inspires them with health, and its waters cleanse them from the defilements of the shore. It is good for a man to bear the yoke of service, and he is no loser when it is exchanged for the yoke of suffering.

May not severe discipline fall to the lot of some to qualify them for their office of under-shepherds. We cannot speak with consoling authority to an experience which we have never known. The suffering know those who have themselves suffered, and their smell is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed. The "word to the weary" is not learned except by an ear which has bled while the awl has fastened it to the door-post. "The complete pastor's" life will be an epitome of the lives of his people, and they will turn to his preaching as men do to David's Psalms, to see themselves and their sorrows, as in a mirror. Their needs will be the reason for his griefs. As to the Lord himself, perfect equipment for his work came only through suffering, so must it be to those who are called to follow him in binding up the broken-hearted, and loosing the prisoners. Souls still remain in our churches to whose deep and dark experience we shall never be able to minister till we also have been plunged in the abyss where all Jehovah's waves roll over our heads. If this be the fact—and we are sure it is—then may we heartily welcome anything which will make us fitter channels of blessing. For the elect's sake it shall be joy to endure all things; to bear a part of "that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church" shall be bliss to us.

Alas, there may be far more humiliating causes for our bodily afflictions! The Lord may see in us that which grieves him and provokes him to use the rod. "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me" should be the prompt petition of the jealous heart. "Is there not a cause?" It can never be superfluous to humble ourselves and institute self-examination, for even if we walk in our integrity and can lift up our face without shame in this matter, as to actual sin, yet our shortcomings and omissions must cause us to blush. How much holier we ought to have been, and might have been! How much more prevalently we might have prayed! With how much more of unction we might have preached! Here is endless room for tender confession before the Lord. Yet it is not good to attribute each sickness and trial to some actual fault, as though we were under the law, or could be punished again for those sins which Jesus bore in his own body on the tree. It would be ungenerous to others if we looked upon the greatest sufferer as necessarily the greatest sinner; everybody knows that it would be unjust and unchristian so to judge concerning our fellow-Christians, and therefore we shall be very unwise if we apply so erroneous a rule to ourselves, and morbidly condemn ourselves when God condemns not. Just now, when anguish fills the heart, and the spirits are bruised with sore pain and travail, it is not the best season for forming a candid judgment of our own condition, or of anything else; let the judging faculty lie by, and let us with tears of loving confession throw ourselves upon our Father's bosom, and looking up into his face believe that he loves us with all his infinite heart. "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him," —be this the one unvarying resolve, and may the eternal Spirit work in us a perfect acquiescence in the whole will of God, be that will what it may.

"Give thyself wholly to them."

PASSING through the chambers of the factory at Sèvres, we observed an artist drawing a picture upon a vase. We watched him for several minutes, but he appeared to be quite unconscious of our observation. Parties of visitors passed through the room, glanced at his work more or less hurriedly, and made remarks, but he as a deaf man heard not, and as a dead man regarded not. Why should he? Had he not royal work on hand? What mattered to him the approbation or the criticism of passers by? They did not get between him and the light, and therefore they were no hindrance, though they certainly were no help. "Well," thought we, "after this fashion should we devote our heart and soul to the ministry which we have received. This one thing I do." Bowing over our work, scanning earnestly our copy, and laying on each line and tint with careful, prayerful hand, we would finish the work which the Lord has given us to do without regard to friend or foe. The Sèvres vase retained no impress of the onlooker's gaze; the result of the worker's skill would have been the same if he had been altogether unseen: human criticism can help us but little, and human approbation may damage our work most seriously. Let us forget that we are judged of men, and henceforth live only as in the Great Master's eye, absorbed in doing his will.

A Picture of Shoreditch.

HAVING last month given full particulars of the life of Mr. Cuff, we now supply a sketch of the district in which the pastor is located. As regards population, Shoreditch is one of the first parishes in London, and the same remark will apply to its poverty and overcrowding. Some years ago, a gentleman who laboured here as an evangelist, but who nevertheless was a graduate in arts of the University of London, declared that a man required a constitution of steel and the heart of an angel to continue in such a sphere. His little district—little if estimated by the actual extent of its area—contained eleven hundred families, and out of these he did not know of more than eleven persons who attended public worship. The district was one of the first to engage the attention of the City Missionaries, and we believe the proto-martyr of that excellent band became the victim of a drunken brawl in one of its back streets. In taking a casual survey of the narrow streets and reeking courts, in the midst of which gin-palaces alone appear capable of flourishing, we might be led to suppose the unfortunate inhabitants were all of one grade, and that of the lowest ; but a closer inspection will show such an opinion to be wide of the truth. There are still found a remnant of the weaving fraternity—the indigent representatives of a former aristocracy in labour. There are also a number of skilled artisans, workers in wood, leather, and iron, some of whom contrive to sleep in a healthier region. The workshops are very numerous, and in many instances are merely the floors of dwelling-houses turned into flats. As society is now constituted, however, such people as these are quite the upper classes in the back slums of a place like Shoreditch ; far below them are those toiling myriads whose work is as precarious as it is ill-paid, or who in an almost literal sense have to pick up their livelihood in the streets. Beyond these there is the unnumbered horde of the fallen and the criminal, thieves, cadgers, and nondescripts of various denominations. The most commonplace sanitary rules are ignored until an occasional epidemic sweeps the people into the grave as with the besom of destruction ; and if the streets are foul, the houses are still more unwholesome through overcrowding. An earnest Christian labourer, who is well acquainted with the neighbourhood, tells us " the overcrowding is immense, every house being filled from top to bottom. The general range of families in a house is from six to eight. They frequently, however, range much higher ; while in some of the largest they number as many as twelve or sixteen families in each house. The almost universal law is one family to one room, be it large or small ; indeed, it more frequently happens that the smaller the room the larger is the family which has to live in it, and frequently, too, has it to serve not only for living in, but also for a workshop. But bad as this state of things is, there is yet something which renders it still worse. Even the small spaces originally allowed as outlets at the back of the houses are almost all built upon ; either the small houses are taken down and replaced by larger ones, whose backs enter into proximity to those of the opposite street, or the spaces are occupied by small tenements or work-

shops, which are almost buried between the surrounding houses, and have no outlet, but by some narrow passage through one of the houses in front." In short, what with railways, factories, and other encroaching Vandals, the overcrowding of the poorest of the people is becoming no less shocking than alarming. Year by year the house accommodation in the near suburbs needs to be extended, and not curtailed. One family to a room is sufficiently dreadful; but even that is not the worst. We begin to hear of the precious space being divided; the tenant occupying the fire-place end, and enjoying immunity from draught, having to pay additional rent for these extra privileges.

All the evils attendant on extreme poverty are rampant in Shoreditch. It may be true that want is too frequently the result of improvidence and drunkenness; but this is far from being universally the case. The poor who necessarily live from hand to mouth, and to whom a change in the weather, or a rise in the markets, means loss of income for the time being, are still in the majority, while the temptations peculiar to their condition are very distressing. Their daily care is how to keep the wolf from the door, and, being no strangers to the pinchings of hunger, they are the less disposed to think about their souls. It is no wonder that they are not able to see further than this world. Their associations are all of the grossest kind, so that a money gift, or a ticket for coal or soup, represents to them the chief of earthly good. Their first observation will often be, "Have you a ticket?" or—they hope the gentleman has brought plenty of money with him. A proffered tract frequently provokes a cynical question; and the idea of our being anxious about a man's soul while his body is lacking food, is the constant theme of ridicule. It is here that the most sottish kind of unbelief thrives in its native soil—the philosophy which denies the existence of spirit because it is invisible, and of life beyond the grave because no one has ever returned to tell its secrets.

In the midst of this dark territory of poverty, squalor, and heathenism, the State-provided sanctuary raises its lofty tower; but the congregation chiefly consists of empty pews. The scene at the Town-hall on Sunday evenings is more cheering; for there at least two thousand of the people are brought together by the simple though powerful attraction of the good old gospel. To enter the empty parish church at service time is anything but reassuring; it rather inspires feelings of despair at the apparent failure of Christ's Word to reach the perishing: but when we see that the magnetic power of truth is still manifest, hope revives, and the failure is seen to lie with man and not with the gospel.

The thoroughness of the conquests made by the gospel among the lower orders is a very hopeful sign. Their steadfast faith in the face of difficulty, opposition, and even ill-usage, is at times little short of heroic. One Sabbath evening, after the usual service, the pastor encountered a sorrow-stricken woman who was constantly subjected to ill-usage in consequence of her husband's hatred of religion and its ordinances. The woman had a woeful story to tell of trial and suffering; but she had found Christ, his word was precious to her, and she entertained no thought of yielding. If the Christian life is a warfare, such as these are exposed to the very brunt of the conflict.

If we would learn how the gospel can set one-half of a house at variance with the other half, we need go no further than Shoreditch, and if we would see how grace wins the victory we may see it there. Let us give one of the more recent examples.

In her youthful days Mrs. B. was a Sabbath scholar in a northern town, and as her home was not a happy one she experienced more than ordinary pleasure in attending school. All promised well for the time; she even entertained serious thoughts of entering the church; but a blight settled on her prospects when she gave her hand to an ungodly lover. After marriage the man made no secret of his infidel sentiments, and became a source of great unhappiness to his wife. One Sabbath morning while walking along the Hackney-road this woman received a handbill announcing that Mr. Cuff would preach in the Town-hall; she attended the service, and was so pleased with what she heard that she longed for the next Sunday to arrive, when she might go again. Accordingly, when the time came round she went again, and was surprised to find the Hall in part closed, and no sign of any approaching service. Not being very well acquainted with the neighbourhood she prayed to be directed to a place of worship where she might hear the Word. Proceeding a few steps she presently reached Providence Chapel, and there experienced a second surprise more agreeable than the first. The preacher she had heard on the preceding Sabbath at the Town Hall occupied the pulpit, while the same faces were seen on all sides. She was brought back to the old paths, and regained that peace to which she had been a stranger for years. Her husband, who had attended the atheistic teachings of the Hall of Science, became a violent opponent of his wife's profession, and rather frantically threatened that he would do this, that, and the other thing if the woman were baptized. This state of things continued for a time, until opposition failed to intimidate, and then the disciple of "science" began to think that he might possibly be mistaken. He eventually forsook the Old-street College of Folly, yielded to conscience and his wife's better judgment, and now, both on week nights and on Sundays, he is a regular attendant on Mr. Cuff's ministry.

The same powerful word is doing its gracious work among the young. One, little Jane, who is thirteen years of age, told the elders of Providence Chapel that she had been converted through hearing a neighbour read the Scriptures. Jane prayed for her unconverted mother, and the woman was brought into the church. There still remained without the fold half-a-dozen brothers, and Jane said she intended to have them all inside. But how was the seeming miracle to be accomplished? Said Jane, "I mean to pray for them until they are all saved."

We have already referred to the man, who though a gentleman by birth and education, some years ago carried on a successful mission in the awful region at the rear of Shoreditch Church. Two adventures described in that evangelist's own words, and referring to the ordinary work of visitation, will further reveal the character of the district.

"I came to a shoemaker's shop in which sixteen men were hammering away in connection with the riveting of the soles of boots and shoes. They were making a terrible noise, but as I entered it ceased for a moment or two, and every eye was directed towards me. Having with-

stood the shock, in answer to a man near the door, who asked me the purport of my visit, I replied that I had come with a message from the King of kings, and at the same time I presented him with a tract, accompanying it with a few suitable observations. He looked at it for a moment or two, and then handed it to a native of Germany who was seated by the fire partaking of something which he had recently cooked, and asked, 'What do you think of that?' The German, after turning it over and satisfying himself as to the nature of its contents, handed it back to me, observing that such things were of no value to him, as he was able to read his Bible. A short conversation resulting therefrom, apparently to the satisfaction of the other men, I soon found myself close to the fire at the upper end of a long table, on each side of which the men were working. In spite of the noise from the hammering, there were intervals of silence during which I managed to hold short conversations with one and another of the men. In reply to my remarks as to the necessity of preparing for the realities of the future life as well as for those of the present, a young man at the end of the table introduced some of his infidel notions, especially his denial of a future life. This he founded upon the teaching of the Bible itself, and then referred to a passage in Ecclesiastes, where it is said that man hath no pre-eminence over the beast, for as one dieth so dieth the other. He seemed to be altogether unacquainted with the fact that the comparison was not between man and the beast universally, but only in the particulars mentioned in the context. His error in this respect having been pointed out, all further opposition ceased, when I was left to introduce what subjects I pleased to a listening and attentive company. Before leaving I went round with a tract, which each received without exception, so that the German was left alone in his refusal."

The same active visitor one day "called at the common lodging-house. Its front opens into Nichol's-row, but the house extends far back into new Nichol-street, and is able to accommodate from eighty to a hundred lodgers, and is generally full. I found several who had only casually taken up their residence here, while others belonged to the more permanent class of lodgers. In the inner room I found the mistress, and some few of the more respectable of the inmates who seemed to find it hard to bear up under their reverses. Most of them, both men and women, seemed to be in pairs in conversation with each other, and their countenances indicated that they had but recently been reduced to their present state of destitution. To such, a word of consolation seemed to be as oil poured on a wound, and they were cheered up when they were reminded that all was not yet lost, that there was still hope, and that there was still a Saviour to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, to whom they may unburden all their cares, and who is willing to help them in their distress. In the common hall, or cooking-place, the numbers were much larger and the medley greater. Here the old and the young, the male and the female, the sickly and the robust, seemed to be scattered about indiscriminately. The men were chiefly sitting on forms ranged along the tables, or walking idly about, while some were busy mending their clothes as well as they were able. The women were chiefly engaged in cooking. But there was

not in either room one who was employing his time in reading. Among this lot I observed none of the careworn or mournful countenances which were present in the other rooms. When their troubles were at all referred to it was done rather as a matter of course, and as a means of producing hilarity among their fellows than for any other purpose. My presence among them seemed to bring into activity their otherwise unemployed mental powers. All eagerly received the tracts, which some immediately began to read, while others were more ready to join in conversation, or to listen to what was said. Nothing in the shape of opposition occurred from any of them, either in the way of refusal or of argument; but the course was quite clear for me to proclaim to each and to all the glad tidings of great joy announced by the angels to the shepherds of old, telling them not only of a Saviour born, but of One who had died for their sins, and who had risen again for their justification. They seemed to be thankful for the visit, and many of them expressed a desire that they might have an opportunity of seeing me again."

Such is the district to which Pastor Cuff and his band of aggressive Christian workers have proved no small blessing. In one sense it is a fine field, abounding with promise of a great spiritual harvest; in another sense it is a devil-ridden territory wherein sensuality, ignorance, and drunkenness riot unchecked. Surely, if Mr. Cuff can attract thousands together by preaching the gospel in its simplicity, rich churches and rich individuals will do well to assist him in the erection of the proposed tabernacle wherein the multitudes may be gathered to listen to his thrilling words. Such a man is a priceless boon to the church of God, and she will be ungrateful if she allows his work to be hindered by want of a building to hold his willing audiences. The sum to be collected is large, the district is poor, the population is enormous, the necessity is urgent;—but we refrain from further pleading: Jesus deserves to have the thousands of Shoreditch; let those who love him aid in gathering the wanderers into his arms.

[Our College is thrice happy in having produced brethren who reach the masses. Jesus and his atoning blood are their theme, and they speak from simple language, hence the common people hear them gladly. Ministers of all classes are needed, and we are far from undervaluing the refined and cultured, but for such a region as Shoreditch robust thoughtfulness, vigorous utterance, and transparent clearness of style are essential qualifications. All of these the pastor of Providence Chapel possesses. We shall be glad to receive any moneys which the Lord's stewards may set aside for our good brother Cuff. We only wish we could build the place for him to-morrow. We leave him in the Lord's hands, and feel sure that he will have aid given to carry him through this great enterprize.—C. H. S.]

Visits to Grog-shops in Calcutta.*

No. II.

BY ONE OF THE WORKERS.

IT is now more than a year ago since we began the work in Calcutta, and as we review the past, our hearts are full of gratitude to God for the blessing he has seen fit to vouchsafe upon it. Having several times been asked for further information, we have thought the following account would be interesting.

Never shall we forget the first Sunday in Flag Street. When you remember it is one of the lowest parts of Calcutta, and is often thronged by sailors—many of them intoxicated—filling the boarding-houses and bar-rooms, or wandering about the streets, you will understand some of the difficulties in the way; but trusting in the Lord, and feeling deep pity and love for these wandering and lost ones—sheep without a shepherd—a party of four ladies asked permission (through a gentleman who accompanied us that day) to sing in one of the shops or drinking-saloons. The manager refused, saying to him, "If you are not gone, I will throw water over you. You are ruining my trade." Denied an entrance, we sang at the door. Perceiving that we had better make the next application *ourselves*, we did so, and in every other saloon we found admission.

On this first Sunday we only sang, but ever afterwards conversed with the men either separately or together, each addressing the group nearest, and generally finding them ready to listen. After singing the hymn commencing—

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
Come unto me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest."

One fine manly fellow responded, saying, "*I* am weary, I want to come to Jesus." We directed him to the Saviour, who so freely invites *all* to come to him, and left him rejoicing in the pardon of his sins. Before leaving a place we generally ask all to join in prayer, and while one of us leads, all bow with uncovered heads, and may we not hope, join in our supplications? As we were kneeling down one day, a sailor said, "Don't be too long, missus, for it's *eight* years since I knelt to pray." On another occasion, whilst singing—

"Joy, joy, joy! there is joy in heaven with the angels,
Joy, joy, joy! for the prodigal's return."

our attention was drawn to a young officer who looked quite out of place in such a company. He sang very heartily, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. Then followed the confession of a mother's prayers and a father's counsel disregarded, and of twelve years pleading with God by his parents for the "prodigal's return." No wonder he could not

* With much joy we received this second paper from Calcutta: our friends should refer to the *Sword and Trowel* for July, 1875, page 318. God bless the heroines who dare thus beard the lion in his den.

withstand the hymn. He was induced to attend service that evening, and gave himself to the Saviour. His own account of himself was, "That hymn about the prodigal broke my hard heart." We have since learned that his father is an earnest minister in England.

If there is any attempt on the part of the men to say anything considered by the rest to be improper, all the rest are immediately "*down upon him.*" I was one day speaking to several men who were sitting round a table in a saloon, when a sailor came in, and not understanding matters, said, "Do you want to argify with they fourteen men?" Before I could answer, one of the others said, "You shut up! this lady is giving us good advice and no mistake, and we should be better men if we took it;" and turning to me, added, "don't take any notice of he." Sometimes even a drunken man may be useful, as on one Sunday when we were in a room upstairs with perhaps a dozen men, a man came in much intoxicated, with a thick stick in his hand, looking rather inclined to use it. We felt perplexed and grieved, fearing he would either begin a quarrel, or destroy the solemnity altogether; but when he saw what was going on he said *he* would come too, and not only was he quiet all through, but also brandished his stick over the head of anyone whom he saw keeping his cap on during the prayer. Sometimes by a few kind words the Lord helps us to quiet such a man. After saying to him, "Well, if you want to come in, let me see how well you can behave; sit down here like a gentleman, and listen quietly," the poor fellow will make an effort to do it.

In one place they were singing and dancing when we came up. Some of us were turning away, feeling it would be useless to go in amidst such an uproar and interrupt them; but the party who were being entertained said, "Stop, Jack, till the ladies are gone." Thus encouraged, we went in, and spoke to all who were sober enough to understand us, and gave each a tract. A little book is always acceptable, and in many instances is carefully preserved to be read on board. We have tracts in French, German, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Russian, Greek, Welsh, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Bengali, Hindostani, and English, as sailors from every land are to be found here.

It has often touched us to see the delight of a Greek sailor on receiving a tract in his own language. "You got Greek—*Greek?*" they say so eagerly; one man literally *danced* about for joy, and then sat down to read the precious little book. We gave to him and three others a copy of the New Testament in Greek. It seemed so strange to hear these men conversing in this little used language.

Once or twice when we have met a ship's crew of these men, they have surrounded us and almost snatched the tracts out of our hands, and it was difficult to get each to wait his turn. French sailors, more polite and courteous, but quite as eager, sometimes take out a handful of coppers, and say, "How much to pay?" looking much surprised when we tell them "*nothing.*" Some days we use a great number of tracts, and we shall only be too thankful if friends at home, who are disposed to help, would kindly send us interesting, suitable tracts in English or any other language. We often meet a number of soldiers strolling about, to all of whom we give a tract. During the recent visit of the Prince of Wales we met with soldiers of various regiments,

marines, and blue-jackets as well as ordinary seamen. It will be interesting to friends at home to hear that a good work has been going on among the men of the royal vessels, the *Serapis* and *Osborne*. Many persons were allowed to go over the ships, and thus Christian friends had an opportunity of speaking to the men and inviting them to their houses, and to chapel. During the voyage out, the Christian men on board, only three or four in number, had been praying for a blessing, but at each port where they stopped the excitements connected with the reception of the Prince seemed to dissipate any serious impressions. In Calcutta, however, they had to remain seven weeks, and friends of all denominations have tried to influence them for good. Meetings were held for them in private houses, as well as in the various chapels, and many of them were found at Sunday services. A large blessing has followed. We are slow to speak of numbers, and only time will show the permanence of the work; but on one evening six, on another five, on another eleven came forward as seekers in the presence of their comrades. Some men from the *Osborne*, who came to bid us good-bye on the last evening of their stay, said the Christian band numbered about twenty, and that they had already chosen a place for their meeting for prayer and praise. We believe the same may be said of the other vessel, and from many of the men we have heard the glad testimony, "We shall ever bless God that he brought us to *Calcutta*." We pray that the Lord may keep them faithful, and that they may not only bear safely home our earthly prince, but also have on board the Prince of Peace.

But notwithstanding all that is so cheering and encouraging, the soil is often a hard and rocky one. Dark indeed are the scenes we sometimes witness when drink has rendered men reckless of what they do. We have sometimes to see terrible fights and their consequences, when not only are blows exchanged, but knives used, and the European constables are obliged to interfere. Such things take place openly, and even darker ones, behind the scenes. Some, too, of whom we had begun to hope better things find sin too ensnaring to forsake it, and return to it to their own destruction. O how heart-rending these things are! Were it not for such promises as this, "Lo, I am with you alway," who could continue to carry the message of salvation to Flag Street? When we first went we often used to meet a man whom we may call Mr. A., the proprietor of one of the largest houses, and entreated him to give up his calling, and no longer sell what he *admitted* was such a curse to the poor sailor. He listened attentively at first, and seemed half inclined to do it. Then he began to treat the matter in a light and frivolous way, sometimes saying, "How am I to get a living? You give me £150 a year, and then I'll give up"; finally, he avoided meeting us, and opened another dram-shop. One afternoon while visiting we noticed a solemnity pervading the managers and bar-keepers, for which we could not account, but the story was soon told. "Mr. A. died very suddenly yesterday. There was a party at his house on Friday night drinking as usual; they left about eleven o'clock, and he went to bed, but soon awoke feeling very ill, and roused the household. His distressed wife did what she could; putting a Prayer-book into his hand she told him to 'say his prayers.' He was taken to the hospital, but *died* as they were carrying him upstairs. We could hardly believe

he was gone, it was all so sudden." Thus died this poor, miserable man, who had lived without God, regardless of His day and house,—a striking illustration of the passage, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." His business passed into other hands, and we are thankful sometimes to find the bar closed on Sunday afternoon. The present manager told us he intended to carry on things differently, and we have faithfully warned him, but such a trade as this has a hardening effect upon a man's soul. Trying to act conscientiously while engaged in getting rich by leading others to destruction is no very easy matter. A question asked long ago in the Book of wisdom may be applied to this, "Can a man take *fire* into his bosom and his clothes not be *burned?*"

The great Sower himself assures us that although some of the good seed may be devoured by the fowls of the air, some scorched by the sun on stony places, and some choked by thorns springing up, still *some* shall fall "into good ground" and bring forth fruit a hundredfold—fruit that shall be *eternal*. In this very house, one day as we sang and spoke of Jesus, and God's love to sinners, three young men were much impressed and anxiously enquired the way of salvation. Feeling the place was not quiet enough for religious conversation, one of our party took them home to her own house, and they soon professed to find peace in the Saviour to the joy of their hearts. One of them, a fine young man, told us his history. It was a sad tale. Early bereaved of his mother, his father's second wife refused to act a mother's part towards the children, who were obliged to leave home and all its comforts. For years he had been a wanderer, and was without home, employment, or money. Pride had prevented his writing to his father (a colonel in the army), and he had not a friend in India. The lady, anxious to help him in his determination to lead a new and better life, took him into her house and treated him as her own son. A Christian gentleman who met with him took him into his employ; he has been now eight months in this situation, and is giving satisfaction. Accustomed for so long a time to changes, his old habits prevailed, and he found it difficult to resist the temptation to wander, and for three days he was absent; but a letter which he sent, expressing sorrow for his conduct, met with a ready forgiveness.

We have now a number of places to visit in another street, called, Radha Bazar. In one of them we found three men deep in conversation, one bearing unmistakable marks of a recent fight. As we spoke to him, he said to his companion, "I say, mate, wouldn't my old father like to hear this talk?" We enquired, "Does your father love Jesus?" "Yes; he used to be a great drunkard, and my mother and all of us were badly clothed and worse fed; in fact, we were in want of everything. I can tell you we found it out, when, all of a sudden, he knocked off drinking. We were as comfortable as could be, and had as good a home as most folks. Father had been such a dreadful one for the glass that at first he was afraid to sign lest he should break his pledge; but after five years' trial, he found he could *keep* it, and for fifteen years he has been a pledged teetotaller; and a good thing, too! He goes to chapel regular. My mate lives next door to him when he is at home, and he can tell you what sort of a man he is, can't you, Jim?" Thus

appealed to, Jim told us of the good man's deeds, the son listening proudly all the while. Taking advantage of the circumstance we asked, "Well, won't *you* become an abstainer and a follower of Christ, too?" "Yes, when I leave Calcutta. I have made up my mind to knock it off that *very day*." "But are you *sure* of leaving Calcutta? Does not death leave some men here?" "Yes," said Jim, "there's Captain T. died on Saturday of cholera; he was only ill four hours; and the steward of another ship was only bad four days—he was like the snuff of a candle. I want to sign *to-night*; I do, missus." After a little persuasion both promised to go to chapel to the service, and afterwards ask the minister for a card. Commending them to God in prayer—and never have we seen men more attentive in a cathedral than these poor fellows in the grog-shop—we parted. True to their word they attended the service, and gave themselves to the Saviour, and also joined the Temperance Society. We have had proof of their sincerity in their attending the prayer-meetings since. Indeed, they were so anxious to see the minister again who had led them to Jesus, that they went to the chapel four times before the hour appointed for service. During this conversation in the grog-shop a fiddler had been playing and singing, but both the song and the singer had lost all charm for the listeners.

A few Sundays ago we found five sober men striving to induce their drunken shipmates to leave the shop. Failing in the attempt, they were leaving, ashamed of the bad company. After assuring them that we saw they had not been drinking, we gave each a tract. One was called, "The Last Wish; or, *I Want to See Father Again*." "That's me," said the man who took it; "my father has died while I was making the voyage here. He was a good father to me, and I do want to see him again." We told him that if he served God here, his wish would be realized. This little company of five men listened most attentively while we entreated them to come to Jesus, explaining the sacrifices they would have to make in giving up old companions, and bearing the sneers of ungodly friends. They replied, "We know all that, and we do not mind it," and declared themselves willing to accept Christ as their Saviour, disregarding the scoffs and jeers of their shipmates. They said they would kneel right down and pray to God to keep them from sin every morning and evening. Nothing strikes us more than the childlike simplicity of the sailor. When he comes to God, he just takes him at his word, and therefore "*receives*" as well as "*asks*."

At one saloon I felt an unaccountable prompting to go to the end, where a gentleman sat in such a position as to prevent our seeing his face. His manner and bearing seemed strangely out of place there, and he appeared to be so mortified to be found in a grog-shop by *ladies*, that I felt half sorry I had spoken; but, trusting in the One who I believed had led me thither, I said, "You seem to be depressed, and I am come to tell you of a Friend who will be with you always, even unto the end of the world. He loved you so much that he sent his Son to live and die for you, that you might be saved." The mention of God's love touched him, and he broke down and wept bitterly. It was some moments before he was sufficiently composed to speak, his heart seemed full. Then followed a sad story of deep distress, which, alas,

it was beyond our power even to ameliorate. We took him home, and then he astonished us by saying, "You have saved my life to-day. I was bent on committing suicide. I felt as if no one cared for me, but those few kind words made me feel *life was precious* after all."

In the saloon an officer with two midshipmen attracted our attention. They expressed themselves greatly surprised to meet any ladies *here*. We explained our object, and invited them to the evening service. They came, and afterwards had a long conversation with us. The officer promised never to frequent such places again, and we have learned since, that although surrounded by great temptations, he has kept his word, and he has also become an abstainer. After four months' absence from Calcutta, the midshipmen returned, and this time we met in the house of God; Flag-street was forsaken for the house of prayer.

During the past week a man well-known to some of us called at the house to tell us he was looking for work, and he showed the letters which had been written to help him in his search. He was not a sailor, but he had been knocking about, as he said, drinking, and so we had met him, and spoken to him. He told us that one Sunday afternoon he had received a tract entitled "*I am lost!*" This tract is a very impressive one, published by the Baptist Tract Society, No. 464. The title struck him, it seemed so suitable,—as he said, "Those words haunted me, they followed me everywhere. I could not get rid of them. I thought to myself, *it is true*, I am lost! what does it matter whether I get work or not? I am lost!" The friend to whom he spoke advised him to seek the honest shelter of the workhouse till he could obtain employment, and to this he consented, but a person who had formerly known him offered him a home while he was looking out, and he had just received a letter from the Deputy Harbour-master to some captain, requesting work for him. By the last account he was expecting to leave in a day or two, and, with fresh courage and hope, was about to enter on a new life, we trust in more senses than one.

A gentleman who has lately come from Australia told us that one day during the voyage a sailor came up to him and said, "Excuse me, sir, but have you any relations of your own name in Calcutta?" "Yes, I have," he replied, "two brothers and a sister-in-law. But why do you ask?" "I ask because a lady of that name brought me out of a grog-shop when I was last in that city, and, what's more, I've never been in one since."

At a large saloon one day we met a man who was inclined to argue with us about the propriety of singing hymns and praying *there*. We told him this was our only opportunity for speaking to them. He spoke much and loudly, but after we had prayed he became more reasonable, and said, "Tell me what time the service begins, for I believe I'll go. I've got the tract you gave me in my pocket."

Three sober men were sitting talking at another table, we asked them what pleasure respectable men could find where there was so much noise and drinking. They replied, "When we come on shore we have nowhere to go to but to places like this;" but we were very thankful to be able to tell them of a "*house of rest*," as it may well be called, which has been recently opened for the stranger and wanderer,—provided specially for such poor fellows whose life is full of sore temptation

and hard toil. Here they can spend their leisure time in peace, free from the snares spread for them elsewhere, and surrounded by holy influences. A Christian gentleman of position in the city, whose delight it is to follow his Master in doing good, has taken this house and fitted it up in home fashion. The floors are covered with matting, comfortable chairs are provided, and a number of small tables in the coffee-room for parties of two or three. Tea, coffee, and refreshments are to be had at a low price, books and newspapers are also here, and in the rooms behind Bible-classes and other meetings are held, at which of course the attendance is voluntary. The house is lighted with gas, and the walls brightened by pictures. Will our Christian friends at home pray that now the hearts of the dear men who are led there may be illuminated by God's Holy Spirit? How needful such places are in this neighbourhood would be more fully understood if we could show you more of the terrible shipwrecks of body and soul that are taking place continually around us.

Let us visit one of the larger hospitals here as we did a few days ago. Entering a ward, the nurse came up as usual, and, after a few minutes' conversation, said, "Did you hear about the poor fellow we lost here to-day? I think I never felt more in my life than I did to see him die. Look, there's his empty bed; they have just taken him out. As fine a young fellow as you could see anywhere; and only *twenty-six*. He has an old father and mother at home; he came in only yesterday stabbed in a fight at the river-side by a French sailor. Poor fellow! he did take on dreadful at first, and suffered dreadfully, but we sent for the minister twice, and he seemed quite peaceful before he died." The thought was overpowering; what news for his parents at home, and what a sudden end to that young life that might have been so bright and useful, if it had not been for drink and its effects! Only last Thursday night, too, Jan. 27th, when we were holding a meeting for sailors in that very street, and about two hundred men were listening to the praises of Jesus, and some of them we know joining in them with heart and voice! What a message to each one of *us* from that empty bed in the hospital to "*work* while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work," and to do it, too, with all our might.

But we have a brighter scene to describe before closing. Only this week in another large hospital, after speaking to a number of men, we came to one bed where there was a sight to fill the heart with joy. A young sailor was lying fast asleep, and on the little table by his side lay his well-worn Bible, bearing a silent testimony for him. I felt greatly drawn to him, and after going round the ward returned to find him awake. The Bible gave us a subject to begin with; "I see you have brought your best Friend with you to the hospital, do you read it?"

"Oh yes, I love the Bible. I have been ill of cholera, and am just recovering." "How long is it since you came to the Saviour?" "Two years ago, at a place called Hang-chai, in China. A Wesleyan minister held such nice meetings for us, and I gave my heart to the Lord, and ever since I have felt so different, so happy." "You must have a great deal to put up with on board ship, with so many ungodly companions." "Oh no, not now. At first I had, but that is all over

now." "Are your parents living?" "Yes, they live in London; they are Christians, and brought me up religiously, but I would go to sea. But when I went home last voyage and told them of the change they were so glad." After some charming talk we leave him, rejoicing to find this evident token of God's blessing on the labours of his servants in various places.

One more incident, and this must be the last. It is perhaps eight or ten months ago, when, one day in April on entering this same ward, we found a young man very ill, apparently sinking. Very restless he was, tossing about on the bed, and saying, "Oh, I wish I'd never come out here. I said I wouldn't come again, and now God is punishing me. Oh, for one sight of the blue sea! One breath of the sea-breeze would set me all right again! I am sure it would—but it's so hot, oh I am so hot here!" A little Eau-de-Cologne refreshed him, and he began to talk. At first at the sight of his visitors he burst into tears, saying, "You remind me of my mother and sister." In that and subsequent visits he told his history. Brought up in London, both his parents members of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and he himself an attendant there, he had often listened to the truth. He was a remarkably handsome young man, no doubt the pride of his home, but he was determined to come on this voyage. He asked for one hymn after another, and listened eagerly to the word of invitation to the Saviour. He said at parting, "You are like my mother, do come again." To this the friend readily agreed, and as he grew worse and worse he was regularly visited, and we believe fully gave his heart to the Saviour. His sufferings at times were great, but as long as consciousness remained he was repeating or singing hymns, and all fear of death was taken away. As the last hour drew near, his Christian friend was sent for. All the patients in the ward who were able to do so assembled at his bedside. He sent the last messages to his parents, which were faithfully transmitted to them. The scene was most impressive, as, about six o'clock in the evening, he closed his eyes on earth to open them, as we believe, on the glories of heaven. His friend had the happiness of sending home the good news to his parents, and the intelligence of his peaceful and happy death so softened their grief, that the letter which has been received from them in reply is full of thankfulness to the Lord for his mercy to their son and themselves. O that a similar blessing may attend every effort, however feeble, to bring back the lost and wandering to the Saviour! "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but to thy name be the glory!"

Although not strictly to be included in the ladies' work, we may add a few lines about the special gatherings held on Christmas-day, the funds for which were provided by our friends at the Methodist church. This festive season is attended with special temptations for soldiers and sailors in a foreign city, and therefore it was decided to invite them to breakfast and tea on that day. The early hour of six was appointed for a prayer-meeting at the Methodist Episcopal church, to be followed by breakfast. The mention of this hour on Christmas-day calls up before friends at home uncomfortable visions of a dark, cold walk, perhaps through snow or rain, but *here* December is one of the pleasantest months of the year. About two hundred persons met together, and out

of this company five came forward to ask an interest in our prayers, so that we trust they received not only temporal but spiritual good. At seven o'clock steaming hot coffee, beef sandwiches, and buns were handed round, and we heard many a pleasant expression of gratitude that "it was just like a Christmas at home." What also interested us was the sight of at least forty of the poorest native women, who greatly enjoyed their repast. The evening found a far larger company assembled in Lall Bazar for tea. The place was crowded by perhaps four hundred to five hundred sailors and soldiers, who were very attentive throughout the evening. It was a social and happy meeting, pervaded by a hallowed feeling, and some interesting cases came to light, from which we select two. After several addresses, a tall well-built man stood up and said, "I am a boatswain. I have never believed in a God. I have been on a battle-field in the midst of hundreds of dead bodies, I then feared neither God nor man, but to-night I believe. *I feel there is a God*, and I ask him to have mercy on me!"

After the meeting, responding to an invitation to remain for conversation, a midshipman came up. He was asked, "Have you given your heart to the Saviour?" He replied, "No." On being asked why he delayed, and whether he had not a dear mother who would rejoice to hear of his decision for Christ, he said he had often tried, but always failed; he had a dear Christian mother and father; he knew he ought to live for God; he wanted to do so, and felt he was a sinner. He believed Jesus was willing to save him, and able to do it, but he seemed hardly clear about his saving him then and there. On being urged to take Jesus at his word, and give himself up fully and unreservedly to Christ for salvation, he agreed, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he offered a prayer for pardon, and found joy and peace in believing. We trust he received Jesus, and cleansing through his blood in all its simplicity. He asked the address of the brother who had spoken to him, and gave the address of his home in Ireland, saying he would write. This dear youth is the son of a Wesleyan minister in Ireland, and thus were his parents' prayers answered. He said his friends, especially his mother, would rejoice to hear of his decision. He left Calcutta a few days afterwards for London, but we feel he is *safe* wherever he is, and believe there "was joy in the presence of the angels of God" over him that Christmas evening.

The Love which Passeth Knowledge.

OH, believer! a period will arrive when you shall have been meditating on the love of Jesus, and enjoying its brightest manifestations, for millions and millions of years, and for myriads and myriads of ages; and yet, when that period shall arrive, you will feel that, comparatively speaking, you know nothing of it, and that you have not even come to the threshold of its glories. The love of Christ will shine brighter and brighter, for ever and ever. H. C.

Charles G. Finney, the American Evangelist.

OF all the American revivalists, Mr. C. G. Finney is held by many to occupy the foremost place; and, as his labours are but little known to the present generation, the members of his family have been advised to give his life-story to the world. It does not appear that he intended his autobiography for publication during his lifetime, although it bears unmistakable evidence that he intended such to be its ultimate destination. As a general rule, an autobiography is a failure, for no man is competent to express a just estimate of his own life-work; either, on the one hand, vanity will tempt him to say too much, or, on the other, modesty will compel a reserve which leaves a part of the truth untold. If facts are modified by expansion, or toned by repression, an impartial verdict is impossible.

The demand for personal pronouns largely determines the character of a biography. In a single page of the work before us, taken at random, there are twenty-seven personal pronouns in thirty-six lines.

It must have been a task of some difficulty for the author, at the age of seventy-five, to write the story of his life, especially as he is stated not to have kept a diary. The memory does not always treasure a strictly accurate record of the past, and this accounts for some of the statistical errors which are apparent to the English reader; as, for instance, when he says the Old Tabernacle in Moorfields "would hold several hundreds more than the great Exeter Hall." It is natural for old men to think kindly of the past, and if they have been at all prominent, to appraise themselves at their fullest value. When we have listened to the stories of the bronzed old pensioners at Greenwich or Chelsea we might have concluded that the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo mainly depended upon their individual heroism; but we knew a few other facts, and therefore did not accept all the history with which they would have endowed us. The same remark applies to Mr. Finney's narrative.

Without claiming for the book before us any great literary excellence, we think it worthy of perusal, but we hope our readers will discriminate between the accidents and the essentials of Mr. Finney's success. The methods of one man are not, necessarily, the models for another: we hope that in this case none will attempt to make them so.

Charles Finney was born at Warren, in Connecticut in the year 1792, and, when two years of age, he removed with his parents to Oneida County, New York, which was then little better than a wilderness. The following quotation describes the disadvantages under which he laboured as a child. "My parents," he says, "were neither of them professors of religion, and, I believe, among our neighbours there were very few religious people. I seldom heard a sermon, unless it was an occasional one from some travelling minister, or some miserable holding forth of an ignorant preacher who would sometimes be found in that country." No future application can wholly remedy the evil effects of the example of ignorant and ungodly parents on the sensitive nature of a child, and yet young Finney managed somehow or other to qualify himself for a

* London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

teacher by the time he was twenty years of age. He says, "I taught and studied as best I could, and twice returned to New England and attended a high school for a season." By the advice of his preceptor, he abandoned the intention of going to Yale College, and devoted himself to the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The difficulties which presented themselves not only tested his mettle, but fired his heroism, and great credit is due to him for his perseverance and the success which he achieved.

In 1818 he entered as a student in a law office at Adams, in New York county, a sphere in which any young man of ordinary ability would be sure to have his wits quickened and acquire a knowledge of men and manners which no other position in life could give. The time he spent in business was not lost, for no one can qualify himself for the delicate and difficult task of managing a church except by acquiring the wisdom which comes from experience. Too many young men enter the ministry altogether unfit to lead others, because they have never learned to rule by first learning to obey.

Mr. Finney gives a sad picture of the preaching to which he listened in New Jersey, but we suppose it would not have been difficult to find any number of parallel cases in our own English pulpits of that day. The sermons were soul-less essays, with nothing to arouse the conscience or instruct the anxious mind. We are not surprised, therefore, that he says of himself, "When I went to Adams to study law, I was almost as ignorant of religion as a heathen." His legal studies, in which reference was made to the Mosaic institutes, led him to purchase the first Bible he ever possessed, which he read with interest and profit. As the minister was in the habit of calling at the lawyer's office, he began to manifest an interest in the young student, and they frequently discussed the subject of the Sunday's sermons. Light now began to dawn upon young Finney's mind, and he became uneasy about his spiritual condition, which led him to attend the weekly prayer meeting. "When I was in one of the prayer meetings," he says, "I was asked if I did not desire that they should pray for me. I told them no, because I did not see that God answered their prayers. I said, I suppose I need to be prayed for, for I am conscious that I am a sinner, but I do not see that it will do any good for you to pray for me, for you are continually asking, but you do not receive. You have prayed enough since I have been at these meetings to have prayed the devil out of Adams, if there's any virtue in your prayers. But here you are praying on and complaining still." This severe criticism must have shocked the good people, and it was not altogether just: only a young enthusiast could imagine that the devil was to be disposed of in this way.

The anxiety he now felt betrayed itself in spite of the most laborious efforts to conceal it. When he retired to pray he stopped the keyhole of the door lest he should be overheard, and hid his Bible in the desk when any one entered his room. The story of his conversion is one of thrilling interest, how he was arrested in the street by an inward voice which pressed upon him the necessity for immediate decision; how he retired to a wood near the village to pray; how he resolved, "If ever I am converted I will preach the gospel;" how he at length made a full surrender of his will; and then how the baptism of the Spirit

succeeded. The rationalism of the present day may regard his experience as the illusion of an excited brain when under the influence of an absorbing passion, but we see no reason to discredit the essential truth of the narrative. He says, "The Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me body and soul. I could feel the impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way." Conversion to Mr. Finney was something more than the adoption of an orthodox creed, or the resolution to be more strictly moral and religious; it was a new birth, a change so radical that he became "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

To many, his decision to abandon his vocation may appear too precipitous; but who is competent to determine the wisdom or folly of any course of action to which a man feels himself impelled by the resistless inspiration of the Spirit of God? He justified his refusal to contest a case for which he had been retained as attorney by the plea, "I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead his cause, and I cannot plead yours." He says, "I had the impression that God wanted me to preach the gospel, and that I must begin immediately."

The spirit of self-satisfaction with which he records his first triumphs is not altogether commendable. He came to the rescue of a shoemaker, who was being worsted in an argument with Universalists, and the vanquished sceptic went off to the woods and returned a bright convert. In being called upon to ask a blessing at the evening meal, in a friend's house, he burst into weeping, and a godless young man present "moved back from the table and fled to his room and locked himself in, and was not seen again till the next morning, when he came out expressing a blessed hope in Christ." When he made his first prayer in public, he says, "We had a wonderful meeting that evening, and from that day we had a meeting every evening for a long time. The work spread among all classes, and extended itself, not only through the village, but out of the village in every direction." He went on a visit to his parents, and they were both converted; and the lawyer, in whose office he was employed, was the next to yield. The rapidity with which these cases of conversion succeeded each other excites our wonder, and were we not assured of the omnipotence of divine grace, we should hesitate before accepting the record as a simple narrative of facts. As it is, we cannot dispossess our minds of the suspicion that a less sanguine man would have merely expressed a hope, where Mr. Finney makes an absolute assertion.

Elated by such immediate success, we are not surprised that Mr. Finney resolved not to enter either of the theological seminaries to study for the ministry, remarking, "Men cannot learn to preach by study without practice." Whatever may have been the practice in the American colleges at that time, it is now a general custom with all our colleges to encourage the students to preach during their academic career. The only exception to this rule is in the case of the students at our universities, who must be ordained before they are admitted to the pulpits of our national church.

Mr. Finney's methods of sermonizing are not to be regarded as a rule for others. He says, "For some twelve years of my earliest

ministry I wrote not a word, and was most commonly obliged to preach without any preparation whatever, except what I got in prayer. Oftentimes I went into the pulpit without knowing upon what text I should speak, or a word that I should say. I depended on the occasion and the Holy Spirit to suggest the text, and to open up the whole subject to my mind; and certainly in no part of my ministry have I preached with greater success or power. If I did not preach from inspiration, I don't know how I did preach. It was a common experience with me, and has been during all my ministerial life, that the subject would open up to my mind in a manner that was surprising to myself. It seemed that I could see with intuitive clearness just what I ought to say; and whole platoons of thoughts, words, and illustrations came to me as fast as I could deliver them." And then he adds, "Let no man think that these sermons which have been called so powerful were productions of my own brain, or of my own heart, unassisted by the Holy Ghost. They were not mine, but from the Holy Spirit in me." We have yet to learn that the promised aid of the Spirit justifies any minister's appearance before an audience, excepting under very special circumstances, without the most careful preparation. The man who claims absolute inspiration for every utterance absolves himself from the responsibility of any error into which he may unwittingly fall, and demands a divine sanction for any nonsense he may utter. We dare not limit the power and sovereignty of the Holy Spirit, as we feel we dare not prescribe the methods and the limits of his divine operation, but we confess to a feeling, induced by the language of Mr. Finney, almost amounting to conviction, that he must have been mistaken as to the degree in which he preached under the Spirit's influence. In recording the instances connected with one of the early revivals, we do not question the sincerity of his belief, although we feel at liberty to indulge a little silent scepticism. He says, "The Spirit of God came upon me with such power that it was like opening a battery upon them. For more than an hour, and perhaps for an hour and a half, the word of God came through me to them in a manner that I could see was carrying all before it. It was a fire and a hammer breaking the rock, and as the sword that was piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. I saw that a general conviction was spreading over the whole congregation. Many of them could not hold up their heads." We can scarcely see how Mr. Finney could make the following sentence dovetail into what we have quoted above: "In New England I have found a high degree of general education, but a timidity, a stiffness, a formality, and a stereotyped way of doing things, that has rendered it impossible for the Holy Spirit to work with freedom and power." It is surprising that one who claimed to be severely logical should invent such an hypothesis to account for his temporary non-success. A considerable tax is imposed upon the credulity of the reader when he is asked to believe that the proprieties of the New Englanders "rendered it impossible for the Holy Spirit to work with freedom and power."

On one occasion Mr. Finney said to his people, "The work of conversion is suspended, and we do not know that a conversion has occurred now for six weeks; and you know the reason." It appears that the Baptist minister wanted to baptize some of the converts whose

parents belonged to his church, but, as a Presbyterian, Mr. Finney opposed this, and extorted a promise that the question should be waived "*until the revival was over.*" "The minister," he says, "sent off immediately, and secured the help of one of the most proselyting Baptist ministers that I ever knew. He came in and began to preach and lecture on baptism. They traversed the town for converts in every direction; and whenever they could find anyone to join they would get up a procession, and march and sing and make a great parade in going to the water and baptising them. This so grieved the Presbyterian church, as to destroy their spirit of prayer and faith, and the work came to a dead stand. For six weeks there was not a single conversion." Having summoned a meeting to which he stated his own views, he adds, "The question was intelligently settled, and soon the people ceased to talk about it. In the course of a few days the spirit of prayer returned, and *the revival was revived* and went on again with great power." We hesitate to accept this narrative as an indisputable record of facts, although we do not question the sincerity of the writer's belief. Revivals so easily checked must be poor things.

It would occupy too much of the space at our command to give an account of the various revivals which Mr. Finney claims to have been instrumental in promoting. Suffice it to say that, as a general rule, his arrival was always the signal for an extraordinary manifestation of the Spirit. Converts are reckoned by hundreds of thousands, but we fail to discover any record of their admission to the evangelical churches, and vague generalities must be taken for what they are worth. We set it down to an over-sanguine temperament that Mr. Finney reckons every trembling Felix as a true convert; perhaps, also, we may regard it as one of several methods by which he asserts his nationality.

In the year 1849 Mr. Finney visited England, at the request of Mr. Potto Brown, of Houghton. He visited several towns in England and Scotland, and records similar results to his labour as in America. We remember to have heard him on the occasion of his second visit in 1858, but at this date the impression is very indistinct. The text was, "His commandments are not grievous," and, as far as we remember, the great argument for inducing men to become Christians was the mildness of the Saviour's rule. This appears to have been a prominent feature in his ministry, and grew out of his views of the atonement. Again and again, in the course of his narrative, does he heap ridicule upon the doctrine of substitution, as taught by Calvinistic theology. Speaking of his intercourse with Mr. Gilbert, of Wilmington, he says, "I endeavoured to show that if man were helpless, as their views represented him to be, he was not to blame for his sins. If he had lost in Adam all power of obedience, so that obedience had become impossible to him, and that not by his own act or consent, but by the act of Adam, it was mere nonsense to say that he could be blamed for what he could not help. I had endeavoured also to show that, in that case, the atonement was no grace, but really a debt due to mankind on the part of God for having placed them in a condition so deplorable and so unfortunate." The doctrine of "imputation" he denounces as a "wonderful theological fiction." "Instead of telling sinners to use the means of grace and

pray for a new heart," he says, "we called on them to make themselves a new heart and a new spirit, and pressed the duty of instant surrender to God. We taught them that if they would at once yield to their own convictions of duty, they would be Christians." It would need a lengthy paper to combat the Pelagian heresy which is so conspicuous in these quotations, and we must content ourselves with proposing the following queries:—(1) If men are not involved in the consequences of Adam's sin, how can we account for the universality of human depravity? (2) Are the laws of a nation unjust because the children of a notorious offender suffer in consequence of his delinquency? (3) If men have not lost the necessary power to obey the commandments of a righteous God how can we account for the continuance of the race in disobedience when all sin entails suffering now and leads to remote consequences fearful beyond all conception? (4) If it be an act of divine grace to save those who are only responsible for their own acts of sin, and who have the power to obey when they so will, is it less an act of grace to save those who are more deeply involved, and whose inherited taint of nature has deprived them of the moral power to offer a perfect obedience to the will of God? (5) Is God unjust for permitting the propagation of the race because every one is "born in sin and shapen in iniquity"?

At the risk of being charged with blasphemy for daring to question the orthodoxy of a man who claimed divine inspiration for his views, fidelity to our convictions of what we believe the Bible teaches inspires the necessary courage, and we gravely question whether the supposed benefit of Mr. Finney's labours has not been greatly overestimated. Discount, very large discount, must be made, ere the truth is reached. Spots where great revivals are reported were, to our knowledge, full of witnesses to the evanescent character of a large proportion of the conversions. We do not believe that the grievous errors which marred his testimony could have led up to conversions of the right kind, though they were evidently adapted to produce presumptuous confidence, and transitory excitement. No doubt good was done by the portion of truth which survived the error, but when the fire has tried the Babel building, we fear the mass of it will go as mere wood, hay, and stubble.

We are not surprised that, holding the views he did, Mr. Finney should write his life story with so little reference to the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that love to a personal Saviour as the constraining motive of Christian obedience should be so conspicuous by its absence.

In common justice we feel bound to add, in conclusion, that the instances of conversion, with which the book abounds, are of the utmost interest, and that the perusal of the Life of Finney will afford instruction to those who are established in Christian experience, and who are fortified by a definite creed.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

The Church of Chaldea; or, the Nestorians.

BY JOSEPH SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS OF LONDON.

THE church of Chaldea was so called from its origin and existence among the towns scattered over the extensive plains of the Chaldean empire. How the Christian faith took such deep root, and made such headway among the haughty fire-worshippers and time-honoured magicians, the descendants of the once proud Babylonia, is left almost as much to speculation and tradition as the introduction of the same precious truths among the Saxons of our own land; yet historical records show that a Chaldean church in the second century had firmly established itself under the very shadow of the palaces of the Magian kings. There is not much, however, to guide our enquiry respecting the origin of that church. The honour of planting it has been given to the apostles Peter, Thomas, Bartholomew, and others, while some ascribe it to the outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost. Probably we shall do each justice if we divide the honour among them. Peter was the well-known apostle to the circumcision for some time located at Antioch, to which church the Chaldeans pertained. The Jews at Babylon were sufficiently numerous to attract the attention of the apostle, fifty thousand of them were slain in Seleucia, very near to Babylon, about ten years from the time when our Lord under peculiar circumstances had commanded his disciples to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; and Peter, too, but a short time after this event wrote in his first epistle, "The church that is in Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you; and so doth Marcus my son." The apostle Thomas, however, has the chief credit for the noble work, mainly because, in the earliest records, these followers of Jesus are called "the Christians of St. Thomas;" they themselves too have ever claimed Thomas for their apostle. The ancient church history compiled by Assemanus traces the patriarchs of the Chaldean church from the apostle Thomas down to his day, with the same accuracy as modern Jesuits trace Pio Nono from Peter.

Although the instruments which it pleased God to use in building up this church are hid from view, the materials used in the erection of this spiritual building are more evident. We have made some reference to the number of Jews at Babylon. The number slain in Seleucia is but an index of the number occupying other towns. The disciples scattered on the persecution of Stephen, preached the gospel as far as Cyprus and Antioch, but to *Jews only*. It is scarcely probable they would long allow their brethren at Babylon to be without the message of redeeming love. The form of Christianity which the church of Chaldea took was just such as converted Jews would be supposed to adopt, retaining every Jewish form not inimical to the teaching of the new faith. The church, with its Jewish element, comes down to the present day with but little change. We therefore consider the evidence in favour of the Jewish origin of the Chaldean church to be very strong.

The territory over which this church was spread has been named

Assyria, Chaldea, Babylonia, Media, Mesopotamia, and Persia. It is within the limits of the last-named empire that our remarks on the Chaldean church are applicable.

There are three items which constitute the history of a church—labour to spread abroad the precious truth, suffering for the truth, and schisms that hinder and oppose it. The western churches have been prolific in the latter, but we are not aware of any discord that rent asunder the eastern church, or attracted its ardent energies from the Saviour's service. Its history for more than a thousand years is written in suffering and service—its members preaching the word of life to the heathen, and sealing those truths with their blood—while the night of superstition, Papal oppression, and the terrors of the inquisition reigned supreme through the dark ages of the west. The sun does not illuminate the east and the west at the same hour, and it has been so in grace: the rays of divine light cast their evening shadows athwart the churches of the east when the glorious morning began to dawn in the west, till day had given place to night. The Spirit of God lights the candle or removes it at his own pleasure. "The wind bloweth where it listeth."

The churches of Persia and those within the Roman empire had mutual intercourse as far as the fifth century, but the almost continual war between the two empires rendered that intercourse difficult and dangerous, and gave many opportunities to the Magian priests of Persia, and the priests of Jupiter and Mars at Rome, to invent accusation, cause suspicion, and bring the Christians into trouble. To about the year 162 the Persian churches acknowledged the supremacy of Antioch, and received ordination at that church; but Antioch was a flourishing Roman city, and the vigilant government officers stationed on the frontier seized many poor bishops as spies as they were returning to their scenes of labour. Such indeed was the danger and annoyance to which they were exposed, that, after the above date, they ceased to go to Antioch, and were ordained in their own church on the banks of the Tigris. It was the Lord's doings, and it should be noted, that thus the churches on the plains of Assyria at the early period were partially separated from the influence of Rome, which so soon after became spiritual despotism.

A church redeemed from Jewish traditions and heathen superstitions, and illuminated with the light of heaven, cannot but sing *with a loud voice*, and the song will be heard. The redeemed will tell to lost men what a ransom has been paid, and the effect will follow. It was so in Persia: Ctesephon, Seleucia, mouldering Babylon, and the district of Adiabene became impregnated with Christian life. The animosity of the fire-worshipper was soon aroused, and the unconverted Jews were as much exasperated as the fire-worshippers, and both forgot their differences, and fraternised to oppose the new faith. They rallied round the Sabean king, and raised a war cry against the imaginary spies and traitors in the Christian church. Harsh measures were adopted, and among other things special taxes were imposed upon professors of the new faith, and cruel men were selected to collect them, Oppression was considered the best means to quench the light. The condition of the Chaldean Christians became more and more alarming.

When Constantine took the Western Church under his patronage, many Chaldeans sought refuge in the Roman empire. The irritated Sopor demanded that the emperor should send back his Persian fugitives. The demand was refused, and a war followed. Incited by Jews and Magians, the King of Persia drew his sword with the avowed intention of conquering both his Roman enemy and the church, but after forty years of blood he died, and conquered neither. Even so "Herod stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church . . . . and the angel of the Lord smote him and he died, *but the word of the Lord grew and multiplied.*"

Shimon is a time-hallowed name among Chaldean Christians, and a bishop of that name stands almost at the head of their long line of martyrs. He saw from his home within the walls of Seleucia the storm rising around the church. He had with sadness seen weaker brethren recant under oppression and torture, while others had nobly suffered for the cause of Jesus. Among the former was an eunuch, a valued tutor of the king in his earlier days. He had heard the proclamation of divine love, and was admitted to the church on profession of faith in Jesus, but when exposed to suffering he left the ranks of the Crucified One and again worshipped the sun. Shimon being prominent in the church did not long escape the storm, and grace was given him to bear up under it. We observe much of the spirit of the faithful covenanters in his conduct. He was offered honours and wealth if he would fall down and worship the sun; but Shimon's reply in actions was the same as Peter's—"Thy money perish with thee." Torture, death, and the extinction of the church were threatened as the result of his steadfastness; but the first he could endure, and he knew the vain boast of the latter, for he had often read in his Peschito Psalms—"The name of the Lord endureth for ever, all nations shall be blessed in him." He was removed from the presence of the king, and ordered to death. As he passed out, the curious mob pressed forward to see the bishop laden with chains, and among them was the faithless eunuch, who had left the service of the Redeemer for the worship of the sun. Their eyes met, and the bishop passed him with a stern frown and a sterner rebuke. Never was arrow better aimed. Like Peter the eunuch wept bitterly, and even told the king what a traitor he had been to the best of Masters, Jesus, whom, while bowing to the sun, he had worshipped as his Saviour. The king respected his old teacher, but such a declaration of faith in his presence must be punished. He was hurried off to prison and to death. Mar Shimon had not yet suffered death, and within his prison walls he heard the faithful testimony of the eunuch, and praised the Lord. The following day was worthy to be noted in the calendar of the Chaldean church; it was the commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord. One hundred Presbyters, deacons, and private Christians, with their archbishop, were about to exchange a Persian prison for the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are enrolled in heaven. Shimon appears to have been in the Spirit on the imperial day.* It was arranged that he should suffer last, his enemies possibly hoping that the sufferings of a

* "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day" should rather read as above.

hundred deaths might shake his faith and secure his recantation. A chief of the Magi before he superintended the slaughter, harangued the company of martyrs ; he reminded them of the losses they were about to sustain and the suffering to be endured, and then exhorted them to accept life, liberty, and the faith of the king. He said nothing about eternal life, which Shimon in his reply so well brought before his notice, perhaps for the first time. He told the Magian inquisitor that death to the believer in Jesus was infinite gain. One after another of the brethren bowed to the stroke of the sword, encouraged by the bishop as he did so, and then with a hundred deaths before his eyes, Shimon bowed his head, and in a minute the sword had placed him beyond the tyrant's rage, in the presence of the great King.

From the sufferings of the Chaldean church of this period we learn that Christianity had established itself mostly in Adiabene, not far north of Nineveh. The storm of persecution raged furiously, and the Magi procured an edict by which all Christians were to be put to death. Towns and villages were carefully searched that no Christian might escape. That the church was not destroyed by such oppression and slaughter must be ascribed to the special oversight and care of the Lord. The confessors who fell victims to the wrath of the king are said by one writer to be numberless. It is pleasing to find that in several cases the gospel had penetrated even into the palace. The queen was not uninfluenced by saving truth, for she had often listened to the doctrines of salvation. Perhaps on this account Christians in the palace were considered most dangerous. Among those who died for the truth was one Azades, an attendant on the king, and much respected by him. His death is said to have much affected his master, and to have had the beneficial result of modifying the harsh decree, so that in future common Christians escaped capital punishment, which was reserved for the leaders of the church.

Terboea was the sister of the martyr Shimon, and was held in high estimation for her Christian character. She drew around her females of devoted piety of her own type. The centre of so much spiritual life and action was offensive alike to Jews and Magi, and they sought for a pretext to quench her light in death. The queen was ill. In those days all calamities, personal or national, civil or military, were ascribed to the presence of Christianity; and the Magi, who had the credit of penetrating into secrets, clearly saw a connection between the queen's illness and the faith of Terboea and her companions. They even suggested that she had poisoned the queen to be avenged for her brother's execution. She and her associates were seized and threatened with death, but the fallacy of the charge against these Christians is evident, for they were offered honours and liberty if they would forsake their church. These heroines had the same conquering faith as Shimon, and were each sawn asunder.

So much suffering could not but attract the notice of Constantine, who used his influence with the king, through ambassadors, to lighten their oppression. Every refined and studied cruelty that Magian intelligence could invent was employed to blot out the name of Jesus; the rack so used as to render the limbs useless: scourging of a fearful kind, stakes driven through the body, and decapitation by the sword.

In one case we read of a peculiar punishment. The prisoner, like Paul, had presumed to speak of the Saviour before the king, the tongue was considered the offending member, an incision was made in his throat, and the tongue drawn through the orifice.

We might easily add to the long list of martyrs, but our intention is to travel over a period of eighteen hundred years, which will only allow us an occasional glimpse at historic facts as we pass along.

We have already alluded to the partial severance between the churches of Europe and Chaldea: in the year 430 that separation became complete. The adoration of the Virgin "the mother of God" was ripening to a crisis and distracting the church. Cyril, the Bishop of Alexandria, became the champion of the new appellation, while the opposition to such a title centred in Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople. The council of Ephesus was convoked to decide the value of the new dogma. The proceedings of this council resembled the trial of a prisoner where only the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution is heard. Cyril secured a verdict in favour of the virgin's newly discovered honour before the main body of opponents could arrive on the scene of conflict. Rome has ever since called Mary "the mother of God." The next step was to impose uniformity on the churches. Nestorius was excommunicated and died a miserable death in Egypt, brought on by his enemies, but to which they point as a righteous judgment from God. Uniformity was enforced within the limits of the Roman empire, but the Chaldean churches were beyond the Tigris, and therefore received the anathema with Protestant indifference. They have refused to this day to call the virgin more than the mother of Christ. But where the iron hand of the church's anathema could not reach, slander could be hurled. Henceforth these Chaldean Christians who altered no article of faith were to be called *Nestorians*, a name perpetuated to the present day, though Nestorius never visited the Chaldean churches, nor did those churches ever receive any teaching from him. If, then, to decline to call the creature the mother of the eternal God is to be a Nestorian, all the Protestant churches of Europe are such, and share equally in the anathema. It may seem romantic now to object to the ancient misnomer, but we will call them the Chaldean church still. The separation became complete, the Western churches gathering around Rome were left to rush down to the dark ages, while the church of Chaldea gathered up her strength to send the light of divine truth to the distant nations of the east.

This church was early fired with the missionary spirit, even while persecution thinned her ranks. We read of a soldier of the Persian army who heard and received the gospel, and leaving the army travelled from town to town, preaching the word of life. His zeal was apostolic, his labours, perils, and hardships were many, but none of them diminished the ardour of his love. The king in his displeasure destroyed the city where he laboured, and the evangelist departed with the gospel in his hand and heart to publish the glad tidings of salvation elsewhere. He visited Jerusalem and Egypt, and finally sealed his testimony with his blood.

The missionary records of the Chaldean Church extend over more than a thousand years. They commenced about the time of Artaxerxes,

father of Sapor II., and terminated near the time of Timour Zain's invasion. These missions were maintained during the persecutions under the Persian Kings, and the oppressive rule of the Khalifs. From the 3rd to the 16th century, Chaldean missionaries went forth bearing precious seed. This early Chinese inland mission lasted for eleven hundred years and occupied ten provinces.

The persecutions to which we have referred belong to the fourth century, other persecutions followed in subsequent reigns; but during the fearful ordeal of the churches the missions were not neglected; indeed, the persecution was sometimes the means of scattering many abroad who went everywhere preaching the gospel. Barsabas fled into Khorassan to escape the storm, and preached in Merv for fifteen years, and other places received the light of heaven in the same way. Occasional rest gave them opportunity to strengthen their work. They extended their labours to various parts of Persia, and sent missionaries into Armenia, Syria, and India. It would require a list too long to name all the foreign stations occupied by the Chaldean Church during its long missionary career, but we may give a hasty glance at China, India, and Tartary. These three were probably the most flourishing of their missions, but of these only the Syrian Churches on the coast of Malabar have come down to our time. When Buchanan visited those Christians about sixty years ago, he reported their then number to be about 200,000, living in the midst of a Hindoo population.* In Tartary several Mogul princes were baptized, and others of the royal family were admitted into the church. Mosheim says, "In Tartary and the regions adjacent, the activity of the Nestorians continued daily to gain over many to the side of Christianity." The number of converts to the Christian faith appears to have been numerous, but they were mostly swept away by the scourge of war which followed.

China was a special object of interest to the Chaldean Church. During the reign of Socrum and his successor the mission prospered, many churches were built in the provinces and at Pekin by order of the Emperor. Kublai, the most distinguished successor and grandson of Genghis Khan, conquered China 1279, and removed his court to Pekin. The mission was in full operation at this period, and was much encouraged by the conqueror. Polo, who travelled in Tartary and China in 1300, found the churches of the Chaldeans still existing. We follow these missionaries even to the year 1540, but for two centuries before this date, they seem to be struggling hard to maintain their ground and sustain the mission which had cost them so much life and labour. We have passed over the troubles and trials and the fierce persecutions through which this Chinese mission passed, for like the buoy in the troubled surf, always rising to the surface however rude the storm, so amidst persecution at home and abroad the Chaldean Church continually rose above the storm, marking faithfully the channel of salvation by Jesus only. None of the mission churches in China have survived to the present day, but the Sanfoo monument attesting their

* Those who are interested in this church should read "Lingerings of Light in a Dark Land," being researches into the past history and present condition of the Syrian Church of Malabar. By the Rev. Thomas Whitehouse, M.A. Adams & Co. Paternoster Row.

labours, written in Chinese and Syriac still exists. It is the only record that China has supplied of that church in her midst. Rome was early in the field, and probably, as in Japan, Popish emissaries were an impediment to the progress of the Evangelical Church, and had something to do in exciting the persecution in 1369, which spread such devastation among the churches of this Empire. It stands, however, to the lasting credit of the Chaldean Churches that they successfully outstood the storm, while the servants of Rome, wafers, madonnas, tapers, and all were expelled from the soil of the Celestial Empire.

We are not disposed to think that this ancient church maintained its purity so long as its zeal. There are evidences of decline, though the still existing churches on the south-west coasts of India give us a favourable impression. They had no Bible society or printing press to aid them in their arduous work, and we hear of no translations of the word for any of the nationalities among whom they laboured. The old Syriac Scriptures used in the Indian churches exist and are still read; and we read of no penances, no indulgences, purgatory, Mary worship, or adoration of images. Poverty, ignorance, and consequent formality finally set in among the churches, and no marvel: we rather wonder how the missionary zeal could be maintained during such cruel reigns as those of Sapor, Cosroez, and the successors of the false prophet. They stood to their work nobly, and when they fell, they fell at their post with the standard of truth still in their hands.

The wildest part of the old Persian dominion now forms the south-eastern portion of the Turkish empire. Here the rough rocks tower till they impede the progress of the clouds in their ærial course, and receive the violence of the storm on their barren breasts. Here the perpetual snow sparkles in the sun's ray like innumerable gems in nature's diadem. Even the dash of the angry Zab as it leaves its lofty cradle, rushing, foaming from crag to crag, as though in haste to join the calmer waters of old Euphrates in the plains below—even the rush of the Zab, nay, the whisper or footfall of the adventurous traveller, as he treads those heights, is enough to attract the mighty avalanche from the frowning rocks above, and make it leap upon his perilous path. A fit locality this for the purple lightning to hurl its wild flash amidst the wilder glens and sombre passes of these ancient hills, while the sequent thunders roll along the lofty plains, and from cavern to cavern echo in long and sonorous response. The wisdom which reared those mighty mountains to the skies also cleft them asunder in deep gorges and narrow passes, and spread out fertile plains between these elevated peaks — planted the wild nutgall, and gave the antelope and red squirrel a home. About the base of these mountains, among their glens and valleys, a fierce race exists. They have taken possession of the passes, and erected stone castles to defend their wild homes, and under protection of these they have built their houses, and spread out their black tents. They keep sheep, but for many years have endeavoured to live by the plunder they obtain from their neighbours. They have been strong enough and bold enough to defy the Turkish power, within whose empire those mountains rise. These are the wild Kurds. We know not when or how, but at some period the remnant of the Chaldean church forced their way through those desperate

Kurds, traversed the passes, scaled those lofty hills, and took possession of the highest points of the mountains. Possibly, when the Tartars swept across the plains, whole families left their smoking towns and sought a refuge here, bearing with them their little ones, and their Syrian parchments, copies of the word of life, but the ruin of ancient churches and a decayed Chaldean castle in Julermerk stand evidences of work among them before that period. Probably during the persecutions of the Persian kings the Chaldean Christians, like the Waldenses, sought security among the moutains, where they might worship God beyond the reach of the tyrants of the plains. Even here avarice and jealousy would have followed them had they not proved themselves more than a match for the prowling foe that surrounds them; even a Kurd dared not penetrate those defiles, and enter the villages of Chaldean Christians. Those avenues were carefully guarded by the church in the wilderness. Villages multiplied along the mountain valleys, caverns were taken possession of and turned into churches, and the patriarch fixed his abode in the mountains near Jelu, nearly the highest village in this wild region. Orchards and vineyards decked the slopes, and bleating sheep grazed on the hills, tended by Chaldean shepherds. The hymn of the Waldenses has been sung on these natural ramparts. It is very fitting, let us halt and sing it again.

"For the strength of the hills we bless thee
Our God, our fathers' God;
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod,
Thou hast fix'd our rock of refuge
Where the spoiler's feet ne'er trod.
For the strength of the hills we bless thee
Our God, our fathers' God.

"We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky.
The rocks yield founts of courage.
Struck forth as by thy rod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

"For the dark surrounding caverns,
Where thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest,
Which by thy strength are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

"The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from his height,
And the stag which knows no master
Seeks there his wild delight.
But we, for thy communion,
Have sought the mountain sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

"The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves,
The war horse and the spearsman
Cannot reach our lofty caves.
Thy dark cloud wraps the threshold
Of freedom's last abode,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

"For the shadow of thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread,
For the stern defiles of battle
Bearing record of our dead,
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God."

The Scriptures carried to these mountains were in the Syrian language, the vernacular of the plain; but the modern form of Syriac is so different from the old, that the ancient language became unintelligible. The loss of the ancient tongue, as a spoken language, was a great misfortune to the Chaldeans. They could no longer read their Scriptures, unless they acquired another tongue. Shut out from the world, and surrounded by desperate enemies, a period of night set in; they were so without the means of education that few, except the priests, could read; and some of these could do no more than chant the ancient Syriac in their services A little spiritual life lingered among them, but superstition sprang up, and a large amount of formality. They passed several centuries in this sad condition, still clinging with reverence to their churches, the forms of their service, and their ancient Scriptures.

As the convulsions of the plains subsided, and the mountaineers multiplied, they again appeared in the abandoned districts. Towns and villages are now occupied by them around the lake in the district of Ooroomiah in Persia. The Mohammedan is now the lord of the land, in whose eyes Christians are but infidels and dogs, fit objects for contempt and abuse. In the days of the Khalifs their learning secured them respect at court, but now their religion, ignorance, and poverty attract the oppression of the bigoted Moslem. A Mohammedan worked up into the form of Sultan, Shah, or Padshah in India, Turkey, or elsewhere, has given Europe enough evidence of his disqualification to rule; taxes and oppression are the chief results of such a reign: but for the Christians of Persia there are special abuses and acts of oppression, to which others are not exposed. We can specify instances to support this general statement:—A daughter was stolen from her father's house, and was detained for fifteen days, after which she made her escape and found her way back; but she was again claimed by her Mohammedan master, under the pretext that she had become Moslem, and finally the parents lost their daughter. In another case taxes already paid were again demanded, and the man being unable to meet the unjust claim was asked to give up his daughter in lieu of payment, and because this was refused he was so bastinaded as to stand with difficulty. Baba Khan suffered imprisonment for a year for preaching

the gospel in a Mohammedan village. Mar Yohannan, the late bishop, was tied to a cart's tail, and flogged for his association with foreign Christians. A vineyard was seized, and the reason given was that the Christian had somehow obtained illegal possession from the Moslem's grandfather, and the Moslem's oath being preferred to the Christian's he was put into possession of the vineyard. We need not multiply these commonplace cases; it is enough to say that the Chaldean church is reduced to the state of serfdom.

Their fallen condition has offered a favourable opportunity to Rome, which seems to know better than we do the importance and value of a Christian church in this position, and she has left no stone unturned to gain over those ancient Protestants to her ranks. "Think of a polished French priest, for example, with his own hands pitching an unoffending Chaldean Protestant into a stream and plunging him under water, after calling in vain for his perverts to come and drown him; and all this for the simple offence of entering his village, and to strike terror to the presuming Protestants of the same church, who might dare to do the same."*

On the western slopes of these mountains the Jesuits have had some success, and to the few who have changed their faith Rome has accorded their ancient name, "Chaldean Christians." Nevertheless, the Chaldean Christians still stand as firm as their own rocks against the intrigues of Rome, and are very antagonistic to her.

Long had the night been, and many weary and anxious looks were cast to the western horizon to catch the first ray of expected day from the Protestant churches of Europe. They had heard of England's fame and power, and often wondered why Sultan and Shah, Soonee and Sheey were not annihilated or driven into the sea, to give life, light, and liberty to their suffering brethren in the mountains of Kurdestan and the plains of Persia. "What of the night, watchman, what of the night?" was the watchword passed to the plains from the old hills of Assyria, but the night was dreary and long, and no encouraging answer could be sent up to their lofty homes. The Chaldean church, shutting themselves up in their natural ramparts, defended their homes from their numerous enemies, coarsely clad and coarser fed, watched and longed for the break of day. And the church by the lake below submitted "to the oppression whose iron bolt goes through the soul, binding down its noblest aspirations."†

The first ray of light that fell across these regions sprang from the arrival of Messrs. Smith and Dwight, sent out in 1830, under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Thus the Western hemisphere became acquainted with the existence, wants, and sufferings of the oppressed church. In 1835 the indomitable Dr. Grant resigned his practice in Utica, and arrived on the plain where Alexander and Darius decided the fate of Persia, but he came in a nobler cause and to fight a better battle. He has left on record his visit to the mountains, a record of heroism and trust in providence replete with adventure, surpassing in interest the most incredible romance. His medical skill made him welcome everywhere to the sick Kurd, the Persian,

* Dr. Perkins. † Dr. Perkins.

and the Christian. He entered those mountains from the western side, following mostly the course of the fickle Zab. He saw that many Kurdish fortresses were demolished and Turkish ramparts dominated in their place, adding however but little to the security of the traveller. Both Turk and Kurd advised Dr. Grant not to risk his life among the independent Christians in those hills. Their determined and successful defence of their homes had instilled a wholesome fear on the foe. They were reported to be invincible and capable of vanquishing the enemy with the magic spell of their look. "To the border of their country" said the Pasha of Mosul, "I will be responsible for your safety, but these mountain infidels acknowledge neither Pasha nor king." But the Christian adventurer knew that "among those lofty ramparts was the home of one hundred thousand Christians around whom the arm of omnipotence had reared those adamantine ramparts."* Onwards he pressed his weary way, sometimes on his mule and sometimes on foot where he dared not trust his mule. Now through narrow passes, where the towering rocks obscure the rays of the sun; now, clad in his hair shoes, along a narrow path on the breast of the mountain, with the unexplored chasm below, and the overhanging rock above. Again, in the castle of a Kurdish chief applying his healing art, surrounded by weapons of war and men of blood, and again amidst the cloud broken by those giant rocks, the lightning's flash and the thunder that rolls from rock to rock, on and on till the massive crags, forming the boundary of the independent tribes appeared in view. Farther his guides dared not lead, and he continued to climb his rugged path attended by a Christian from the plains. The Chaldeans guarding those avenues against the intrusion of a foe soon caught sight of the advancing stranger. "Who are you? What is your want? Are you a Catholic or Kurd?" was often repeated in the deep gutterals of their stentorian voices, not a little startling. Their bold bearing, fierceness of expression and scrutinising enquiry so frightened the Doctor's only guide, that he had to advance alone. No dangerous Kurd or still more dangerous Catholic was attempting to violate the sanctity of those lofty caves. It was a Christian in Kurdish guise from the far west. They were soon satisfied of his character and intentions. Nodoubt the much-loved Syriac with a foreign accent helped these eager Christians to a right conclusion, for they gathered round him in a most friendly manner. The Patriarch had heard of his arrival first, and sat at the window of his house with a glass, to catch the view of his adventurous friend. It was a happy meeting. "Now," said Mar Shimon, "you are doubly welcome, my heart is rejoiced that I see your face, regard me as your elder brother, it is a happy day for us both. May your journey be blessed."

Between 1837 and 1840 a band of faithful men with their wives arrived in Ooroomiah. The mission was commenced among those who had for many years sent missionaries to so many parts of the world. The light began again to shine, a printing press arrived, Scriptures and books were multiplied in the vernacular, priests and deacons were selected for their spirituality and learning to open

* Dr. Grant.

schools and carry the gospel into villages and towns through the plains and mountains. Those devoted missionaries are located in Ooroomiah, in Persia. They have been aided by many faithful evangelists from the ancient church, who carry the gospel to the difficult regions in Kurdistan. The deeply interesting records of this mission extend to the present day, and the work done by it is second to none in importance or results. The condition of these mountain tribes would doubtless be much improved if an Englishman or an American were resident in their midst, but it is a work of difficulty, and will require much judgment and caution. The Chaldean church has not yet fulfilled her mission in the economy of grace. There is an important future before her yet. We hope the time is not far distant when she will reappear in her original strength and zeal. Our prayer is that the Lord may be heard saying to this struggling church, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Simon Peter.

AROUND the Saviour now restor'd,
The followers of the risen Lord,
With wond'ring eyes his features scan,
And silent view the Son of Man.
He speaks of love, to say—alas—
"Με Σίμων Ιωνα ἀγαπᾶς?"

A fountain of contrition flows,
Which hidden springs of grace disclose;
For thoughts of past denial rise,
And bring the tear-drops from his eyes;
"Yea, Lord," he says, "Ναὶ κύριε,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε."

Like distant echoes o'er the plain
The solemn words are heard again;
"Με αγαπας?" resounds within,
And shows the penitent his sin:
Again he cries, "Ναὶ κύριε
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε."

The Lord, whom Peter thrice denied,
Now claims that thrice his heart be tried;
And dost thou love me, "φιλεῖς με?"
Responsive, weeping, urges he,
Σὺ πάντα οἶδας, κύριε,
—γινῶσκεις ὅτι φίλῶ σε.

And still, to all within the fold,
That voice has down the ages rolled,
Σίμων Ιωνα φιλεις με,
The voice that spake in Galilee.
May we reply, O Lord, to thee,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε.

A. TESSIER.

Notices of Books.

Lætitia. A Story of the Seventeenth Century. By G. M. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings.

Evidently written by an earnest Christian lady, who is not ashamed of her Nonconformity. The simple story is true to the history of the Puritanic times, is sufficiently full of interest to lead the reader onward, and, above all, is enriched with gracious teaching. This is the sort of book to be given by every Baptist mother to her daughters, by every Nonconformist lady to her friend, by every Christian sister to her young companion. Here is a story which may be read with real profit by all our young people; let it be circulated by thousands.

Lectures on Bible Difficulties. By the Rev. George Dale Copeland. Partridge. One Shilling.

We admire the bold style of Mr. Copeland's utterances, and the earnest manner in which he tries to battle with the difficulties, or supposed difficulties, which perplex sceptical minds. We do not as a rule believe that much good comes of controversy with infidels; but when it simply consists of explanations of Scripture, the result must be beneficial. Mr. Copeland is vicar of St. Stephen's, Walworth, and in the course of his ministry he offered to preach upon any text which a doubter present would send to him, along with his name and address. We are not quite sure of the wisdom of the challenge, for there are passages which have not sufficient matter in them for a sermon, others which our translators have set before us in language of an unquotable kind, and yet a third class which refer to medical and family matters which were never meant for public discussion. Nobody finds fault with a book of domestic medicine, because there are sentences in it which could not be wisely read in public, and the same may be said of portions of the Bible. However, "All's well that ends well": Mr. Copeland has come well through his promised battle, and the result is good. The book is cheap, and nicely printed.

Sanctification, as Exhibited in the Word of God: Progressive on Earth, Perfected in Heaven. Religious Tract Society.

A judicious and seasonable utterance. After all the smoke which has gathered around the subject, we hope a little clear light will come.

Text Cards. Messrs. Nelson and Sons have sent us some packets of the most beautiful text cards we have ever seen. The colours are deliciously blended, and each card is a true work of art. Those who send such pretty little tokens to their friends should procure a packet from their bookseller. Take a note of the publisher's name.

The Story of Stories for Little Ones. By Mary E. S. Leathley. Ward. Lock, and Tyler.

Simply Scripture narratives, with a few reflections and questions. There are plenty of pictures, but they are not of the right kind for children. We do not see the need of this work while Bibles are to be had.

Life and Walk. Seven Addresses. By J. Denham Smith. Yapp and Hawkins.

There are peculiarities in Mr. Smith's style of writing which do not fascinate us, but he lets fall some very precious things, and he keeps within the circle of evangelical truth. Any sensible man reading these Seven Addresses would readily enough find materials for seven fresh ones of his own, and that is a great deal to say of modern books of this class. Alas! the market is overdone with goody goody books, which are supremely sound, but there is nothing whatever in them. There can be no taint of rottenness in a hickory ham, and many very evangelical books of the period are so devoid of juice, flavour, and quality, that they are no better than those Yankee inventions. Mr. Smith generally gives forth some striking utterance and makes some plain discovery of the gospel; and therefore he is useful to his hearers, and we doubt not to his readers also.

The American Pulpit of the Day. Thirty-five Sermons by the most distinguished living American Preachers. Second Series. Dickinson.

THERE are many admirable sermons in this collection, but the straining after effect is in some cases very painful. We like to see a horse go a good pace; but when he puffs and blows, and is covered with lather, we pity him: somewhat in this manner do some of these American brethren rush, and caper, and sensationalise. What can be the need for it? What is the good of it? One of the sermons in this volume contains an amazing instance of the spread-eagle. It deserves to become the pattern and paragon of that form of display. We never met with its like in this world, and do not believe that it can be beaten even in that *new* world wherein everything is done on a large scale, and all creation is whipped. Here it is! Admire and wonder. The exclamations within brackets are our own, and were involuntary.

"There is a bird that mariners call the 'frigate-bird,' of strange habits, and of stranger power. Men see him in all climes, but never yet has human eye seen him near the earth. With wings of mighty stretch, high borne, he sails along. Men of the far north see him at midnight moving on amid auroral fires; sailing along with set wings amid those awful flames, taking the colour of the waves of light which swell and heave around him. Men in the tropics see him at hottest noon, his plumage all incarnadined by the fierce rays that smite innocuous upon him. Amid their ardent fervour he bears along, majestic, tireless. Never was he known to stoop from his lofty line of flight, never to swerve. To many he is a myth; to all a mystery. Where is his perch? [*This is fine indeed. Let us add,* "*Who shall lay salt on his tail?*"] Where does he rest? Where was he brooded? None know. They only know that above cloud, above the reach of tempest, above the tumult of transverse currents, this bird of heaven (so let us call him) on self-supporting vans [*? Pickford's*] that disdain to beat the air on which they rest, moves grandly on. [*Grand idea! The critter flies without moving his wings, disdaining to beat the air, as well he may, for he beats all creation.*] So shall my hope be. At either pole of life, above the clouds of sorrow, superior to the tempests that beat upon me, on lofty and tireless wing, scorning the earth, it shall move along. Never shall it stoop, never swerve from its sublime line of flight. They shall see it in the morning of my life; they shall see it in its hot noonday; and when the shadows fall, my sun having set, using your style of speech; but, using mine, when the shadows disappear, my sun having risen, the last they see of me shall be this hope of gain in dying, as it sails out on steady wing, and disappears amid the everlasting light.

"I feel, friends, that no exhortation of mine will lift you to this pedestal of hewn granite, on which it is given to monumental piety to stand. [*Quite right: an exhortation cannot very well lift a body on to a pedestal, it needs a leg or an arm to do that. But what is monumental piety? Does he refer to the figures upon the tombs in the cemetery?*] Only by analysis, by meditation, by thought that ponders in the night time the majestic utterances of Scripture, and by the open lattice—or, better yet, beneath the grand dome—bows in prayer, and holds communion with the possibilities that stand beyond this life, like unfilled thrones waiting for occupants [*Did you ever? No I never!!*] —only in this way, and in others suggested by the Spirit to minds fit to receive them, will you or any ever rise to the level of the emotion which dictated the text. Where is Paul to-day? Where does he stand, who, from his prison at Rome, sent out this immortal saying? Is there one of us that has verified the statement that 'to die is gain'? Not one. [*Pretty safe question! Who among you has been dead?*] We know he walks in glory. He moves amid the majestic spaces where even Deity is not cramped. [*Eloquent or blasphemous — which?*] After all his struggles he has entered into rest. Yet what has he received that is not in reserve for us? What has he that has not come to him in the way of gift? And is not his God mine and yours? will the eternal Father feed with a partial hand? Will he discriminate, and become a respecter of persons, even at his own

table? Piety can never receive into its mind the awful suspicion. Our Father feeds his children alike; and the garments that they wear are cut from a royal fabric—even his righteousness. They shine like suns brought by the action of a sublime movement into conjunction. [*Very like indeed!*] Rise, then, my friends, ye people of his love; rise, and climb with me the mighty stairway whose steps are changed from granite to porphyry, and from porphyry to jasper, as we ascend, until our feet, pure as itself, stand on the sea of crystal which stretches in seamless purity before the throne." [*Upstairs to the sea! And up three pair of stairs too! Sublime idea, or at least within a step of it.*]

Memorials of the Wesley Family. By GEORGE J. STEVENSON. Partridge and Co.

SURELY John Wesley, and all the Wesley family will soon have been biographed to the full content of the most Wesleyan of Wesleyans. Mr. Tyerman has almost tired some people, and Dr. Rigg has come in to amend and supplement Tyerman, and now comes our friend Stevenson, with a genealogy which, if it does not go up to Adam and Eve, at least runs as far back as Guy and Phenan, a thane and his wife of Wells, in Somerset, A.D. 938. We confess we do not consider the information to be worth a pin with the head off, but it shows the devotion of the Methodists to their leader, and, so far, is instructive. We laugh at this foible; but Mr. Stevenson's book is really wonderfully interesting. Of course, he attaches more importance to little details than we do—all biographers do this more or less—but he has many curious facts to mention, and lives worthy of being narrated a hundred times over. He must have taken remarkable pains to produce such a volume, and he deserves to be rewarded by a large sale. Having had access to the Wesley letters, his work is an important historical document, and should be placed in all complete libraries. Methodists of an ardent type will be sure to purchase it, for here they have not only the great John, but all the other Wesleys drawn to the life.

The Refiner's Fire. Thoughts on Affliction, selected from Leighton, Rutherford, Hooker, Newton, and other eminent writers. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

A HANDSOME volume: a seasonable present to any sick or bereaved friend. The extracts are well selected, are rich in true consolation, and are all from authors who knew by experience the precious things of which they wrote. There is a good word for afflicted persons of all kinds, upon bereavement, widowhood, loss of children, persecution, loss of property, mental trial, false accusation, and so on.

The Special Hymn-book for Week-day Services. Edited by Rev. H. GAMBLE. Fourteenth Thousand. John Snow.

AMONG supplementary collections, one of the best, containing a remarkable variety of hymns. We have seen most of the good hymns, and more than enough bad ones, but there are here some beautiful compositions which are quite new to us.

The Wonders of Creation, and other Poems. By MATTHEW JOSEPHS. With an Introduction, by the Rev. ROBERT GORDON. F. E. Longley.

MR. GORDON'S preface may be appreciated in Jamaica by poor souls who think that sounding phrases must be sublime because they cannot understand them; but in England we feel sure that everybody will pity the poor minstrel who has the disadvantage of having such an introduction placed before his poems. Matthew Josephs is a Negro schoolmaster in Jamaica, and his poems are fully up to mediocrity, and occasionally beyond it. If the white folks who send us their rigmaroles and call them poetry would only write as well as Matthew Josephs we should be delivered from one of the miseries of the editorial chair. We recommend all poets, good or bad, to write carefully, correct seventy-two times, keep the manuscript ninety-nine years, and give orders for it to be buried in their coffins with them. We only except our personal friends, and any others who read this magazine regularly: they have our plenary indulgence to write as much as ever they please and send it on to us, enclosing a guinea with each line.

The Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil, M.A.: with numerous Selections from his Works. A New Edition, with an Introduction by his Daughter. Elliot Stock.

THIS has always been a favourite book with old-fashioned Christians, and we trust will long remain so. It was out of print, and Mr. Stock has done well to re-issue it.

Personal Recollections. By the Rev. C. B. TAYLER, Author of "The Bar of Iron," &c. With a Memoir. Religious Tract Society.

A PEARL of a book. So softly sweet, and gently refreshing, that we feel as if we should like to read on for an age. The last chapter, upon "Green Grass," is a right memorable piece of writing, fitted to be placed in all collections of eloquent extracts; the dew which glistened on that grass seems to have fallen on all the little book. What does the reader think of a passage like this?

"There is a description of a green field in the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney which is so quaintly beautiful that I will quote it here:—'It was, indeed, a place of delight, for through the middest of it there ran a sweet brooke, which did both hold the eye open with her azure streams, and yet seek to close the eye with the purling noise it made upon the pebble stones it ranne over; the field itself being set in some places with roses, and in all the rest constantly preserving a flourishing greene; the roses added such a ruddie show unto it, as though the field were bashfull at its own beautie."

"I well remember a dark and tangled forest through which I delighted to roam, thrusting aside the branches that started back into my face as I passed, till I reached a wild glade surrounded and shut in by lofty trees and thickets; and there grew an old hawthorn tree, mantled in the snow of its fragrant blossoms. There I have startled from the hawthorn shade a doe and her timid fawn, which dashed away, in her bounding flight, the sparkling dewdrops that hung upon the low fern bower. I was a boy then, and I could almost believe that those wild deer and myself had alone discovered that solitary glade: and I have stolen round the whole enclosure with a vague fear, which it pleased me to encourage, lest the sound of my own footsteps should betray to human ears the secret of that green retreat; and I have even then crept into some hidden nook amid the long yellow broom and the luxuriant fern, and there peeped sideways through the long grass, to mark the little world of minute insects, to whom the tall and feathery blades appear an interminable forest, watching, with half-closed eyes—

> 'The nameless tiny things
> Climb the grass's spiral top,
> Ere they toy their gauzy wings.'

listening to the chirping of the grasshoppers, those ventriloquists of the field, with their continual and perplexing tinkling; or I have taken a great deal of trouble to assist some tiny captive with blade of grass to escape from the entangling web of the grass spider."

Christian Baptism: its Mode, Subjects, and Perpetuity. By J. RUSSELL LEONARD. Published, post-free, by the Author, Grove Terrace School, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset. Price Five Shillings.

THIS treatise is full of valuable matter, and deals with the subjects in a commendable spirit and with forcible arguments. It will, therefore, be useful in confirming believers in the ordinance of believers' baptism, and may also lead some to abandon the various untenable theories which it exposes. It will not, however, be of so much service as it might have been, if some practical matters of detail had been attended to. We cannot discover the arrangement of the subjects, indeed it seems to us to fail in clearness of plan, and this is very important upon a controverted point. There is an index at the end; but a table of contents should have been given at the commencement, to facilitate the grasping of the subject as a whole. The price is 5s., and this is very high for the size of the book, and this, with the fact of its not being published in London, must go far to restrict the sale. If it is worth while to write a book, it must also be wise to secure it a circulation by all proper means.

STATISTICS OF THE WORK CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE.

Subscribers to the Pastors' College will find their best reward in the fact that thousands of souls have been converted to God under the ministry of the men educated under our care. Think of 37,000 souls added to the Church! We do not plead for this work, but we think the facts plead with a force which few believers can resist. We take courage and set up our banner to the praise of the Lord. Precious souls won for Jesus are an ample recompense for toil and money. May the Lord do yet greater things.

		INCREASE.					DECREASE.						
Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	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	2,098	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	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774	368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051	426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
TOTAL. . . .		25,172	2,846	7,969	1,010	36,997	2,646	5,613	1,135	3,808	15,202	23,795	

237 Churches furnish returns for 1875: of these, 197* show an average increase of 21 members per church; 30 an average decrease of 4 members per church; 10 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 17 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

* 31 of these are Metropolitan Churches and show a clear increase of 1,078 members, or an average increase of 34 for each church.

Notes.

The twelfth annual conference of the ministers educated at the Pastors' College was held during the week commencing Monday, April 3rd. The first public gathering was held at the great East London Tabernacle, pastor A. G. Brown. There was great delight, loudly expressed, as comrades hailed each other, and exchanged the hearty grip of fellowship. The good people of Stepney provided a good tea, and it was a love-feast indeed. Two hundred or more earnest brethren, knit together as one man, who have been at their several spheres for twelve months, meet again with a zest and enthusiasm quite unknown to more formal gatherings. The meeting upstairs was all alive. Mr. Mayers' singing was to the great assembly like martial music to an army, and stirred all hearts to their inmost deeps. The speaking was admirable, bold, clear, and to the point, and upon the sympathetic it produced manifest effect. We separated with the full conviction that a period of great blessing was prepared for us, and the expectation has not been disappointed.

Commencing on Tuesday with earnest prayers, which at times seemed to carry us all away, we enjoyed the presence of the great Head of the Church, and the power of his Spirit every day of the week, even to the closing communion service of Friday, when we all linked hands, and sung the psalm in which we implore prosperity to Zion. To have had loving speech with some three hundred brave young soldiers of the cross, and to have seen how the Lord has been largely blessing almost every one of them is a joy well nigh too great. We intended to have written a full and particular account, which we feel sure would have made our generous helpers partakers of our joy; but we are quite laid aside with pain of body, the natural result of great mental labour.

Mr. Phillips gave us his annual supper during the Conference, and the amounts spontaneously given to the College closely verge upon £2,000. We are glad of this, for we have had but few donations of late, and half suspect that our old friends are growing forgetful. However, when need comes we have no doubt our Master will wake them up. Some of our funds are low, and we shall hail it as a token for good if the "fresh springs" break forth anew.

Our brain refuses to dictate the Notes for this month, and therefore they must go. If our friends would earnestly ask for us more health, and more grace, we should be deeply grateful.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 23rd. seven; March 30th, twenty-five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 19th, to April 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Anderson	0	2	6
Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. G. Selvwright	0	10	0
C. R.	0	10	0
Messrs. Cockrell and Collinson	2	2	0
Mr. R. Fergus	3	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. S. Veall	2	2	0
Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Miss T.	2	0	0
Mr. Mills	5	5	0
Dr. Underhill	3	3	0
Mr. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. E. Dear	0	5	0
Mr. J. Finch	5	0	0
Mr. Oxley	2	2	0
Mr. Duncan...	100	0	0
Mr. Padgett...	5	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	1	1	0
Mr. E. Hunt	3	3	0
Dr. Swallow	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Daintree	2	2	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. T. Ness...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Allison	5	0	0
Mr. Robinson	10	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. J. Temple	1	1	0
Mr. Toller	5	0	0
Mrs. Toller	1	1	0
Miss C. Toller	1	1	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	5	0	0
Mr. A. Wilson	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Baker	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Penston	5	5	0
W. McArthur, Esq., M.P.	10	10	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mrs. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. F. J. Horniman	5	5	0
Mr. T. Knight	2	2	0
Mrs. Virtue...	11	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. C. Collins	2	2	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Rev. S. Minton	1	1	0
Mr. N. J. F. Basnett	2	2	0
Mr. Figgis	3	3	0
Mr. J. H. Townend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Price	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James	10	0	0
The Earl of Shaftesbury	20	0	0
Mr. W. Pool	0	2	6
Melbourne	0	5	0
Mr. E. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	2	2	0
J. H.	5	0	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hammer	5	0	0
Mr. Morcom	2	2	0
Mrs. Morcom	1	1	0
Miss Morcom	1	1	0
Mr. A. W. Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. B. Fisher, Junior	1	1	0
Mrs. T. P. Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. B. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. F. Jones and Wife	1	1	0
W. T....	0	2	6
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. D. Bumstead	1	1	0
Mr. J. Jarvis	1	1	0
Mr. Abraham	5	0	0
Mr. S. Mart	3	3	0
Mr. A. Nisbet	5	0	0
Mr. J. Coxeter	1	1	0
Mr. C. H. Goode	10	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Croker	2	2	0
Mr. J. Coleman	50	0	0
Mr. J. D. Mead	10	10	0
Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. Wm. Higgs, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. G. Higgs	5	0	0
Miss Higgs	5	0	0
Miss M. Higgs	5	0	0
Miss A. Higgs	5	0	0
Miss Dransfield	5	5	0
Miss Taylor	1	1	0
Miss Bathvill	1	1	0
Miss Graham	1	1	0
Miss L. M. Kemp	1	1	0
Miss E. J. Kemp	1	1	0
F. R. T.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mansell	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
Miss Cornish	2	0	0
Mr. J. Partridge	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnson...	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott...	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Wright	1	1	0
Mr. Heritage	10	10	0
Mrs. H. Olney	3	0	0
Miss G. Olney	1	0	0
Master H. Olney	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mason	50	0	0
Miss L. A. Mason	1	1	0
Mr. Mason, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. R. Bowman	3	3	0
Miss Webber Smith	1	1	0
Miss Webber	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr...	10	0	0
Mr. H. W. Carr	1	0	0
Miss Carr	1	0	0
Mr. R. Ballard	2	2	0
Mr. A. Parker	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot...	4	4	0
Mr. Henry E. Boot	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coe	3	3	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. A. Ross	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
O. B. K.	0	10	0
H. P. B.	1	0	0
J. C. B.	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Harvey	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Share	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cockerill	5	0	0
Mr. Sharp	1	10	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	10	0	0
Mr. T. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. C. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. G. Redman	5	0	0
Mr. Fox	2	0	0
Mr. J. Withers	1	1	0
Mr. J. Clark	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hurst	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs.	2	2	0
Mr. G. Fowler	1	1	0
Mr. —	2	10	0
Mrs. W. Cuff	1	1	0
J. E.	23	0	0
Mr. J. S. Mc.Master	10	0	0
Mr. J. G. Taylor	5	5	0
D. P.	1	0	0
Messrs. Straker and Son	10	0	0
Mr. W. M. Cross	1	1	0
Mrs. W. M. Cross	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. R. Johnson	2	10	0
Miss Annie Johnson	2	10	0
Miss Jenny Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. H. Hadland	1	1	0
J. N.	1	1	0
Mr. R. Hellier	2	2	0
Mrs. Hellier...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Lucas...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Edgley	10	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Mr. O. Ellwood	1	1	0
Mrs. Thorne...	1	1	0
Mrs. Etheridge	1	1	0
Mr. J. Bill	0	10	0
Mr. T. Winslow	2	2	0
Miss Winslow	2	2	0
Mr. Cleeve Hooper	4	4	0
Mr. S.	2	2	0
Mr. S. B.	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Scott	2	2	0
Miss Alice Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. C. Parker	1	1	0
A. P.	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Pike	0	10	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	2	2	0
Mrs. S. R. Pearce	2	2	0
Friends	0	9	6
Mr. S. Walker	5	5	0
Mr. C. Russell	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pullin	2	0	0
Mr. G. J. Marshall...	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0
Mr. Romang, jun.	5	0	0
J. A.	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Mr. Verdan	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frowd	3	3	0
Mr. W. H. Hale	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Murrell	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	0	0
Mr. W. S. Payne	1	1	0
Miss Payne	1	1	0
Mr. H. Keon	2	2	0
Mr. C. Ray, jun.	1	1	0
Edward	1	1	0
M. W....	2	2	0
Mr. F. J. Feltham...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hands	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. W. Lover	0	5	0
T. W..	0	10	0
Dr. Andrews	6	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. R. Hill	5	0	0
Mrs. T. R. Hill	5	0	0
Rev. D. Gracey	1	1	0
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	20	0	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Rev. G. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. F. W. Amsden, Junior	2	2	0
Mrs. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. J. Taylor!	1	1	0
Mr. M. J. Taylor	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood and Family	100	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. James Bridge	1	1	0
T. W.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. Sawell	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goldston	2	2	0
Mr. G. Startin	5	5	0
Mr. C. W. Starten	1	1	0
Mr. Garnar Marshall	10	10	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook	2	2	0
Mrs. Rogers	1	1	0
A Methodist Friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. Dunn	2	2	0
Mr. J. L. Potier	10	0	0
Mr. H. Horner	1	1	0
Mr. J. R. Mugeridge	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Nicholson	3	3	0
Mr. W. Gates	2	2	0
Mr. Sutcliffe	3	0	0
Mr. Edward Falkner	2	2	0
Mr. S. Falkner	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Creasey	2	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ashley	1	1	0
Mr. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. Goodwin	0	10	0
Mr. Vickery and Friend	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. Percy Saxton	1	1	0
Mr. E. Saxton	1	1	0
Mr. T. Williams	10	10	0
Miss A. M. Carr	1	0	0
Miss K. E. Carr	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winney	5	0	0
Mr. T. Banson	1	1	0
Mrs. Penaluna	1	0	0
The Misses Best	3	0	0
Mrs. Sisman	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell	10	0	0
Miss Murphy	0	5	0
Mrs. Sillibourne	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	5	5	0
Miss Jessie Congreve	2	2	0
Miss Minnie Congreve	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Parkinson	10	0	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	10	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. S. Shoobridge	5	0	0
Mr. R. May	10	0	0
Mrs. May	5	0	0
Miss May	2	0	0
Miss Hannah May	2	0	0
Miss M. May	2	0	0
Miss Fentiman	2	0	0
Mr. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. C. Crocker	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Mills	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ross	3	0	0
Mr. Masters	3	3	0
Miss Spliedt	5	0	0
Mrs. Green	3	3	0
Mr. H. McKay	2	0	0
A. B.	0	5	0
W. B.	0	13	4
Mr. B. Hammet	0	10	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
H. H.	0	2	6
Mr. F. N. Charrington	5	0	0
Mr. A. Richardson	0	5	0
Mr. E. Burkett	3	3	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. J. Fulks	1	0	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mrs. Gale	0	10	0
Mrs. Robinson	2	0	0
Mr. Evered	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Mr. W. Fowler	100	0	0
Rev. G. D. Cox	0	10	0
Collection at Penny Stratford, per Rev. A. Brown	3	0	0
Mr. J. R. Cowell, per Rev. R. Layzell	1	0	0
Collection at Ashdon, per Rev. R. Layzell	1	19	4
Collection at Gill-street, Burton-on-Trent, per Rev. J. Askew	2	0	0
Collection at Preston, per Rev. H. Dunn	1	11	6
Rev. H. Dunn	0	10	0
Collection at the Assembly Rooms, Ashford, per Rev. E. Roberts	3	5	6
Collection at Brabourne, per Rev. J. W. Comfort	1	10	0
Bedminster, per Rev. W. Norris:—			
Mr. J. Harford 0 5 0			
Rev. W. Norris 1 0 0			
Mr. G. Pine 1 0 0			
	2	5	0
Rev. H. Hook	1	0	4
Collection at Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne, per Rev. G. H. Malins	5	6	10
Collection at Great Grimsby, per Rev. E. Lauderdale	6	0	0
Collection at Nailsworth, per Rev. R. Kerr	1	0	0
Collection at Gresham Chapel, Brixton, per Rev. J. T. Swift	4	4	0
Collection at Stroud, per Rev. F. J. Bensken	7	7	0
Mrs. Holroyd	1	0	0
Rev. J. Palmer	1	0	0
Collection at Heywood, per Rev. W. L. Mayo	3	5	0
Collection at Faringdon, per Rev. T. Wheatley	1	1	0
Rev. C. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hall	0	6	0
Collection at Markyate Street, Herts, per Rev. W. H. Taylor	1	7	0
Rev. J. C. Forth	0	10	0
Rev. W. Jackson	1	0	0
Collection at Pains Hill, per Rev. F. M. Cockerton	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Dafforne	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Annie Mathew	1	8	6
Collection at Bromley, per Rev. A. Tessier	2	2	0
Collection at Whitstable, per Rev. G. Stanley	1	5	0
Friends at Chipping Sodbury, per Rev. A. K. Davidson	1	5	0
Redruth, per Rev. E. J. Edwards	1	0	0
Collection at Eastbourne, per Rev. A. Babington	6	7	0
Burton-on-Trent, per Rev. J. T. Owens	1	1	0
Collection at Isleham Fen Chapel, and Pound Lane, per Rev. J. A. Wilson	3	0	10
Collection at Ulverston, per Rev. T. Lardner	4	13	2
Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, per Rev. W. Julyan:—			
Proceeds of Service of Song 20 10 0			
Mr. Allen 1 0 0			
Mrs. Coombes 0 10 0			
	22	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Ipswich, per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. J. Neve...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Edgley	0	10	0
Miss M. Everett	0	10	0
Mr. C. Clark	0	5	0
Mr. R. Smyth	0	5	0
Mr. W. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. W. G. Archer... ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wade	0	5	0
Mr. R. Girling	0	10	0
	3	15	0
Manchester, per Rev. C. A. Davis ...	2	0	0
Collection at Tenterden, per Rev. W. H. Smith	0	17	6
Friends at Dacre Park, Lee, per Rev. W. Usher...	2	7	6
Romney-street, Westminster, per Rev J. Morris	0	10	0
Collection at Crook, per Rev. E. Sones	1	10	0
Mrs. W. per H. Garratt...	1	0	0
Broughton, per Rev. J. Green :—			
Mrs. Whicher	0	10	0
Miss Tomkins	0	10	0
Rev. J. Green	0	9	0
Bible Class and Prayer Meeting Offerings ...	0	11	0
	2	0	0
Bacup, per Rev. C. W. Gregory :—			
Messrs. Sutcliffe Brothers	0	10	0
Dr. E. Whitaker	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. Greaves ...	3	3	0
Mr. John Ashworth ...	0	4	6
Mr. George Shepherd, sen.	1	1	0
Mr. George Shepherd, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. John Hargreaves ...	5	0	0
Mrs. John Lord	0	10	0
Mrs. Hargreaves	1	0	0
	13	10	6

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Rev. G. West	1	0	0
Collection at Sutton-on-Trent, per Rev. H. A. Fletcher	1	7	0
Rev. J. Chadwick	0	7	6
Collection at Waterbeach, per Rev. J. Blake	4	1	0
Proceeds of Lecture, Cornwall-road, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith ...	4	0	0
Collection at Exeter, per Rev E. S. Neale	3	10	0
East London Tabernacle, per Rev. A. G. Brown	21	12	9
Providence Chapel, Hackney Road, per Rev. W. Cuff	10	0	0
Collection at Southsea, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst	10	0	0
Collection at Mumbles, per Rev. H. Kidney	2	2	0
Rev. J. R. Hadler...	0	7	5
Collection at Ramsey, per Rev. I. Sankey	10	0	0
Collection at Luton, per Rev. J. W. Genders	4	13	10
Part Collection at Arthur Street, Gray's Inn Road, per Rev. H. E. Stone	5	5	0
Collection at Cheltenham, per Rev. H. Wilkens	11	10	0
Enon Chapel, Monkwearmouth ...	2	0	0
Rev. J. Jackson	2	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Mar. 19	28	0	9
" " " " 26	29	8	5
" " " April 2	32	2	3
" " " " 9	33	0	0
" " " " 16	40	0	3
	£2035	0	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 19th, 1876, to April 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Richmond-street Ragged and Sunday-school	3	8	8
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
M. A. P., Thankoffering	10	0	0
C. R.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Cooke	2	0	0
Mr. C. F. Smith	3	3	0
A. S. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Herbert	0	0	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at Metropolitan Store	0	19	6
Mrs. Haigne...	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth's Children	0	7	0
A Highlander	0	4	0
A Friend	0	3	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mrs. Tarrant	1	1	0
Mr. Chessher	0	5	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. Kelly, per Mr. S. Wigney	0	5	0
Mr. Gardiner, per Mr. Rickett... ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, per Mr. Rickett	2	0	4
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. H. Dunn	0	10	0
Two Friends at Brabourne, per Rev. J. W. Comfort	0	10	0
Collected at Lord's Table, Finchley, per Rev. J. Chadwick	0	18	7
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A Birmingham Friend	3	0	0
Mr. E. Dear...	0	5	0
T. D. W.	5	0	0
Mrs. Robertshaw	0	10	0
Mr. J. Nichols	1	0	0
Mr. Robinson	10	0	0
Part proceeds of Lecture, per Mr. Wilkes	1	3	5
Sunday School Entertainment, &c., Waterbeach, per Rev. J. Blake ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. P. Jones	6	13	2
Mr. T. Stracey	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	16	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Camps	3	0	0
Mr. Tebbutt...	2	0	0
Mrs. Biddall...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. R. Hall...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Ferns	0	11	2
Mr. J. Morgan	0	3	4
Mr. J. R. Cowell, per Rev. R. Layzell...	1	0	0
Mrs. H. G. F., per Rev. W. Jackson ...	1	0	0
Mr. Hudson Clark...	1	0	0
Miss Cripps, per Mr. Walter	0	10	0
Friends, per Rev. S. Crabb	2	0	0
Mr. R. A. James	10	0	0
W. J. B.	2	5	7
Per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. W. Houghton 1 0 0			
Miss M. Everett 0 10 0			
Mr. E. Edgley 0 10 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. Gooding	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wade	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smyth	0	2	6
Mr. E. Oxborrough ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Ward	0	5	0
Mr. M. W. Ward	0	2	6
	3	7	6
Mr. S. Martin	3	3	0
Eizzil	0	10	0
Z. Z.	0	10	0
C. H. R.	0	2	6
Mrs. Shaddock	1	0	0
Mr. Robertson	0	2	6
Mrs. Ball	0	10	0
Mrs. Pottinger	0	5	0
Mr. John Cooke	1	0	0
Mr. Colvin	1	0	0
A. W. Ramsay	0	5	6
Hughie, Cecil and Mabel	5	0	0
Per Rev. F. H. White :—			
Part Proceeds Lecture, Wick 3 0 0			
Part Proceeds Lecture, Melrose 2 0 0			
	5	0	0
J. C.	0	5	0
Gresham Sunday School, Brixton, per Mr. Greenwood	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, Finsbury	0	5	0
Mr. C. Clark	0	10	0
Rev. A. A. Rees	2	10	0
Every Little Helps	0	4	3
Mr. H. McKay	2	0	0
Mrs. Whittaker	0	2	6
Lunbury Sunday School, Luton, per Mr. Menlove	0	10	0
A. B.	0	5	0
Part Proceeds Lecture, Mr. Wilkens ...	6	10	0
Mrs. J. Hogg	0	10	0
J. K. B.	0	5	0
Miss Fletcher	0	10	0
Dr. W. J. Van Someren	10	0	0
Per Mr. W. Fitchew	0	2	7
Mr. W. J. White	0	10	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
Per Smith and Co., Plymouth	0	10	0
W. W.	1	1	0
A Friend in the North	0	10	0
Mr. C. Holliday	0	10	0
W. A. M.	0	3	6
Luke x. 2	1	0	0
C. C. H.	5	0	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
C. W. J.	0	10	0
Mr. C. C. Irvine	2	0	0
Per Mr. Winsor :—			
Mrs. Winsor's Class ... 0 5 8			
Miss Groves' Box ... 0 10 0			
A Friend 0 5 0			
	1	0	8
Amicus	1	0	0
Miss Janet Mortion	4	0	0
Mrs. Gale	0	10	0
A., Plymouth	3	3	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mrs. Donaldson	1	0	0
Mr. John How	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Per F. R. T. :—			
Miss Humphrey 0 5 0			
Mr. Abingdon 0 5 0			
Mrs. Abingdon 0 5 0			
Mr. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mr. H. Mason 0 5 0			
Mrs. Saunders 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Edward 0 5 0			
	2	0	0
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
	£168	4	9

NOTE.—The List of Presents for the Orphanage is unavoidably omitted, and will appear in the next number.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
P. W. A.	5	0	0
W. R.	7	10	0
R. Cory, jun., Esq.	10	0	0
Per Rev. W. Embleton	5	0	0
Southen Baptist Association	20	0	0
W. Fleming, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. O. Anderson	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilkinson	0	5	0
A Friend	1	1	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	10	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mr. H. Harrison	0	5	0
Mr. G. Brind	0	2	0
A. L. Brander, Esq.	0	10	0
Mr. Charlesworth's Young Ladies' Bible Class	5	0	0
Mr. Charlesworth's Young Men's Bible Class	5	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mrs. Allen	0	5	0
Mr. A. E. Chamberlain	1	1	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Eyethorne Baptist Church	8	5	6
Yarm District	10	0	0
Shrewsbury District	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	7	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
R. L.	0	10	0
F. E. W.	0	8	0
W. W.	1	1	0
Reader of "Sword and Trowel" ...	0	2	6
"The Iron did Swim"	1	0	0
Mrs. Gairdner	5	0	0
	£143	7	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.

JUNE, 1876.

Inaugural Address.

DELIVERED AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON, ON TUESDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1876.

I HAVE selected a most vital topic, and one upon which it would be difficult to say anything which has not been often said before; but peradventure it will be good to bring forth the old things, to put you in remembrance of them. Our subject is "THE HOLY SPIRIT IN CONNECTION WITH OUR MINISTRY," or the work of the Holy Ghost in relation to ourselves as ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost." Having pronounced that sentence as a matter of creed, I hope we can also repeat it as a devout soliloquy forced to our lips by personal experience. To us the presence and work of the Holy Spirit is the ground of our confidence as to the wisdom and hopefulness of our life work. If we had not believed in the Holy Ghost we should have laid down our ministry long ere this, for "who is sufficient for these things?" Our hope of success, and our strength for continuing the service, lie in our belief that the Spirit of the Lord resteth upon us.

I will for the time being take it for granted that we are all of us conscious of the existence of the Holy Spirit. We have said we *believe* in him; but in very deed we have advanced beyond faith in this matter, and have come into the region of consciousness. Time was when most of us believed in the existence of our present friends, for we had heard of them by the hearing of the ear, but we have

now seen and heard each other, and felt the influence of happy companionship, and therefore we do not now so much believe as know. Even so we have *felt* the Spirit of God operating upon our hearts, we know and have perceived the power which he wields over human spirits, and we know him by conscious personal contact. By the sensitiveness of our spirit we are as much made conscious of the presence of the Spirit of God as we are made cognizant of the existence of the souls of our fellow-men by their action upon our souls, or as we are certified of the existence of matter by its action upon our senses. We have been raised from the dull sphere of mind and matter into the heavenly radiance of the spirit-world; and now, as spiritual men, we discern spiritual things, we feel the forces which are paramount in the spirit-realm, and we know that there is a Holy Ghost, for we feel him operating upon our spirits. If it were not so, we should certainly have no right to be in the ministry of Christ's church. Should we even dare to remain in her membership? But, my brethren, we have been spiritually quickened. We are distinctly conscious of a new life, with all that comes out of it; we are new creatures in Christ Jesus, and dwell in a new world. We have been illuminated, and made to behold the things which eye hath not seen; we have been guided into truth such as flesh and blood could never have revealed. We have been comforted of the Spirit: full often have we been lifted up from the deeps of sorrow to the heights of joy by the sacred Paraclete. We also have, in a measure, been sanctified by him; and we are conscious that the operation of sanctification is going on in us in different forms and ways. Therefore, because of all these personal experiences, we know that there is a Holy Ghost, as surely as we know that we ourselves exist.

I am tempted to linger here, for the point is worthy of longer notice. Unbelievers ask for phenomena. The old business doctrine of Gradgrind has entered into religion, and the sceptic cries, "What I want is facts." *These are our facts:* let us not forget to use them. A man says to me, "I cannot pin my faith to a book or a history; I want to see present facts." My reply is, "You cannot see them, because your eyes are blinded; but the facts are there all the same. Those of us who have eyes see marvellous things, though you do not." If he ridicules my assertion, I am not at all astonished. I expected him to do so, and should have been very much surprised if he had not done so; but I say to him, "What right have you to deny my evidence? If I were a blind man, and were told by you that you possessed a faculty called sight, I should be unreasonable if I railed at you as a conceited enthusiast. All you have a right to say is—that you know nothing about it, but you are not authorized to call us all liars or dupes." Brethren, to me the phenomena which are produced by the Spirit of God as clearly demonstrate the truth of the Christian religion as ever the destruction of Pharaoh at the Red Sea, or the fall of manna in the wilderness, or the water leaping from the smitten rock, could have proved to Israel the presence of God in the midst of her tribes.

We will now come to the core of our subject. To us, as ministers, the Holy Spirit is absolutely essential. Without him our office is a

mere name. We claim no priesthood over and above that which belongs to every child of God; but we are the successors of those who, in olden times, were moved of God to declare his word, to testify against transgression, and to plead his cause. Unless we have the spirit of the prophets resting upon us, the mantle which we wear is nothing but a rough garment to deceive. We ought to be put forth with abhorrence from the sons of men for daring to speak in the name of the Lord if the Spirit of God rests not upon us. We believe ourselves to be spokesmen for Jesus Christ, appointed to continue his witness upon earth; but upon him and his testimony the Spirit of God always rested, and if it does not rest upon us, we are evidently not sent forth into the world as he was. The commencement of the great work of converting the world at Pentecost was with flaming tongues and a rushing mighty wind, symbols of the presence of the Spirit; if, therefore, we think to succeed without the Spirit, we are not after the Pentecostal order. If we have not the Spirit which Jesus promised, we cannot perform the commission which Jesus gave.

I need scarcely warn any brother here against falling into the idea of having the Spirit so as to become inspired. Yet certain peculiar people need to be warned against this folly. They hold that their meetings are under the presidency of the Holy Spirit: concerning which notion I can only say that I have been unable to discover in holy Scripture either the term or the idea. I do find in the New Testament a body of Corinthians eminently gifted, fond of speaking, and given to party strifes—true representatives of modern Plymouth Brethren, but as Paul said of them, "I thank God I baptized *none of you*," so also do I thank the Lord that few of that school have ever been found in our midst. It would seem that their assemblies possess a peculiar gift of inspiration, not quite perhaps amounting to infallibility, but nearly approximating thereto. If you have mingled in their gatherings, I greatly question whether you have been more edified by the prelections produced under celestial presidency, than you have been by those of ordinary preachers of the Word, who only consider themselves to be under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as one spirit is under the influence of another spirit, or one mind under the influence of another mind. We are not the passive communicators of infallibility, but the honest teachers of such things as we have learned, so far as we have been able to grasp them. As our minds are active, and have a personal existence while the mind of the Spirit is acting upon them, *our* infirmities are apparent as well as *his* wisdom; and while we reveal what he has made us to know, we are greatly abased by the fear that our own ignorance and error may be manifested also, because we have not been more perfectly subject to the divine power. I do not suspect that you will go off in the direction I have hinted at: certainly the results of previous experiments are not likely to tempt wise men to that folly.

This is our question. *Wherein may we look for the aid of the Holy Spirit?* When we have spoken to this point, we will, very solemnly, consider a second—*How may we lose that assistance?* Let us pray that, by God's blessing, this consideration may help us to retain it.

Wherein may we look for the aid of the Holy Spirit? I should reply,—in seven or eight ways.

1. First, *he is the Spirit of knowledge*,—"He shall guide you into all truth." We need to study, for the teacher of others must himself be instructed. Habitually to come into the pulpit unprepared is unpardonable presumption: nothing can more effectually lower ourselves and our office. After a visitation discourse by the Bishop of Lichfield upon the necessity of earnestly studying the Word, a certain vicar told his lordship that he could not believe his doctrine, "for," said he, "often when I am in the vestry I do not know what I am going to talk about; but I go into the pulpit and preach, and think nothing of it." His lordship replied, "And you were quite right in thinking nothing of it, for your churchwardens have told me they shared your opinion." If we are not instructed, how can we instruct? If we have not thought, how shall we lead others to think? It is in our study-work, in that blessed labour when we are alone with the Book before us, that we need the help of the Holy Spirit. He holds the key of the heavenly treasury, and can enrich us beyond conception; he has the clue of the most labyrinthine doctrine, and can guide us into all truth. He can break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron, and give to us the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places. If you study the original, consult the commentaries, and meditate deeply, yet if you neglect to cry mightily unto the Spirit of God, your study will not profit you; but even if you are debarred the use of helps (which I trust you will not be), if you wait upon the Spirit of God in simple dependence upon his teaching, you will lay hold of very much of the divine meaning.

The Spirit of God is peculiarly precious to us, because he especially instructs us as to the person and work of our Lord Jesus; and that is the main point of our preaching. He takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto us. If he had taken of the things of doctrine or precept we should have been glad of such gracious assistance; but since he especially deals with the things of Christ, and focusses his sacred light upon the cross, we rejoice to see the centre of our testimony so divinely illuminated, and we are sure that the light will be diffused over all the rest of our ministry. Let us wait upon the Spirit of God with this cry always—"O Holy Spirit, reveal to us the Son of God, and thus show us the Father."

As the Spirit of knowledge, he not only instructs us as to the gospel, but he leads us to see the Lord in all other matters. We are not to shut our eyes to God in nature, or to God in general history, or to God in the daily occurrences of providence, or to God in our own experience; and the blessed Spirit is the interpreter to us of the mind of God in all these. If we cry, "Teach me what thou wouldst have me to do; show me wherefore thou contendest with me; tell me what is thy mind in this precious providence of mercy, or in that other dispensation of mingled judgment and grace,"—we shall in each case be well instructed; for the Spirit is the seven-branched candlestick of the sanctuary, and by his light all things are rightly seen. Oh, my brethren, wait upon him for this light, or you will abide in darkness, and become blind leaders of the blind.

2. In the second place, the Spirit is called *the Spirit of wisdom*, and we greatly need him in that capacity; for knowledge may be dangerous if

unaccompanied with wisdom, which is the art of rightly using what we know. Rightly to divide the Word of God is as important as fully to understand it, for some who have evidently understood a part of the gospel have given prominence only to that one portion of it, and have therefore exhibited a distorted Christianity, to the injury of those who have received it, since they in their turn have exhibited a distorted character in consequence thereof. A man's nose is a prominent feature in his face, but it is possible to make it so large that eyes and mouth, and everything else, are thrown into insignificance, and the drawing is a caricature and not a portrait: so the most important doctrines of the gospel can be so proclaimed to excess as to throw the rest of truth into the shade, and the preaching is no longer the gospel in its natural beauty, but a caricature of the truth, of which caricature, however, let me say, some people seem to be mightily fond. The Spirit of God will teach you the use of the sacrificial knife to divide the offerings; and he will show you how to use the balances of the sanctuary so as to weigh out and mix the precious spices in their proper quantities Every experienced preacher feels this to be of the utmost moment Alas, some of our hearers do not desire to hear the whole counsel o God. They have their favourite doctrines, and would have us silent on all besides. Many are like the Scotchwoman, who, after hearing a sermon, said, "It was very well if it hadna been for the trash of duties at the *hinner* end." There are brethren of that kind; they enjoy the comforting part—the promises and the doctrines; but practical holiness must scarcely be touched upon. Faithfulness requires us to give them a four-square gospel, from which nothing is omitted, and in which nothing is exaggerated, and for this much wisdom is requisite. I gravely question whether any of us have so much of this wisdom as we need. We are probably afflicted by some inexcusable partialities and unjustifiable leanings; let us search them out and have done with them. We may be conscious of having passed by some texts, not because we do not understand them (which might be justifiable), but because we do understand them, and hardly like to say what they have taught us, or because there may be some imperfection in ourselves, or some prejudice among our hearers which we fear those texts would reveal too clearly. Such sinful silence must be ended forthwith. To be wise stewards, and bring forth the right portions of meat, we need thy teaching, O Spirit of the Lord!

Nor is this all, for even if we know how rightly to divide the Word of God, we want wisdom in the selection of the particular part of truth which is most applicable to the season and the people assembled; and equal discretion in the tone and manner in which the doctrine shall be presented. I believe that many brethren who preach human responsibility deliver themselves in so legal a manner as to disgust all those who love the doctrines of grace. On the other hand, I fear that many have preached the sovereignty of God in such a way as to drive all persons who believe in man's free agency entirely away from the Calvinistic side. We should not hide truth for a moment, but we should have wisdom so to preach it that there be no needless jarring or offending; but a gradual enlightenment of those who cannot see it all, and a leading of weaker brethren into the full circle of truth.

Brethren, we also need wisdom in the way of putting things to different people. You can knock a man down with the very truth which was intended to build him up. You can sicken a man with the honey with which you meant to sweeten his mouth. The great mercy of God has been preached unguardedly, and has led hundreds into licentiousness; and, on the other hand, the terrors of the Lord have been occasionally preached with such violence that they have driven men into despair, and so into a settled defiance of the Most High. Wisdom is profitable to direct, and he who hath it brings forth each truth in its season, dressed in its most appropriate garments, and placed in its proper position. Who can give us this wisdom but the blessed Spirit? O, my brethren, see to it, that in lowliest reverence you wait for his direction.

3. Thirdly, we want the Spirit in another manner, namely, as the live coal from off the altar, touching our lips, so that when we have knowledge and wisdom to select the fitting portion of truth, we may enjoy *freedom of utterance* when we come to deliver it. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips." Oh, how gloriously a man speaks when his lips are blistered with the live coal from the altar—feeling the burning power of the truth, not only in his inmost soul, but on the very lip with which he is speaking! Mark at such times how his very utterance quivers. Did you not notice in the prayer-meeting just now, especially in two of the suppliant brethren, how their tones were tremulous, and their bodily frames were quivering, because not only were their hearts touched, as I hope all our hearts were, but their lips were touched, and their speech was thereby affected. Brethren, we need the Spirit of God to open our mouths that we may show forth the praises of the Lord, and we need him almost as much to keep us back from saying many things which, if they actually left our tongue, would mar our message. Those of us who are endowed with the dangerous gift of humour have need, sometimes, to stop and take the word out of our mouth and look at it, and see whether it is quite to edification; and those whose previous lives have borne them among the coarse and the rough had need watch with lynx eyes against indelicacy. Oh, brother, far be it from us to utter a syllable which would suggest an impure thought, or raise a questionable memory. We need the Spirit of God to put bit and bridle upon us to keep us from saying that which will take the minds of our hearers away from Christ and eternal realities, and set them thinking upon the grovelling things of earth.

Brethren, we require the Holy Spirit also to incite us in our utterance. I doubt not you are all conscious of different states of mind in preaching. Some of those states arise from your body being in different conditions. A bad cold will often not only spoil the clearness of the voice, but freeze the flow of the thoughts. For my own part if I cannot speak clearly I am unable to think clearly, and the matter becomes hoarse as well as the voice. The stomach, also, and all the other organs of the body, affect the mind; but it is not to these things that I allude. Are you not conscious of changes altogether independent of the body? When you are in robust health do you not find yourselves one day as heavy as Pharaoh's chariots with the wheels taken off, and at another time as much at liberty as "a hind let loose." To-day

your branch glitters with the dew, yesterday it was parched with drought. Who knoweth not that the Spirit of God is in all this?

The divine Spirit will sometimes work upon us so as to bear us completely out of ourselves. From the beginning of the sermon to the end we might at such times say, "Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth." Everything has been forgotten but the one all-engrossing subject in hand. If I were forbidden to enter heaven, but were permitted to select my state for all eternity, I should choose to be as I sometimes feel in preaching the gospel. Heaven is foreshadowed in such a state: the mind shut out from all disturbing influences, adoring the majestic and consciously present God, every faculty aroused and joyously excited to its utmost capability, all the thoughts and powers of the soul joyously occupied in contemplating the glory of the Lord, and in extolling to listening crowds the Beloved of our soul; and all the while the purest conceivable benevolence towards one's fellow creatures urging the heart to plead with them on God's behalf. Alas! we have reached this ideal, but we cannot always maintain it, for we know also what it is to preach in chains, or beat the air. We may not attribute holy and happy changes in our ministry to anything less than the action of the Holy Spirit upon our souls. I am sure that the Spirit does so work. Often and often, when I have had doubts suggested by the infidel, I have been able to fling them to the winds with utter scorn, because I am so conscious of a power working upon me when I am speaking in the name of the Lord, infinitely transcending any personal power of fluency, and far surpassing any energy derived from excitement such as I have felt when delivering a secular lecture or making a speech—so utterly distinct from such power that I am quite certain it was not of the same order or class as the enthusiasm of the politician or the glow of the orator. May we full often feel the energy divine, and speak with power.

4. But then, fourthly, the Spirit of God acts also as *an anointing oil,* and this relates to *the entire delivery*—not to the utterance merely from the mouth, but to the whole delivery of the discourse. He can make you feel your subject till it thrills you, and you become depressed by it so as to be crushed into the earth, or elevated by it so as to be borne upon its eagle wings; making you feel, besides your subject, your object, till you yearn for the conversion of men, and for the uplifting of Christians to something nobler than they have known as yet. At the same time, another feeling is with you, namely, an intense desire that God may be glorified through the truth which you are delivering. You are conscious of a deep sympathy with the people to whom you are speaking, making you mourn over some of them because they know so little, and over others because they have known much, but have rejected it. You look into some faces, and your heart silently says, "The dew is dropping there;" and, turning to others, you sorrowfully perceive that they are as Gilboa's mountains. All this will be going on during the discourse. We cannot tell how many thoughts can traverse the mind at once. I once counted eight sets of thoughts that were going on in my brain simultaneously. I was preaching the gospel with all my might, but could not help feeling for a lady who was evidently about to faint, and also looking out for the brother who

opens the windows that he might give us more air. I was thinking of that illustration which I had omitted under the first head, casting the form of the second division, wondering if A felt my rebuke, and praying that B might get comfort from the consoling observation, and at the same time praising God for my own personal enjoyment of the truth I was proclaiming. Some interpreters consider the cherubim with their four faces to be emblems of ministers, and assuredly I see no difficulty in the quadruple form, for the sacred Spirit can multiply our mental states, and make us many times the men we are by nature. How much he can make of us and how grandly he can elevate us I will not dare to surmise. He can do exceeding abundantly above what we ask or even think.

Especially is it the Holy Spirit's work to maintain in us a devotional frame of mind whilst we are preaching. This is a condition to be greatly coveted—to continue praying while you are occupied with preaching; to do the Lord's commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word; to keep the eye on the throne, and the wing in perpetual motion. I hope we know what this means; I am sure we know, or may soon experience, its opposite, namely, the evil of preaching in an undevotional spirit. What can be worse than to speak under the influence of a proud or angry spirit? What more weakening than to preach in an unbelieving spirit? But, oh, to burn in our secret heart while we blaze before the eyes of others! This is the work of the Spirit of God. Work it in us, O blessed Comforter!

In our pulpits we need the spirit of dependence to be mixed with that of devotion, so that all along, from the first word to the last syllable we may be looking up to the strong for strength. It is well to feel that though you have continued up to the present point, yet if the Holy Spirit were to leave you, you would play the fool ere the sermon closed. Looking to the hills whence cometh your help all the sermon through, with absolute dependence upon God, you will preach in a brave, confident spirit all the while. Perhaps I was wrong to say "brave," for it is not a brave thing to trust God: to true believers it is a simple matter of sweet necessity—how can they help trusting him? Wherefore should they doubt their ever-faithful Friend? I told my people last Lord's-day morning, when preaching from the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," that for the first time in my life I experienced what Abraham felt when he fell upon his face and laughed. I was riding home, very weary with a long week's work, when there came to my mind this text—"My grace is sufficient for thee:" but it came with the emphasis on two words: "*My* grace is sufficient for *thee*." My soul said, "Doubtless it is," and I laughed, and laughed again and again to think how far the supply exceeded all my needs. It seemed to me as though I were a little fish in the Thames, and in my thirst I said, "Alas, I shall drink up this river." Then Father Thames lifted up his ancient head, and smilingly replied, "Little fish, my water is sufficient for thee." It made unbelief appear to be utterly ridiculous, as indeed it is. Oh, brethren, we ought to preach feeling that God means to bless the word, for we have his promise for it, and when we have done preaching we should look out for the people who have received a blessing. You ought not to say, "I am overwhelmed

with astonishment to find that the Lord has converted souls through my poor ministry." Mock humility! Your ministry is poor enough. Everybody knows that, and you ought to know it most of all: but, at the same time, is it any wonder that God who said, "My word shall not return unto me void," has kept his promise? Is the meat to lose its nourishment because the dish is a poor platter? Is divine grace to be overcome by our infirmity? No, but we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us.

We need the Spirit of God, then, all through the sermon to keep our hearts and minds in a proper condition, for if we have not the right spirit, we shall lose the tone which persuades and prevails, and our people will discover that Samson's strength has departed from him. Some speak scoldingly, and so betray their bad temper; others preach themselves, and so reveal their pride. Some preach as though it were a condescension on their part to occupy the pulpit, while others preach as though they apologised for their existence. To avoid errors of manner and tone, we must be led of the Holy Spirit, who alone teacheth us to profit.

5. We depend entirely upon the Spirit of God *to produce actual effect from the gospel*, and it is at effect that we always aim. We do not stand up in our pulpits to display our skill in spiritual sword-play, but we come to actual fighting: our object is to drive the sword of the Spirit through men's hearts. If preaching can ever in any sense be viewed as a public exhibition, it should be like the exhibition of a ploughing match, which consists in actual ploughing. The competition does not lie in the appearance of the ploughs, but in the work done; so let ministers be judged by the way in which they drive the gospel plough, and cut the furrow from end to end of the field. Always aim at effect. "Oh," says one, "I thought you would have said, 'Never do that.'" I do also say, never aim at effect, in the unhappy sense of that expression. Never aim at effect after the manner of the climax makers, poetry quoters, handkerchief manipulators, and bombast blowers. Far better for a man that he had never been born than that he should degrade a pulpit into a show box to exhibit himself in. Aim at the right sort of effect; the inspiring of saints to nobler things, the leading of Christians closer to their Master, the comforting of doubters till they rise out of their unbeliefs, the repentance of sinners, and leading them to immediate rest in Christ. Miracles of grace must be the seals of our ministry; who can bestow them but the Spirit of God? Convert a soul without the Spirit of God? Why, you cannot even make a fly, much less create a new heart and a right spirit. Lead the children of God to a higher life without the Holy Ghost? You are inexpressibly more likely to conduct them into carnal security, if you attempt their elevation by any method of your own. Our ends can never be gained if we miss the co-operation of the Spirit of the Lord. Therefore, with strong crying and tears wait upon him from day to day.

6. Next, we need the Spirit of God as *the Spirit of supplications*, who maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God. A very important part of our lives consists in praying in the Holy Ghost, and

that minister who does not think so had better escape from his ministry. Abundant prayer must go with earnest preaching. We cannot be always on the knees of the body, but the soul should never leave the posture of devotion. The habit of prayer is good, but the spirit of prayer is better. Regular retirement is to be maintained, but continued communion with God is to be our aim. As a rule, we ministers ought never to be many minutes without actually lifting up our hearts in prayer. Some of us could honestly say that we are seldom a quarter of an hour without speaking to God, and that not as a duty but as an instinct, a habit of the new nature for which we claim no more credit than a babe does for crying after its mother. How could we do otherwise? Now, if we are to be much in the spirit of prayer, we need secret oil to be poured upon our hearts, even the spirit of grace and of supplication. As to our prayers in public, let it never be truthfully said that they are official, formal, and cold, yet they will be so if the supply of the Spirit be scant. You cannot pray acceptably in public year after year without the Spirit of God; for this reason, certain weaklings have said, "Let us have a liturgy!" Rather than seek divine aid they will go down to Egypt for help. Rather than be dependent upon the Spirit of God, they will pray by a book! For my part, if I cannot pray, I would rather know it, and groan over my soul's barrenness till the Lord again visit me with fruitfulness of devotion. If you are filled with the Spirit, you will be glad to throw off all formal fetters, that you may commit yourself to the current of the divine Spirit, and by his power be borne along till you find waters to swim in. Sometimes you will enjoy closer fellowship with God in prayer in the pulpit than you have known anywhere else. To me my greatest secrecy in prayer has often been in public; my truest loneliness with God has occurred to me while pleading in the midst of thousands. I have opened my eyes at the close of a prayer and come back to the assembly with a sort of shock at finding myself on earth and among men. Such seasons are not at our command, neither can we raise ourselves into such conditions by any preparations or efforts. How blessed they are both to the minister and his people no tongue can tell! How full of power and blessing habitual prayerfulness must also be I cannot here pause to declare, but for it all we must look to the Holy Spirit, and blessed be God we shall not look in vain, for it is especially said of him that he helpeth our infirmities in prayer.

7. Furthermore, it is important that we be under the influence of the Holy Ghost, as he is *the Spirit of holiness*; for a very considerable and essential part of Christian ministry lies in example. Our people take much note of what we say out of the pulpit, and what we do in the social circle and elsewhere. Do you find it easy, my brethren, to be saints?—such saints that others may regard you as examples? We ought to be such husbands that every husband in the parish may safely be such as we are. Is it so? We ought to be the best of fathers. Alas! some ministers, to my knowledge, are far from this, for as to their families, they have kept the vineyards of others, but their own vineyards they have not kept. Their children are neglected, and do not grow up as a godly seed. Is it so with yours? In our converse with our fellow men are we blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke? Such we ought to be. I admire Mr. Whitefield's reasons for

always having his linen scrupulously clean. "No, no," he would say, "these are not trifles; a minister must be without spot, even in his garments, if he can." Purity cannot be carried too far in a minister. You have known an unhappy brother bespatter himself, and you have affectionately aided in removing the spots, but you feel that it would have been better had the spots been avoided. O to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. How can this be in such a scene of temptation, and with such besetting sins unless we are kept by superior power? If you are to walk in all holiness and purity, as becometh ministers of the gospel, you must be daily baptized into the Spirit of God.

8. Once again, we need the Spirit as *a Spirit of discernment*, for he knows the minds of men as he knows the mind of God, and we need this very much in dealing with difficult characters. There are in this world some persons who might possibly be allowed to preach, but they should never be suffered to become pastors. They have a mental or spiritual disqualification. In the church of San Zeno, at Verona, I saw the statue of that saint in a sitting posture, and the artist has given him knees so short that he has no lap whatever, so that he could not have been a nursing father. I fear there are many others who labour under a similar disability: they cannot bring their minds to enter heartily into the pastoral care. They can dogmatise upon a doctrine, and controvert upon an ordinance, but as to sympathising with an experience, it is far from them. Cold comfort can such render to afflicted consciences, their advice will be equally valuable with that of the highlander who saw an Englishman sinking in a bog on Ben Nevis. "I am sinking!" cried the traveller. "Can you tell me how to get out?" Calmly replied the highlander, "I think it is likely you never will," and he walked away. We have known ministers of that kind, puzzled, and almost annoyed, with sinners struggling in the slough of despond. If you and I, untrained in the shepherd's art, were placed among the ewes and young lambs in the early spring, what should we do with them? In some such perplexity are those found who have never been taught of the Holy Spirit how to care for the souls of men. May his instructions save us from such wretched incompetence.

Moreover, brethren, whatever our tenderness of heart, or loving anxiety, we shall not know how to deal with the vast variety of cases unless the Spirit of God shall direct us, for no two individuals are alike; and even the same case will require different treatment at different times. At one period it may be best to console, at another to rebuke; and the person with whom you sympathised even to tears to-day may need that you confront him with a frown to-morrow, for trifling with the consolation which you presented. Those who bind up the broken-hearted, and set free the captives, must have the Spirit of the Lord upon them.

In the oversight and guidance of a church the Spirit's aid is needed. At bottom the chief reason for secession from our denomination has been the difficulty arising out of our church government. It is said to "tend to the unrest of the ministry." Doubtless, it is very trying to those who crave for the dignity of officialism, and must needs be Sir Oracles, before whom not a dog must bark. Those who are no more capable of ruling than mere babes are the very persons who have the greatest thirst for authority, and, finding little of it awarded to them in

these parts, they seek other regions. If you cannot rule yourself, if you are not manly and independent, if you are not superior in moral weight, if you have not more gift and more grace than your ordinary hearers, you may put on a gown and claim to be the ruling person in the church; but it will not be a church of the Baptist or New Testament order. For my part I should loathe to be the pastor of a people who have nothing to say, or who, if they do say anything, might as well be quiet, for you are Lord Paramount, and they are mere laymen and nobodies. I would sooner be the leader of six free men, whose enthusiastic love is my only power over them, than play the dictator to a score of enslaved nations. What position is nobler than that of a spiritual father who claims no authority and yet is universally esteemed, whose word is given only as tender advice, but is allowed to operate with the force of law? Consulting the wishes of others he finds that they first desire to know what he would recommend, and deferring always to the desires of others, he finds that they are glad to defer to him. Lovingly firm and graciously gentle, he is the chief of all because he is the servant of all. Does not this need wisdom from above? What can require it more? David when established on his throne said, "It is he that subdueth my people under me," and so may every happy pastor say when he sees so many brethren of differing temperaments all happily willing to be under discipline, and to accept his leadership in the work of the Lord. If the Lord were not among us how soon there would be confusion. Ministers, deacons, and elders may all be wise, but if the sacred Dove departs, and the spirit of strife enters, it is all over with us. Brethren, our system will not work without the Spirit of God, and I am glad it will not, for its stoppages and breakages call our attention to the fact of his absence. Our system was never intended to promote the glory of priests or pastors, but is calculated to educate manly Christians, who will not take their faith at second-hand. What am I, and what are you, that we should be lords over God's heritage? Dare any of us say with the French king, "L'état, c'est moi"—"the state is myself,"—I am the most important person in the church. If so, the Holy Spirit is not likely to use such unsuitable instruments; but if we know our places and desire to keep them with all humility, he will help us, and the churches will flourish beneath our care.

I have given you more than a sufficiently long catalogue of matters wherein the Holy Spirit is absolutely necessary to us, and yet the list is very far from complete. I have intentionally left it imperfect, because if I attempted its completion all our time would have expired before we were able to answer the question, HOW MAY WE LOSE THIS NEEDFUL ASSISTANCE? Let none of us ever try the experiment, but it is certain that ministers may lose the aid of the Holy Ghost. Each man here may lose it. You shall not perish as believers, for everlasting life is in you; but you may perish as ministers, and be no more heard of as witnesses for the Lord. The Spirit claims a sovereingty like that of the wind which bloweth where it listeth; but let us never dream that sovereignty and capriciousness are the same thing. The blessed Spirit acts as he wills, but he always acts justly, wisely, and with a motive, and reason. At times he gives or withholds his blessing, for reasons connected with ourselves. Mark the course of a river like the Thames; how it winds

and twists according to its own sweet will: yet there is a reason for every bend and curve: the geologist studying the soil and marking the conformation of the rock, sees a reason why the river's bed diverges to the right or to the left; and so, though the Spirit of God blesses one preacher more than another, and the reason cannot be such that any man could congratulate himself upon his own goodness, yet there are certain things about Christian ministers which God blesses, and certain other things which hinder success. The Spirit of God falls like the dew, in mystery and power, but it is in the spiritual world as in the natural, certain substances are wet with the celestial moisture while others are always dry. Is there not a reason? The wind blows where it lists; but if we desire to feel a stiff breeze we must go out to sea, or climb the hills. The Spirit of God has his favoured places for displaying his might. He is typified by a dove; but the dove has its chosen haunts: to the rivers of waters, to peaceful and quiet places, the dove resorts; we meet it not upon the battle-field, neither does it alight on carrion. There are things congruous to the Spirit, and things contrary to his mind. The Spirit of God is compared to light, and light can shine where it wills; but some bodies are opaque, while others are transparent; and so there are men through whom God the Holy Ghost can shine, and there are others through whom his brightness never appears. Thus, then, it can be shown that the Holy Ghost, though he be the "free Spirit" of God, is by no means capricious in his operations.

But, dear brethren, the Spirit of God may be grieved and vexed, and even resisted: to deny this is to oppose the constant testimony of Scripture. Worst of all, we may do despite to him, and so insult him that he will speak no more by us, but leave us as he left king Saul of old. Alas, that there should be men in the Christian ministry to whom this has happened; but I am afraid there are.

Brethren, what are those evils which will grieve the Spirit? I answer, anything that would have disqualified you as an ordinary Christian for communion with God also disqualifies you for feeling the extraordinary power of the Holy Spirit as a minister: but, apart from that, there are special hindrances.

Among the first we must mention a want of sensitiveness, or that unfeeling condition which arises from disobeying the Spirit's influences. We should be delicately sensitive to his faintest movement, and then we may expect his abiding presence, but if we are as the horse and the mule, which have no understanding, we shall feel the whip, but we shall not enjoy the Spirit.

Another grieving fault is a want of truthfulness. If a great musician takes a guitar, or touches a harp, and finds that the notes are false, he stays his hand. Some men's souls are not honest; they are sophistical and double-minded. Christ's Spirit will not be an accomplice with men in the wretched business of shuffling and deceiving. Does it really come to this—that you preach certain doctrines, not because you believe them, but because your congregation expects you to do so? Are you biding your time till you can, without risk, renounce your present creed and tell out what your dastardly mind really holds to be true? God deliver us from such men, and if they get into

our regiment, may they speedily be drummed out to the tune of the Rogue's March.

You can greatly grieve the Holy Spirit by a general scantiness of grace. The phrase is awkward, but it describes certain persons better than any other which occurs to me. I know the man. He is not dishonest, nor immoral, he is not bad tempered, nor self-indulgent, but there is a something wanting whose absence spoils everything about him. He wants the one thing needful. He is not spiritual, he has no savour of Christ, his heart is not warm, his soul is not alive, he wants grace. We cannot expect the Spirit of God to bless a ministry which never ought to have been exercised, and certainly a graceless ministry is of that character.

Another thing which drives him away is pride. The way to be very great is to be very little. To be very noteworthy in your own esteem is to be unnoticed of God. If you will dwell near the skies, you shall find the mountain summits cold and barren: the Lord dwells with the lowly, but he knows the proud afar off.

The Holy Ghost is also vexed by laziness. I cannot imagine the Spirit waiting at the door of a sluggard, and supplying the deficiencies of an idle man. Sloth in the cause of the Redeemer is a vice for which no excuse can be invented. We ourselves feel our flesh creep when we see the dilatory movements of sluggards, and we may be sure that the active Spirit is equally vexed with those who trifle in the work of the Lord. Neglect of private prayer and many other evils will produce the same unhappy result, but there is no need to enlarge, for your own consciences will tell you, brethren, what it is that grieves the Holy One of Israel.

And now, let me entreat you, listen to this word:—*Do you know what may happen if the Spirit of God be greatly grieved and depart from us.* There are two suppositions. The first is that we never were God's true servants at all, but only temporarily used by him, even as Satan's agency may be overruled for good. Suppose, brethren, that you and I go on comfortably preaching for a while, and are neither suspected by ourselves or others to be destitute of the Spirit of God: it may all come to an end on a sudden, and we may be smitten down in our prime, as were Nadab and Abihu, no more to be seen ministering before the Lord. We have no inspired annalist to record for us the sudden cutting off of promising men, but if we had, it may be we should read with terror of zeal sustained by strong drink, and of strange fire presented upon the altar till the Lord would endure it no more, and cut off the offenders with a sudden stroke. Shall this ever be our doom?

Alas, I have seen some deserted by the Holy Spirit, as Saul was. It is written that the Spirit of God came upon Saul, but he was faithless to the divine influence, and it departed, and an evil spirit occupied its place. See how the deserted preacher moodily plays the cynic, criticises all others, and hurls a javelin at a better man than himself. Saul was once among the prophets, but he was more at home among the persecutors. The disappointed preacher worries the true evangelist, resorts to the witchcraft of philosophy, and seeks help from dead heresies, but his power is gone, and the Philistines will soon find him among the slain.

Some, too, deserted by the Spirit of God, have become like the sons of one Sceva, a Jew. These pretenders tried to cast out devils in the name of Jesus, whom Paul preached, but the devils leaped upon them and overcame them; thus while certain preachers have declaimed against sin, the very vices which they denounced have overcome them. The sons of Sceva have been among us in England: the devils of drunkenness have prevailed over the very man who denounced the bewitching cup, and the demon of unchastity has leaped upon the preacher who applauded purity. If the Holy Ghost be absent, ours is of all positions the most perilous; therefore let us beware.

Alas, some ministers become like Balaam. He was a prophet, was he not? Did he not speak in the name of the Lord? Yet Balaam fought against Israel, and cunningly devised a scheme by which the chosen people might be overthrown. Ministers of the gospel hav become Papists, infidels, and freethinkers, and plotted the destructio of what they once professed to prize. We may be apostles, and ye like Judas, turn out to be sons of perdition. Woe unto us if this be the case!

Brethren, I will assume that we really are children of God, and what then? Why, even then, if the Spirit of God depart from us, we may be taken away on a sudden as the deceived prophet was who failed to obey the command of the Lord. He was no doubt a man of God, and the death of his body was no mark of the loss of his soul, but he broke away from what he knew to be the command of God given specially to himself, and his ministry ended there and then. May the Holy Spirit preserve us from deceivers, and keep us true to the voice of God.

Worse still, we may reproduce the life of Samson, upon whom the Spirit of God came in the camps of Dan; but in Delilah's lap he lost his strength, and in the dungeon he lost his eyes. He bravely finished his life-work, blind as he was, but who among us wishes to tempt such a fate?

Or—and this last has saddened me beyond all expression—we may be left by the Spirit of God to mar the close of our life-work as Moses did. Not to lose our souls, nay, not even to lose our crown; but, still, to be under a cloud by once speaking unadvisedly with our lips. I have lately studied that story of the prophet of Horeb, and I have not recovered yet from the deep gloom of spirit which it cast over me. What was the the sin of Moses? You need not enquire. It was not gross like the sin of David, nor startling like the sin of Peter; it seems an infinitesimal sin as weighed in the balances of ordinary judgment. But then, you see, it was the sin of Moses, of a man favoured of God above all others, of a leader of the people, of a representative of the divine King. The Lord could have overlooked it in anyone else, but not in Moses: Moses must be chastened by being forbidden to lead the people into the promised land. Truly, he had a glorious view from the top of Pisgah, but it was a great disappointment never to enter the land of Israel's inheritance, and that for once speaking unadvisedly. I would not shun my Master's service, but I tremble in his presence. It is a dreadful thing to be beloved of God. "Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly"—he alone

can face that sin-consuming love. Brethren, I beseech you, crave Moses' place, but tremble as you take it. Fear and tremble for all the good that God shall make to pass before you. When you are fullest of the fruits of the Spirit bow lowest before the throne, and serve the Lord with fear. "The Lord our God is a jealous God." Remember that God has come unto us, not to exalt us, but to exalt himself, and we must be diminished as he increases in us. You will not increase as Jesus increases, but the reverse. "He must increase, and I must *decrease*." Oh, may God bring us to this, and make us walk very carefully and humbly before him. God will search us and try us, for he begins in judgment first at his own house, and there he begins with his ministers. Will any of us be found wanting? Shall the pit of hell draw a portion of its wretched inhabitants from among us? Terrible will be the doom of a fallen preacher: his condemnation will astonish common transgressors. O for the Spirit of God to make and keep us alive unto God, faithful to our office, and useful to men's souls. Amen.

Are you carrying a live shell about you?

A LIVE shell fell on the quarter-deck, and a brave sailor seizing it with both hands carried it to the ship's side and threw it overboard. Was not this cool courage? It was, and it is to be admired. The man voluntarily placed himself in jeopardy of instant destruction, and yet retained his calm presence of mind: it was wonderfully heroic. But what shall we think of men who remain in peril of the destruction of their souls, for no heroic purpose, or justifiable reason, and yet are as unconcerned as if there were no danger? They carry hell in their bosoms and are not afraid! They even rejoice in that which will be their sure damnation. This is not courage, but madness. The sailor was rid of his terrible handful as soon as possible, but these retain the deadly shell, and play with it as if it were a toy. Reader, is this true of you?

Take time by the forelock.

IF we have half-a-dozen trains starting between now and the time when we must go to meet some engagement, we are not particular which train we take; but if we know that the next train is the last, how very earnest we are in the matter of getting to the station. Every hour there is a last train—the going of opportunities which will never, never come back. Indeed, all our opportunities of usefulness are speeding away. You have less physical strength—perhaps less mental strength—than you once had. You will have less in the future. The people with whom you come in contact in business circles during the approaching week, you will meet, perhaps for the last time. The fields all around us are white to the harvest. The gospel sickle is ready, the wages are large, and Jesus asks us to go into the harvest fields and bind sheaves for the heavenly garner. Shall we refuse?—*Christian at Work.*

John Ploughman's Sermon on "Beware of Dogs."

IF this were a regular sermon preached from a pulpit of course I should make it long and dismal, for fear people should call me eccentric. As it is only meant to be read at home I will make it short, though it will not be sweet, for I have not a sweet subject. The text is taken from the Epistle to the Philippians, the third chapter and the second verse. "BEWARE OF DOGS." You know what dogs are, and you know how you beware of them when a bull-dog flies at you to the full length of his chain, so the words don't want any clearing up.

It is very odd that the Bible never says a good word for dogs: I suppose the breed must have been bad in those eastern parts, or else, as our minister tells me, they were nearly wild, had no master in particular, and were left to prowl about half starved. No doubt a dog is very like a man, and becomes a sad dog when he has himself for a master. We are all the better for having somebody to look up to; and those who say they care for nobody and nobody cares for them are dogs of the worst breed, and, for a certain reason, are never likely to be drowned.

Dear friends, I shall have heads and tails like other parsons, and I am sure I have a right to them, for they are found in the subjects before us.

Firstly, then, let us *beware of dirty dogs*—or as Paul calls them, "evil workers"—those who love filth and roll in it. Dirty dogs will spoil your clothes, and make you as foul as they are themselves. A man is known by his company; if you go with loose fellows your character will be tarred with the same brush as theirs. People can't be very nice in their distinctions; if they see a bird always flying with the crows, and feeding and nesting with them they call it a crow, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they are right. If you are fond of the kennel, and like to run with the hounds, you will never make the world believe that you are a pet lamb. Besides, bad company does a man real harm, for, as the old proverb has it, if you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas.

You cannot keep too far off a man with the fever, and a man of wicked life. If a lady in a fine dress sees a big dog come out of a horse-pond, and run about shaking himself dry, she is very particular to keep out of his way, and from this we may learn a lesson,—when we see a man half gone in liquor, sprinkling his dirty talk all around him, our best place is half-a-mile off at the least.

Secondly, *beware of snarling dogs*. There are plenty of these about; they are generally very small creatures, but they more than make up for their size by their noise. They yap and snap without end. Dr. Watts said—

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God has made them so."

But I cannot make such an excuse for the two-legged dogs I am writing about, for their own vile tempers, and the devil together, have made them what they are. They find fault with anything and everything. When they dare they howl, and when they cannot do that they lie down

and growl inwardly. Beware of these creatures. Make no friends with an angry man: as well make a bed of stinging nettles or wear a viper for a necklace. Perhaps the fellow is just now very fond of you, but beware of him, for he who barks at others to-day without a cause will one day howl at you for nothing. Don't offer him a kennel down your yard unless he will let you chain him up. When you see that a man has a bitter spirit, and gives nobody a good word, quietly walk away and keep out of his track if you can. Loaded guns and quick tempered people are dangerous pieces of furniture; they don't mean any hurt, but they are very apt to go off and do mischief before you dream of it. Better go a mile round than get into a fight; better sit down on a dozen tacks with the points up than get into a dispute with an angry neighbour.

Thirdly, *beware of fawning dogs.* They jump up upon you and leave the marks of their dirty paws. How they will lick your hand and fondle you as long as there are bones to be got: like the lover who said to the cook, "Leave you, dear girl, never, while you have a shilling." Too much sugar in the talk should lead us to suspect that there is very little in the heart. The moment a man praises you to your face mark him, for he is the very gentleman to rail at you behind your back. If a fellow takes the trouble to flatter he expects to be paid for it, and he calculates that he will get his wages out of the soft brains of those he tickles. When people stoop down it generally is to pick something up, and men don't stoop to flatter you unless they reckon upon getting something out of you. When you see too much politeness you may generally smell a rat if you give a good sniff. Young people need to be on the watch against flatterers, especially young women with pretty faces and a little money. To these we would say *beware of puppies!*

Fourthly, *beware of greedy dogs*, such as can never have enough. Grumbling is catching; one discontented man sets others complaining, and this is a bad state of mind to fall into. Folks who are greedy are not always honest, and if they see a chance they will put their spoon into their neighbour's porridge; why not into yours? See how cleverly they skin a flint; before long you will find them skinning you, and as you are not quite so used to it as the eels are, you had better give Mr. Skinner a wide berth. When a man boasts that he never gives anything away, you may read it as a caution—beware of dogs. A liberal, kind-hearted friend helps you to keep down your selfishness, but a greedy grasper tempts you to put an extra button on your pocket. Hungry dogs will wolf down any quantity of meat, and then look out for more, and so will greedy men swallow farms and houses, and then smell around for something else. I am sick of the animals: I mean both the dogs and the men. Talking of nothing but gold, and how to make money, and how to save it—why one had better live with the hounds at once, and howl over your share of dead horse. The mischief a miserly wretch may do to a man's heart no tongue can tell; one might as well be bitten by a mad dog, for greediness is as bad a madness as a mortal can be tormented with. Keep out of the company of screw-drivers, tight-fists, hold-fasts, and bloodsuckers; beware of dogs.

Fifthly, *beware of yelping dogs.* Those who talk much tell a great

many lies, and if you love truth you had better not love *them*. Those who talk much are likely enough to speak ill of their neighbours, and of yourself among the rest; and therefore if you do not want to be town-talk, you will be wise to find other friends. Prate-a-pace will weary you out one day, and you will be wise to break off his acquaintance before it is made. Do not lodge in Clack-street, nor next door to the Gossip's Head. A lion's jaw is nothing compared to a talebearer's. If you have a dog which is always barking, and should chance to lose him, don't spent a penny in advertising for him. Few are the blessings which are poured upon dogs which howl all night and wake up honest householders, but even these can be better put up with than those incessant chatterers who never let a man's character rest either day or night.

Sixthly, *beware of dogs that worry the sheep*. Such get into our churches, and cause a world of misery. Some have new doctrines as rotten as they are new; others have new plans, whims, and crochets, and nothing will go right till these are tried; and there is a third sort, which are out of love with everybody and everything, and only come into the churches to see if they can make a row. Mark these, and keep clear of them. There are plenty of humble Christians who only want leave to be quiet and mind their own business, and these troublers are their plague. To hear the gospel, and to be helped to do good, is all that the most of our members want, but these worries come in with their "ologies" and puzzlements, and hard speeches, and cause sorrow upon sorrow. A good shepherd will soon fetch these dogs a good crack of the head; but they will be at their work again if they see half a chance. What pleasure can they find in it? Surely they must have a touch of the wolf in their nature. At any rate, beware of dogs.

Seventhly, *beware of dogs who have returned to their vomit*. An apostate is like a leper. As a rule none are more bitter enemies of the cross than those who once professed to be followers of Jesus. He who can turn away from Christ is not a fit companion for any honest man. There are many abroad now-a-days who have thrown off religion as easily as a ploughman puts off his jacket. It will be a terrible day for them when the heavens are on fire above them, and the world is ablaze under feet. If a man calls himself my friend, and leaves the ways of God, then his way and mine are different; he who is no friend to the good cause, is no friend of mine.

Lastly, finally, and to finish up, *beware of dogs that have no master*. If a fellow makes free with the Bible, and the laws of his country, and common decency, it is time to make free to tell him we had rather have his room than his company. A certain set of wonderfully wise men are talking very big things, and putting their smutty fingers upon everything which their fathers thought to be good and holy. Poor fools, they are not half as clever as they think they are. Like hogs in a flower-garden, they are for rooting up everything, and some people are so frightened that they stand as if they were stuck, and hold up their hands in horror at the creatures. When the hogs have been in my Master's garden, and I have had the big whip handy, I warrant you I have made a clearance, and I only wish I was a scholar, for I would lay about me among these free-thinking gentry, and make them squeal to

a long metre tune. As John Ploughman has other fish to fry, and other tails to butter, he must leave these mischievous creatures, and finish his rough ramshackle sermon.

Beware of dogs. Beware of all who will do you harm. Good company is to be had, why want bad? It is said of heaven, "without are dogs." Let us make friends of those who can go inside of heaven, for there we hope to go ourselves. We shall go to our company when we die; let it be such that we shall be glad to go to it.

The minimum Christian.

THE minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the world he can, and not meet the worldling's doom. The Christian who aims to have as little religion as he may without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to worship in the morning; and in the evening also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has the headache from eating too much at dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very judiciously, sometimes to himself, oftener to his neighbours.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath-school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class: his business engagements are so pressing during the week that he needs the Sabbath as a day of rest; nor does he think himself qualified to act as a teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty, that he must beg to be excused. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions, and colportage, and gives his mite, but he is quite unable to aid in the management, for his own concerns are so excessively important. He thinks there are "too many appeals;" but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it, at all events he aims at it, and never overshoots the mark.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, the theatre and card-playing, and large fashionable parties give him much trouble. He cannot see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but what a man may be a Christian and dance or go to the opera. He knows several excellent persons who do so; at least, so he says. Why should not he? He stands so close to the dividing-line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he is actually to be found.

Ah, my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware, lest you find at last that in trying to get to heaven with a little religion, you miss it altogether; lest without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul. True godliness demands self-denial and cross-bearing, and if you have none of these you are making a false profession.

The Author of "The Student's Manual."*

THE Todds, from whom descended Dr. John Todd, the author of "The Student's Manual," were thriving American colonists of the higher class long before the War of Independence settled the peace of America, and from early days they appear to have been animated by an anti-slavery spirit. One old clergyman of this race was noted for his aristocratic proclivities, which made him nicely particular respecting the beauty of his top-boots, the fit of his wig, and the gloss of his small clothes. This clergyman's brother was a justice of the peace, who died insolvent, and whose conduct during the revolutionary war showed more patriotism than honour. He had several children, one of whom, Timothy, became a physician of good practice, and the father of John Todd. Their place of sojourn was "Arlington, at tha' time a frontier town, the whole upper part of the State being a wilderness. Kept from advancing beyond the line of civilization, the constantly arriving emigrants crowded along the frontier. For this reason Arlington was then a place of more inhabitants and more importance than it has ever been since. About two miles north of the village the young doctor purchased a small farm near the Battenkill, an inconsiderable river so called, and built a small brick house thereon, by the expense of which he was for a time somewhat embarrassed, although it was built in large part by his own hands. It stands in a deep but most lovely valley, between two lofty prominences of the Green Mountains." Being an "enthusiastic Federalist," the physician once erected a "liberty-pole" in front of his house, but when on the following morning he was about to display the flag of his party, he was amused to find that a mountain bear was grinning defiance from the top. His family history was full of remarkable disasters. While on his way to see a patient, the physician broke his leg in the mountains, through the overturning of his carriage, and kept his bed for months. He was left on the road for hours before assistance arrived, yet in the midst of dreadful agony his mind was tranquil and stayed upon God. The wounded man contrived to reach a stream of running water; he cleansed his wounds, and, with the instruments he carried, secured a "principal blood vessel." When at last he was picked up he had just finished writing in pencil a touching prayer—"Behold me in this hour of distress through the sufferings of thy Son; then shall mercy beam upon me and open the gates of eternal day." This brave man's wife already lay on a bed of weakness, and the news of the accident disturbed the balance of her reason. In the midst of her weaknesses and distractions John Todd was born, October the 9th, 1800.

The worldly affairs of Timothy Todd lapsed into disorder, when, through bodily disablement, he was no longer able to attend to his practice. He removed from one place to another, made several unsuccessful attempts to provide for his household, but died at last in poverty. The poor physician's wife remained a confirmed lunatic; at one time she would speak to her little son in the hushed accents of reason and deep feeling when the theme was God and his works, and

* John Todd, The Story of His Life told Mainly by Himself. London: Sampson, Low and Co. 1876.

at another time in one of her strange paroxysms she would threaten the child's life with a drawn sword!

Without entering into minute particulars, we will in passing refer to three incidents belonging to the time of his childhood, which Mr. Todd very vividly remembered during his long life. When his father lay on his death-bed, he held out his hand to John and said, "My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand and run down to Mr. Carter's and get me the medicine written on that paper." The chemist's store was half a mile off; when John arrived, no one was in attendance, and to obtain the medicine he would have to walk another quarter of a mile. Instead of doing this, he returned with a lie upon his lip. "My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain," said the sinking parent when John returned. "No, sir, Mr. Carter says he has got none," replied the messenger. The falsehood was evidently detected by the dying man; but he chided him very gently, and soon after bade all farewell. When the minister was heard to offer prayer for "the dying man," in a fit of remorse, John rushed from the house, obtained the medicine, ran back again at a headlong pace, and, abruptly entering the chamber of death, cried, "Oh, here, father!" It was too late; and the child of six years saw with streaming eyes and a breaking heart that he had acted cruelly to his best earthly friend. He never ceased to mourn over this falsehood and neglect to his dying day.

After the death of his father John was taken to live with an uncle and aunt at North Killingworth, in New England. The good lady was excessively fond of birds, and her especial pet was "a very tame Phebe-bird, which built year by year in the grounds." John had practised stone-throwing until he was able to take a very accurate aim. He writes, "In the course of the day I thought I would try my skill upon old Phebe. She stood upon a fort near the spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me with all confidence, as much as to say, 'You won't hurt me.'" He selected his stone, hit Phebe on the head and killed her on the spot. Half a century later Dr. Todd could say, "That stone rebounded and hit me. How deep a wound it made upon my memory! I would make great sacrifices to-day if I could undo that one deed."

Some considerable time after this he was hoeing corn for his uncle, when an eagle which had her nest near, was seen to be approaching from the sea with a large fish wherewith she intended to satisfy the clamorous hunger of a nest of eaglets. Some men who were near scared the old bird until she dropped her prey, and her ravenous family clamoured in vain. In a few moments the eagle was again flying seawards, and in two hours she again appeared carrying a heavy fish, but keeping clear of the enemy who had lately robbed her. "Glorious bird! What a spirit!" cried young Todd, "I will learn a lesson from thee this day . . I will remember this . . I will set my mark high . . I will never yield to discouragements!" He was of opinion that the example of the mother eagle influenced his whole life.

When about seventeen years of age John was received into the family of Mr. Evarts, of Charlestown, where either as menial servant, schoolboy, or secretary, he worked from six in the morning until eleven at night. His life at this time was a strange medley, and only a hardy

genius could have survived, much less have benefited, by the discipline. From six till eight was spent in the healthy exercise of lighting fires and sawing wood. Greek, Latin, English, writing for his employer, and meals, occupied his time until nine in the evening. Then came family prayer, after which it was time to prepare lessons for the next morning. This life was continued until the autumn of 1818, when he left Charlestown with his books under one arm and his clothes under the other. Just before entering Yale College he had but three cents, and two of these were given for a bridge toll. Benighted, he slept beneath a cedar tree and found himself "almost frozen" in the morning. When he at length entered college his expenses were guaranteed by his brother Jonathan, who though himself as needy as the aspiring student yet possessed a generous heart.

His life at college is aptly described as "a desperate struggle for an education"—feeding himself with one hand and holding the book with the other. His next advance was to remove into the college at Andover as a theological student. His religion was now very earnest; and no allurement could draw him aside from preaching the gospel—the work he dearly loved to the latest day of his life. During his sojourn at Andover he met with an adventure, in the summer of 1825, which led to momentous results.

It was Saturday, and a friend with a horse and chaise called on young Todd and asked him to take a drive. Away they went, and at sunset were nearly thirty miles from home in a beautiful town called Groton, where the handsome congregational meeting-house seated two thousand people. The minister, a man of eighty years, was in failing health. "You must know they are all Unitarians," wrote young Todd, "and hate Andover worse than poison. The good doctor is a kind of Arminian, a man of commanding talents, and I doubt not, a go-to heaven-man; still he has made all his people Unitarians. He was glad to see me, never heard of me before . . and immediately urged me to preach the next day." Then follows this dreadful story by way of more particular explanation. "Something over forty-six years ago a young minister was settled in Groton by the name of Chaplin. He is now Doctor Chaplin. He married into a gay, worldly family, a sister of Judge P——. This family have since all become Unitarians. As Groton was a beautiful and fashionable place, and as he had married such a girl, the consequence was that he was drawn away into the vortex of fashionable society. He attended balls, parties, card-parties, played blindfold, &c. The next consequence was, that, however orthodox his head might be, his heart was cold, and he could not, and did not, preach faithfully, and to the conscience, on the Sabbath. What was first of necessity, soon became a habit, and the consequence is that all, or nearly all, of his congregation have become fashionable Unitarians. More than two thousand people belong to the society, and I suppose the widest cloak of charity could not cover more than twenty or twenty-five pious people in the place. The church is all rotten. Some of the leading men in the town are deists and infidels. The church has never been disciplined, and these men belong to it."

Here, then, was a rich town deceived by the "bewitching delusion of Satan;" but the man who had directly and indirectly done the mischief

refused to allow a Unitarian to enter his pulpit. Fast nearing the gates of death, the unfaithful pastor experienced the torture of an accusing conscience. Young Todd undertook to supply the pulpit for a few Sabbaths, and to his lasting honour made no show of a compromise; but with "Christ and a few praying women" on his side, preached the gospel in its fulness. Great and sudden was the commotion; the congregations were immense; people who had not attended meeting for ten years helped to crowd the chapel. The bitter opposition of the leading magnates was awakened; they dreaded any spirit of enquiry which might lead to a revival of relinquished doctrines. The excitement daily increased, until the town was divided against itself, and a powerful minority earnestly wished to secure Mr. Todd's settlement as co-pastor. The young preacher himself was wholly engrossed with his work; he talked about little else; he dreamed about the people, and in private wept over their condition. From the first he saw how impossible it would be to settle in such a sphere; but he was determined to strike a blow which should at least divide the camp. In this he was so eminently successful, that in April, 1826, he became the chosen preacher of the evangelical section who set up their meeting in another part of the town. The Unitarian chapel was soon well-nigh forsaken, while the other was overcrowded. Still the anomaly remained to be unaccounted for; the Socinians were able to outvote their rivals when the parishioners were summoned to elect a new minister for the township. On a polling day "they had their stores open, and all supplied with drink gratis, and cake and cheese gratis, and they even carried rum by the pailful into the meeting-house, in order to influence unprincipled men to vote against evangelical religion." They went further than this. More than once a rope was tied across the dark stairs leading from the pulpit, that the pastor might fall and break his neck; while the linch-pins were taken from the wheels of vehicles used by his people in the hope that they might be overturned. These devil-like tricks were all frustrated, and the truth prevailed mightily. The old pastor was among those who separated from the Unitarian meeting, and at the age of eighty-three he warmly espoused the cause of Mr. Todd. The dreaded revival had really come. The preaching of the Word drew together large crowds; the prayer-meetings were alive with fervour, and enquirers might be counted by the hundred. Under such circumstances as these, Mr. Todd was elected pastor of the Evangelical church. The last days of the aged pastor, Dr. Chaplin, also proved to be his best days, and after he had shared the labour and persecution of the revival for two or three years, the old man died in the Lord, deeply regretted by those to whom in his last days he had been a father in Israel.

In 1833 Mr. Todd removed to Northampton in the same State of Massachusetts, a town remarkable for its association with Jonathan Edwards, who was pastor of its oldest church. When the increase in population rendered such a step advisable, a number separated in a friendly manner from the Edwards' congregation, and invited Mr. Todd to settle among them. The connection was entirely felicitous, and while there he published the book by which he is best known, "The Student's Manual." "My book has worried me prodigiously," he writes, "It is all written, save the last. It is more than half stereotyped, and I can already begin

to see out. When it is all written, there will be an inconceivable load of anxiety removed from my mind. . . . Even after it is all done, I have to groan under the apprehension of its failure, and most under the flippant criticisms of a thousand who do nothing in this world but snarl at others; and I have to ache for the publisher, lest he lose."

In due time he left Northampton and those semi-rural scenes to which he had hitherto been accustomed, to identify himself with the city life of Philadelphia. The years which Mr. Todd spent in this city were the most unhappy of his life. The congregational church of which he undertook the pastorate, had seceded from the Presbyterians, and though at the commencement all things wore a promising face, the pastor subsequently found that his flock included some who could be both cruel and unprincipled in their opposition to him. The trials of the church were also intensified by the disastrous commercial storm which swept over the country, leaving in its track all the miseries of ruin. "I never had a conception of what was meant by commercial distress before the present time," writes Mr. Todd, in 1837. "There is no confidence in men. Those who are worth, could they collect it, hundreds o thousands of dollars, are breaking and crumbling all in pieces. . . It is no matter of surprise to hear that the heaviest, wealthiest, and most noble houses in the land have been crushed. The worst of it is, the storm seems to thicken. . . . I tremble at times for my church, but trust its foundations rest upon eternal love, and that earthly storms will not rock it."

Notwithstanding the uncommon difficulties that had to be conquered, a handsome chapel was built, and a large congregation collected. The pastor was able to say, "I have no sympathy with stinginess, and am thankful that I never had to deal with mustard-seed souls." Still the sunny promise of the beginning was not lasting. The spirit of worldliness crept in, and jealous mischief-makers were at work. He warned the people that there was danger of their all perishing together, and his call to earnest prayer was not raised in vain. Still it became more and more evident that Philadelphia was not destined to be his permanent abode, for finding that they were unable to have their own way, the opponents of the pastor commenced a party warfare in a spirit and on a scale which were altogether American. He was abused, threatened, and libelled in an extraordinary manner, his own and the church's calamity culminating when the chapel was sold and the flock partially scattered. Still, on leaving Philadelphia, his retrospect was one of thankfulness. "In spite of the unparalleled pecuniary distress of the times, and of the difficulties of planting a congregational church in an uncongenial community, and of inconceivable obstacles and opposition without and within, he had built up a handful of people into a great congregation, had added more than fifty annually to the church, and caused the Sabbath-school to become a 'model school' of about four hundred members, so perfect in its machinery as to attract visitors from all parts of the land, and even from Europe—he had trained the young men for the ministry, and seen them settled over large and important churches —he had brought his people to contribute annually more than one thousand dollars to send the gospel abroad, and to pay more than forty thousand dollars toward their own church edifice, and he had acquired

a position of influence in the city as a preacher and lecturer excelled by none."

The truth was that the man was of a nature not adapted to thrive or to find happiness in a great city, and, great as was the contrast between the town of brotherly love and the mountain village of Pittsfield, it was mercifully ordained that in the last-named rural district Mr. Todd should spend thirty of the best years of his life.

Though called a village, Pittsfield numbered four thousand inhabitants, and even in a romantic district the situation was regarded as specially picturesque. "On all sides . . . rose densely wooded mountains, whose outlines were beautiful even in winter, and whose various forms and colours in spring and winter made the scenery of the region surpassingly beautiful." The climate was severe, and not over healthy; for on an average the pastor buried about one of the people every week. This high mortality was in part accounted for by the cold; but, while the winters were Arctic in their rigour, they brought with them many novelties which were interesting to a close observer like Mr. Todd. It was an exhilarating exercise to turn out to preach when the thermometer was six below zero, and to see the richest member of the church sitting in his pew snugly enclosed in a buffalo skin. It was "stranger still to see the Baptists go down to the river and baptize seven . . . when a man had to stand with a rake and keep the pool from freezing over!"

The people were great readers, and critical hearers, and were also the the most intellectual flock to whom the pastor had as yet ministered. After he had put his manse in tenantable repair, four hundred kind hearts called in one day to give their welcome; and, according to American custom, these "All had to be tead and coffeed."

Not long after Mr. Todd's settlement in his mountain retreat his home was destroyed by fire; and the disaster happened in November, 1842, on a boisterous winter night. The family were awakened after they had retired to rest by the shrieks of a woman at the street door:

"I first screamed for my family to come to me, then ran to the front door, and screamed 'Fire! Fire!' Mrs. Todd gathered the three babies into one bed, in their night-clothes, and then the men, whose loud shouts were now heard, snatched them up, and carried them out. For five minutes I was doubtful whether I could get my family out alive. . . . The roof had begun to fall in. As soon as the children were safe I made for my study, now sheeted with flames, and began to throw articles from the windows, which I first dashed out with my foot. Out went the books, pell-mell, into the snow and soot; out, out, out, went tables, and bureaus, and wardrobes, and everything. As soon as the study was cleared I made for Mr. Brace's room (a resident student), and pitched out his books, and down they went, and after them tables and bedsteads, and globes, and secretaries, &c. I stood there till nearly surrounded with flames, and till everything was out. In the meantime the scene was fearful. It was intensely cold, the wind was high, and, oh, the bright flashes of the fire as it leaped and licked through the chambers, the wild cry of the men, the crash and crush and smash of furniture, the roar of the fire, the falling of timbers, the shouting of maddened men in the background. But on it went, smash, crash, till it was all over. It seemed as if the sun would never rise; but when it

did rise, what a scene! The streets filled with furniture, broken and destroyed, carpets half burned, china in fragments, my beautiful home in ashes, my wife and children somewhere, but I knew not where."

The energy and liberality of the people soon repaired the damage done by the fire so far as reparation was possible; but calamities of a severer kind speedily followed. Mr. Todd had a favourite brother, Jonathan, who, being ignorant of the nature of the locality, purchased a farm in Illinois, where the miasma of the soil within a few days cut down the father and three sons. Mr. Brace, the student trained in the manse at Pittsfield, also died three months after his marriage; and about the same time Mrs. Todd, senior, who never recovered her reason, and for whose support the pastor had contributed two thousand dollars, ended her chequered course.

In the meantime nothing afforded him joy unless he witnessed the prosperity of his flock in spiritual things, and saw the enlargement of the church. As many as fifty would be admitted into fellowship at one time; and as his efforts were blessed the pastor was stimulated to make greater exertions than even his iron constitution could bear On one occasion illness seized him in the pulpit—"A dizziness in the head and brain, and a cold sweat over the whole body." The medicine prescribed was farm labour. He supposed himself to be the subject of dyspepsia, and, showing the enemy no mercy, he weakened his system by amateur doctoring. His favourite remedies were blue pills, water gruel, and plenty of walking, a *regime* which, if faithfully followed, would soon kill off all the weaklings among us.

The old sanctuary at Pittsfield, more picturesque than convenient, was found to be on fire on the first Sabbath morning of 1851. The chapel was too small and too antiquated to accommodate the congregation, so that the prospect of its total disappearance did not inspire anyone with hearty regret. Some showed a decent zeal in the work of extinguishing the flames; but one substantial member proposed that they should go and set fire to the other end. The fire was not subdued until it "had progressed far enough to make it probable that the building would not be repaired." In a few months a handsome structure, such as in Philadelphia would have cost seventy thousand dollars, rose upon the site.

Dr. Todd had all along resolved that he would retire before old age had so crippled his energies as to render him a burden to the church. Accordingly at the age of threescore years and ten, or in 1870, he formally tendered his resignation of the pastorate. To his astonishment the people "coolly and unanimously" asked him to prolong his services until the opening of 1873. "They made no explanation, nor any promises for the future," he wrote to a friend; "only that the old horse seemed to have too much work in him to be turned out to browse just yet." When the time of service expired, according to agreement, the unaccountable behaviour of the people was no longer an enigma. They voted that their faithful old pastor should remain in his house, receive the full amount of salary as usual, and be relieved from the burdens of the charge as became his years. This sudden relief was not altogether a boon, and perhaps the loss of his much loved occupations contributed to the shortening of his life. A

strange feeling of loneliness stole over him. When a successor was appointed he felt "like one attending his own funeral, and seeing another man coming and marrying his own wife—like standing bolt upright and seeing one's self turned into a shadow—like the commander of a great ship seeing himself turned into a figure-head."

He did not survive his retirement from active service more than six months, though during that time he engaged, as opportunity offered, in his chosen employment of preaching the gospel. At the outset of his career, he marked out a plan from which he never swerved. "In my preaching I shall keep closely to the Word of God; by this I would have you *test* my instructions." He was a diligent student of Scripture, and gladly availed himself of such helps to a correct understanding of the sacred writings as were within his reach. His opinions of standard divines were pointed and characteristic. "The Germans are cold, carping critics; Poole is a collector of all the shrewd heads that ever wrote on the Bible. Doddridge is flat in his paraphrasing, but pious in improvement, and judicious in his notes; Henry is rich—jewels in dirt, and jewels in miniature—truly pious, and does your very heart good to read him; and Scott is the most dull of all horned cattle. I have tried to sell mine, but no one will buy, so shall pile it up for posterity." We are told that when Mr. Todd was young, and before he could purchase the work, he often travelled eight miles to consult Henry's Commentary, and when a London publishing firm sent him a present on account of his "Lectures to Children," which they were printing, he exchanged the money for several sets of good old Matthew's handiwork, for presentation to his daughters. He also especially valued the works of Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Chalmers, and John Foster.

His popular book, "The Student's Manual," has been very widely dispersed over the world, and is still greatly prized by the class for whom it was prepared. The pressman who first printed it was converted by it, and became a missionary. "During his whole life the author was constantly receiving letters of thanks from men in this and other lands for the influence exerted upon them by this book. . . . Among the few remains of Sir John Franklin that were found far up in the Polar Regions, there was a leaf of 'The Student's Manual,' the only relic of a book." The work has been translated into Welsh, French, and German, and young men on meeting with the author have gratefully acknowledged the good they have received.

When his last sickness came upon him in June, 1873, John Todd was roughly dealt with by the tempter. Deep waters roared beneath and dark clouds frowned above. Yet the promise was, ere long, fulfilled—there was light at eventide; and he took leave of earth with the glory of the beatific vision shining full upon his soul.

Looking at Dr. Todd as a man, we are struck with the singular energy which characterised him throughout his long course. He laughed at difficulties, and seldom had to own a failure. Of Christ's full, free gospel he held back nothing; and he preached with a studied simplicity of language such as the common people thoroughly appreciated. His life work was no mean total of good accomplished. Ask why he was so successful, and the answer is, he trusted in God, and did with his might what his hand found to do.—G. H. P.

Old Stores.

A VALUED friend has sent us copies of three old manuscripts. We believe they have not been printed before, but whether they have or not, they are worthy to see the light again, and therefore we place them in the *Sword and Trowel*.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN BERRIDGE, OF EVERTON, TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ., OF CLAPHAM, SURREY, SEPT. 29, 1772.

Dear and honoured Sir,—I received your kind letter yesterday, accompanied with a parcel of books for others, and some parcels of physic for myself; and attended with what you are pleased to call a trifle. May the Lord remember you for this kindness, and multiply his mercy upon you.

My Master has been tying me to a whipping post for four years, and has chastened me smartly with rods and scorpions. Indeed, they were both sorely wanted, for I have a very saucy will, and a sad proud heart, and was grown in my own conceit almost as good a man as my Master. He sent me out to preach; and because he was pleased to do wonders by his word and Spirit, I stole all his laurels from him, and girt them around my own temples. But the Lord was jealous of his own honour, and has taken me to task soundly, and made me willing not only to throw the pilfered laurels at his feet, but to cast my scoundrel self there. He has lowered my top sail, beaten down my masts, ransacked my vessel, and battered its sides so wonderfully that I am escaped like a mere wreck into haven. I can now feel, as well as call myself vile, and can submit to lay my hand upon my mouth, and to thrust my mouth in the dust. Dear sir, how sweet is poverty of spirit and brokenness of heart! It makes me weep kindly tears, and open all my bosom freely, for Jesus; it brings him nigh unto my heart, and makes me clasp him eagerly; it teaches me what grace is, and helps me to prize it; it sinks me down to nothing, and makes me fall as a drop into the ocean; and when I am nothing, Jesus is my all, and fills me and wins me. Then I become a little child, and my heart is all Hosannah; I would die for Jesus. Something of this state I know, but, alas! I am not settled in it; and what I know *was learned in a house of correction; this house suits me well.* I cannot thrive but in a furnace; nor even there, unless it is well blown with the breath of grace.

I trust my dear Master loves you, and I hope he keeps some favourite rod for you. Your situation is lofty, and of course perilous, exposing you to slips and falls. You sail in a very stately vessel. Oh, may Jesus grant you ballast to keep it steady! All the glories of the world are but like that painted cloud which Satan brought upon the eyes of Jesus on the mountain of temptation. I believe you do contemn these tinsel glories; and yet without a gracious rod, you might grow proud of that contempt. You are indebted unto Jesus more than ten thousand others; a very rich man, and yet very likely to be saved! what a miracle of mercy! Oh, love the Lord with all your heart, and serve him well with all your strength. Grace and peace be with you and with your affectionate servant.—JOHN BERRIDGE.

A COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE REV. TIMOTHY THOMAS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH, TO HIS FRIEND, THE REV. VAVASOR GRIFFITH.

I now set myself to write to my friend, because I have got a subject on which I can be talkative with pleasure; it is the weakness and decay that I find coming on me, a slow fever and cough, with many other certain symptoms of a consumption.

My friend is more a Christian than to think this a melancholy circumstance, which I cannot state without a smile. It cheers me to find the earthly house of this tabernacle in which I groan and am burdened, wasting, reeling, and ready to be dissolved. Alas! my friend, is there anything here worth living for? How low the attainments, how imperfect the enjoyments! while there is a place where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. But all below is vanity. Have I any prospect of living either for the glory of God or the good of others? How little must either gain by such a life as mine?

The desires of my soul I hope are sincere, and preaching is a probable means of attaining these ends; but both you and I see how little good is done by our daily preaching. From mine, I am sure, but small things can be expected. The report is gone forth, but to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? We have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us some such things as these, but we ourselves are almost strangers to them. Or could longer life be profitable to my own soul? Am I sure of growth and improvement in grace? But what if I should decline and go backward? If I should grow more unprepared for the heavenly enjoyments (as God only knows, and my own deceitful heart makes me fear), then where is the benefit of living longer? You may say dying is a great thing, an awful work; I say so, too, and were it not for one stronghold to which I fly, the thoughts of it would amaze and confound me; how else could my guilty soul meet its God? Let me tell you, friend, here is all my salvation—the refuge, the foundation of my hopes is the everlasting covenant, the atoning sacrifice, the blood of sprinkling, Jesus the Saviour able to save to the uttermost, a living intercessor, an advocate with the Father. On this bottom my soul stands, the corner-stone, chosen of God, and precious. Whatever different set of principles others may seek comfort from, I declare this to be all my salvation, sure and well ordered. When such a wretch as I, conscious of so much sin, both before I knew God and since, by backsliding and often grieving the Holy Spirit, even this moment (God knows my heart) weighing everything, I look on myself as the chief of sinners, and yet can still retain hope: is not this a well-ordered covenant? The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Never have I seen more of its efficacy than now. The atonement is so full that there remains no more conscience of sin. Hence our boldness in the day of the Lord. This is exalted doctrine, honourable to God and supporting to man; preach it, my friend, earnestly preach it when I am dead and gone. While I have life and strength I will speak of it, for it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation.

When you pray, be sure to remember me. Write to me and come and see me; nor think it a melancholy entertainment to see a sick man ,a sick friend. I am well, for I am as I would be;

expect then to find me pleasant and cheerful, and yet I am almost sick with the fear of being well: I dread going back to life again, I cannot bear health and prosperity. All is well now through infinite grace: God hath spoken peace, and that is enough. Oh, health and long life in such a world as this! How burdensome a thought is it! How good hath this sickness been to me! What had I ever to bless God more for? That wondrous Being, whose name is love, seems to be designing and doing more for me than ever before. How sweet are my hours in prayer! I meet him in meditation. I hold him fast and I cannot let him go, but with Abraham continue with him till he leaves off speaking. Let my joys for the future be all from heaven. I have enough of earthly things, and count them all but dross and dung compared to the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. It is only with respect to futurity I value my friend, with whom I hope to spend a pleasant and lasting day. Farewell.

The Life of the Happy Man.

He is one that is conceived in the womb of God's everlasting love: Jer. xxxi. 3. Chosen in the kingdom of his Eternal Son: Eph. i. 4. Born in the City of Regeneration: Eph. ii. 5. In the Parish of Faith, of the Family of "Repentance unto Life:" Zech. xii. 10—12. Educated in the School of Evangelical Obedience, in the Plain of Final Perseverance: 1 John ii. 27, 28. He lives by the Trade of Faith: Gal. ii. 20. Notwithstanding he has a large estate in the Country of Christian Contentment (Phil. iv. 4) and does many times a day works of self-denial. He wears the Garment of Humility, but has a more noble suit to appear in when he goes to court, viz., the Imputed Righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is found in Christ, the way, travelling in the Valley of Self-abasement; and is sometimes brought to the Mount of Spiritual Mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on spiritual prayer and sups every evening on the same, but on high days and at noon when the sun is in the meridian, his table is spread with twelve sorts of fruits which grow upon the tree of life, and which fed on by faith he receives with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Some of these fruits are electing love, eternal union, justifying righteousness, complete satisfaction, prevalent intercession, free pardon, free adoption to all the glory and felicity of the sons of God, sanctifying grace in Christ, final perseverance in the covenant, and full assurance of eternal glory. Thus hath he food to eat the world knows nothing of. His drink is the sincere milk of the Word. His breasts of consolation,—absolute union, and unconditional promises. Thus happily he lives and safely he dies. Happy is he who has gospel obedience in his will, sound peace by the blood of the cross in his conscience, heavenly order in his affections, sanctifying grace in his soul, sound divinity in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory on his head. Happy beyond expression is such a man.

A Trip to Ireland—the Giant's Causeway.

BY W. R. SELWAY.

EMBARKING on board one of the splendid steamers which carry Her Majesty's mail bags between Holyhead and Dublin, in the darkness of early morning of a cold spring day, in heavy rain, and with a strong wind blowing, was not conducive to that pleasant and agreeable frame of mind and body which, if it be not essential to a holiday, certainly adds not a little to its enjoyment, especially when that holiday is to be but of short duration and snatched from the urgent demands of a busy life. However, the elasticity of man is great, and after a little sojourn in the beautiful Irish capital the *mal de mer* became a thing of the past, and the holiday maker was soon ready for a further journey by railway to the flourishing and busy northern city of Belfast, where certain useful hints were to be gathered up for a flying visit to the wonderful and interesting scenery of the northern coast. The writer is grateful for information which enabled him to see much in a little time. Although railway travelling affords but restricted opportunities of viewing scenery, yet many points of interest were noted as the train sped its way by the shores of Belfast Lough and passed one of those singular and mysterious relics of a long past age—the round tower at Antrim. Whether the builders were pagan or Christian, whether they were towers of defence or used as the base of offensive operations, whether they served an ecclesiastical or civil purpose, were questions for interesting speculation, but to which, as they have afforded scope for learned dissertation by many eminent antiquarians, we do not feel called upon to offer any replies; as it is doubtless the safer course where so little is known, to maintain a silence that shall at least be discreet. Several such towers are found in different parts of Ireland; they are perfectly round, and have a height of nearly a hundred feet; the doorway is so far above the level of the ground that it could only have been reached by a ladder; towards the upper part are small openings, which admit light and air; the structure tapers, that is to say, it is much smaller at top than at its base. The Antrim tower is in excellent preservation, and must, it is imagined, have been repaired not many years since.

From the railway a view is obtained of that singular truncated mountain, "Slievenisch," dear to every Irish patriot, as the home by tradition of his patron saint, Patrick. Here he is said to have dwelt for many years and exercised his ministrations for the benefit of the people, but whether it was on this eminence that the famous exorcism of the reptiles of the island occurred, or whether the undoubted sparseness of this class of animal life in Ireland may not be attributable to some more mundane cause, such as the gradual separation of the land by subsidence from the great continent of Europe, it is scarcely necessary now to discuss, because the train will run us into Portrush, probably before we could agree upon the point.

Portrush is a small, pleasantly situated port on the north coast, chiefly resorted to for its beautiful stretch of sand, or as a means of reaching the striking scenery of the basaltic formation to the eastward.

Proceeding to the east one soon meets with the chalk, which three forms the rocky cliff towering far above the sea level. These "white rocks," as they are locally termed, have suffered much from abrasion by the force of the sea, and offer the most stupendous and yet beautiful variety of pillar, point, and arch carved into fantastic forms by the angry waves, which, however, are now so quiet and peaceful, as they lap the sides of the dark caves, that it is hard to believe that no other agency has been in operation to produce the weird grandeur of this charming spot. Here is a detached mass with a Gothic headed arched opening through which a carriage and four might be driven with ease, standing as a grand triumphal arch, while beyond are buttresses, caves, and bastions, each inviting closer inspection, but from which the silent but steady inroad of the rising tide warns the visitor away. Clambering up the cliff amid thousands of primroses we reach the roadway carried around a shoulder of the mountain, which towers far above, and soon observe that the rocky mass is not all of the same character, but that probably long after the chalky bottom of some pre-existent ocean had become consolidated, with its flints and ancient remains, into a hard and compact mass, it was violently rent asunder, when a vast quantity of molten matter issued from the gap and spread over much of what is now the surrounding country. This vent must not be regarded as the crater of some ancient volcanic discharge so much as a crack caused by the pressure of molten material expanding below, which immediately on the space being formed rushed up, and having cooled remains as an intrusive dyke of basalt. The hungry sea having eaten away much of both chalk and basalt has left this grand section exposed to view, the effects of the heated and intruded material being seen in the white limestone which has been converted by the intense action of the fire into a hard, porcellanous and approximately crystalline stone.

The basalt overlies the chalk at various parts of the coast, and in places, where some of the softer material has more readily yielded to the buffeting of the stormy waves, extremely grand and picturesque effects have been produced, heightened, on one almost isolated rock, by the ruins of Dunluce Castle, the walls of which were built vertically with the face of the precipice. On passing through the little straggling village of Bush Mills, by which runs the "Bush," famous for its yield of salmon, it became necessary to appeal to a member of the Irish constabulary, or police, for direction as to the road to be pursued. These men are of so military an appearance as to contrast very favourably with the police of English villages, one could only wish there were fewer of them. A ragged little urchin here attached himself to us, and urged his services as guide to "the Causeway," which is, of course, the point of attraction for all strangers. He pressed his suit with the most amusing pertinacity, and made a decided hit when he exclaimed, "Arrah, now! ye'll be the better of having me wid ye." "Oh," said we, "we can find our way very well, and if any one interferes, what could you do, you couldn't punch his head." "Thrue for you," said he, "but it isn't that, ye'll have all the old wimen afther ye, and they'll bother the life out of ye. Why, it was only the other day two gemmen came along, and would go by theirsels, and bedad you'd ha thought twas the funeral of some big un, they had such a lot after them." Symptoms

of gathering guides appeared to lend force to his appeal, and it became evident that to explore the place in peace one had better secure the least intrusive of his class, and when my little friend who had trotted a long way by our side, at length planted his foot, and in a business-like way asked, "Are ye going to tak me wid ye, yer honner?"—discretion induced us to place ourselves under his protection. Our guide was a well-built, sturdy, little fellow, of just over twelve years. How the rags, by courtesy called clothes, were kept on was a marvel, yet he was a native born gentleman; he got a little "edication," as he termed it, in reply to inquiries as to his schooling, sometimes at the Causeway and sometimes at Bush Mills, at each of which places exists a national school, but why he was not then at school was the urgent need to help to fill the family cupboard. Of course he was well versed in the legends of the place, and might have been, so perfect was his knowledge, a contemporary of the giant who built the causeway, so as to permit his fighting brother to come over from Scotland, as in those days there were no ships, or none sufficiently large to convey the Scotchman across to settle in the true Irish fashion of friendly combat the difference of opinion between them. His attendance certainly kept off other would-be guides, but he fell judiciously in the rear when a couple of dealers in local curiosities fastened themselves upon us, and remained quiet until as we approached the first indications of columnar basalt, where the structure is but imperfectly displayed, he unceremoniously thrust aside the dealers, and came to the front with "Beg yer pardon, yer honner! ye'll see here the giant's first work, he was only a larning; I'll soon show ye that he larnt to do it well." Then taking the lead like a veteran, he led us to the giant's well, in which deliciously cool, clear fresh water is found, though doubtless often rendered brackish by the spray dashed over the rocks. Here an attendant, anything but a sylph, offered a clean tumbler full of the sparking water, and my guide intimated that she had something "to warm it a bit," and could hardly comprehend how water could be preferred to whisky. Here we were gravely informed that to insure the fulfilment of our most earnest wish it was first necessary to drink three times at the well, then to take a seat in the wishing chair, and silently form the desire. The loom at which the giant wove his garments, and the organ or harp with which he solaced his spare hours were of course carefully observed, as well as the gateway, which admitted him from the "Horseshoe" Bay to the "Stookans" or Sheaves. Here, as in most legends, human passions have reproduced themselves, and are exhibited in the giant's grandmother turned into stone for her unamiable and unfeminine conduct, as well as in the bonnet of the Highlander, which, falling from the head of an escaping churl, has never been recovered. The scene is so grand, and withal so strange, being utterly unlike the ordinary scenery of our coasts, it is not surprising that an imaginative people should have clothed every nook, every bay, every projecting rock, and each variety of scene with some legend more or less intimately connected with the main story of the Causeway. Our guide was at home with the stories, but scarcely knew how to deal with hard facts, though he had possession of some learned phrases and technical terms, which he used with amusing frequency. At one spot the columns, instead of being upright, are laid so much on

their sides as to expose their ends, projecting as it were, out of the face of the mountain. These were pointed out as the guns of the giant, which, not having been called into use, he had plugged lest they should be captured by an enemy and turned against the country; this nonsense, glibly run off with a grave voice, though with a merry twinkle of the eye, was most amusing. He had heard, he said, "Gemmen say that them was all made in the same way, that is upright, and somehow they had got turned over on to their sides," but, with a downcast look, as if ashamed of his ignorance, "I dun kno how that could be."

It is impossible to realise this extraordinary spot, composed as it is of the exposed ends of many thousands of columns.—Some industrious person counted so many as to lead to the computation that there are not less than forty thousand. They are of varying heights; some covered by the waves, others standing up but a few feet, while some are thirty to forty feet in length. They differ much in size, although the average would appear to be about eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter. The form, also, is such that perhaps no two are exactly similar. They are not round, but many sided, having from three up to nine faces, by far the greater number being five or six sides. Each column has many joints, these joints being twelve inches to eighteen inches apart; but some of them more than this, the top of the stone being rounded, and exactly fitting into a corresponding depression or cavity on the base of the stone above. Thus each column is made up of a series of several-sided stones beautifully placed together, and the differing columns themselves in most cases so accurately and closely fitted that it is impossible to pass the blade of a knife or a sheet of paper between them. The first appearance of the Causeway is, perhaps, a little disappointing to a mind excited by anticipation of the wonders it may unfold. There may be taller cliffs, rocks with greater precipitancy, and more terrific evidences of nature's mightiest work, or there may be that delightful combination of rugged grandeur, rich colour, and luxuriant vegetation which renders some of the coast of Devonshire so charming; but none of these produce upon the mind the same feelings of awe, astonishment, and delight, which are called into existence by a short sojourn in this wonderful region, and a close inspection of it. Here one seems to be admitted into the studio of the great Sculptor of the Earth, and to be allowed to behold the delicate and finished productions of the Master hand.

What is the Giant's Causeway? Putting aside the traditions of the people, let us ask this question, not of the guides only, but of nature. The cliffs are in many places capped by a rock altogether differing from that which is below, the lower being of a bright dazzling white, save only where coloured by vegetation or by storm, while that lying upon it is a thick bed of black rock and of wholly different structure; similar black rocks thrust themselves as huge walls between the white rocks, and here and there exist as rounded knolls or hills in the country above and behind the cliffs: the white rock analagous to the south-eastern shores of England contains abundant proof of its origin in the remains of animal life found within it, as well as from its compact and stratified character. It was indeed once the bottom of an ocean as gradually formed and as evenly deposited and spread out as the existing bottom of

the Pacific, or that of the mighty canal separating the Eastern from the Western Hemisphere, from the bed of which have been brought up by the sounding lines of the explorer surveying for the line of the Atlantic Cable, as well as by the more recent investigators in "The Challenger" proofs, by the animal remains, of the formation at the present time of a sea-bottom which requires only time and pressure to consolidate, and only needs future upheaval to present the world with more chalk downs, and, when the sea has eaten into them, with more extended white cliffs. The counterpart of the black rock is to be found in those parts of the world where volcanic vents permit heated or molten materials to flow or to be ejected from their summits; it is without question a fire-formed rock, and was probably ejected when the chalk lay deep down beneath the waves of the sea. It is true that we do not now find within the British Isles *active* evidence of the internal fires of the earth, but a practised eye can have no difficulty in discerning in many parts of England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland, proofs that, where now all is quiet, peaceful, and pleasant, there once raged volcanic fires of the most intense energy; nor need it seem impossible that the bottom of the ocean itself may be raised and rent and torn, and great accumulations of molten lava spread out or vast heaps of ashes and scoria piled up, for such events have not unfrequently occurred, and within quite recent times, although not in our more highly favoured country.

Sitting here, this calm spring afternoon, with the waves gently playing over the basaltic columns, the sun brightly shining, the wind scarcely moving, and the music of the waters only heightened by the melancholy cry of the sea birds, we may, by the aid of "the scientific use of the imagination," conjure up the awful turmoil which must have been occasioned by the bursting of the gates of the deep and by the conflict of the enormous masses of fiery matter, which, struggling for the mastery, hissed and fumed and drove up and drove back the waves, and so far conquered in the terrific combat that the antagonistic element spread itself over an area, as geologists tell us, of not less than four or five hundred square miles in Ireland, and no one can tell how far under the waves of the sea, or whether, as many suppose, the far off Isle of Staffa, with its beautiful cave of similarly prismatic columns, was formed at the same time. Nor was the fury of the fiery mass limited to one outburst; the cliffs afford evidence of not fewer than twenty-five distinct outpourings. Between the layers ochre of a brilliant red hue occasionally occurs, the colour of which greatly adds to the beauty of the scenery.

The basaltic rocks are not all of the same appearance, the greater proportion have no definite form, and are known as amorphous basalt; others are more or less globular, a form which is found in some parts of England; these globules varying in size from a few inches to several feet in diameter, appear to offer evidence of pseudo crystallization, they have a central nucleus, the surrounding mass has in cooling formed distinct concentric layers, like the skin of the *Orion*. These layers are so regular and so regularly shed if damaged or affected by the action of the weather as to give rise in the popular mind to the notion that it is a skin cast and renewed every year; the singular and beautiful columnar basalt is much more restricted, here and there are indications of the columnar formation (the trial attempts of the Giant.

according to our guide), where the cause, whatever it may have been which produced the structure, has been interrupted. The Causeway itself, which is only about two hundred yards in length, having a breadth of about one hundred and twenty yards, some columns on the cliff's side and on a neighbouring headland, are all that Antrim can show of this curious rock. The prevailing form is a six-sided one, and no doubt the perfect form of a section of one of the columns would be as truly a hexagon or six-sided figure as a honey-bee's cell. As one walks over the pavement with a careful gaze, this becomes manifest, a perfect hexagon being surrounded by other stones approximating to the same shape, if not exactly similar, and these insensibly blending into circles, the parts being filled with stones of less regular form. This structure helps us to realize the origin of these stones. Professor Ansted, writing on basalt, says, "When a simple mineral is allowed to arrange itself naturally it crystallizes, or forms into a group of distinct angular shapes, often beautiful and often reducible to the same mathematical form. When a mineral mass or rock made up of several minerals, not very regularly put together, is melted and cooled down again, it tends to form into rounded lumps or spheres, and if allowed to form very slowly, these seem to be made up of successive coats, like the coats of an onion. In cases where the conditions are very uniform, these spheres seem to have been checked in their tendency to form perfect spheres by pressing against each other. Since, however, in a layer of shot or rounded solid balls, each one touches and is touched by the adjacent balls at six points, leaving interspaces, it is clear that if the balls were soft and lateral pressure uniform, they would be squeezed into six-sided figures with rounded terminations." The necessary conditions appear to have existed in the case of the Giant's Causeway, the molten matter was thrown out under the great weight of a deep sea, the water of which was a bad conductor of heat, as was also the chalky bottom, and hence the mass very slowly cooled while subject to immense pressure.

The writer some time since met with a curious but striking confirmation of this theory; being desirous of making some observations of the eggs of pond snails, one of the long spats of the Physa was, immediately the parent had deposited it, laid upon a piece of glass. This, on being viewed through the microscope, revealed the well-known mass of round eggs in the usual jelly-like medium; the glass with the egg mass having been accidentally placed on one side without water, it was not again viewed until a few days had elapsed, when it was found that the gelatinous capsule had dried, and in so doing shrunk considerably, the pressure having forced the heretofore round eggs into a series of beautiful hexagons, many of them perfect in form, while others were three, five, or seven sided, as the exigencies of unequal pressure seemed to demand. Here, then, was a miniature prismatic formation, produced under circumstances similar, doubtless, in character, but greatly varying in degree to those which resulted in the splendid mass of rocks at the Causeway.

A walk of several miles, and a scramble for a few hours over the rocks were an excellent preparative to induce one to enjoy and appreciate the comfort, rest, and food to be found at the Causeway Hotel, after enjoying which we again sallied forth to endeavour to see the caves worn into the rocks by the ceaseless action of the waves. The sea, how-

ever, had become too rough to admit of this, but we were amply repaid by a magnificent setting sun, the declining rays of which, falling athwart the cliffs, threw the lower part into shade of nearly inky blackness, while above they were resplendent with the richest blaze of golden and ruddy hues, such as not even the hand of a Turner or a Claude has succeeded in transferring to canvas. Ascending from the glen to the heights above, we watched the night gradually drawing its curtain over the distant and splendid headlands of Malin to the west, and the hills of Teelin and Fair Head to the east, and retired satiated with wonder and with beauty, and we hope not ungrateful for the dwelling-place in which we are called upon to live and to labour.

A glorious walk of eight miles, and a long railway ride, brought us again to the flourishing city of Belfast, where we had engaged to deliver an address in the beautiful and spacious Ulster Hall in connection with the anniversary of the Irish Temperance League, which being accomplished, and a hearty shake of the hand enjoyed from two ministers there who were formerly students in the Pastors' College, a rapid steam run by rail, boat, and rail, saw us again at Euston Square, and at the termination of a very pleasant and enjoyable week's holiday.

Talking with Jesus.

A GOOD minister of the gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there, that nobody seemed to know about. He went on climbing up till he found his way into that garret room. As he entered the room he looked round; there was the bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it; a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading. "Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked. "Na, na," was her reply. "What do you do here all these long winter nights?" "Oh," she said, "I just set here, wi' me light, and wi' me New Testament on me knees, talking wi' Jesus!"

"Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
That sure unerring word;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone, from day to day,
In converse with my Lord."

Opportunities for the Lord's Stewards.

AT the present moment there are peculiar calls upon the liberality of Baptists, and we trust they will be found faithful to the emergency. First of all, THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY is in debt, and not only needs immediate relief, but an increased income of £10,000 per annum. More missionaries have been sent out, and these have, of course, increased the annual expenditure. The churches have rejoiced in the going out of the new brethren; can they consent to their recall? It cannot be imagined. Instead of this there is an awful need for more labourers to be sent forth, and we shall be guilty before the Lord if they are not sent. It is evident that there must be the means found to pay the charges of the ambassadors of Christ; let it be done, and done at once. Mr. Tritton, the treasurer, has issued a most touching appeal, and the response to it ought to be immediate and liberal. Among our readers there must surely be some whose interest in missions will constrain them to dedicate of their substance unto the Lord.

A second and equally deserving object has been earnestly brought before us by the Baptist Union,—it is *The Pastors' Annuity Fund.* The object of this institution is to enable our ministers to secure for themselves a small income when old age compels them to retire, and also some small annuity for widows and orphans should the pastor be taken away. This is a most needful business. It is a shame for aged ministers to become mere paupers, and equally a pity that they should be tempted to hang on to their office after they have lost all power to fulfil it. To enable some worn out brethren to live without preaching would be a great deliverance for some of those churches who now endure them out of natural and deserved respect for what they once were. The scheme enables the minister to ensure a certain amount by his own payments, and then the wealthier members of the denomination are asked to contribute generously, so that the amount guaranteed may be largely increased. We want two hundred gentlemen to give £500 each, or £100 a year for five years. As this is not likely to be done, could not a thousand give £100 each? Failing this, could not each one give as the Lord has prospered him? Most earnestly do we make one pressing request of all the Baptist churches. *Have a collection, and make a contribution among all the friends, and pay up at once the amount necessary at once to put your pastor on the fund for life.* From the poorest church up to the richest this ought to be done; it will be a disgrace to any Baptist church which does not see to this at once. Ladies of the churches, please take this matter up, and it will be done. For particulars apply to Rev. Chas. Williams, Accrington, Lancashire.

Touching Bottom with the Pole.

A COUPLE of men, in a crazy craft, being caught in a squall, betook themselves, one to praying to the Virgin, and the other to poling toward the shore. Soon the latter touched bottom, and turning to his devout comrade, said: "What's the use of praying when you can touch the bottom with the pole?" So say multitudes by their conduct, who would not, for the world, say anything so ludicrous by word. The only difference is, that they are not half so truthful in expressing themselves as bold unbelievers are, but their piety is of no higher type. Such persons act towards the Divine Helper as they do towards their physician—turn to him when they can find no possibility of helping themselves. Many have no use for ministers—unless it may be to ridicule them and their work—until they are smitten with disease, and when their cases become too desperate for the skill of the doctor, they send post-haste for the minister, and without reference to either time or convenience, he must come. As they have never had any use for him before, so much the

more necessary that he should be at their call now, to pray them up on their feet again.

We had occasion to rebuke one of this kind, whose stock of wit consisted in low sneers at ministers and their work. Not long after he became very sick. The doctors said he would die. He sent for us ("because," he said, "we had been faithful in our rebuke,") to administer to his spiritual wants, which could be summed up in one sentence—he did not want to burn. He made great promises; one that he would give five hundred dollars to our church—though he did not say so, the inference was clear—if we either got him well or in heaven. Unaccountable to tell, he got well. Our prayers were not so refreshing with returning health. They were set aside with the physic bottles. Soon he avoided us. He never spoke of the five hundred dollars; he would neither pay nor pray, since he could "touch the bottom with the pole." At last we asked him for the money he had promised the church. He became angry, and compromised on one hundred dollars.

A father came to a Young Men's Christian Association in great distress, with a request prayer should be offered for his son, who was lying dangerously ill. It was a surprise to learn that the father did not profess to be a Christian, and great hopes were entertained that he would be. He came to church several evenings, and his son recovered. But he has never been heard of since. "What is the use of praying when you can touch the bottom with the pole?"

A rich man lived opposite to a new church in process of erection. The people were poor, and struggling. His property had been greatly increased in value by their struggles. The minister ventured to ask him for help. He drove him off, saying, "I have no use for churches; the world would be better off if we had fewer of both churches and ministers." The rich man came to grief. He went into a decline at last. Death got uncomfortably near. He sent for the preacher he had dismissed from his presence. His tune had changed. Preachers were not such a nuisance when death was eyeing his victim. He never considered time nor convenience. He often called the preacher from his bed, and the family acted as if it was their right to command, and would venture to rebuke if he did not come to time. Of course preachers belong to the public, and especially to the people who never do anything for the church. Many promises were made. One day, when they thought he was dying, they all promised to meet him in heaven. The man died, the rector attended the funeral, and the family all attended the church the second Sabbath after the burial. One of the daughters came the next Sabbath; but having showed their black, this was the last seen of them in the church. "What is the use of praying when you can touch the bottom with the pole?"

There are multitudes, like Jeroboam and his wife, who were not very fond of prophets, and thought Israel could get along better without them, especially while Jeroboam was making Israel to sin by his altars, and calves, and groves. But the child of Jeroboam, his darling son Abijah, fell sick. Matters changed in that royal household. Old Abijah had been a great bore to them, and had worried them mightily about their altar-service and their advanced ritualism. But the case was urgent. The king dared not go himself, but sent his wife to the prophet, under a disguise, to know what the future of the child would be. But even she was better than some of our moderns, who think ministers have no need to eat and drink like other people. She took in her hand a little present of cracknells, and honey, and bread, to make herself look like a poor, but worthy woman. She tried to get by hypocrisy what many now-a-days get by "cheek." She was detected. God revealed her to the prophet, who said, "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam." The whole is a dramatic representation of multitudes who are unwilling to serve God in health and prosperity, but expect to get by stratagem the blessings promised in their adversity to those who honour and serve the Lord, and who, as soon as they are relieved, go back to their old ways, practically saying, "What is the use of praying when you can touch the bottom with the pole?"—*American Paper.*

Notices of Books.

True Tales about India: its Native Princes and British Rulers. By S. J. Ballard. Religious Tract Society.

Though written for the young, this well-illustrated work is sure to hold beneath its spell any person who begins to peruse it. We confess that the stories are new to us, and that this pleasant way of taking doses of history in sugared pills called "Tales," is very much to our taste. Most of us are familiar with the annals of Greece and Rome; we trust the day will come when it will be as common a thing to meet with persons instructed in the history of India. Whatever attention the nations of the past may deserve, there must certainly be something more practical connected with the study of living races. We recommend father to buy the book for Arthur, and read it himself before he hands it over to his young hopeful. The price is three shillings.

The Judgment of Jerusalem, Predicted in Scripture, Fulfilled in History. By the Rev. Dr. Patton, of New York. Religious Tract Society.

A collection of interesting facts in connection with the siege of Jerusalem, which should be read by all our young people. Of course Josephus is the great authority for the facts, and Newton and Keith have been largely consulted, so that our more learned brethren will not need the present narrative; but for those with little time and few books this half-crown's worth will be an excellent purchase. The moral and spiritual lessons are well brought out, perhaps at a little too much length, but still not at all wearyingly. The fact as to the escape of the Christians from the besieged city, is very remarkable. "Their Lord told them not to be terrified or troubled by all the strange and desolating events which should awaken alarm, and which threatened the certain destruction of the city. They must possess their souls in patience, and not prematurely attempt to escape the terrors of that day; no, not when they saw the Roman armies encamped around the city; no, not when the work of desolation had begun, and they saw the new city a heap of ruins, because he would keep them, and at the proper time make the way plain and safe for their escape. Such was the confidence which the Christians reposed in this word of their Lord that they strictly obeyed his directions. We have seen how Cestius Gallus besieged the city, and had it in his power; but that, at an unexpected moment, and without any assignable reason, he raised the siege, and precipitately fled. Then the Jews threw open the gates and rushed out, and for three days victoriously pursued. It was at this critical, this wholly unexpected opportunity of only three days, that the Christians fled without danger either from the Romans or the Jews. Immediately on the return of the Jews the gates were closed. The sentinel was there at every gate holding his ceaseless, jealous vigils. Thus a way of escape was made for the Christians."

David Saunders, the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and other True Stories of Cottage Piety. Religious Tract Society.

This Christian classic has long passed beyond the range of criticism. This is an edition in large type for aged people. A better present for an aged cottager we should find it hard to mention. Price 1s. 4d.

Christy's Inheritance: a London Story. By Florence Whitaker. Henry S. King and Co.

A story very likely to get into our families and do mischief. It not only teaches infant baptism, but makes out every besprinkled babe to be in very deed "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." We are told that "every little infant that is baptised is a royal child," and the theory of baptismal grace is taught as plainly as if it were not the most heathenish superstition in existence. Sunday-school librarians, please take note, and beware!

Crime in England and Wales in the Nineteenth Century. An Historical and Critical Retrospect. By WILLIAM HOYLE. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A HALF-CROWN'S worth of sad facts and figures. Mr. Hoyle is a manufacturer, a Methodist, a total abstainer, and a lesser Cobden, doing much good both politically and religiously. He thinks there is more crime in England than ever there was, and believes that the appearances to the contrary arise from the alteration of the statutes, and a change in the mode of dealing with certain offences; so that there are fewer indictments but really more crimes. We do not know. We have seen statistics manipulated so dexterously, and made to prove such different things, that we never now dispute with a man of figures, but at once cry, "*we give it up.*" We are at home with reasons, facts, deductions, inferences, conclusions, and so on; but figures, and especially teetotal figures, we never think of questioning. We believe Mr. Hoyle may be right as to some districts; but to require us to believe that there is not a great improvement in the general morals of our countrymen during the last fifty years is a demand upon our faith which exceeds our capacity. Our own impression is that hosts of crimes were unreported by the old constables, and that an efficient police force tends to increase the number of indictments and to decrease the actual crime. We are bad enough in all conscience, but that the whole tone of morals has been raised since the days of George IV. is so clear that all the tables and statistics in the world cannot convince us to the contrary.

The First Three Kings of Israel: an Introduction to the Study of the Reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon. With Notes, Critical, and Illustrative. Part I. By ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Sunday School Union.

LIKELY to be useful. It is a condensation of many works not within the range of ordinary Sabbath-school teachers. Now that the government teaches the mechanical part of reading, we hope that Sunday-school teaching will be wholly devoted to the Word of God and spiritual instruction. What a race of Bible-lovers would be produced, through Divine grace, if all teachers were themselves well instructed in the faith.

The Kingdom of Christ on Earth. By SAMUEL HARRIS. Dickinson and Higham, Farringdon Street, E.C.

TWELVE Lectures delivered to the Students of the College in Andover, U.S. We have read them with no little interest and some anxiety. The scholarship is high, and the thought clear and forcible. The author draws his illustrations from a wide field of observation, and states his views with cogency and power. We hope, however, that the students will not preach in this style, or the people will wonder and stare. The manner may be excellent for the class-room, but it would be fatal in the pulpit.

The Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated by nearly Three Hundred Engravings. Elliot Stock.

A CHEAP edition, adapted for children. The three hundred engravings are the queerest little concerns we have seen for a long time, and we should not deeply grieve if we never saw any more of the sort. They might, however, have been worse, and the quantity is perfectly wonderful.

The Devil's Chain. By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., author of "Ginx's Baby." Strahan and Co.

WE remember paying the sixpence extra to enter the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, and we remember also that we were far less horrified than we thought we had a right to expect after such a lavish expenditure. Now, no such disappointment will be felt by any one who enters Mr. Jenkins' exhibition, for he piles on the agony, and gives a tragedy of some sort or other in every chapter. He is humourously grim, and grimly humourous; we hardly know which is nearest the mark as a description. Unhappily, his subject will bear any amount of the sensational and not be overstated. Drunkenness involves horrors which cannot be exaggerated, and these are not rarities but are the regular and plentiful fruit of that

deadly tree; it is well, therefore, that graphic pens should make known what is daily going on in society, if haply a remedy may be devised. Mr. Jenkins will influence a class who love strong sensationalism; there are others who need another mode of appeal, and will only revolt at this tale of crimes and cruelties. In either case the writer has done his best, as we hope many other influential writers will also do, to set forth England's bane and plague, her crime and curse.

The Best Song, and other Addresses, Delivered at St. James's Hall, Bath. By Henry Dening. Book Society.

These addresses are not only soundly evangelical and arousing, but they manifest remarkable ability. We should think they could hardly have been quite so polished when first delivered extemporaneously; we doubt not they were all the more forcible because they were not so; but in their present state they are really very masterly discourses, and we urge the study of them upon those who would speak popularly and to the purpose. Sunday-school teachers and ministers would find many suggestions in them. Our friend sustained a heavy loss in the death of his wife, whose name will be fragrant in Bath for many a year to come; but it is apparent to those who know him that the sorrow is strengthening and sanctifying him for some great work which it may be has not yet opened up before him. Our prayer is that this collection of addresses may be very useful. It deserves to be widely known. Some of the facts mentioned in connection with Ritualism are very startling: here is one paragraph to the point. "It is, I think, bad enough for the Papists to teach that the religion of Mary is of greater importance than the religion of the Lord Jesus, as their written works and oral teaching testify; but when *Protestants, so-called*, members of the Church of England, go hand-in-hand with them, the traitor in the camp is ten times worse than the open enemy. On a card recently circulated by the Ritualists at Norwich, scented with the *a-roma* of the Vatican, it says: "Note—Devout acts to be observed in honour of our Lady Blessed Mary.' Then follow 'prayers,' and the 'Ave Maria' hymn, succeeded by the following:—'Aspiration: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of death.' In your houses should be an image or picture of the Blessed Virgin, before a lamp or taper, to be lighted on the anniversary of her feasts. This is to be continued until an altar dedicated to her honour be restored in our churches."

Well may Archbishop (now Cardinal) Manning say: "The clergy of the Established Church have taken out of the hands of the Catholic clergy the labour of contending for the doctrines of transubstantiation and the invocation of saints. The Catholics have been left the much more happy and peaceful task of reaping the field, and I confess I would rather be a humble reaper or a simple gleaner than be armed with the weapons of controversy."

The Five Senses of the Body. By the Rev. Richmond Leigh Roosn. Llanelly: D. Williams and Son.

Why publish in Llanelly? How is the word pronounced? The folks down there appear to have had the third of a foot allotted to them, and so they took four ells. The lecture here presented to the public must have won attentive listeners when delivered *viva voce*, for even in the duller form of letterpress it is far from heavy. Not as a thorough and standard essay, but as a popular rendering of important scientific facts, we recommend this sixpennyworth of philosophy.

Our Children's Visit to Canterbury Cathedral. By E. S. Canterbury: A. Ginder. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A first rate sixpenny-worth. If there were only a few woodcuts we should call it a complete guide to the cathedral; as it is, it is almost so. Written for children, it is chatty, cheerful, instructive, and decked here and there with a little fun. We suppose we must not mention the author's name, but we will venture to say that there is nothing *stiff* in his style, but much that is clever and entertaining. This is good about Becket—"His cup, his penknife, his boots, his girdle, old rags of his clothes,

drops of his blood, and small portions of his brains, were shown to admiring worshippers in the more important churches throughout England; indeed, if all the relics exhibited were genuine, he must have had considerably more brains than usually fall to the lot of an archbishop."

Memoir of Madame Feller. Compiled by J. M. Cramp, D.D. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

This volume contains a history of the origin and progress of the Grande Ligne Mission, and will be read with interest by all who labour for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom. Madame Feller was one of those noble women who find their mission in life, and who give themselves wholly to its fulfilment. She appears to have been greatly honoured in her work.

Bishop Asbury: a Biographical Study for Christian Workers. By Rev. F. W. Briggs. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

Bishop Asbury was one of the earliest missionary preachers sent to America by John Wesley, and of whom Dr. Dixon says—"I reckon him the second man in Methodist history, and in the extent of his labours and the variety of incidents connected with them, he is not the second but the first man in our community." He was eminently qualified for the work he undertook, and ably sustained the cause of Wesleyanism in America by his sanctified genius, his remarkable tact, and heroic deeds. The story of his life and labours is well told, and is eminently adapted to inspire Christian young men with an enthusiastic missionary spirit.

The Sayings of Little Children. James Clarke and Co.

There are a few sayings printed here which might almost claim a place in *Fun* or *Judy*, or some other comic paper, and perhaps one or two others which might deserve to be recorded in sober earnest; but the bulk of the nonsense is unworthy of the press, and we wonder that a literary man could be found to arrange such utter rubbish. A collection of children's sayings might be made which would be of great value, but nothing can excuse the printing of expressions which make the reverent heart shudder, nor the publication of downright inanities which indicate water on the brain, or idiotcy, incipient in the child and fully developed in the parent, who otherwise would never have so dishonoured his foolish offspring as to report the evidence of its mental imbecility. We are sorry such a book ever saw the light.

Notes.

Throughout the months of April and May sickness has kept us to our chamber, but in great goodness the Lord has now permitted us to preach on the Lord's-day. For some months to come this, with our pressing home duties, is all that we can attempt. All engagements to preach abroad must stand postponed or cancelled, and no new work of any sort can be undertaken. Necessity has no law. If the great Master would give more physical and mental strength, we should be delighted to use it for him and for his church, but if he denies it, we must submit.

The colporteurs have usually come up to the Tabernacle each year, after the College Conference, and we believe the custom has been very beneficial, breaking the monotony of the year, keeping the men together, and helping to warm their hearts. This year, the president being ill, only a few were brought up, and these held meetings and were addressed by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon and some of those indefatigable brethren who manage the Colportage Association. We believe they were all the better for assembling, and they showed their affection to the President by sending him a letter of tender sympathy. Our workers are all a loving clan, and so are our people and adherents. May they receive rich blessings in return for their kindness to us. The report of the Colportage is very encouraging, for God is blessing the work very greatly: the only thing which troubles us is the private information that *funds are just now at a very low ebb.* There are forty-seven men at work, good books to the value of £4,415 were sold last year, and the work

is growing, but God's people do not think enough of this means of usefulness to support it adequately. We do not intend to let this difficulty trouble us, for we have no strength to waste on care, but we should be all the happier if this good work commended itself to more Christian men, who would be both able and willing to help. A report will be sent to any one who applies for it, enclosing a stamp. Direct, Secretary of Colportage, Pastors' College, Newington Butts, London. Shall the priest-ridden villages of England be evangelised by this efficient agency or not? The answer must depend upon the means with which the society is supplied. We shall give a condensation of the report next month. One friend who read of the colportage work in our "History of the Tabernacle," has just sent on £10 to start a fresh colporteur. Here is good cheer.

Mrs. Spurgeon desires gratefully to record the signal success and blessing which attends her "Book Fund." Contributions come steadily in, books are constantly going out, and our beloved one has the happiness of seeing the work of the Lord prospering in her hands. There are many very interesting facts and details connected with this little "labour of love" which we shall hope to give our readers on some future occasion. Meanwhile Mrs. Spurgeon charges us with two messages:—the first of *thanks* to those kind friends whose liberal gifts enable her to continue and extend the benefits of the fund; and the second—of *invitation* to those pastors whose means and libraries are limited, to apply to her for a grant of books. Both of these will be sure to meet with a hearty response. We are personally full of adoring gratitude to God for enabling our beloved sufferer to commence and carry on a work of such magnitude, so full of blessing to pastors and people. "*Lectures to My Students*" have, by the generosity of a friend, been offered to all the Calvinistic Methodist preachers in North Wales, and now the same thing is being done for South Wales. It is no small work for an invalid, and a daily sufferer, to send out many hundreds of these, besides parcels of books to applicants.

From the number of students in the College we have to report one as gone home to glory. Our brother Lawrence was an earnest, promising preacher of the word, but he is called by his Lord to sing instead of preach. May all of us who survive be stirred up to use this life while we have it. Will our brethren pray for an increased blessing on the College.

Recognition services have just been held in connection with the promising settlement of our brethren, Mr. H. O. Mackey (at Southampton), and Mr. W. Baster (at Surbiton).

Mr. Charles Wright has accepted the co-pastorate of the church at Horncastle, Lincolnshire, and Mr. Bailey is going to the pastorate of the church at Smethwick, near Birmingham.

Mr. F. Page is about leaving England for Adelaide, South Australia, to labour in connection with the Baptist Association there.

In reference to the Orphanage, all goes well. The annual meeting is to be held on Tuesday, June 20. On that day there will be a *fete*, public meeting, and sale of goods. If friends will forward bazaar goods as soon as they conveniently can we shall be much encouraged. The boys will be glad of interesting books for their library, and we commend the orphans' request to all booksellers and publishers in particular and good people in general. The annual meeting on June 20 will celebrate the Pastor's forty-second birthday.

We heartily congratulate the Baptist denomination upon the calling of Dr. Landels to the Presidential chair for this year. His inaugural address was the utterance of a Greatheart. It has, of course, brought upon him the wrath of certain Independents and others, but that will be a small matter to him. Truth is at home in the midst of storms, and a strong nature like that of Dr. Landels takes delight in battling for a good and great cause. The Baptists have had enough of being patronised as a small sect, whose peculiarities were not offensively intruded; we have no wish to be indulged and tolerated by the more respectable branch of the Congregational body, for such kindness is tinctured with contempt. We have a deposit of sacred truth to defend, and we shall not hesitate to battle for it. It is well to be put by our leaders into this position. Our best thanks are due to the bold man who is more eager to bear the responsibility of his office than to wear its honours.

In the matter of the Burials' Bill, Dr. Landels also spoke out right honestly. We were amused to find him quoted in the House of Lords, as though singular in his assertions, for to a man the Baptists are all of one mind; we can never rest till Episcopacy is disestablished and perfect religious equality is found everywhere. Leave to bury our dead in the graveyards which belong to every Englishman will be a liberty for

which we shall not even say "thank you," for it is no more than our right. As for the idea that this is the end of our demands, it is preposterous. There must be no patronage or oppression of any faith by the State, and all men must stand equal before the law whatever their creed may be; and until this is the case our demands will not cease. Dr. Landels did not go an inch beyond his brief; he only stated energetically the common claims of all Nonconformists. There may be a few odd and cranky Dissenters of another mind, but we never come across them; those among whom we move from day to day have long ago made up their minds that the patronage of a sect is a violation of the natural rights of men, an insult to the consciences of many, and the root of innumerable evils. The cause of disestablishment is no mere piece of politics, but a sacred inheritance for which we contend with our whole hearts.

The Editor and the Vestry of Shoreditch.

The article in our last number, entitled "*A Picture of Shoreditch*," has brought us into hot water. The authorities of Shoreditch were naturally very indignant at finding their district so described, and demanded a retractation. We expressed our readiness to withdraw any statements which could be proved to be untrue, and meanwhile we also set to work to put the details of the article to the test. We found at once that the sum and substance of the error lay in the title. Mr. Pike, the writer of our article, described the district near Mr. Cuff's chapel, and called it Shoreditch: but his remarks almost entirely relate to streets which are not within the boundaries of that parish. As a little paper, entitled *The Ventilator*, remarks—"The district whose unodorous perfume is made to stink in the nostrils of the people is not Shoreditch." We are glad to find that the vestrymen are jealous of the honour of their parish, and ready to resent any implied charges of neglect of sanitary laws; and we are glad to be able at once to acknowledge the mistake made, and to express our regret that any offence has been given them. At the same time they should look leniently on the blunder, for it is a very natural one, and we feel sure we should ourselves have fallen into it, had we written the article. Very few persons are so learned in parochial geography as to know at once that a district verging close upon Shoreditch High Street, and lying hard at the back of Shoreditch church, is not in Shoreditch, but in quite another region. *The Sunday Magazine*, edited by Dr. Guthrie, for the month of April, 1869, contains an article entitled "A Sunday in Shoreditch," but the spots of which it speaks are in Bethnal Green. Where one writer has blundered another may be excused.

Mr. Pike's article contains within itself a rectification of the misnomer of the title, for it mentions particular streets and rows, and also speaks of that "awful region at the back of Shoreditch Church," which the vestrymen themselves know is not under their jurisdiction. Still, a mistake has been made, and we are sorry for it, and in the frankest manner tender our apologies to the gentlemen aggrieved. Changing the title of the article, and leaving Shoreditch parish out of consideration, is the article true? It is. We believed it to be so all along; for Mr. Pike has been known to us for many years, and we have the utmost confidence in him: still, we made enquiry as best we could, considering our severe illness. Mr. Pike informed us at once that his materials came mostly from "The City Mission Magazine," and that he had nothing to withdraw or alter except the title. So far, so good. We then sent an impartial gentleman to make diligent search, and the result was fully confirmatory. We do not think it our duty to go into sanitary matters in this magazine; but what our commissioner saw and smelt with his own eyes and nose would be rather more startling than our constituents would care to read about. We have before us a list of courts, places, and streets, with an estimate of the number of families in each house, and the state of sanitary matters; and we are surprised that a pestilence is not created in such places. Our commissioner's summary concludes with the words, "*The report in the Sword and Trowel is substantially correct.*" Of this investigation Mr. Pike knew nothing, or he might, perhaps, have indicated places where every detail could be verified. As it is, we think that quite as much has been made of the erroneous title as need to have been, for no one intended to blame the authorities of Shoreditch or any other parish, and persons on the spot must have seen with half an eye where the mistake lay.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th, to May 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	1	10	0
Mr. J. Lewis...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivright	0	9	11
Mrs. Lymago	0	2	6
Mr. J. Turner	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. Freeman	0	10	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Huntley	21	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	10	0
Mr. W. Rickett	10	0	0
Mr. Fisher	3	3	0
Miss Rodwell	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Powney	0	5	0
Mr. J. German	5	0	0
Mr. C. Ashby	0	5	0
Wilts £3500	100	0	0
Mr. Dunsmore	1	0	0
The late Mrs. Watson, per J. E. W. ...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dodson	25	0	0
Mr. W. Bamford	0	15	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
R. J. F.	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Taylor	5	0	0
Miss Splicdt...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
Mrs. Priestman	0	10	0
Mr. H. Amos	1	13	10
Mr. W. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. J. Benham	10	10	0
Mr. F. Benham	10	10	0
Mr. John Benham	5	0	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Miss B.	10	0	0
Mr. R. J. May	5	0	0
Rev. A. G. Brown	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cross	15	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. B. Venables	1	1	0
Mr. R. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Per Rev. G. D. Cox :—			
Sacramental Offering ... 1 1 3			
A Widow's Mite 0 0 10			
Mr. Lea 0 1 0			
Mrs. Robinson 0 2 0			
Mrs. Bigge 0 1 0			
	1	6	1
Per Rev. H. Winsor :—			
Proceeds of Lecture at Milton 1 6 0			
A Friend 1 0 0			
	2	6	0
Collection at Northampton, per Rev. J. Spanswick...	4	8	0
Collection at Aberdeen, per Rev. C. Chambers	3	10	0
Collection at James Grove, Peckham, per Rev. A. Clarke	4	11	3
Mr. J. Bromley	2	2	0
Messrs. Alabaster and Passmore ...	20	0	0
Mr. J. E. Passmore	1	1	0
Miss E. Passmore	2	0	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	10	0	0
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	2	0	0
A Young Farmer and his wife	1	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Mrs. Whitaker	0	2	6
Balham Grove	2	0	0
A Presbyterian Lady	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. J. A. Hart	0	10	6
Mr. J. McEllimery...	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	4	0	0
Per Mr. R. Gibson	50	0	0
Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	10	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., April 23	20	11	1
" " " " 30	30	2	9
" " " May 7	29	5	5
" " " " 14	34	19	0
	£597	13	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th, 1876, to May 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs E. Palmer	5	0	0
Odd Farthings and Half-pence taken at Metropolitan Store	2	7	3
Mr. J. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	0	9	11
Mr. W. Leatherdale	0	1	0
Mr. Freeman	0	10	0
The Misses Johnson	2	0	0
Mr. Wadland	0	5	0
Mrs. Cameron	0	5	0
Miss Rodwell	0	2	6
Service of Song, per Rev. D. Asquith ...	4	0	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, per Rev. D. Asquith	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Powney	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael...	2	0	0
Per Mr. Dunsmore	0	5	0
Mr. C. Clark	0	10	0
Friends, per Mr. Verry	5	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dodson	25	0	0
Kelso, per Rev. F. H. White	1	0	6
Mrs. Spreckley	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Williams	9	8	6
Mr. W. Winsford	5	0	0
Mrs. Stewart	2	17	3
Mrs. S. Taylor	5	0	0
Mrs. Waller	0	10	0
Mr. T. Ledsham	0	2	6
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Cubey	1	15	0
Mr. G. Fryer	0	10	0
Mr. S. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mrs. James Keillor	0	10	0
Mr. G. Watts	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Stockall	1	1	0
Mrs. Priestman	0	10	0
Mr. R. Miller	5	0	0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	1	0
H. H.	2	0	0
A Thankoffering, Finsbury	6	0	0
Mr. H. Amos	2	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Juvenile Service of Song, per S. J. Goldston	1	11	10
R. P.	10	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	13	8
A Presbyterian Lady	0	5	0
Rev. H. Smytho	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Hart	0	10	6
Mr. W. Christman...	0	2	6
Miss M. J. Taylor	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	4	0	0
Mr. J. T. Hamblett	0	10	0
Mr. R. Law	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. Pocock	2	2	0
Mrs. Mortlock	1	1	0
Mr. J. Temple	1	1	0
Mr. R. J. Haward	2	2	0
Mr. Watts	1	1	0
	£131	15	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS, &c.:—3 cwt. Fruit Preserve, S. Chivers and Sons; 1 sack Flour, Mr. Dowe, Reading; 2 sacks Potatoes, from Mr. Dunn's Bazaar; 225 Apples, and some Water Cress, the Girls of the Senior Division, Practising Schools, Stockwell, per Miss Potter; Sack Flour, Mr. Russell; 28lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; some Rhubarb, Mr. Murrell; 2 railway trucks of Coals, "Two Brothers."

CLOTHING.—50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 12 ditto, the Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Chapel, per Miss Pearce; 3 remnants of Cloth, and 11 pairs Boys' Socks, L. Case; 14 pairs Socks, Anon; 3 pairs Boots, Anon.

SALE ROOM.—14 Articles, Mr. J. M. Phillips.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Collection after Sermons at Willingham, by Mr. Charlesworth, £7 11s. 6d.; Collected by T. Foster, £1 11s.; Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates, 8s. 6d.; Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, 14s. 6d.; Collected by Ditto, £1 3s. 6d.—Total, £11 11s.

Boys' Collecting Cards.—Abbey, 10s; Andrews, 8s; Adkins, 2s; Bligh, 9s; Brown, A., 4s; Blakelock, 6d; Baker, 10s; Barrat, 4s 6d; Bluntach, 5s; Buttfield, 6s; Bignell, 3s; Cockerton, T. W., 2s 8d; Coleman, 18s; Conquest, W., 5s; Cockerton, A. W., 2s 2d; Crisp, 4s; Crathern, 5s; Clark, M., 3s; Digby, 5s; Davis, C. H. S., 10s; Deane, G. E., 2s; Dangerfield, 9s; Ellis, H. C., 10s 10d; Ehlers, 2s 6d; Emmett, 2s 7d; Evans, T., 2s; Eves, 5s; Ellis, 5s 6d; Evans, W. J., 17s 1d; Fourness, 7s; Fleming, 5s; Fairchild, 5s; French, 5s; Fulton, 2s; Goodman, W., 5s 4d; Gubbins, 5s; Glasier, 5s; Gardner, 6s; Hockheimer, 10s; Hart, 2s 6d; Hinckley, 10s 6d; Hards, 6s 8d; Hollands, 12s; Hearle, 1s; Johnson, 5s; Jones, A., 5s; Kitchen, £1 1s; Laker, A. W., 3s 4d; Ladds, W., 5s; Lake, 5s 9d; Larkin, 16s 4d; Legge, 8s; Lennon, 10s; Marsh, 3s; Morley, 3s 7d; McKenzie, 7s; Machin, 5s 6d; Mumford, 3s 9d; Mitchell, 9s; Marley, 5s 6d; Morgan, J. C., 3s; Osman, 5s 9d; Perry, £1 1s; Paver, 2s 9d; Pierce £1; Parker, F. T., 17s 6d; Rogers, W. E., 2s; Richards, G., 5s; Reid, F. W., 2s 6d; Reddall, 2s; Saunders, D. W., 5s; Semark, C. A., £1 16s; Smith, H. W., 2s 9d; Simms, B., 13s 8d; Shilling, J., £1; Smith, G. C., 3s 8d; Scott, 10s; Salter, 4s 6d; Snell, 8s; Simmonds, F., 10s 11d; Smith, A. J., 7s 6d; Thornton, H. C., £1 2s; Terry, 11s 1d; Thornewell, 10s; Taylor, 1s 7d; Trotman, 19s 3d; Thompson, E. J., 10s; Valler, 10s; White, A. W., 5s; Wallbank, 5s; Wrout, 4s 4d; Walters, 3s 6d; Witherdon, 11s; Webster, 2s 3d; White, W., 5s 6d.—Total, £35 5s 1d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
T. S. B.	0	5	0
Wrexham and Brymbo District... ...	10	0	0
Per Mr. F. A. Jones, for Travelling Agent	20	0	0
S. Maudor, Esq., for Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup ...	10	0	0
Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Mr. Walmsley	1	1	0
Mr. A. L. Brander...	0	10	0
Mrs. Allen	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. A. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. W. Underwood, for Upper Broughton	5	0	0
Mr. Fripp	2	0	0
Mr. Cockerell	1	1	0
Mr. Pope	0	5	0
Mr. Quinn	0	5	0
Mr. R.	0	5	0
Mr. Chilvers...	0	10	0
Mr. Pagett	1	0	0
Miss Keys	0	5	0
Sale of Reports	1	6	1
Mrs. F. Jones	2	3	0
Miss Ellis	1	0	0
Mr. B. Vickery	4	11	9
Mr. E. J. Page	0	5	0
Ironbridge District, per D. White, Esq.	10	0	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	22	3	1
Mr. W. H. Ledeole	0	5	0
Mr. S. Powney	0	2	6
Per Mr. Dunsmore	0	5	0
Mr. W. Bamford	0	15	0
Mr. J. G. Priestly	2	0	0
Lads at Stockwell Orphanage	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton...	0	5	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
Mr. J. Swayne	0	5	0
Mr. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
	£139	7	5

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, 1876.

The Adaptation of the Atonement to the Human Heart.*

A PAPER READ AT THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, APRIL 5TH, 1876, BY PASTOR W. ANDERSON, READING.

WE value all clear arguments by which the fact of an atonement has been established. We receive gratefully thoughtful and devout helps to a true philosophy and theory of it. Yet, I am sure, we all share the deepening conviction that we need, for ourselves and for others, some practical and universal test of the truth of the atonement. The saving truth, if embraced at all, must often be received despite much mental and physical weakness. If it were necessary to master a philosophy, adopt a theory, and grasp a set of arguments, how then could the heathen be brought to the feet of Jesus? how then could the diseased and dying find mercy? or the majority of our congregations be saved? In a measure these things ought to and will certainly follow the reception of the saving plan; but I wish to see raised into prominence the simple, practical, universal test of the atonement—*its wondrous adaptation to the human heart.* Youth and age, the learned and the rude, alike delight to confess that "the decease accomplished at Jerusalem" has brought to them "life, and life more abundantly." The believing child of five or six summers feels its little heart swell with gratitude and love to the Lamb of God, who has taken away its sins. The sire who has grown grey in sin, finds that the eleventh hour is not without its gracious call, and is led to look on him whom the sins of a long life

* Our Reading friends will have seen this in a separate form, but it is too good to be confined to any one region.—C. H. S.

have pierced, and receive pardon through the shed blood. The heathen, arrested and charmed by the story of dying love, wonders to feel the hardness of his heart depart, and bursts into a sacred song, which the cultured Christians of the north and west have been pleased to use as the channel of praise:—

"O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But O, my soul, forget him not."

The late Prince Consort, who, with a felicity rarely shown in the bestowment of titles, has been so worthily termed "Albert the Good," though possessed of marked abilities, and lifted to almost the highest position in the realm, could yet in his closing days delight in that stricken Saviour, of whom Toplady sung—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Among all classes, in all climes, and in all centuries, there have been a great multitude, which no man can number, whose joyful experience has verified the suitability of the atonement for the human heart. We need not—I hope we do not—falter or fear; but in a world of scepticism, and much more of indifference, in a world weary and woe-stricken, let us muse on our Lord's words until our hearts burn: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Ourselves having tasted and handled the good Word of Life, we may take from the hand relaxed in death of the martyred Paul the banner on which is blazoned, "I determined to know nothing among men save Christ, and him crucified."

The first great need of the human heart is

A CONSCIOUSNESS OF SIN.

The absence of this is the real root of all indifference to religion, and its superficial presence the prolific source of false theologies and hurtful heresies. If I am scarcely conscious of the presence of sin in my nature, or at most think it a blunder rather than a crime, and have persuaded myself into the belief that evil is good only in a state of immaturity, you will not be surprised if I should then think the incarnation incredible, substitution a legal fiction, and eternal punishment a savage remnant of a bygone belief. But if the inconceivable dishonour done to the law of God by sin is apprehended, and the unutterable loathsomeness of it is known and felt, then not only do the incarnation and substitution of Christ become credible, but in order to salvation absolutely necessary, and the rejection of such mercy is clearly seen to bring upon itself "the fearful looking for of fiery indignation." Conspicuous in the writings of the divines of the seventeenth century is their own understanding of sin, and their earnest desire to impress their hearers and readers with a full conception of its moral deformity. They were sometimes perhaps too rigid in defining the degree of conscious sinfulness necessary to salvation, and now and again perhaps turned the eye of the penitent too exclusively upon himself; yet I cannot help feeling

that in this knowledge and sense of sin lay one of the chief elements of their great spiritual strength. They gained in steadfastness what appears lost in speed, and found in depth what they are sometimes thought to have lacked in comfort. "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls." If we exhort our congregations, as doubtless we do, to find and follow the footsteps of the flock, should we not ourselves form part of that band, belonging to all time, of true, tender, brave, patient shepherds, who follow the Chief Shepherd whithersoever he leads.

To lead men experimentally to know "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," is the initial difficulty of the preacher and the first work of the gracious Spirit. Let us trace the way by which instrumentally this is accomplished, and try to show that it is principally by the death—the atonement of Jesus. A christianised public opinion gives a faint rushlight by which the most glaring of sins are detected and known. A quickened conscience—the inward judge—speaks condemnation in tones of thunder. The perfect moral law takes up a dealing of terror with the soul. All these are used by the Spirit of God in the conviction of sin. They, however, manifest more the consequences and punishment of sin than its evil and innate heinousness. Combined, they are like the inexorable pedagogue of Roman days, bringing us unto Christ, not with the first lesson of repentance learnt, but in unknown depth to learn it at the foot of the cross. Impelled by the Holy Spirit to Calvary we gaze with new-born wonder in our hearts upon the crucified Jesus. Involuntarily our lips open, and we say, "I have heard of sin with the hearing of the ear; I have felt a little of its punishment by outward smitings of law and inward bruisings of conscience; *but now mine eye seeth its suffering victim, wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes.*" Again we look and wonder. Why this mighty stoop? The ever blessed God become the man of sorrows! the eternal Logos, in whom was life, submitting to the death of the cross! the First-begotten, concerning whom the Father said, "Let all the angels worship him," become the centre of hate and scorn. Is not the depth of his humiliation the measure of our sinfulness? Is not the omnipotence of the Deliverer an indication of the strength of the chains which held us fast? We must have been lost—helplessly, hopelessly lost—else he had not thus come to seek and save. We must have been in a state of ruin and death, blank and utter, else for our rescue he had not thus bowed his head and died.

On the extent and intensity of his sacrificial sufferings, let our minds muse awhile. They are without any human parallel, and we lack a plumb-line by which to fathom their unknown depths. We have sometimes stood upon the cliffs, straining our eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of the bemisted sea, but the dense fog all around has closed in the vision; yet we knew that a liquid world rolled at our feet, and we could hear the rush and moan of the breaking surf. So standing before the cross, surrounded by the midday midnight, we are conscious that a mighty tide of grief is breaking over the soul of Jesus, and the sound of the surges comes to our ears in cries like these, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Did our sins necessitate

sufferings like these? We hear in reply the words of Scripture: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." If sin had been some trifle, surely the love which impelled to the cross would have found expression in a painless forgiveness. It is here, low before the cross, that "sin doth like itself appear." At early morning I have sometimes seen mountain masses which appeared like a continent of cloud; when the wind touched them the clouds have swayed to and fro, and with many an eddy have lifted their fleecy folds and passed away, allowing the bare and rugged rock to come into view, the awful chasm and yawning ravine, reminding one of upheavals and convulsions in the ages of the past. Before the cross the concealing clouds of profession are withdrawn, and the heart, in all its natural deformity, stands out under its own gaze; traces of passion here, and marring marks of sin are there, faults are vividly remembered, and conscious sin distends like Satan touched by Ithuriel's spear until it fills the soul. In self-loathing the penitent sinks deeper and deeper, until he might use the words of Jonah, "The waters compassed me about; the depth closed me round about; the weeds were wrapped about my head—I went down to the bottom of the mountains: the earth with her bars was about me for ever." Heralds of the cross! Our mission is not simply that of the natural theologian or lecturer on morality, to arraign the sinner before his own conscience; nor is it that of a Hebrew prophet or priest, to lead to the mountain which burned with fire; but it is supremely to guide souls into the presence of the crucified Jesus—and we scarcely know how; but so it is, that the presence of the supply creates the demand, and a sight of the suffering Saviour makes the sinner mourn as for an only son.

The second great need of the human heart is

THE REALIZATION OF A JUST AND LOVING PARDON.

This need refuses to be met and satisfied with the assurance that the universal Father will freely forgive in answer to prayer. The earnest seeker at once asks with anxiety, What is the foundation of this forgiveness? Is he a just God as well as a Saviour? How can mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other? How can he be faithful and just in forgiving us our sins? I know not what answer can be given to these questions by one who discards the atonement. Its belief and reception, however, make all plain, and enable us to sing of mercy and of judgment.

It would be difficult to tell which is the more prominent in the redeeming work—justice or love. An unjust pardon would be a delusion, a loveless pardon would be shorn of its chief glory. To accept a pardon which ignores justice would be to undeify deity; to receive pardon without love would be to take a stone for bread. If I might be allowed to personify these two attributes, without the shadow of a jar in the harmonious nature of God, then I can imagine love musing upon the condition of fallen man—"I was permitted to visit him before his heart and home were darkened by sin—he called me then Goodness. 'Twas I that woke up the light of every dawning day. 'Twas I that sent the crystal streams murmuring through his garden. 'Twas I that loaded the trees with luscious fruit, and sent the soft wind to fan his

face ; but now that sin has entered, a great gulf has opened and yawned between man and me : over him and for his restoration I yearn. How can the barriers be broken down ? How can I scale and cross the mountains of Bether ?" Justice, Love's sister and indissoluble companion, says, "I thought to keep the new made earth unsullied as the plains of heaven, and its dwellers sinless as those above, but see thorns and thistles grow upon it already, and man's heart has become a ruined temple, yea, and our king has sent me with flaming sword to guard the eastern gate. Oh ! that I knew how to smite the sin and spare the sinner." Suddenly the sisters hear the council call of the Great Supreme, and announcement is made that in the fulness of time the Only Begotten Son will die for the ungodly. Justice, with amazement and gratitude mingling in her look, bows at his feet. Love—her eyes ineffably bright—feels eternities of praise throbbing up in her bosom. Centuries have circled, bringing the "last days." Invisible, but near to the middle cross, Love and Justice stand, and, like the holy women who are visibly there, they fix their tender, tearful gaze on the suffering Jesus. "He has trodden the wine press alone," and soon the last sigh shall be heaved. He is finishing the work his Father gave him to do, and soon the last jot and tittle shall be fulfilled. His mighty conflict is near its close, and soon the last blow will be struck. Ere the head drooped in death, while the temple veil is being rent in twain, and, as the obscured sunbeams struggle through, dispelling the darkness, the dying Immanuel utters, with expiring energy, the conqueror's cry, "IT IS FINISHED." Justice and Love, like winged heralds, fly throughout the earth echoing the dying cry, and as they hasten penitent after penitent out of Sodom, they whisper to the heart, "*It is finished.*" They pause amid the groups and congregations, where the wind which bloweth as it listeth stirs, and again the cry from Calvary is sounded forth, "It is finished." Pardon is thus solid, because just; it is thus satisfying, because loving. The theme makes one linger, and I am tempted to amplify. The varied illustrations of Scripture are as many lights to lead many minds to embrace the saving truth. There is the handwriting of ordinances against us, unfulfilled commands, transgressed laws. That handwriting bodes to be our death warrant, at once our indictment and our condemnation ; but by his blood he blots it out, yea, nails it to his cross—it is crucified, and for us has ceased to exist. In the fountain filled with blood, opened in the house of David, the crimson and the scarlet sinner washes and becomes white as snow. Convinced of sin the seeker wanders in a dark and cloudy day, until the breath of purchased pardon sweeps away, or the pierced hand blots out, the thick cloud ; and then the opening heavens around him shine with beams of sacred bliss. Our sins are cast behind his back—lost, to be found no more; dead, never to be alive again. "In that time shall the iniquity of Israel be sought for, and there shall be none ; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found." The afternoon was well advanced when we began to cross the Mer de Glace. The field of ice was most difficult to walk on—long and wide crevasses giving one a shuddering sensation at the near prospect of danger. When we had reached the other side I suddenly lifted my head, and shall never forget the scene. Around the field of ice was a

semicircle of light grey limestone rocks, jutting up in all manner of antique shapes. The rays of the setting sun had caught and were bathing these rugged peaks in glory, transfiguring them until they shone like the pinnacles and towers of some ancient castle or palace. The soul of the seeking sinner is also like a wild and desolate ruin, where winters linger and summers never fully come. When the pardon light of the Sun which, for a while, set on Calvary, falls on and suffuses the heart, it is changed into a glory at which earth wonders, and over which heaven rejoices. Is it not the daily sustenance of our own souls, and our desire concerning our people, to understand and tell forth the Atonement of Jesus! *We can preach it with the accent of conviction,* for our faith grows fuller as we see one another partaking of the "bread enough and to spare." We have almost all had our seasons of doubt, when we have left the centre of rest, and, in the pride of our hearts, have hoped to find a "wealthy place" far away. Wandering amid the creations of genius, groping through the labyrinths of speculation, striving for a foothold on the dazzling peaks of earthly virtues, until our souls were disenchanted, and as the traveller, roaming amid pleasures and palaces, yearns for sweet home, so did we begin to sigh for the cross of Christ. By the bands of love we were again drawn to Calvary, and enabled solemnly to say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," and also to add, "What things were gain to me, I count but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ."

The cross of Christ now to us towers over the wrecks of time. Our response to a world's sin is the cross. Our alleviation of the world's woe is the cross. The satisfaction of the need of mankind alone can be found in the cross. May not each saint, but especially each preacher of the Word, use the almost oath uttered by the captives in Babylon, simply altering the object? "If I forget thee, O crucified Jesus! let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: If I prefer not the Crucified above my chief joy."

The third great need of the heart is

PROGRESSIVE SANCTIFICATION.

There opens up to the convert a life of growing conformity to Christ. The motives need to be purified, the affections refined, the thoughts ennobled. Indeed, there begins that life which is a true and constant advance, and yet the goal seems far away as ever. Sanctification resembles conversion in this, that it is the most complete in those who have the lowliest views of themselves. Deeply gracious souls always fear, and in conscious unworthiness fall to the ground, while the transfiguration cloud enfolds them. In our days and in our churches there has been the felt need of a greater approach in our life to our exalted profession, and a much more complete conformity to our immaculate Exemplar. With the attempts that have been made to satisfy these longings we are all mournfully familiar. Instead, however, of pausing to re-say concerning them what has been forcefully said by others, let us rather show how these deepening desires after conformity to Christ can solidly and lastingly be satisfied. Within each believer there is

"the old nature," "the flesh," and "the body of this death." Not only are these the statements of Scripture, but they are also matter of daily experience. Unbelief assumes innumerable disguises—pride walks forth in saintly attire, unruly temper wears the specious name of "righteous indignation," spiritual indolence prates of "standing still to see the salvation of the Lord." Our sensibility is too gross to perceive a tithe of the amount of indwelling sin; but this we know, beyond controversy, the believer's bosom is a battlefield where evil contends with good, nature with grace. In this conflict with the inward foe our power for conquest must be the cross of Jesus. In proportion as we have the perpetual presence of the Crucified will be the depth of our views of remaining sin, and our increasing and often conquering conflict with it.

God forbid that we should palliate or tamely submit to the dominion of sin, for "Jesus gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

The world, too, needs a counteractive. I mean by the world the evil spirit of our times, the aggregate wickedness of the unconverted among whom we dwell. The power of what is perpetually under our eyes, or falling upon our ears, cannot be overestimated. Lot felt, and partially succumbed to it. The Crucified seen by faith makes us breathe another and a purer atmosphere, puts around us a separating wall of fire, and, like Moses, we esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. As there is a helpful ministry of good angels, we can as little doubt that there is also a malignant ministry of evil ones. After we have had some manifestation of divine favour, like that granted to the Saviour at his baptism, we also, like him, have been variously tempted of the devil. Or behind the carnal suggestion of some even gracious friend, we have caught a glimpse of a dark shadow, and have had to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." When he has come into our hearts like a flood, the uplifted standard of the cross has caused him to fly. Along the roads of Romish lands, you see again and again raised the rude cross. While toiling up the Swiss side of the Alps I saw it among the rocks, near the larches, and on the margin of the eternal snow. Just as we reached the summit of the Simplon Pass, vast volumes of mist were being driven before a sharp wind, and not till we were close upon it did the old rugged memorial, indicating the highest point of our journey, stand forth. Wandering down into the fertile plains of Northern Italy, the air became balmy under the genial sky, the seed of the vines was beginning to set into the tiny grape; the dusty road lay beside the blue lakes, the very look of whose waters seemed to cool. Amid this sunny and summer loveliness the same emblem stood sorrowful, because superstitious hands raised it, and superstitious eyes gazed upon it. Does it not indicate what we must have in a spiritual sense? Toiling up the path of a rugged experience, amid storms and dangers, what can calm and help like the cross? "Anon bright skies are o'er us where the dark clouds have been," and we tread a verdant path as through Hephzibah and Beulah; but here, if possible, we have still greater need of the cross to counteract the influence of the seen and temporal, and to lift and set our affections on things above. From the wicket gate to the gate of pearl the eye must

rest on the Crucified; and even when it grows dim in death, we must pray in the words of one who wrote under the shadow of his own departure—

> "Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
> Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
> Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
> In life and death, O Lord, abide with me."

The fourth great need of the human heart is

A STIMULUS TO HEROIC DEEDS.

There lies latent in every saved soul the possibility of the heroic. Could this be evoked, the church might "look forth as the morning; fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." An abiding sight of the Crucified is the one way by which the Christian can be kindled to this, and the same mind be in him which was also found in Christ. *Jesus offers to us a transcendant illustration of the heroic.* We often speak of his taking upon him our nature, of his giving up for a while the worship and glory of heaven, of his having no where on earth to lay his head; but to me a more wonderful conception still is contained in the words of the apostle, "He gave *himself*." He not only parted with position, praise, and power; not only healed, taught, and died; but literally gave *himself* for us. Who can gauge what is meant by "himself?" The wisdom of his mind, the love of his heart, and the strength of his arm—all he gave. What if I should say that in giving himself he gave all that *even he could give.* The heroes of history and the heroes of fiction, actual heroes and ideal heroes, are but as the small dust of the balance when compared with him. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Mightier than mythical Hercules was the conqueror of the old serpent. Stronger than Atlas, the shoulders on which was laid "the iniquity of us all." From the myths of a barbaric and imaginative age, from the creations of the most gifted sons of genius, from battlefields red with the blood of the slain, from prisons, hospitals, lazarettos brightened with the light of philanthropy, from the ample range of nature where science has reaped her harvests, let the heroes come. They are considered the flower and chivalry of mankind. Applauding earth owns them as her "ten thousand" worthies, but inspiration proclaims Jesus "The *Chief* among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." While we hear him so proclaimed, we look and perceive on his vesture and on his thigh the name written, "King of kings and Lord of lords" Apostles, martyrs, reformers, and missionaries have caught and worn the ascended Master's mantle. "Through faith they have subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." They have passed from the arena and now form part of the encompassing cloud of witnesses. Shall not we, inspired by looking to Jesus, lay aside every weight and sin, and become unfaltering followers

of those forerunners who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises? As Nelson's word of lofty confidence was borne round, each would seem to see, rising as spectator from the blue wave, the isle of his affection—its hearths and homes. On British oak and under England's eye each man became a hero. A diviner word is passed to us to-day, "Heaven expects that every believer will do his duty." Faith crowds the concave of the sky with invisible witnesses, who hold us in full survey; but these are almost or altogether forgotten by us, for we have only a heart, an eye, and a memory for their crucified Lord. In the world he has died to redeem, and under the inspiration of his eye "one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

Jesus offers an illustration of singular heroism, without a parallel, we believe, in the universe. So far as we can conceive there was no such mission before; no, nor ever will be again. His incarnation, life, death, resurrection and ascension, are all unique. Creation duplicates itself infinitely through illimitable space. Providence repeats itself in history through the centuries of time, but unapproachable and unparalleled, in solitary grandeur stands the greatest work of eternity. Dare I suggest an imitation of the inimitable? Let us listen to his own words: "As the Father hath sent me into the world *even so* send I you into the world." When we have done all ordinary and common duty, and the old channels of service overflow their banks, are we to rest content? Mind is put to the severest strain to originate new engines of destruction. And shall the ministers of the Prince of Peace never pass, in plans and methods, to regions beyond? Individuality, instead of being repressed, should be conserved and cultivated, and, in enthusiastic as well as wise ways, find expression in Christian work. There is, indeed, an unhallowed impetuosity, which, with a bare permission, hastes to walk upon the waters. This needs much discipline and guidance of the gracious Spirit ere it passes into the practical zeal which wins three thousand for Jesus. It is not so much by musings of our own, as by waiting at the pierced feet until, fitted by nearness to him, with a love strong as death, a love which many waters cannot quench, a love which hopeth, believeth, and endureth all things, we go forth either to find, or, by God's help, *to make* "the crooked things straight, and the rough places plain."

In the heroism of Jesus the main design was the saving of souls. This was the joy set before him: through and beyond his sufferings and death, like a lamp it brightly shone. As he beheld the Samaritan woman drinking of the water of life, his joy became to him as satisfying food. As he mournfully gazed upon the doomed city whose children refused to be gathered beneath the wing of mercy, his eyes filled with tears. All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them are contemned, and he seeks his lost piece of money, his wandering sheep, and his prodigal son; and when these are found, so great is his joy that he rejoices over them with singing.

Let the same enthusiasm, faintly when compared with his, burn in our bosoms. Down among the lanes, out beside the hedges, let us go, and with words of loving invitation compel the outcasts to accompany us to the gospel feast. But, O, his bleeding love o'ermasters us, and, fishers of men as he has made us, with insatiable longing and tearful

anxiety let us pay out further and further, and yet further, the gospel net, until it compasses leagues of the sea of humanity. Does it almost break through abundance? Have we to beckon other boats to help? then their heaven will be two heavens to us.

"Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for thee;
All my heart to thee is springing,
Blessing others, oh! bless me."

In the Highlands of Scotland it used to be a custom that, upon the declaration of war, a fleet-footed Highlander, with a cross waving in his hand, was despatched to circuit the territory of the clan. As he advanced into the villages and past the lone huts, no sooner was the cross seen than clansmen buckled on their claymores, and, in readiness, seemed to leap from among the bracken or ferns.

If the Spirit of God shall fall upon the churches, and if her messengers uplift the cross, then there will be heard, from Dan to Beersheba, the trumpet call of revival, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!"

The last need of the human heart I shall mention is

A FOUNT OF WORSHIP.

The renewed heart partakes of the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, and especially when this life closes it will be called to enter into the joy of its Lord, and will stand at the right hand of God, where there are pleasures for evermore. But is not the catholic expression of joy, song or praise? We must have then an unfailing source of joy, and an exhaustless fount of praise. We shall seek in vain for these elsewhere than in the atonement of Jesus. How soon do we tire of singing the exploits of the greatest of men. "*Arma virumque cano,*"* but only for a while. Feats of arms oft recounted pall upon the very lips which tell of them; and the hero, too familiarly known, is treated with indifference. The child outgrows its nursery rhymes; the young convert passes beyond the almost sensuous hymns which were at first the fitting vehicles of his praise. How shall it then be with our worship, "where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end"? How can our joy be for ever deep, our gratitude for ever fresh, and our song for ever new? We must not forget that within us there will be a great change. The grace of gratitude is now most imperfect. It does not respond to favours so immediately, so fully, or at such length as ought to be the case; but gratitude shall attain entire purity and reach its full proportions in the sinless world. Still we shall need fuel for the inner flames of joy and gratitude, and impetus for their outward expression in praise.

The spirits of the just made perfect doubtless understand and appreciate, as we have never done, the atonement of Jesus. They are in full possession of all those incidents and words in the life and death of Jesus, which made John suppose the world could not contain the books, were all to be written. The dying thief, the holy women, the loving

* "Arms and the hero I sing."—Virg. Æneid, Lib. i.

John, and the converts from the crowd of spectators will doubtless ere this have enriched by minute and personal testimony the knowledge of the heavenly inhabitants concerning the passion of Jesus. The pardon of sin, the dignity of the person of Jesus, the intensity of his sufferings, the home and happiness which they have secured for us, will all be fully known, and will form matter of eternal praise. Switzerland may grow weary of her William Tell, Scotland may forget to praise her William Wallace, England may cease to love her John Hampden, but redeemed heaven will cherish in her heart and have upon her lips the name and atoning work of Jesus. When the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the earth also and the works that are therein have been burned up, the ransomed of the Lord shall weave the scenes of Gethsemane, Gabbatha, and Golgotha into endless hallelujahs of praise. I have no doubt we shall hymn our great Creator's praise, when with enlarged capacity we shall "consider the heavens the work of his fingers, the moon and the stars which he has ordained." His providence will wake our sweet and prolonged lays, for the hairs of our head were all numbered, and the thousand forces of our life were made to work out our spiritual good. Through fulness of feeling hosannas may almost ebb from our lips, when we shall hear the righteous Judge justify his most mysterious ways to men. But when the heavenly host harp upon their harps, and their praise is like the noise of many waters, the nobler sweeter song peals forth: "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Moreover, Jesus has permanently assumed our nature, and will wear for ever the marks of his passion. He appears on the throne as a "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Those who stand before that throne see him, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face. We can afford now to smile at the wistful way in which, while children, we used to sing:—

> "I think when I read the sweet story of old,
> When Jesus was here among men,
> How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
> I should like to have been with him then."

Thinking in our simple hearts that we should have seen in the Galilean peasant, feared and hated by the priests, the Jesus whom centuries of the saintly have conspired to honour and crown. "Had we been with him then" we should probably have been numbered among his foes, or among his faltering friends. "Jesus Christ, whom having not seen, we love, in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." This is a richer experience by far. The sight of Jesus as here among men might have been nothing more than the work of nature; a life of faith on the Son of God is evidently a work of grace; but a sight of the glorified and enthroned Jesus is highest of all, as it is a work of glory. We shall then need no more to muse upon and partake of the symbols of a suffering Saviour—we were only commanded to do so till he should come either at death or in glory; but then we shall see the signs in the substance, for there

are the pierced hands and feet. At his own supper we have lain full many a time on his bosom; as we have journeyed he has joined himself to us and made our hearts burn; on Tabor's top sublime we have longed to linger above, and apart from the world: but, oh! to see him face to face must be the heaven of heavens.

"The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace.
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand.
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land."

The healthy may tire of the sparkling brook, the vigorous lungs may weary with the untainted air, the eyes may come to forget that light is pleasant, but never can the saved and sinless heart flag in praising Jesus. We are sometimes now compelled to say, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof." When we wander by the river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, we shall find no willows. God himself shall have wiped away all tears, and we shall sing in Zion, Zion's songs. Do I at last with these very eyes of mine behold him who redeemed me? Is that the brow which was clasped and pierced with thorns for me? Those the tender, patient eyes that wept over me? Those the lips which were dry and parched with burning thirst for me? That the cheek which bore the insulting stroke for me? Those the hands and feet which were cruelly nailed to the bitter tree for me? I seem to forget the place,—to me the Lamb is the light thereof. Its glory would be gone and a pall of darkness cover it, were he not there.

Thrones and dominions, principalities and powers are lost in one whom God has highly exalted and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow. Lo it is so now, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

How will it be when millenniums have multiplied, when the novelty, if such a word is permissible, of recent entrance to heaven is passed? Will the praise of the glorified become faint or formal? The answer is full and satisfactory, the subject of the song is *infinite*, the duration of the song may therefore be *eternal*. Can we fix any bounds to the material creation of God? Outside our solar there are innumerable stellar systems; beyond these the almost mystic Milky Way, which the most powerful telescope resolves into masses of stars; and still further out in the fields of space the nebulæ, the rays of some of whose stars have taken thousands of years to travel to us. Immortality can hardly be too much to grasp the infinitude of creation. But is not each soul worth more than a whole world? And does not each conversion cost more than "to speak a world from naught." These morning stars which once seemed quenched in the blackness of darkness of sin, now shine

in the heaven of purity. Every one of that innumerable company is a new creation, a new world formed by divine grace. We shall need to know the life-story of each one; how their robes were washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb; how they were brought out of great tribulation; how they were brought nigh by the peace-speaking blood; each heart, as a globe of glory, shall for ever sing as it shines, "The hand, the gracious hand which made us is divine."

George Herbert and Izaak Walton.*

THE sweet singer of Puritan times, "Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Fugglestone and Bemerton," as he appears in the local register, was laid in the grave in March, 1633; and could he have foreseen the war storm which subsequently desolated England he would have said that he was taken home before the dawn of the evil day. The Book of Sports was the recognised Sabbath guide-book in town and country parishes; Laud and Wentworth were scheming night and day for the establishment of *Thorough;* Prynne was being fined and mutilated for having denounced the indecencies of plays and playwrights in a mighty folio a thousand pages long. When Herbert lay on his death-bed, he delivered his manuscript to a bystander, and said, "Sir, I pray you deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public, if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." The work was printed at the Cambridge University Press, first for private circulation, and immediately afterwards for the general public. Six editions were disposed of in about seven or eight years; but the seventh edition did not appear until 1656, a fact which shows that Master Herbert found only few readers during the war time and the ascendancy of Cromwell. It is not unlikely that his book in spite of its many excellencies had too strong a savour of priestly assumption to please the main body of Puritans. Though our own taste may be as severe as our fathers', we are better able in these favoured times to overlook the poet's tendency to sacerdotalism, and to be less affected by his high-church aspirations. Notwithstanding his mistaken notions on certain points, Herbert was a man of fervent piety, who deeply grieved over the iniquities of his times. He must have had the Pilgrim Fathers in his mind's eye when he wrote

> "Religion stands a-tip-toe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand."

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* The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By George Herbert. Being a fac-simile reprint of the first edition, with an Introduction by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. (London: Elliot Stock, 1876.)

The Complete Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Izaak Walton. Being a fac-simile reprint of the first edition, published in 1653. (London: Elliot Stock, 1876.)

The censor of the press at Cambridge refused for a time to allow the above couplet to pass, thinking it was too severe a reflection on English morals, but Nicholas Farrar, Herbert's literary executor, proved to be no less obstinate than the Vice-Chancellor, and in the end came off victorious. Mr. Stock's fac-simile editions of Herbert and of Walton's "Complete Angler" will be reckoned by connoisseurs among the choice curiosities of the publishing season. The very paper is of Puritan hue; while the binding is no less antique than the type. Art and industry have united to restore to us these old authors in all the glories of their pristine quaintness. We copy in fac-simile one of the Vicar of Bemerton's sweetest pieces.

The Church. 167

¶ The 23 Pſalme.

THe God of love my ſhepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſſe,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſſe:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths ſhadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaffe to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies ſight:
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my dayes;
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

¶ Mary

Izaak Walton's work, which appears to increase in favour with its age, was thus originally introduced to the reader.



In his quiet way, and with charming naturalness, honest Izaak enforces many practical lessons which all may be the better for learning. Thus, when Piscator's companion, Viator, the scholar, is unable to catch anything, and, thinking the fault lies in his tackle, he borrows a rod of Piscator, that better practised angler, with inimitable grace, shows how scholarship is not everything. Note, also, that in one brief paragraph we have "*preached*" given in four different ways, such was the freedom of authors before the era of spelling bees.

"Look you, Scholer, I have yet another: and now having caught three brace of *Trouts*, I will tel you a short Tale as we walk towards our Breakfast. A Scholer (a Preacher I should say) that was to preach to procure the approbation of a Parish, that he might be their Lecturer, had got from a fellow Pupil of his the Copy of a Sermon that was first preached with a great commendation by him that composed and precht it; and though the borrower of it preach't it word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly dislik'd as it was preach'd by the second; which the Sermon Borrower complained of to the Lender of it, and was thus answered; I lent you indeed my *Fiddle*, but not my *Fiddlestick;* and you are to know, that every one cannot make music with my words which are fitted for my own mouth. And so my Scholer, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of a word in a Sermon spoiles it, so the ill carriage of your Line, or not fishing to a foot in a right place, makes you love your labour: and you are to know that though you have my Fiddle, that is, my very Rod and Tacklings

with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my Fiddle stick, that is, skill to know how to carry your hand and line."

The names of the poet and the king of anglers have long been associated; for two centuries the two have been favourites with English readers, and their books may well assume an antique garb, and thus claim relationship anew, after having delighted and instructed seven generations of our countrymen.

The Power of Nonconformity.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

NONCONFORMITY in England was at first a protest against the errors of the church established by law, it is at the present time a protest against the establishment of any church whatever by the state. In the enlarged area of its protesting it is driven to use other weapons than it employed at first, and to give greater prominence than it once did to matters aforetime regarded as of small moment: our fear is lest the baser weapons should put the nobler out of fashion, and the secondary aims should overshadow the primary intents. We think it right to struggle earnestly against the unhallowed alliance of church and state, and to use the political power with which we are entrusted to promote the principles of religious equality. May the best success attend the exertions of those who devote their lives to this object in their own way. We wish them God speed with all our heart. Still the real power of Nonconformity will never be increased at the hustings; it may be displayed there ever and anon for noble ends, but it is not gained there nor fostered there. Ministers do well to give their votes, and to express their opinions for the guidance of their people, but in proportion as the preaching becomes political, and the pastor sinks the spiritual in the temporal, strength is lost and not gained. Romanists obtain power by various manœuvres, and devices which we would not use if we could; their kingdom is of this world, and they are not slow to use all the methods of the children of this world in gaining their ends; Dissenters will never be powerful in this fashion. There will we hope never be a Nonconformist brass band in the House of Commons ready to side with either party in order to obtain fresh privileges for their clan, nor will men in office be secretly influenced and induced to patronize Dissent by the hope of quieting secret societies of Nonconforming rebels. The Church of England also has not scrupled for its own purposes to ally itself with the partisans of the liquor traffic, and write upon its banners "Beer and Bible": to this also it is to be hoped Dissent will never come; neither will it ever be supported by the landed interest, the nobility, and the vast army of persons whose positions are more or less mixed up with the conservation of things as they are. We are to a very large extent shut out from the use of instrumentalities which others possess in abundance, and it is well that it is so, at least *we* think it well, and many others agree with us in the opinion.

Our forefathers left the Church of England because of the serious errors of her prayer-book, her form of church government, and her manner of ecclesiastical procedure. Upon *spiritual* grounds they left her, and suffered the loss of all things. They could not be true men and subscribe to her doctrines, nor honest pastors if they sanctioned her laxity of discipline, nor faithful to their convictions if they yielded allegiance to her prelates. Their piety as much as their creed drove them out, and made them a power in the land despite the persecution which they endured. Very few of them objected to a state-church, as such; probably most of them agreed with an ideal church of the nation, though the actual embodiment of it was obnoxious to them; in this we have outrun them, and we ought to be grateful for our greater light. But the narrowness of their protest may greatly have tended to increase its force. They fixed their eye on doctrinal and practical evils of the first magnitude, and turned their undivided energy in that direction; we would not obscure what we have added, but we wish the first original things were more tenaciously held. Spirituality of mind was the Puritan's weapon against religious formality, sound doctrinal teaching was his shield against Popery; by watchful discipline in the church he protested against an all-comprehending establishment, and by a careful maintenance of household devotion, every man being a priest in his own home, he superseded the daily services of the steeple-house and the pretensions of the parish priest. The life and power of the gospel made the meeting-house the resort of devout men, and made it impossible for the State-paid parson with informers, bailiffs, and county magistrates at his back, to put down Dissent. These holy men had no influence at the polling-booth, but they were mighty at the mercy-seat; they were nowhere on an election-day, but they went everywhere preaching the word. Hence came their acknowledged power, *and hence must ours come also.*

Alas, there were times of wretched blight, when Nonconformity became respectable, intellectual, cold, and worldly. Her great antagonist and herself alike felt the deadly power of Arianism, and then it is true she sought to justify her position rather by appealing to the rights of man than to the truth of God. Small enough was her success. The uprise of Methodism under Whitefield and Wesley did more for Nonconformity than all the agitators for religious liberty that ever lived. The object aimed at was the glory of God and the conversion of souls, the end gained was the arousing of the churches and the revival of evangelical doctrine, but as a remoter consequence the entire position of Dissenters was elevated, and it became impossible to keep them down. Like a volcanic force which cannot be kept in check, but moves all things according to its will, the power of vital godliness caused a general upheaval, and hurled to the ground institutions of persecution which seemed to have been built upon a rock. The awakened church of God began again to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and other things were added unto her, for which she had scarcely hoped. She grasped no longer the wooden weapon of mere intellect, but took for her watchword "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and her victories were sure.

At this time we deem it needful to insist upon it that the real power

of Nonconformity must still be found in true doctrine, holy living, burning zeal, and simple faith. Agitate by all means for those just reforms which will give religious equality to all men, but do not neglect the weightier matters; "these things ought ye to have done, but not to have left the other undone." If our pulpits become infected with errors which becloud the atonement, if our members grow worldly and lukewarm, and if the life of piety and the power of prayer become weak in our churches, the essential force of Nonconformity will be gone. The subscriptions to the Liberation Society may not be diminished for a generation, and the funds of our various institutions may even show an increase, but the worm is at the root, and in a few years decay will assuredly appear, if spirituality shall be at a discount and truth be undervalued. Nothing can serve the ends of our semi-popish established church so much as unspiritual Dissent. "I was driven to the parish church," said a devout Baptist to us the other day, "because the only dissenting place near me was an Independent chapel, where the minister did not preach the gospel as I had been accustomed to hear it; no, nor the gospel at all. I found more food for my soul under an evangelical clergyman than at the chapel, and so I went to church, sorely against my will." We have heard others say "The people at the Baptist chapel were so dead, and of such high doctrine, that I could not join them. I went several miles to hear a pious curate in a little church, and much as I dislike a form of prayer, I put up with it for the sake of the gospel which the good man gave us." Such things ought not to be; but we fear such things are becoming far too common. Where the old orthodox faith is preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and errors are pointed out plainly and the truth declared, our people become Nonconformists to the backbone; but no true man of God will sacrifice the vital doctrines of the word of God, and the good of his soul and the hope of seeing his children converted, to what is an important, but still a secondary matter. We fear that in certain quarters Nonconformity has need to cry, "Save me from my friends." The "modern culture" men are undermining the structure which they profess to build up, the pretenders to intellectual preaching are clouding the gospel which they are supposed to proclaim, and the gentlemen of æsthetic taste are aping the ritualism against which it should have been their first business to protest. We confess we do not understand why certain persons are with us at all, they would be more in their places in the opposite camp. A Nonconformist, and yet use a liturgy! If a man can bring his mind to a liturgical service it is a mere whim which makes him seek an improvement on that of our National Church. A Dissenter who knows not why he dissents, and only does so from political motives, or from the force of education, is a weakness to those among whom he is classed; but a Dissenter who actually leads others towards the very church from which he professes to dissent is far worse, he is a traitor in the camp and ought not to be endured. If we had a writ to serve upon the parties here intended we should not be long in finding them.

We need at this time to make our spiritual and doctrinal protest more clear than it has been. A powerful society represents our political demands, but we have no organization whatever to promote our far higher

designs. Why is this? Dissent is represented politically, but not doctrinally. How comes this to be the case? Surely the second is by far the more important. If the present Anglican church were disestablished to-morrow we should conscientiously dissent from her as much as ever, for our differences are solemn, grave, vital, and are not at all confined to her being a state-church. It is a pity that this fact should be so little remembered. How is it that Nonconformists are so little instructed in the great religious principles by which they justify their distinctive position? How is it that they take so little trouble to instruct others in the same? Is it more pleasant to talk politics than to preach Christ? Are there more charms in warring against flesh and blood than in wrestling with spiritual wickednesses in high places? Our call is for old-fashioned Dissenters, for doctrinal Protesters, for godly Nonconformity to the world, for deeper piety and more sound doctrine; we must have them or the cause will go down, and deserves to go down. The life of God in the soul is a force which nothing can baffle, and it has power, like the cherub's flaming sword at the gates of Eden, to turn every way: "There is none like it, give it me."

We may be misunderstood in this article, and some may suppose that we are shifting our ground, but they will greatly err if they think so. We have aforetime urged every Christian to exercise the franchise and use his political privileges as in the sight of God, and we do so still with equal energy; but this is by no means so vital, or so essential to the best interests of Nonconformity as soundness in the faith, and depth of piety. We value the agency which protests against the unrighteousness which patronizes a sect, but we believe that this is not all; there ought to be a powerful organization for spiritual objects, whose one business should be to expose the original sins of the Anglican body, and to lay bare the ever-growing errors within her pale. If ever this work needed doing it is now. It would lay the axe at the root of the tree, and accomplish far more towards disestablishment than any other imaginable agency, with the one exception of the church herself, which is doing all it can for its own overthrow. For our part, we should like to see a vigorous, evangelical Episcopal church in this land, free of the State, and purged of Popery; we have no enmity in our heart towards any branch of the true church of Christ, but desire to see it flourish and fill the land with fruit; but the present hodge-podge must be ended or mended. It cannot be described by any one term, it is good and evil, light and darkness, Popery and Protestantism, and while the evil neutralizes the good, the good assists the evil to do its mischievous work. O Lord, how long! Souls are being ruined wholesale by high church and broad-church teaching, and the low church lends the aid of its association to the deadly work: this moves our very soul. Party ends we have none; but God's gospel, the good of souls, the honour of Jesus, all demand of us that this evil corporation should not go unrebuked, but should be resisted with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Are there none who think with us, and are able and willing to make our suggestion a fact?

Another Cornelius.

WITH REMINISCENCES OF SOME OF THE OLD SURREY CHAPEL WORTHIES.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

A TRUE biography is invested with a charm which does not belong to any other class of literature. When we see portrayed the weaknesses, the errors and the failures of great men who, while living, were only known to us by their public reputation or by the brilliant achievements of their genius, we realize the common brotherhood of man, for "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In the story of the toils and triumphs of a good man, however obscure his sphere, the dearer brotherhood of the redeemed in Christ receives fresh illustration, for "One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren." The charming impromptu lines which the late Canon Kingsley wrote in a young lady's album, point the moral of the biography which embalms the memory of a good man's life:

> "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
> Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long,
> So shall life, death, and the vast for ever,
> Be one grand sweet song."

The tribute of a good man's life is a more powerful plea for the Christian religion than all the philosophical treatises upon the authenticity of the Bible: character is a more conclusive argument than the most accurate syllogism. Paul was conscious of this when, pointing to the converts of his ministry, he exclaimed, "Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men." In former papers we have given sketches of some of the men whose names are interwoven with the history of Surrey Chapel—men who, if but little known beyond the sphere of their ecclesiastical and family connections, were appreciated and beloved by their fellow workers in the cause of God. In this we propose to extend the list, with the hope that many of our readers may derive counsel and encouragement from its perusal.

The fact is evident to all that names acquire a moral significance according to the qualities of the individuals they distinguish. We associate patience with Job, amiability with John, and zeal with Peter. The name of Cæsar suggests imperialism, Napoleon the despotism of a lawless ambition, and that of Howard awakens our admiration for the heroism of Christian benevolence. When we read that the centurion of the Italian band, in Cæsarea, was a "devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway," we intuitively associate these qualities with the name "*Cornelius*." Of course the assumption is not always justified by facts, for many an unworthy man has failed to maintain the reputation of an honoured name. It was not so, however, with the subject of this sketch, who was for many years an elder and a trustee of Surrey Chapel, and who adorned his character with the virtues which distinguished his honoured prototype, the former Cornelius. Had his parents anticipated the development of his character, they could not have been

more fortunate in the selection of his name. Through the kindness of the members of his family, we have been privileged to read his autobiography, and are permitted to give the salient features of his life-story in the pages of the *Sword and Trowel.*

"Having experienced such numberless mercies from the hand of my heavenly Father during my pilgrimage, I feel it to be my duty," he says at the commencement of the narrative, "to leave behind me a record of his faithfulness and lovingkindness towards me, which, on reviewing, calls forth renewed feelings of love and gratitude from my heart to him."

Cornelius Ruck was born at the little village of Leeds, near Maidstone, in the year 1796. His father was a typical Englishman of the old school, and held an appointment under Lord Fairfax, who resided at the castle. Cricket and bell-ringing were the favourite diversions, which he followed to the neglect of the more important interests of his soul. Village life does not afford the greatest facilities for soul culture, as one might be led to imagine, notwithstanding the presence of "a man of education and refinement" appointed by the State. The working population who aspire to anything beyond the lounge and the gossip at the street corner, satisfy their ambition in the tap-room or the bar-parlour of the village inn, and, as a general rule, Boniface is more than a match for the clergyman in his hold upon the villagers.

The father of Cornelius, who prided himself upon being a thorough "man of Kent," was fond of a practical joke, as will appear from the following amusing incident. When his *tenth* child was born, he had him carefully wrapped up and sent by the nurse to the vicar, as his tithe; but, of course, his reverence was not so exacting as to detain the little stranger. Had he sent a pig, the offer would not have been declined.

After one or two removes the elder Ruck settled in London, and took his children to see the sights of the town; amongst others was the execution of Governor Wall at Newgate. His son Cornelius was then only six years of age, but the impression produced by the revolting spectacle was never effaced. Nothing could be more fraught with danger to the tender sensibilities of a child than to force it into the midst of a ribald mob to witness an execution. Happily this state of things has so far yielded to the beneficent sway of a more enlightened public opinion, that the demoralizing influences of the scaffold are restricted to the area of the prison yard.

At the age of eleven he had experienced the loss of both parents, which calamity deprived him of the opportunity of completing his education, and left him to fight single-handed the stern battle of life. The death of his father, the result of an accident, was so far sanctified to his mother that she became an attendant at St. George's church, Borough, and was led by God's grace to seek and find the Saviour.

Her solicitude for the salvation of her children was intense, and they became attendants, with her, at St. George's church, and the early morning service at the church in Cannon Street. He says, "My dear mother often took me into her room and prayed for me. Oh! if this plan were more frequently practised by Christian mothers, what gracious influence would descend upon their dear offspring. It often melted me into

tears." The gracious influence of his mother softened his heart and prepared it for the reception of the good seed of the kingdom under the ministry of the Rev. John Wilcox. He says, "I remember the spot where I sat when the word came like an arrow to my heart, and melted me into tears. He had a most loving, persuasive manner, and often was he affected to tears when he exhorted the sinner to come to Christ. His preaching just suited me as I felt my heart drawn with love to the Saviour, and longed for the return of the Sabbath-day to hear and see him. Indeed, I felt so much affection towards him that I would willingly have become his shoeblack to reside under his roof."

There is a charming simplicity in this narrative, but the lessons it suggests are of the utmost importance, which Christian mothers should take to heart.

Entering the employment of Mr. Graves he acquired the art of water colour drawing, and very soon had pupils to instruct, but the sedentary nature of the employment told severely upon his health, and he was compelled to relinquish the profession. He then accepted a situation with his elder brother John, at a cheesemonger's in the Borough, and from that time his career was one of growing prosperity and honour. Seven years later they entered into partnership and founded the business which, having passed into the hands of his surviving sons, still bears his name. A very useful moral is pointed by the old man's reminiscences of these early days, and young men starting in life will do well to learn it. He says, "We began in, comparatively, a humble way, and with only a small capital; we worked very hard and denied ourselves many comforts to increase our business and to keep down expenses. It is really astonishing what may be accomplished by care and economy. I wish it were more practised at the present day by young beginners. There would not be half the number of failures; and if they deferred marrying, as I did, until they found their income was sufficient to support a wife, it would often prevent much misery and wretchedness, which too frequently occur through this want of prudence."

The two partners in business were also fellow labourers in the Sunday School, and took part in conducting social prayer-meetings, and became attendants at Surrey Chapel, under the ministry of Rowland Hill. "These were my halcyon days," he says, "and often do I now look back upon them with gratitude to my Saviour, who drew me with cords of love to himself in my youth, and whose service was my greatest delight." He was now introduced to Mr. Hill as a candidate for church membership. He thus describes the interview:—"After surveying me from head to foot he said, very gravely, 'Well, young man, and where were you born?' which I very modestly answered. 'But where were you born again?' After some attempt to satisfy him he continued, 'I suppose you think you have got a pretty good heart of your own, don't you?' to which I humbly replied, 'No, sir, quite the contrary.' 'Dear me,' he said, 'how strange! When did you find that out?' But without waiting for a reply he said to Mr. Churchill, 'This youth is a teacher in one of our schools, is he not?' Mr. C. replied, 'Yes, sir,' 'Ah!' said Mr. H., 'fine nurseries for the church, ain't they?'"

He thus commenced a connection with Surrey Chapel which was to

last until death removed him to the church of the firstborn above. In his reminiscences of Surrey Chapel he mentions, amongst the various supplies who occupied the pulpit during Mr. Hill's six months' vacation every year, the name of Mr. Elliot, of Devizes, who was one of the most earnest preachers of the day. He says, "I have heard him say he entered the gallery of the chapel a thoughtless young man, having been induced to enter by the attraction of the music." The congregation was singing a hymn composed by Mr. Hill, which was set to the tune of Rule Britannia. Not knowing the words of the hymn, he joined in the chorus, with the words of the song, and, feeling very pleased, he thought he would stay and hear the minister's text, which went like an arrow to his heart, and he felt rivetted to the spot. The sermon was very solemn, and he was deeply impressed. He afterwards went to Mr. Hill, who, from that time, manifested great interest in his welfare, and became his best friend. As he had given evidence of his conversion, and displayed considerable natural ability for the ministry, he entered college and subsequently proved a successful minister of Jesus Christ.

Theophilus Jones, Mr. Hill's assistant at Wotton-under-Edge, was also a frequent preacher at Surrey during Mr. Hill's absence. Mr. Ruck says of him, "He was the most remarkable preacher I ever heard. When addressing believers he could be a loving John, dwelling sweetly on the doctrines and promises of Scripture, but when addressing sinners and backsliders he was a Boanerges, appealing to men's hearts and consciences in the most striking and thrilling manner and in a voice of thunder." On appointing Mr. Jones for his coadjutor, Mr. Hill said of the people, "They do not want a dictionary preacher, for they cannot understand him; nor a dashing preacher, for they will despise him; nor a bad tempered preacher, for he will divide them; but a man with a good loud voice, a disposition to be taught, with brains in his head and grace in his heart."

Mr. Hill also encouraged his young associate in a letter which concludes with the significant sentence, "Never mind breaking grammar if you can break the hearts of sinners." Mr. Jones was regarded by some as the probable successor of Rowland Hill, but he took cold while attending his funeral, and only survived him by a few days.

Mr. David Heward was one of the most devout and useful members of Surrey Chapel, and for some years acted as organist. A very remarkable incident in his history is recorded, proving the value of bold, importunate prayer. During Mr. Heward's last illness, Mr. Ruck went to see him, and he thus reports the interview and the incident. "His mind was in a most tranquil, happy state. He reminded us of a most remarkable circumstance which took place at a former period of his life, when he was seized with a violent fever in the midst of his useful career, and no hopes were given of his recovery. There were special prayer meetings held by the members of the church and Sunday-school teachers, to entreat the Lord that his valuable life might be spared. On one of these occasions, when I was present, his old friend Thomas Cranfield, who knew his value, earnestly implored, with tears, that God would be pleased to spare his life for the sake of the church and the dear children in the schools, and that he would be pleased to add 'fifteen years' to his life, as he did to Hezekiah of old. This was

thought at the time a singular request, but it was graciously answered, and at the time I was there visiting him, the fifteen years, he said, had just expired, remarking, 'My lease is now out, and I am ready and waiting to resign my poor frail tabernacle to my Master's call.' We spent some very pleasant hours together, talking over our past history in connection with the Sunday-schools and dear old Surrey Chapel. He requested me, as a favour, to assist his beloved partner in the arrangement of his funeral and in the settlement of his affairs with the utmost composure, and appeared much gratified at my consenting. When the time came for our departure, he expressed a wish for a short private interview with me, which was indeed a solemn, though very delightful meeting. He said, 'My beloved friend, I know we possess kindred spirits, and our hearts have been knit together like David and Jonathan's were. We are now about to part from each other, and you will never see my face any more here. I have therefore one more favour to ask you, and that is, that we should embrace each other,' which we did most affectionately with tears. Thus we parted to meet again on the other side of Jordan, on the bank of which he was then standing, not shivering with fear to launch into the cold stream, but longing to depart and to be with Christ. Shortly after our return home we received a letter to inform us he had literally and sweetly fallen asleep in Jesus. Thus ended the career of one of the most amiable, sincere, and loving men I ever met."

The name of William Jones will for ever stand associated with that of David Heward in the annals of Surrey Chapel. He was for many years the indefatigable secretary of the Tract Society, and wrote the most impartial life of the Rev. Rowland Hill. As elder and trustee of Surrey Chapel, he rendered good service during part of the pastorate of Rowland Hill, and the whole of that of Mr. Sherman. He lived to see the present pastor settled over the church. Mr. Ruck held office with Mr. Jones for some years, and he speaks of him as his "beloved friend." These were men of an ardent type of piety, who lived to promote the prosperity of the church.

In speaking of the Monday evening prayer-meetings at Surrey Chapel, Mr. Ruck says, "These I consider to be the barometer of the church, which should always stand at 'high temperature,' but never at 'fever heat'; nor should it point to 'very dry' or 'stormy,' but always to 'fair,' which I am happy to say has been its indication in our church prayer-meetings." We cannot forbear quoting his regret that he was occasionally absent from this special means of grace, and we trust that the testimony of an old saint may be the means of leading young Christians to make a point of being regularly at the prayer-meeting. He says, "I feel that I have not only lost much spiritual enjoyment in being absent, but neglected a very important duty."

The good old man lived to regret the decline of the singing at Surrey. He remembered the playing of Mr. Jacobs and the singing of Mr. Breillat, whose voice he compares to Braham's, in the zenith of his fame. The set pieces in the old Surrey collection were as familiar to the people as the most hackneyed psalm tunes are to the worshippers of the present generation. When once known, these old pieces were sung with an earnestness which many of the modern tunes fail to evoke. Unless we

are greatly mistaken, the churches will soon demand the revival of the best tunes of thirty years ago: for congregational singing, as at present conducted, satisfies no one. The classic harmonies, beautiful enough on an organ, are not congregational, and are consequently left to the organist and the choir. To reject a tune because some of its phrases are repeated is an expedient fraught with serious consequences to congregational psalmody. We question whether 'Boylston' is ever sung so heartily as 'Cranbrook' was, and we are certain that 'Boston' is not so great a favourite now as 'Job' and 'Peru' were twenty-five years ago. The accidents of repeating tunes are no argument for their suppression, for absurdities occur even with the modern style. Let 'Darwell's,' which has no repeats, and which we may mention as a type of the non-repeating class, be sung to the hymn, the last two lines of which are—

"The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransomed people home,"

and the congregation will be found singing the absurd phrase—

"Billy has come."

To divorce a hymn from a tune with which it has been associated for two generations is to lay violent hands upon a sacred inheritance.

The name of George Putley is mentioned by Mr. Ruck with affectionate regard. He honourably discharged the duties of elder and was greatly esteemed, especially by the poorer members of the church. We venerate his memory for the kind sympathy he showed us on entering on the duties of assistant minister at Surrey Chapel. His trade, that of a butcher, had not blunted his affections, for his tender solicitude for the suffering was most touching to witness. We remember visiting with him several members of Surrey, who had been bedridden for years, and who were comfortably housed in an almshouse at Lower Norwood. A trained nurse could not have been more gentle towards the poor sufferers, and the most sympathetic pastor could not have been more at home in their sick room.

He had a vein of dry humour, and could narrate, with great effect, some of the witty stories of Rowland Hill. On returning from Norwood we passed the small cemetery at Dulwich, and, without betraying the innocent deception by a smile, he informed us that it was "a cemetery for the blind." Of course we asked where the blind institution was with which it was connected, but being informed there was not one, we concluded that the blind from the surrounding district were exempt from the fees for interment usually demanded in other cemeteries. Judge of our chagrin when, after riding for some considerable distance, we had the question coolly propounded to us, "Did you ever hear of people being buried when they could see?"

Very few of the generation to which these worthy men belonged now remain. They have been succeeded by others of a somewhat different type, and more adapted, perhaps, for the altered condition of things. Mr. Ruck says, "I often feel deeply affected in looking round the chapel and observing what a change has taken place in the congregation during the forty-eight years I have worshipped there, and am led to exclaim, 'The Fathers, where are they?' But I again rejoice when I see their places occupied by zealous, devoted men on whom their

mantle has fallen. Thus God has fulfilled the promise, 'Instead of the fathers shall be the children;' and I earnestly pray that the names of my posterity may be enrolled amongst the members of this highly favoured church as long as the pure gospel is proclaimed within its walls, and far be it that it should ever be otherwise! I feel assured that the bones of its venerable founder, which lie beneath the pulpit, are a guarantee that 'Ichabod' shall never be written on its doors."

"There may our rising offspring haste
To seek their father's God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod."

This was written in 1860, when the expiration of the lease was scarcely realized by the old people. It wanted no human consecration to make the walls of old Surrey sacred to the devout members who came, by force of hallowed associations, to venerate its very dust.

Of the sisters in Israel, Mr. Ruck specially mentions Mrs. Harding, who, though enfeebled by age, was one of the most devout and constant worshippers at Surrey and one of the most useful in conducting the Dorcas and Maternal Societies. She was a true "servant of the church," and, like Dorcas, was "full of good works and alms deeds."

Mr. Thomas Rider, to whom Mr. Ruck was greatly attached, and whose name he mentions with affectionate regard, was a man of a very gentle spirit. He was a model of devoutness and activity, of prudence and liberality, and lived in the affections of all who knew him.

Like many other good men Mr. Ruck had his trials, but, sustained by divine grace, he preserved "a conscience void of offence." Every page of his interesting biography is fragrant with the aroma of Christian gratitude. Of his forty-second wedding day, when he and Mrs. Ruck were staying at Barnstaple, he writes, "Being far away from our beloved family, we spent the day in the calmness of sweet solitude, feeling we had the society of One with us whose cheering presence always gladdens the heart and produces the purest joy. We commenced the day with hallowed feelings of holy gratitude and love to our heavenly Father, taking a review of the past Ebenezers we have erected to his praise during our pilgrimage."

His narrative is continued to the year 1873, and there is a touch of sadness about the last entry. "Spared to enter on another year. The last was full of mercies, as I have no doubt this will be. 'I will trust HIM and not be afraid.' Things all around me are changing, 'Friend after friend departs,' but God remains the same for EVER. To my deep regret we shall soon have to give up our dear old Surrey Chapel, a place which has been honoured of God for nearly a century, and where so many souls have been converted." He lived till the end of 1875, still making his "boast in the Lord," and looking forward to a blissful immortality. His life-story reads like a comment upon the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

A relative who was with him during his last illness furnishes the following sketch:—

"I do not think Satan was once permitted to harass or annoy him.

His feet were firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages, and he seemed to be fully conscious of his *sure footing*. More than once he commenced—

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.'

And although not able to repeat all in an audible voice, he exerted himself to say with great emphasis—

'My Jesus and my all.'

Towards the close of his illness, several members of the family had gathered around his bed, and, when one of them was about to leave, he exclaimed, 'Stop,' and then added, 'In my youth I promised the Lord in Surrey Chapel that I would serve him, and, when dying, would cry, 'Dear Lord, remember me.' And then, raising both his hands, he said, with as much voice as remained, 'And now I do say, Dear Lord, remember me!' Shortly after he fell asleep. Thus has passed away another of Zion's pilgrims, whose gentle life was an unanswerable testimony to the sustaining power and sanctifying influence of the grace of God, and whose peaceful death furnishes another illustration of the text, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee;' and, shall we not add, whose heaven is the fulfilment of the promise, 'Where I am there shall also my servant be.'"

Early impressions abide.

SOME years ago a native Greenlander came to the United States. It was too hot for him here; so he made up his mind to return home, and took passage on a ship that was going that way; but he died before he got back, and, as he was dying, he turned to those who were around him, and said, "Go on deck and see if you can see ice." "What a strange thing!" some would say. It was not a strange thing at all. When that man was a baby the first thing he saw, after his mother, was ice. His house was made of ice. The window was a slab of ice. He was cradled in ice. The water that he drank was melted ice. If he ever sat at a table it was a table of ice. The scenery about his home was ice. The mountains were of ice. The fields were filled with ice. And when he became a man he had a sledge and twelve dogs that ran him fifty miles a day over ice. And many a day he stooped over a hole in the ice twenty-four hours to put his spear in the head of any seal that might come there. He had always been accustomed to see ice, and he knew that if his companions on the ship could see ice it would be evidence that he was near home. The thought of ice was the very last thought in his mind as it was the very first impression made there.

The earliest impressions are the deepest. Those things which are instilled into the hearts of children endure forever and forever.

DR. SCUDDER.

The Early Days of the Religious Tract Society.

STORMY times had settled over England when the Religious Tract Society was founded three quarters of a century ago. The age was a time of war and of political unrest; Napoleon, who had just become First Consul of the French Republic, and Nelson, who had recently won the battle of the Nile, being the two most prominent heroes of the hour. The condition of the common people was still deplorable, though large hopes of their improvement were based on the Sunday-school institution, then but lately established. In the literature of the day it is easy to detect a marked moral advance on the school of Swift and Sterne; but while vice was becoming more careful to cloak its deformities a vast flood of infidelity and irreligion overran the land. The need of trustworthy publications, setting forth in unmistakable simplicity the truth of the gospel had been felt as long ago as the Puritan age; for, a hundred years before the establishment of the Tract Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge commenced its course. This powerful body, however, was intensely denominational, or rather sectarian in its operations, and it was felt that a more catholic agency was a necessity of the times. Hence in the year 1799 was established the Religious Tract Society. Towards the end of the eighteenth century amid much that was dark and threatening, when the foundations of society were shaken by social, political, and religious revolution, there arose a missionary spirit in the church such as had been unknown in the preceding days of comfortable inactivity. Mr. John Campbell, whose name was once intimately associated with an entertaining book of African travel, and who for many years pursued a course of pastoral usefulness at Kingsland, was a notable pioneer in the field. One of the first tract distributors in England was Mr. Simeon, a resident of Cambridge, and from observing the practice of this gentleman Mr. Campbell became aware that effective service might be done by scattering small publications among the populace. For ten years before he stood forward as one of the founders of the Religious Tract Society Mr. Campbell, like his friend Simeon, was an individual worker in the good cause which was subsequently more systematically prosecuted by an energetic coterie of kindred spirits.

These personal efforts, doubtless, produced good results of a permanent kind, and the very success attained encouraged the brethren to undertake other works more worthy of their powers and zeal. To George Burder, however, the future pastor of a very flourishing church at Hackney, which has since degenerated in a pitiful degree, must be accorded the honour belonging to the immediate founder of the Tract Society. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century the small publications of Hannah More were extensively popular in England; and while recognising the high moral tone of these productions, godly persons deeply regretted that they were not more decidedly evangelical. Being of this class Mr. Burder, in 1781, published his brochure called "The Good Old Way," which he circulated in Lancaster, where he then resided, and where he enjoyed the enviable pleasure of hearing that simple churchwardens extended their patronage to his work while under the delusion that it was a tirade against Nonconformity. A brother

minister, Samuel Greathead, soon became Mr. Burder's ally, and the two together undertook to prepare and circulate and publish, through a London house, a series of "Village Tracts," which only ended with the failure of the publisher. Still eager to succeed more completely in his work, Mr. Burder broached the question before the ministers who congregated at the annual missionary service in Surrey Chapel on May 8, 1799—Whether it was advisable to establish an association for the diffusion of gospel tracts among the people. A more formal meeting was held on the following day in the City, when the Religious Tract Society was instituted, its first committee including such names as Hughes and Wilks, Rowland Hill and Thomas Wilson. The recent establishment of Sunday-schools had opened paths hitherto unknown, so that this pure literature association, the Bible Society, and the Missionary Society were aptly compared to the Graces who stood "leaning on each other, their arms entwined in loving and lasting union."

The founders of the society were all choice spirits in the church, and their works of love and faith would call for something more than a passing notice, did space permit. Mr. Joseph Reyner, the first treasurer, was one of those meek, generous men whose consistent profession told to advantage in the commercial world. He was himself an active tract distributor, and he used to say that such service was his mode of preaching. When the operations of the committee threatened to become crippled for want of resources, he had a saying which acted like a timely cordial in inspiring confidence—"Go forward, brethren; never mind funds, they shall not be wanting." At a certain time he failed in business, and was unable to meet the demands of his creditors in full. What remained of the estate was divided, and all men satisfied. Subsequently Mr. Reyner again prospered, when he filled in a number of cheques, and calling upon each of those with whom he had formerly transacted business, he presented them with the balance of their original debt. The saintly Burder, as the leader of the band, lived to a patriarchal age, and saw hundreds of thousands of his simple but effective "Village Sermons" scattered through the society's agency. Then there was the hard-working Joseph Hughes, who was able to serve the common cause at the secretary's desk, on the platform, or by meeting the objections of Hannah More. During his last illness he sent word to John Foster—"Life is quivering in the socket"; and listened with eagerness to the essayist's reply—"But oh! my dear friend, whither is it that you are going?" Matthew Wilks and Dr. Newman also did eminent service. A tract by the Doctor, "To a Young Lady at School," was once sent in error to a titled, precise old lady of seventy; but still carried the seed of truth to her heart. Then as regards Rowland Hill, such was the delight with which this veteran witnessed the unsectarian aggression of the society in its early days that he gleefully wrote an epitaph on a slain and buried enemy:—

"Here lies old Bigotry, abhorred
By all that love our common Lord;
No more his influence shall prove
The torment of the sons of love."

Through the last fourteen years of his life Legh Richmond was, perhaps, the most prominent member of the committee, and on account of

his great popularity, he was able to accomplish a vast amount of effective work. His writings commanded a very extensive circulation, and what pleased the worthy vicar still more, they were continually heard of as carrying home the truth to some needy soul. We find this good man never tiring of active service, for at one time he is preparing a tract or a report, at another he is pleading the cause of the poor with the great, and anon his wise, eloquent words infuse a spirit of enthusiasm into the annual meeting in London. Of his works, it was literally true that they were read with as much interest in the courts of kings as as they were in the cottages of the peasantry. Alexander of Russia, who duly valued "The Annals of the Poor," and welcomed the introduction of the book into his empire, was a friend of the author, who was never better pleased than when Christians of different nations and of various denominations could be united to fight the common enemy. It was a saying of his that "solitary trees are liable to a thousand dangers from wind and storm, and thunder and lightning, which trees growing together in a wood are not exposed to."

The early operations of the committee were carried on with a caution which, to look back upon, is as amusing as it is characteristic of the times. The first agent appointed to publish the tracts had his warehouse in Stationers' Court; and for his services in selling, proof-correcting, and account keeping—for transacting the entire business of the society—he received a stipend of £60 a year. The classic ground of St. Paul's Churchyard and Paternoster Row has all along been the area on which the head quarters of the society have been stationed, although the committee-meetings have been held in various nooks and corners of the old City. The first rendezvous of those worthy men whose zeal was equal to their love, was at Haberdashers' Hall, and subsequently they assembled at the house of Mr. Reyner, in Duck's-foot Lane. More noteworthy than these, however, was Mr. Hardcastle's counting-house, in Upper Thames Street, which was really the cradle of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Committee meetings representative of various gospel agencies were held on this hallowed spot, so that one of the number was able to say that in his judgment "These rooms are second to none but those in which the disciples met after their Master's ascension, and from whence they went forth to bless a dark and guilty world."

The founders of the society will appear to have commenced their work with the enthusiasm of new beginners when we say that during the first year of their operations they issued thirty-four tracts, and that in their fifth year nothing new of any kind was published. The ordinary tract, which set forth in a plain straightforward manner the cardinal truths of the gospel, came before the public as the First Series; and these were soon supplemented by the "Narratives," which, as in some respects more tempting to uncultivated readers, were intended to fulfil a special mission in the hands of loan distributors. A more curious issue, when understood in connection with the times, was the second series—the Hawker Tracts which were specially designed for the chapman traffic of our old coaching days. The chapman penetrated into the most retired nooks of rural districts, and, being as illiterate as his customers, he was not careful as to the character of his literary

wares. Song-books, stories of giants, fairies, and natural wonders, together with unlikely stories spiced with smutty allusions, formed his staple commodities in literature. To transform the chapman into a kind of religious colporteur without even awakening his suspicions was a policy no less bold than it was commendable, though the means used by the committee in the ruder times of seventy years ago would not now command the universal approval of sober minds. The "literature" to be supplanted was of that flash, low order which unfortunately exercises a catchpenny influence on the unlettered peasant mind; and hence it was sought to attract the vulgar eye by titles corresponding in sensationalism with those obsolete curiosities which the unprincipled publishers of bygone times provided for cottage readers. Of course the religious and moral lessons remained unexceptionable in spite of their grotesque disguise; but still our gravity is entirely upset when we find men like Burder, Richmond, and Reyner giving their imprimatur to "Tom Toper's Tale over his Jug of Ale," and "The Fortune-Teller's Conjuring Cap." These piquant stories are not now found in the catalogue, though some of the chapman series were originally of such standard excellence that they have done good service since the early days of the present century. Prepared for the most uninformed minds, this series still wears for curious readers an attractive face which does not belong to the ordinary tract. How does it happen that able scribes become singularly interesting when they condescend to write in a strain of severe simplicity? Numberless persons who prefer a good sermon to the dull sermonizing of the majority of tracts, read with something akin to actual avidity, "Uncle Ben, whom nobody loved," and "Thomas Steady and John Wild." Truth to say, the common people more readily relish the fruits of genius than is commonly supposed. Good tracts are not easily obtained, and the difficulty experienced in procuring manuscripts has not diminished with the increase of education. The committee have really done their best, they have succeeded in a degree beyond what might have been expected, and a story told in connection with one of their editorial discussions shows that their honest judgment is not likely to be biassed by mere feelings of friendship. A member of the committee once composed a tract, and, as the sequel showed, he was unusually vain of his production. While ignorant of its authorship the poor author's fellow-officers were engaged in discussing the merits of the piece before them, when one made the terrible remark, "This tract, Mr. Chairman, is a very poor thing!" Because he at once became nervously excited the writer was at once identified. "Poor thing! Why do you call it a poor thing?" he demanded. "Are you, my dear sir, the writer?" asked the outspoken critic. "I am," said the tortured man. "Then I can only say, it is a very poor thing indeed," cried the other, with a boldness called for at the moment, but which cost the society the loss of the wounded gentleman's services.

When we look at the superabundance of juvenile books with which the literary market is at present supplied, it may sound strange when we say that the Tract Society had been in working order for more than ten years before any attempt was made to satisfy the wants of children. In the first instance certain copies of the Hawkers' Series were recom-

mended as being suitable for Sabbath-school rewards; and booksellers even bound up these pretty stories into little volumes, taking care to add the additional attraction of one or more pictures, with more colour than artistic merit. In 1814 a series of children's books was commenced, but during the succeeding ten years the comparatively little attention given to this department shows the apathy of the public mind. The commencement of the "Child's Companion" and the "Tract Magazine" in 1824 inaugurated a new and better era. During the last fifty years the young have received their share of attention; and the annual circulation of works especially addressed to them has now to be counted by millions.

At the commencement of this century the society attracted but little notice, and in 1800 the subscriptions did not greatly exceed £150. Twenty-five years later the annual income amounted to about £1,000. Some interesting things are told concerning the manner in which the endeavours of the committee were encouraged by money donations. Between the year 1812-21 an unknown friend called at the Depository ten times to leave £100 on each occasion. He had set his heart on giving a thousand sovereigns to the Lord, and when the offering was complete he expressed his thankfulness, but preferred to withhold his name. One wintry night the cause of the society was advocated in a chapel at Cheltenham, when no single individual of the scanty audience appeared to be interested in the operations described. How delusive may appearances prove when our spirits are depressed—a friend sat in that meeting who afterwards bequeathed nearly £700 to the society. A still more munificent benefactor of the committee in their early days was Mr. John Lloyd, who from the humble station of a poor mechanic rose to become a man of wealth and influence, with a heart to dispense liberally what was committed to his care. During life and at his death he promoted the dissemination of wholesome literature to the extent of nearly £4,000. Other facts might be cited to show how the cause was also aided by very poor persons who chose to enjoy the privilege, in common with their richer neighbours, of sending the gospel into the dark corners of the land.

But people who actually fight their Lord's battles are to be commended equally with those who find the ammunition of war; and in the early days of its history the Tract Society could number among its friends many noble hearts, whose faith and work are worthy of being lastingly remembered. Thomas Dakin, a pensioner, who fought under Abercrombie in the old war time, was, after conversion, one of the most successful tract distributors, while his operations were surprisingly extensive. With empty pockets, and attired in clothing such as would tempt no dishonest hands by its value, he boldly perambulated the dangerous districts of London, and entered their most infamous resorts. At fairs, in low taprooms, and in infidel halls he was a familiar character with his parcel of tracts and handbills, some three thousand of which represented the average consumption of a week. Among the crowd which would congregate at a public execution he would labour most actively; and when, according to the custom of the time, the corpse was delivered to the relatives of the deceased culprit, Dakin would be found in the house, speaking of the things of God to hardened

wretches who themselves seemed to be fast ripening for the gallows. "There was a time when I would have floored you for this insult, but I cannot do so now; my only object has been to do you good," once said this brave man to a tavern roysterer, who threw a quantity of beer in his face. By gentle words the offender became subdued and conquered, the word spoken took root in his heart, and, becoming converted, he successfully engaged in Christian work. Dakin continued his effective operations through a space of twenty years or longer, and when he died, on May Day, 1837, he had scattered the good seed of the kingdom to the extent of fifteen hundred thousand books, tracts, and handbills. Other examples of successful distributors among the poor could be given, but from these we will turn to one of a different sort.

As an Exeter pastor, Samuel Kilpin became impressed with the crying necessity of the then heathenish district in which the cathedral city was situated. Evangelical publications were dispersed by the thousand, but still he was not satisfied until a room of his house was turned into a depository at which local distributors could make their purchases at cost price. "Oh, madam, I would have given them to the wind and two hundred more with them," he sadly remarked to a lady who had carried a dozen tracts fourteen miles to be exchanged! Another lady of large fortune sent twenty-five miles for a penny brochure, to be returned if not approved. The hawkers were also a further source of trouble to this godly amateur trader, whose only hope of gain consisted in the hope of gaining souls for Christ. Mr. Kilpin discovered that "the patience of Job and the eye of a hawk" were indispensable qualifications in his new adventures. His rough and ready customers would come the worse for drink, and they would advance specious reasons why their "fourpennyworth of all sorts" should be liberally dealt out to them. A more arduous task undertaken by Mr. Kilpin was that of replacing the questionable pictures, songs, and other low wall literature found in the cottages of the west, but by the aid of suitable helpers he was enabled to carry out his design. If a poor man in difficulties came to him he would set him up in business as a kind of tract colporteur.

A few instances may now follow of spiritual good received by individuals in the early days of the society; for such things are not only interesting to Christian hearts, they act as stimulants to those who are actively engaged in aggressive efforts as well as those who follow after.

In a notorious district of Westminster there lived many years ago one of those characters common to London, called flying newsmen. The calling of this fraternity is of the catchpenny kind—songs, murders, and marvellous relations representing their staple trade. The man in question, though not the most illiterate of his class, showed a strong aversion to Christianity by openly advocating infidel opinions. He continued his course without signs of amendment until one night when he was persuaded to attend a meeting in a school-room, at which the books of a loan library were distributed. The flying newsman took home the "Life of John Newton," and after reading this work with considerable interest he confessed that he had been wrong, and turned his attention to the Bible. This poor man was converted, he relinquished his dishonourable trade, and was soon after found employed as

a ragged school master in the same district where he had formerly advanced the cause of evil.

Dr. Hope, a Christian physician who in the early years of this century practised in Westminster, used to mention a pleasing case of conversion which came under his notice in connection with the "Village Sermons." One of his patients being a young lady whose end was drawing near, the doctor left with her a copy of Dr. Burder's work, which was duly read, and became the means of conveying saving truth to the patient's mind. The mistress of the household assumed an attitude of haughty chagrin when she discovered what had occurred. "I will not trouble you doctor to go upstairs," she cried when the physician next called; but the patient had received of the good word of life, and died in the certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

Of the spiritual conquests won by "The Anxious Inquirer," that of Thomas Murray, the Irish cabin farmer, is one of the most encouraging. During forty years Thomas tilled his wild domain, satisfied when his mere animal wants were supplied, and envied by his neighbours on account of the extent of his operations. In his old age the farmer was confined to his home by illness, a trial which had the effect of rendering him peevish and unrestful. It happened that a little girl, who lived near, just about that time received a reward at the Sabbath-school, and with the view of relieving her aged neighbour's forced imprisonment she offered him the loan of her book. The offer was accepted with all that gracious condescension which at times is characteristic of the Irish peasant; but when old Thomas commenced to read what thus unexpectedly came into his hands his eyes were enlightened and new alarms took possession of his soul. In a brief space he was a new creature, and when the Sunday scholar wished for the return of her book the farmer was loth to part with it until another copy was forthcoming. Soon after old Thomas died the death of the righteous, his last days being a fine illustration of the promise, "At evening time it shall be light."

In former days when locomotion was more slow and difficult than it is at present, the colporteur and the hawker were still able to carry on their fruitful, unobtrusive work. Ill repaired paths and the dangers of the roads were no hindrance to men who travelled on foot, and whose pack or basket contained nothing to tempt the rapacity of robbers. Whenever available the assistance of ordinary hawkers was secured; but all along the services of decidedly religious agents were preferred, and what certain of these were able to accomplish was no less surprising than gratifying. A pastor in Shropshire having met with the right kind of servant for his purpose paid for a hawker's license, and started his friend in business as a seller of the Tract Society's publications, the man's commission being to perambulate the country in a circumference of twenty miles. A connection had to be made, and little by little the man won his way until his average receipts actually rose to between four and five hundred pounds a year. Poor women also were frequently engaged for a similar purpose, and according to their ability did no mean work. One of the most illiterate of these workers for Christ was "Poor old Sally," of Margate, who, by her good-humoured perseverance in her calling, made up for the want of

educational qualifications. On the occasion of her visiting London, the sights she wished most to see were one of the chapels and the depository of the Religious Tract Society. The large premises, the ample stock, and the busy assistants greatly interested this country visitor, until, having satisfied her curiosity in one direction, she cried in her simplicity, "And now, I want to see all the gentlemen that wrote these books." Though her wishes could not be gratified, the poor woman returned to her work at the sea-side with new interest and fresh determination to do with all her might the work which was given her to do.

A notorious drunkard was reformed, and a wretched home made happy by means of a tract—"The Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness"—being thrown in at a cottage doorway. A gentleman, living in a fine house, and violently opposed to religion, became converted through the instrumentality of a negro hawker who called, to be rudely repulsed on his first visit, and to be welcomed with tears of gratitude when the man appeared again. These striking cases, together with the numberless commonplace ones, which were equally valuable, were the reward of those worthy men who were the support of the Tract Society in its early days, and encouraged them to enlarge their operations. The need of such an agency was very great, but it was, perhaps, never so great as now, when the land is flooded, week by week, with vast issues of printed paper too immoral and puerile to rank as literature. The operations of the committee at home and abroad are now of considerable magnitude; but our particulars of these may be reserved for another paper.

An Evil Conscience.

WHEN Professor Webster was awaiting his trial, he brought against his fellow-prisoners the charge of insulting him through the walls of his cell, and screaming to him, "You are a bloody man!" On examination it was found that the charge was wholly groundless, and that these accusing voices were imaginary, being but the echo of a guilty conscience.

If such things can be done in earth's prisons, what are sinners to look for in a future world? O, what taunts and curses shall pierce the ears of those who lie down in hell! Conscience will have a terrific power of starting such accusations, and then an ear of keen sensibility to receive the echoes as they roll back upon the soul. What an occupation for eternity! What inconceivable agony to be shut up with the ghostly memories of past sin, and to hear, through long centuries of gloom and despair, only the uttered and echoed curses which sin brings down upon the soul! O for that grace which sprinkles our hearts from an evil conscience!—*Presbyterian.*

The Disciples.—Andrew.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

THE brother of Simon Peter was, before he became a follower of Christ, a disciple of John the Baptist, a circumstance which enables us to form some idea of the probable preparatory training which led to his prompt act of adherence when Christ was announced to him. It is not difficult to imagine his surroundings in those earlier days of his religious life, spent for the most part on the banks of the Jordan. As a disciple of John, his stand is near the preacher, whence he can survey the dense throng drawn from all parts by the awakening which has aroused the nation. The voice crying in the wilderness sounds close to his ear, and he is able to watch its effects in the play of emotion depicted in the faces and attitudes of the listeners, to the very outskirts of the throng. The strong blasts of sternly spoken truth sweeping over that great sea of hearers, produce tumultuous waves of excitement. The people are startled by imperious calls to repentance; confounded by a bold, keen-sighted exposure of their besetting sins; they see that fruit alone, not profession, however vaunted, can satisfy God; that the axe is laid in warning at the root of the barren tree, and when next the master of the orchard comes by, it may be (who can tell) to wield the axe and cut the tree down. They shake with forebodings of the wrath to come, and audibly cry out, as at Pentecost three years later, "What shall we do?" Like priest, like people: the disciple of such a master as John cannot but be tender of conscience, serious, devout. But this is by no means the whole of John's preaching. He constantly affirmed his mission to be preparatory to the coming of the Messiah. It is evident from the instant effect upon Andrew of his designation of Christ as the Lamb of God that he expounded the prophetic and spiritual signification of the Jewish worship and sacrifices. The sacrificial lamb which the offerer selected from his flock, and which ceremonially atoned for the sins of the Jews became to his hearers the foreshadowing of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Only the announcement, therefore, of Christ's appearance was needed to transfer the disciple from the herald to the Lord himself. It is interesting to note the words which effected this transfer. The searching light of the preaching of repentance had revealed Andrew's sin, but could not remove the guilt it exposed. The burdened conscience is now directed to One who can effect the longed for deliverance. John points his friend to a personal Saviour, to a Saviour that makes atonement. The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, has resistless attractions for a convicted sinner: Andrew "heard him speak and followed Jesus." From the lower to the higher truth the transition is natural and easy. Conviction was John's mission, remission was Christ's: the one must be wrought before the other will be sought, but unable either to save or satisfy, it can only create an intolerable yearning for deliverance: on the appearance of the sin-bearer the sin-rebuker loses his follower: John gives way to Jesus.

"Jesus," we read, "turned and saw them following." And when did any step taken towards Christ ever escape the Saviour's notice? "Whom seek ye?" "Rabbi" (it is their dawning profession of discipleship), "where dwellest thou?" To Christ's "Come and see," they respond by abiding with him during the remainder of that day. It was the tenth hour, says that one of the two who narrates the incident. It will never be obliterated from his mind: two hours remained before sunset, hours of sunrise to these two men, in which the light of divine love began to stream into their hearts, and the glory of God was revealed to them in the face of Christ. Perhaps the joy of that abiding with Christ was continued far into the evening. Could there be a more delightful inauguration of discipleship? Is it any wonder that one of them became the disciple whom Jesus loved, and the other the same day led his own brother to the Saviour? Meanwhile, what is going on in the

sacred seclusion of that room? Do they question the Lord more fully on the significance of the title, the "Lamb of God"? Are they listening to some such revelation of the divine love to the world manifesting itself in stupendous sacrifice as that made soon after to Nicodemus? Do they unreservedly confess in the Saviour's ear the allegiance they feel already kindling within themselves towards him? Enough that they begin to know what it is to abide with Christ, and to learn of him. Happy disciples! if they can follow out these two things they will possess all the furnishing the holiest and most arduous life requires.

In the zeal which this interview with the Saviour enkindled we recognise the true spirit of communion. Christ has filled Andrew's heart; he will not rest till his brother share his joy. The words with which he acquaints Peter with his discovery suggest that the Messiah's coming was no strange topic between the brothers. "We have found the Messiah." It was enough; and he brought him to Jesus. It was the first day of his own discipleship; he did not wait for maturer knowledge nor for a larger audience before he declared his message. And the young and obscure disciple wrought a great work in bringing this one individual to Christ. If Peter was Andrew's spiritual son, the three thousand at Pentecost were his grandchildren. The remoter origin of the two glowing epistles that have instructed and comforted the church in all succeeding time, may be found in those three words of Andrew, "*ευρηκαμεν ὁ Μεσσιας*." There is no predicting the issues that may flow from the leading of one person to Christ.

Thus Andrew has his introduction to the Saviour. The call at Galilee comes naturally after this; already a disciple, he is summoned to attend his Master, just as after conversion every believer may expect to have conferred on him an apostleship of some sort or other. No adherent of Christ can be spared for a life of indolence; after the call into the church he must listen for the summons to the vineyard; believers must become ambassadors.

Similarity of disposition is not an invariable rule amongst brothers, but there is an unmistakable resemblance of character between Andrew and Peter. Though a man of less calibre than Peter he exhibits the same practical readiness. In the two incidents which have already passed before us we have noticed the unhesitating rapidity of decision which marked his first adhesion to Christ, and his immediate and successful endeavour to proselytise his brother. In each of the three remaining glimpses of him given in the gospels, and there are but three more, we shall have to note the same prompt, practical cast of mind. The first is at the feeding of the multitude with five loaves and two fishes. Matthew, Mark, and Luke do not distinguish the disciple who ascertained the quantity of provision available. It is in John the name appears—"One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother." Very interesting, this, when we bear in mind the first hours of the discipleship of John and Andrew—"They abode with him that day, for it was about the tenth hour." Friendships founded or cemented in communion with Jesus become peculiarly sacred. This will sufficiently account for the circumstance that it is John who particularly remembers and records the doings of Andrew. Only one out of the five notices of him (omitting the mere lists) occurs outside the pages of John, and that one is found, very naturally, in the gospel of Mark (xiii. 3), who wrote at the dictation of Peter. It is Andrew, then, who on Christ's demand, "How many loaves have ye, go and see," makes rapid enquiry and returns with the prompt and circumstantial report—"There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?" He is evidently a man with powers of observation—has "eyes" in contrast with "no eyes." In his report the items are given with a particularity as admirable as it is evidently natural; a lad, barley loaves, small fishes, five of the one, two of the other. Personage, articles of provision, nature, number, quality, size, all minutely noted and reported, the deduction moreover drawn "What are they among so many?" an observant, exact man, eminently

serviceable for practical work, who can take stock of what resources are available, and estimate on the instant their probable service. In his estimate, however, he omitted the hands that were to break the bread, a vital omission, as he soon with infinite wonder discovered. Some men's genius lies in the ready calculation of resources, and how far they will go. If they learn to include Christ in the estimate, they may be very serviceable to the church, but Andrew's heathenish omission is still too often made by even Christ's own people. If the Roman commander proudly asked, "For how many do you reckon me?" what shall we imagine to be Christ's indignant or mournful question to his yet unbelieving servants? When will the church learn to make practical reckoning and use of the power of her Lord?

The incident of the Greeks desiring to see Jesus (Jno. xii. 22) furnishes the next story of this disciple. "Philip cometh and telleth Andrew, and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus." From what we elsewhere gather of Philip's character, we may conclude that it was indecision how to receive the application of the strangers that led him to consult another disciple before acting; but why is Andrew the selected adviser? It is obvious to remark that Philip and he were of the party of the earliest disciples; that they occupied a similar relative position among the twelve, neither the obscurest nor the most prominent; and that these circumstances would naturally throw them together; but there was probably a more vital reason lying beneath. Andrew was a man of decision and prompt action, to whom the reflective, hesitating Philip naturally turned for guidance. The result of this reference of the question to such a man is what we should expect. The request of the Greeks is immediately brought to Christ, and it is Andrew, not Philip, who takes the lead in presenting it. This admirable promptitude constitutes an invaluable qualification for a position of leadership.

In Mark xiii. 3, Andrew appears again, and for the last time in Scripture, as one of the four who on the Wednesday evening before Christ's death heard the great prophetic discourse on Olivet. The conversation had arisen out of an enquiry made by these disciples concerning Christ's remark upon the destruction of the temple. "Master," they had said, "tell us when shall these things be;" and gathering closely round him, they listened to what they would not otherwise have heard. It is in such after-talks with Jesus we amass the most spiritual knowledge. After the reading of Scripture, after the hearing of the word, we should get us away to some Olivet to hearken to him. The common run of hearers may be satisfied with what falls publicly on every ear, but the gains of those who, like Andrew and the three other disciples, follow and interrogate and listen to the Master in private are far greater, far higher.

This is all we have concerning Andrew in the Bible. From that time he disappears till he shall be seen again in company with his Lord amid the great realities to the recital of which he was then listening. Tradition, however, says that he laboured in Scythia and Thrace, traversed the shores of the Black Sea, preached at Sinope, Sebastopol, and Byzantium (now Constantinople) and that he was crucified on a cross of the form of the letter X, thence called St. Andrew's cross, lingering two days before death ended his sufferings. The brief memoirs of his life show admirable promptitude and energy of character. His instant devotion to Christ on hearing John's words, "Behold the Lamb of God," the warm-hearted urgency with which he led his brother Peter to Christ, his clear business-like mind incidentally displayed in the story of the five loaves and two fishes, his decision of Philip's hesitancy concerning the Greeks, and his evident love for the Master's words revealed at Olivet, are all traits worthy of emulation. May the prompt, loving, Andrew spirit be long continued amongst the disciples of Christ.

Complaint of an old Parish Clerk.*

OUR parson's took up with the Ritchelist views,
And he's all over changed, from his hat to his shoes;
His coat is so long, and his face is so grave,
And he calls his good crab-stick a pastoral stave;
And his voice has got hollow, and sad-like, and mild,
And he'd think he was yielding to sin if he smiled;
They may say what they please, but whatever they says,
I don't like the looks of them Ritchelist ways.

Our parson he once was so hearty and stout,
And knew what the farmers and folks were about;
He'd talk with the men as they worked in the field,
He knew every acre, and what it would yield;
He'd a famous loud voice and a kind merry face,
'Cept when he was scolding a child in disgrace;
Now he walks through the lanes in a sort of a maze,
And that's what has come of his Ritchelist ways.

And the handsome old church he've done it up new,
And there's plenty of benches, but never a pew;
And pillars and halters, and things queer in spellin',
And as to the vestry, that's quite past my tellin'.
There used to be two gowns I had in my cares,
A black gown for preaching, a white 'un for prayers;
And now there are twenty with gold all ablaze,
And that's the expense of these Ritchelist ways.

There's tippets and stoles that is always in wear,
And copes to put on for the Litany prayer;
And green with white edgings for churchings—and listen,
He puts on a purple and white gown to christen!
There's things that hang loose and things that fit tight,
And he's mighty displeased if I don't bring 'em right;
Oh! it's almost enough a poor body to craze,
The ins and the outs of these Ritchelist ways.

Then there's bowings and scrapings and turnings and 'flections,
It's hard work to mind all the proper directions;
He'll first chant a sentence then turn round his stole,
Then wheel to the east with a sort of a roll;
Now he reads slow and loud, now he jabbers so fast,
As if it was something he wished to get past.
At the back of the building you can't hear a phrase,
For they don't speak distinct in these Ritchelist days.

And the music it's altered I can't tell you how,
But the old Psalms o' David we never sing now;
They've got some new hymns with some very queer words,
And they twitter and pipe like a parcel of birds;
And they tell me it's grand and I shouldn't complain,
But I long for those old psalms o' David again,
Or else for our godly and Protestant lays,
Not those dreadful quick chants of these Ritchelist days.

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* This is sent to us, and we do not know the author.

I've been parish clerk for many a year,
But the parson and wardens is getting so queer,
And the work of my office is getting so great.
What wi' brushing the vestments and cleaning the plate,
That I'd almost resolved to resign it and go,
But my friends they say "Don't," and my wife she says "No,"
So I 'bide in my place, and each Sunday I prays
There may soon be an end to them Ritchelist ways.

EBENEZER HIGGINS, Clerk of St. Peter's.

Notices of Books.

The New Methodist Hymn Book, and its Writers. By the Rev. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS. Haughton and Co.

MR. CHRISTOPHERS does not care for the new hymn book, but would have preferred to stick to the old, yet he very lovingly falls to his work of giving brief biographies of its hymn writers, and cheery incidents connected with them and their hymns. His style reminds us of the summer meadows all besprinkled with "buttercups and daisies and all the pretty flowers," in fact he runs hard upon the rock of offence in this matter as far as our taste is concerned, but he just manages to graze it and not to strike, and so we can honestly commend him. There are solid materials in Mr. Christophers' pages as well as flowers, and all lovers of our sacred songs should read his prose-poetry, and learn for themselves what wonderful incidents may cluster around the birth and history of a hymn. The following is a bold sketch of Dean Stanley, perhaps a little too hard, but far too true.

"'I have been to Westminster to hear Dean Stanley,' said a college professor, some time ago. 'He chose as a text a sentence from our Lord's lips pregnant with evangelical truth, and preached to us the best pagan sermon I ever heard. The author of the text might have been Buddha or Zoroaster, Confucius or Plato, as well as Christ, for any word or allusion in the sermon that was distinctly Christian. He never named his Master, nor, if that sermon were the only one a poor, inquiring sinner was to hear, would he ever know who his Saviour was, or even what was his name.'

"'I should scarcely expect anything different,' was the response, 'after reading some of his books. How dreadfully afraid of a miracle the man seems to be! He is unwilling to acknowledge one even when it looks him fairly in the face, and, like Balaam, cannot see an angel or spirit, even when it is clear to the eyes of an ass. With him, belief in the miraculous seems more to be dreaded than unbelief itself. I suppose he is what is called a "Broad Churchman," a popular thing now-a-days, when so much is thought and said about "culture," "breadth," "sweetness and light." Breadth and light, as they are exemplified in such men as the Dean of Westminster and the Bishop of Exeter, remind one very much of a prospect such as I saw once at Southport, in Lancashire. The tide was out, and there was snow upon the wide, far-stretching sand, which in the hazy distance passed dreamily into the mingling sea and sky. It was "breadth" and "light," with no distinct limits.' 'What a peculiar view!' said I.

"'Peculiar indeed!' said a lady, who stood by; 'it is as near to nothingness as can be!'

"This chat came to mind rather freshly when seeing Dean Stanley's Hymn—

'Master! it is good to be
High on the mountain here with thee,'

in the Methodist Hymn Book. No one can deny the beauty of the verses; and yet, the very beauty is peculiar. The hymn is about Christ, and speaks to the Master; and yet, when you want to realise the good of being on the mount with him, it escapes you somehow. You seem to be carried up into

'An ampler, purer air,'

And still, you feel as if you were among spirits—

'Believing in their unbelief.'"

Mr. Christophers sketches scenery very daintily, and an incident in his hands is so adorned and decorated that we marvel at his artistic skill. To many he will be altogether fascinating, and to all he will be interesting. We wish he could prune his boughs, for they are too luxuriant; but so long as he bears good fruit we shall not quarrel with him. He is a sort of gracious Gilfillan, and the grace atones for many faults. Here is a stirring bit, in which the Father of Methodism comes before us a Hero leading a band of heroes.

"'I never go across the fields to Gwennap Church-Town,' said an intelligent Cornish Methodist girl, the other day, 'but I sit down on the stile just above Trevince and look over the road where Squire Beecham, as we call him, took hold of Mr. Wesley's gown and pulled him along, swearing that he would make him 'serve his Majesty.' I have sometimes wept there while picturing to myself the dear man in such wicked hands; and how meek and mild he was all the while, though I've heard that he said something almost like a prophecy. Well, and his solemn words have come about. What has become of the swearing man's offspring and name? Then I think of the dear people to whom Mr. Wesley was preaching, striking up a hymn all in the noise and the cursing. Blessed people! I have sung, too, with the tears on my face, thinking about them, while sitting on that stile. I should like to know what hymn they sang.'

"Wesley himself has described the scene which the good girl so vividly realised. On the 3rd July, 1745, he says, 'We rode to Gwennap; finding that the house would not contain one-fourth of the people, I stood before the door. I was reading my text, when a man came raging as if just broke out of the tombs; and riding into the thickest of the people, seized three or four, one after another, none lifting up a hand against him. A second (gentleman so called) soon came after, if possible, more furious than he, and ordered his men to seize on some others—Mr. Shepherd in particular. Most of the people, however, stood still as they were before, and began singing a hymn. Upon this Mr. B— lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, 'Seize him, seize him; I say, seize the preacher for his Majesty's service.' But no one stirring, he rode up and struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were bid. Perceiving still that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my cassock, crying, "I take you to serve his Majesty."'

"About six years before this John and Charles Wesley had issued a hymn 'to be sung in a tumult.' It had become well known, and was by this time a favourite hymn with the persecuted people, who were not unused to suffer amidst tumults. And well might any thoughtful soul sit on that stile, under the shadow of great Carnmarth, and be moved at the thought of a devout, unresisting multitude singing—

'Earth rejoice: the Lord is King!
Sons of men his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns.'

Especially the verses which are now left out of the old favourite 'tumult song'—

'Roaring lion, own his power,
Us thou never canst devour;
Plucked we are out of thy teeth,
Saved by Christ from hell and death.

'Though thou bruise in us his heel,
Sorer vengeance shalt thou feel;
Christ, the woman's conquering seed,
Christ in us shall bruise thy head.

'Though the floods lift up their voice,
Calm we hear thy children's noise
Horribly they rage in vain;
God is mightier than man.

'Jesus greater we proclaim;
Him in us, than thee in them:
Thee their god he overpowers;
Thou art theirs, and Christ is ours.

'Strong in Christ, we thee defy,
Dare thee all thy force to try;
Work in them, the slaves of sin,
Stir up all thy hell within.

'All thy hosts to battle bring:
Shouts in us a stronger King,
Lifts our hearts and voices high—
Hark, the morning star's reply!'

And then, while the 'gentlemen' were cursing—

'Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them;
God with us, we cannot fear—
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

'Lo! to faith's enlightened sight
All the mountain flames with light!
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher
Circling us with hosts of fire.

'Our Messias is come down,
Points us to the victor's crown,
Bids us take our seats above,
More than conquerors in his love.'

And finishing with the lines now cut off from modern use—

'Yes; the future work is done
Christ the Saviour reigns alone,
Forces *Satan* to submit,
Bruises him beneath our feet.

'We the evil angel's doom,
Ante-date the joys to come,
See the dear Redeemer's face,
Saved, already saved by grace!'

There is something strikingly trumpet-toned about this tuneful expression of triumphant faith."

Popular Delusions Sanctioned by the Church of England. An Essay. By WILLIAM STOKES. London: Elliot Stock.

THERE can be no doubt that the consecration of buildings and churchyards, and the setting apart of men to wear some mystic power of special priesthood about them, are superstitious to a high degree, and that these are maintained in our land chiefly by the Church of England. The consecration of banners, flags, ships of war, etc., is a crying evil, dragging as it does the name of the Prince of Peace into connection with instruments for shedding blood and the insignia of carnage. Laying stones in the name of God, and blessing standards in the same manner are unwarrantable uses of the sacred name. God has given no authority to any man to do any such acts in his name. Mr. Stokes has done well to expose these evils. His pamphlet will do good. It should be widely circulated. We do not think the evil and the error are confined to the Anglican body, and therefore it may be good medicine for infected persons in other churches.

School Pictures Drawn from Life. Religious Tract Society.

WE much admire this and other little books of the Society's Sixpenny Series. The coloured picture makes it very attractive to the youngsters. *Little faults and their Cure* is an equally good shilling's worth. We feel sure that boys and girls will endorse our opinion in both cases. Try us, Papa!

Anglican Church Portraits. By J. G. ROGERS. James Clark and Co.

THESE portraits are taken with much ability, and must have imparted much life to the pages of the *Congregationalist.* The point of view from which the portraits are taken is that of an anti-state churchman, and that standpoint being assumed, we believe them to have been honestly produced, "nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice." Of course, under other aspects, the men look very differently from what they do here. We should like to see a portrait of Mr. J. G. Rogers from a bishop's point of view. It will be useful to Dissenters to know how ecclesiastical dignitaries stand in relation to our great principles, and upon this Mr. Rogers is good authority. Here we have the Primate and the more notable bishops and canons drawn to the life with pen and ink by one who judges that their honours have been glittering but cumbrous chains to them.

Priesthood in the Light of the New Testament. The Congregational Lectures for 1876. By E. MELLOR, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume is worthy of its predecessors. The Congregational Lectures, though not all equally valuable, are a notable contribution to modern theology, and should be found in every theological library. Dr. Mellor demolishes the idol of priestcraft, and grinds it to powder; we only wish that those who are propagating the evil could be induced to read his book with candour. This is too much to hope; we might as well expect the Ethiopian to change his skin; the very assumption of the priestly office acts most prejudicially upon the judgment, and perverts the understanding. To those who are fully persuaded

upon the matter of priesthood it is not easy to bear with so much killing of the dead as is found in this lecture; but still it is well to have a store of argument ready to hand, and this Dr. Mellor provides.

The Life of Faith, as Illustrated by the Example of the Apostle Paul. With a Brief Notice of one of the Grounds of Faith. By John Thomson, D.D. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Good words and wise. They deserved re-issue; having enriched the pages of the *Christian Treasury*, they will now do good in a separate form. The life of Paul is a fine lesson to young men, and, indeed, to us all. Let our young readers take note of the following paragraph:—

"Paul's thorough conscientiousness appears especially in his high and quick sense of honour with regard to money affairs. When he was the prisoner of Felix at Cæsarea, he might easily have obtained his liberty, if he could have stooped to bribe the governor with the expected gift of money. And his delicacy of conscience appears in his offering to pay his friend Philemon all the loss he had sustained by the dishonesty of his runaway slave Onesimus. And still more it appears in the scrupulous exactness with which he managed all the business connected with the collecting of the contributions of the churches for the poor saints at Jerusalem. He refused to take the sole charge of the money collected, lest he should expose himself to unworthy suspicions; but he insisted that the churches themselves should choose commissioners of their own to accompany him on his errand of charity; thus acting upon his own rule, to provide things honest, not only in the sight of the Lord, but *also in the sight of men*. In all this, what a noble pattern is presented to young men! How careful should they be to be strictly honest, and conscientious in all pecuniary transactions; and how earnestly should they beware of getting into debt, for it will soon get them into disgrace, and bring them to shame and ruin. Nothing tends more to degrade the character of a man, and to take off the fine edge of conscience, and to make him the helpless victim of the world's temptations, than running wilfully into debt, and failing to pay his accounts with scrupulous exactness. The sum at first may be small; but 'he that is unfaithful in that which is least, will be unfaithful also in much.' And not less injurious to character, and blinding to conscience, and destructive of confidence, is every kind of dishonesty and fraud in the transactions of trade. Ill-gotten gains are usually soon lost; and even when retained, they are a curse to their possessor, by debasing his character, blunting his conscience, and driving him to shifts and subterfuges which not only blight his worldly prospects, but deaden his own moral feelings, and make him an easy prey to Satan's subtle wiles. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' 'By what means shall a young man cleanse his way?' 'By taking heed thereto, *according to thy word*.'"

Poetic Meditations. By Dora Mary Mather (the late Miss Drawbridge). London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

Our venerable friend Mr. Rogers says of these poems:—"Poems of this description are rare, even amidst the vast and multifarious literature of the present day. They are well suited to the nursery, to the sick chamber, to the country retreat, and to all occasions in which pleasure and profit are combined. My attention having been casually directed to them, I readily consented to undertake the responsibility of recommending them to the notice of others." We endorse his opinion, growler though we are, whenever a rhymer comes near us. We have suffered many things at the hands of poets, and feel for our stick instinctively whenever we are asked to look over a manuscript, but in this case we relent, and try to be very good. There are some choice pieces among these "meditations," which were written by one of the sweetest of women, whose husband mourns the grievous loss he has sustained in her departure to the eternal home. Here is a pretty bit, which deserves all the praise Mr. Rogers has given:—

"*Little Things Useful.*

"What use can there be for the bird so small
Trilling his song on the garden wall?
Under its shadow a child sits down—
Her brow is dark with a gloomy frown;
But she listens, and says, as she checks a sigh,
'The bird is merry, and why not I?'
Her face grows brighter, and hark! ere long,
The little one joins in the birdie's song!

"What use for the violets blue, that peep
Under the hedge on the bank so steep?
A girl is passing, and soon her eyes
Spy out the flowers, and softly she cries—
'The first I have found! Though high they grow,
Blind Charlie must have them, he loves them so;'
And the fragrant blossoms bring smiles of joy
To the pallid face of the sightless boy.

"What use for the twig that is ready to fall,
Brown and dead, from the elm-tree tall?
See as it waves in the balmy breeze,
A rook comes flying among the trees;
He pauses awhile on a bough to sway,
Then flies, with the twig in his beak, away;
For his nest in the rookery's green retreat
Without that twig would be incomplete.

"What use for the raindrops, that, one by one,
Have filled the hollow of yonder stone?
A thirsty traveller passes by,
Looking in vain for a brooklet nigh;
But the noonday sunbeams have not dried up
The sparkling drops in that stony cup—
So he quenches his thirst with the welcome rain,
Then starts refreshed on his journey again.

"'What use for us?' do the children ask?
Oh! is there not many a loving task,
That ye may perform in your home's bright sphere,
For brother, or sister, or parent dear?
By acts of obedience, words of love,
And gentle behaviour, ye may prove
That children indeed are the beautiful flowers,
That brighten and gladden our household bowers!"

Little Folks: a magazine for the young. A fresh volume. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

We say again what we have said before, this is the very best in point of beauty and taste of all the children's magazines. We wonder more and more how it is produced for the money. Only a large firm, having other uses for its plates could possibly issue it without heavy loss.

Beeton's Bible Dictionary. A Cyclopædia of the Truths and Narratives of the Holy Scriptures. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

On the supposition that Ward steals the paper, Lock gets the sheets printed for nothing, and Tyler finds a binder to whom profit is no object, we could understand the production of this book for a shilling. But as the honourable character of the most respectable firm of Ward, Lock, and Tyler is beyond all suspicion, we confess ourselves nonplussed. When this Bible Dictionary came out at 1s., in a paper cover, we recommended all poor students and teachers to buy it, but now it can be had bound at the same price we feel persuaded that they will purchase it without persuasion. The Bible Dictionary is, of course, very elementary, and by no means of a high class; but by the time a poor man has used it, and outgrown it he will be prepared to appreciate a better one. At the price it is a marvel; as far as we can remember it is quite unprecedented.

A Universal Geography. In four parts: Historical, Mathematical, Physical, and Political. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. Revised and brought down to the present time by Keith Johnson, F.R.G.S. Religious Tract Society.

If this geography were not so bulky, it ought to become a standard class-book for the higher forms in schools. It is very full, and not at all dull. The index is singularly copious, and the information is so complete, that those who have long ago done with school books may, with great advantage, place it in their libraries, and consult it as they have need.

Notes.

Mr. Spurgeon is much better in health, but is still weak, and earnestly begs friends not to press him so importunately to preach every day and every where. Have some mercy ye eager pleaders for "just one day at our anniversary!" At least enclose a stamp when, after getting one answer, you write again. Why should the postage

tax be to the poor victim a growing load? Could any one of our readers guess what a public man's correspondence costs him? Make it a penny less by not asking him to preach when he is not well.

June 19. The ordinary prayer meeting was turned into a season of thanksgiving on account of the restoration of the Pastor and our beloved deacon William Olney to a measure of health. It is indeed a special favour from God to the Pastor to have his zealous deacon spared. Great numbers were present and much of the Divine presence was enjoyed. As the members of the church had earnestly prayed for their two brethren so did they with equal fervour magnify the name of the Lord who has so graciously answered the petitions of his people. At the same meeting prayer was offered for Mr. Page, one of the students, who is sailing for Australia, and for two others, who are settling in spheres of usefulness at home. It imparts great interest to prayer meetings when there are distinct objects before the people, and those too of a practical character. The reports which are continually being sent in of answers to special prayers here presented are very cheering and greatly tend to encourage faith.

June 20. A fête was held at the Orphanage to celebrate its anniversary and to keep the Pastor's birthday. The crowds were beyond all precedent on such occasions, and all the provision which had been made, though it was very large, failed to meet the demands and had to be greatly increased. Difficulties and delays were borne with patience, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Everybody came with loving heart and smiling countenance. The Pastor's arm and hand will long remember the thousands of hearty salutations which he received, and his heart will never forget the affectionate and encouraging words which were addressed to him by his beloved people and attached friends. The goods which have been received during the year were sold at a bazaar. We shall be glad at all times to receive contributions of all sorts, for we always find a fit occasion for their sale sooner or later. The meeting in the evening, presided over by Sir Henry Havelock, was held in the open air, for no hall at the Orphanage, or near it, could accommodate the multitude. Dr. McEwen, of Clapham, Mr. Jones of Brixton, Mr. President Wigner, and five Spurgeons addressed the meeting. Seldom does a man find himself followed in his ministry by two sons and two grandsons, and live to speak with them at the same meeting. The Lord's name be praised for mercies to the families of his people. Writing as we do, just at the close of the meeting, we cannot be accurate in our statements, but we believe that at least £500 will be gained for the Orphanage by the day. We owe special thanks to the generous friend who sent in £42, so as to give a golden token of his esteem for every year of the Pastor's life. Many other birthday gifts ought also to be noted, but space prevents. Everybody has been kind and we feel bowed beneath the load of our mercies. Never was the Orphanage in so happy and holy a state, never were the funds in so sound a condition, or friends so hearty in supporting it. The Foundation fund has received legacies of about £6,500 this year, and the general income has also been larger than ever. Business is slack and money is hard to obtain, so all the world is saying, but the orphans' Father knows how to provide for his own. The Report will be issued with the Magazine. Our best thanks are due and are hereby tendered to our friend Mr. Murrell and his staff for the tremendous exertions which they made on the day just past. They were at its close like men who had fought a great battle. The feeding of three thousand when the loaves and fishes grow by miracle does not involve the toil which has to be borne by those who on a sudden find that bread and butter and cake and hot tea are needed by a thousand more people than they expected, although they looked for two thousand. God bless the men who so cheerfully do the Church's hardest work. We wish, however, that our friends when they mean to come to a meeting would buy their tickets a day before, that we may know how to provide. It is a singular fact that up to the very morning only four hundred tickets were taken, and yet when the thousands came without giving us notice they expected us to be ready for them. Next time we shall have to consult Dr. Cumming or some other prophetic brother.

June 21. The Female Servants' Home Society held its annual meeting in our Lecture Hall. The Pastor presided. Prizes were given to sixty or more domestic servants who had kept their places for 2, 5, 9, and 15 years, the last receiving valuable gold medals. The Society provides a home for servants while out of place. More than 1,000 were thus shielded from evil during the past year, and the whole expense to the public, including prizes was only £150. Was ever money better employed? The Society deserves to be greatly enlarged.

Mr. Collins, of Penge, sends us a most pleasing account of the anniversary just held there. What with sermons from Messrs. Maitland, Cuff, and Varley (in whose restored health we greatly rejoice), and speeches from Brethren Tarn, J. A. Brown, and Stone, the Penge people must have had a fine time of it. Everything goes on well, and in the autumn the friends hope to hold a Bazaar to reduce their debt. Old friends of Mr. Collins, and Penge, who wish to help can send parcels to Mr. Blackshaw, at the Tabernacle, who will gladly send them on.

We are endeavouring to form a Baptist church at Herne Bay. The land is given, and the friends have brought up £115 to which we will add £100. Baptists who take in their year's salt at this quiet little watering place will, we hope, back us up in this effort. Students from the College preach in the Town Hall.

A like effort is also being made at Southend, Essex, where a church has been formed. A chapel is needed.

Erith also has a prospering church under the care of our late student Mr. Martin, but a meeting-house is needful, and that speedily.

Mr. Silverton has opened his noble Exeter Hall, in Nottingham, under the most pleasing auspices. He has his own ways of doing things, but no one can deny that souls are saved and multitudes reached by his ministry, whom no one else has ever got at. We hoped to have taken part in the opening, but illness has prevented us. As soon as we feel able we shall fulfil our promise.

One of our most urgent needs is a chapel for the blind people who assemble with Mr. Hampton. He devotes all his time and energies to this work among the poorest of the blind, but the room in which the blind people gather is too small. Very few of our readers would dare to enter during service, for the smell from the thickly packed poor people assembled is described as "awful." One speaker told us that it made him feel sick, and all who go there feel it to be injurious to health. Besides, there is no room for those who wish to come. We have an opportunity for gathering together the very poorest and most helpless of mankind, and now we are at a standstill for a chapel or hall to put them in. The improvement in many of our blind friends in a short time is something wonderful to see, and it pains us to think that we cannot enable Mr. Hampton to gather a yet larger flock. A spot within half a mile of the Tabernacle is wanted, and a thousand pounds to build a hall with. Who can find a piece of cheap land? Who can build us the hall? Some lover of the blind and of the gospel will be the most likely person to aid us, and we believe he will be forthcoming.

Colportage Association. The secretary, Mr. Cordon Jones, says, "Since I last wrote new districts have been commenced at Wolverhampton, Maryport, and Melton Mowbray, the last specially among railway navvies. We have applications also from several other districts for men, but if all are to be entertained our *General Funds* will need immediate and increased support. The blessing on the work seems to increase, and also the desire to have men employed. A gentleman writes this month, 'We are increasingly pleased with our colporteur. He is active in holding cottage open air meetings, and in his visits to the sick. Many persons have been induced to attend on the preached gospel, and there are some few hopeful characters. We hope to have another in the C. N. District.' Will friends who value the work, but do not need the personal services of the colporteur, help us to send out more men by contributing to the General Fund?

"The colporteurs get a fixed salary, and do not personally receive any further remuneration for the books they sell, either by commission or otherwise. The profits on their sales go to the funds of the association, and help to maintain the work."

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Band of Hope was held on Friday evening, May 26th, in the Lecture Hall of the Tabernacle, which was crowded to excess. Mr. W. R. Selway occupied the chair, and the meeting was opened with singing and prayer. The report, which was read by the Secretary, Mr. Percy Selway, stated that eleven meetings had been held during the year, at which 126 pledges were received. After a careful visitation at the homes of the members the total number still true to their pledge and in full membership with the society was found to be 642. Excellent addresses were delivered by Revs. G. M. Murphy and T. T. Lambert, and Messrs. G. C. Campbell, Jabez Inwards, Thomas Whittaker, and Thomas and Charles Spurgeon, the presence of the last two being a most welcome feature of the meeting. A Band of Hope choir sang melodies, and two lads from the Orphanage gave recitations.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—May 25th, fourteen; May 29th, seventeen; June 1st, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
G. M. P.	1	0	0
Mr. R. May	10	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor	3	3	0
Mrs. Callam	5	0	0
Mr. T. Garland, Junior	5	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hearn	0	3	0
Mr. Milligan	1	0	0
Mr. Comerford	1	0	0
J. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0
E. P.	2	10	0
M. M., Dufftown	1	0	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Mr. Child	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Cook	1	0	0
Mr. J. West	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	7	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Late J. Armstrong, per Mr. R. Armstrong	20	0	0
Mr. J. Thorne	0	2	6
Mrs. Gibson	1	0	0
Mr. A. R. Gray	2	0	0
Miss Williamson	0	2	6
Mrs. Lister, per Mr. Gray	1	0	0
W. S. I.	1	1	0
Miss Miller	1	1	0
Mr. Townshend	1	0	0
Mr. Bobbett	0	5	0
Miss Fairley	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hodges	1	0	0
Mr. E. Carrington	0	6	2
Mr. W. Glanville	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Mills	3	3	0
Rev. J. A. Brown	0	10	6
Mr. Clarkson	1	1	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Mr. Simpson	2	2	0
Mr. T. G. Gathercole	1	0	0
Mr. J. Powell	1	0	0
Mr. A. Dunn	25	0	0
Mr. T. Mills	2	2	0
Mr. J. Harvey	21	0	0
A Member, per C. H. S.	0	10	0
John Ploughman's Horse Shoes ...	1	12	4
Mr. McClelland	1	0	0
Mrs. Patchett	0	1	0
Mr. G. Medley	5	0	0
Per Rev. W. C. Bunning :—			
Mr. A. Armstrong 50 0 0			
A Scotch Shepherd 0 10 0			
	50	10	0
Mr. A. Richardson, per Mrs. Withers ...	1	0	0
Mr. L. Guthrie	5	0	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	3	0
Mr. J. Sword	0	5	0
Miss Hobbs	0	5	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, Junior	1	0	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Collection at Drummond Road Chapel, Bermondsey, per Rev. J. A. Brown ...	5	7	4
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., May 21	32	2	3
" " " " 28	30	0	0
" " " June 4	30	2	9
" " " " 11	50	3	10
" " " " 18	20	11	1
	£408	14	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
G. M. P.	1	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor	3	3	0
H. M.	0	5	0
Fifty-six	2	0	0
Mr. J. Macfarlain	1	0	0
Mr. J. Waller	0	5	0
Mrs. Ridley	3	0	0
Mr. J. Morrison and Friends	2	11	6
Mr. J. Hill	20	0	0
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Jones	4	4	0
Miss Aldred	1	1	0
Eld Lane Sunday School, Colchester ...	2	9	5
Eden Side	0	7	6
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hearn	0	5	0
Mr. Milligan	0	10	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Friend, per Mr. Campbell	0	3	0
The late Mrs. Wood Elic	11	16	4
Mr. W. Davidson, of Cairnie	11	3	8
E. P.	2	10	0
M. M. Dufftown	1	0	0
Mr. T. Paterson	1	0	0
Dr. Mill	1	0	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Per Mr. G. Aubrey	1	4	0
Mr. James Houston	5	0	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
Miss E. Prior	0	5	0
Mr. John McMillan	1	0	0
Mrs. James	1	0	0
Mr. Child	5	0	0
Mrs. East	0	4	0
Clapham Omnibus Driver	0	11	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hogg	0	8	0
A Friend, Stirling	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Cook	1	0	0
Mr. J. West	0	10	0
Mr. France	0	5	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hogg	0	8	0
Taynuilt	2	0	0
A. N.	0	1	0
Mr. A. R. Gray	2	0	0
Miss Williamson	0	2	6
Mrs. Case	2	0	0
W. S. I.	1	1	0
Miss Miller	1	1	0
C. E. A.	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Townshend	1	0	0
Lincoln	1	0	0
Mr. Bobbett	0	5	0
E. W.	1	0	0
Enzie Free Church Sunday School ...	1	0	0
A Friend	1	4	6
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Cameron	1	0	0
J. N.	1	0	0
Infant Class Baptist Sunday School, Chipping Norton, per Mr. Burbridge...	0	11	1
Miss Hagger...	0	10	0
Downs Chapel, per Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
Downs Chapel, Clapton, collected by Mrs. Wray...	2	5	2
Kent	0	1	0
Mr. G. Prince	5	0	0
Mrs Smith	1	0	0
Per Rev. W. C. Bunning :—			
Mr. A. Armstrong 50 0 0			
A Scotch Shepherd... ... 0 10 0			
	50	10	0
Miss Nellie Chadwick's Box	0	8	0
Dr. Plimsoll...	2	0	0
Mrs. Davis	1	6	0
Mr. T. Marks	1	1	0
Rebecca	0	1	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	0	0
Mr. Ebenezer Romang	2	0	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Sale of John Ploughman's Almanacks, J. E. H.	0	7	11
The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Miss Annette Bulkwill	1	1	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Part Collection West Croydon Baptist Chapel	10	0	0
Mr. Richard Evans...	10	10	0
Mrs. Badcock	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Per Mrs. Withers—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton 1 1 0			
Mr. John Leach 1 1 0			
Mr. P. Davies 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Gregory 0 5 0			
Mr. Withers (quarterly) ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman 1 1 0			
	2	18	1
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. Simonds 0 5 0			
Mrs. King 0 5 0			
Mr. Kearsley 0 5 0			
Mr. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
Mrs. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
Miss Smith 0 5 0			
Miss E. Smith 0 5 0			
	1	15	0
Mrs. Davies	1	1	0
	£291	8	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—GENERAL:—A box of Eggs, Mr. J. L. Potier; 18 Flannel Shirts, "The Young Ladies' Dorcas Society, New Cross, per Rev. J. T. Wigner"; 50 Woollen Comforters, Miss Winslow and Pupils; a parcel of odd numbers of "Graphic," and other publications, Mr. Sargeant.

DONATIONS.—Mr. Rooksby, by sale of Goods, £2 7s. 9d.; Ditto, Donation, £1; Mr. Wilshire, "A Thankoffering for Charlie" (a Boy in the Orphanage), £2; 131 Coins in Orphanage Pillar Box, £3 1s. 3d.; From the Girls of the Practising Schools, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, £1 0s. 7d.—Total, £9 9s. 7d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Beeford and Skipsea District	10	0	0
Cheddar District	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage and Evangelistic Association	30	0	0
Mr. J. W. Bell	0	10	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Maryport District, per W. Hine, Esq....	10	0	0
W. R. Ricketts, Esq.	5	0	0
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	7	10	0
Melton Mowbray, per Mr. W. Garner...	10	0	0
Leicester Baptist Association	10	0	0
Oxford Baptist Association	10	0	0
John Cory, Esq., for St. Melons... ...	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	0	0
Mansfield Street Sunday Evening School	0	9	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Mr. H. Hyde	0	2	6
Gloucester and Hereford Association ...	7	10	0
Mr. Henson	1	0	0
Mr. Potter	0	2	6
Mr. Price	0	2	0
In Weekly Offering Box at the Metropolitan Tabernacle 0 5 0			
Mrs. Drayson Ambrose ... 0 7 0			
	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hentall	0	1	0
Dorchester	40	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Cinderford District, per Mr. E. P. Walker	7	10	0
T. S. B.	0	0	6
Hanley District	10	0	0
J. L.	1	0	0
Mr. Milligan	0	10	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Miss Cartwright	1	0	0
Mr. Horn	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
E. W.	0	10	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Mrs. Humphries	1	0	0
Mr. H. Gifford	2	0	0
Mrs. Bell	2	10	0
Reader of "Sword and Trowel," Dumfries	1	0	0
Mr. H. Newman	3	0	0
Mr. Searle	0	5	0
E. M., Berkhampstead	0	12	0
	£202	6	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.

AUGUST, 1876.

The Great Pot and the Twenty Loaves.

A SHORT SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Set on the great pot."—2 Kings iv. 38.
"Then bring meal."—2 Kings iv. 41.
"Give unto the people that they may eat."—2 Kings iv. 42.

WE scarcely need go over the story. There was a dearth in the land; Elisha came to the college of the prophets, which consisted of about a hundred brethren, and found that they were in want, as the result of the famine. While he was teaching the young men, he observed that they looked as if they needed food, and he found that there was none in the house. Elisha, therefore, ordered his servant to take the great pot, which generally stood upon long legs over the fire, and make a nourishing soup in it. True, there was nothing to put in the pot, but he believed that God would provide. It was his to set the pot over the fire, and it was the Lord's to fill it. Certain of the young men were not so sure as Elisha that God could fill it without their help, and one with great eagerness went out to gather something from the fields; his help turned out to be of small service, for he brought home poisonous cucumbers, and cut them up and threw them into the broth; and, lo, when they began to pour it out, it was acrid to the taste, gave them a terrible colic, and made them cry out, "There is death in the pot."

Then the prophet said "Bring meal." This was put into the steaming cauldron, the poison was neutralized, the food was made wholesome, and the students were satisfied. This miracle was in due time followed up by another. A day or two afterwards the young prophets were still

needing food, and the larder was again empty. Just at that time a devout man comes from a little distance, bringing a present for the prophet, which consisted of a score of loaves similar to our penny rolls. The prophet bids his servitor set this slender quantity before the college. He is astonished at the command to feed a hundred hungry men with so little, but he is obedient to it; and while he is obeying, the little food is multiplied, so that the hundred men eat and are perfectly satisfied, and there is something left. I believe there are lessons to be learned from these two miracles, and I shall try to bring out these lessons in three forms. First, as they shall relate to *the present condition of religion in our land;* secondly, as they may be made to relate to *the condition of backsliders;* and thirdly, as they may afford comfortable direction *to seeking sinners.*

I. First, then, our text as in a parable sets forth in a figure our course of action in connection with RELIGION IN THIS LAND.

And first, there is a great need of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have not a hundred men famishing now-a-days, but hundreds of thousands, and even hundreds of millions in this great world who are perishing for want of heavenly food. *The church must feed the people.* It is not for us to say, we hope they will be saved, and leave it there: or set it down as a work that cannot be done till the millennium, and therefore we have nothing to do with it. Our business is in the strength of God to grapple with the present condition of things. Here are the millions famishing; shall we let them famish? I remember seeing a similar sentence under the likeness of the late Richard Knill. "The heathen are perishing! Shall we let them perish?" "But," says one, "how can we possibly supply them with food?" See what Elisha did: the people were hungry, and there was no food in hand, except a little meal, yet he said, "Set on the great pot." Faith always does as much as she can: if she cannot fill the pot, she can put it on the fire, at any rate. If she cannot find meat for the pottage, she pours in the water, lights the fire, and prays and waits. Some have not this faith now-a-days, and until we have it, we cannot expect the blessing. "Thus saith the Lord, enlarge the place of thy tent and stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation." Why? Because "thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left." Few will regard such a summons as this. The feeble faith of our time finds it difficult to enlarge the tent even after the increase has come, and the people are there to fill it. Great faith would enlarge the tent, and expect the Lord to keep his promise, and multiply us with men as with a flock. The church of God greatly needs, not foolish confidence in herself, which would lead her to be Quixotic, but simple confidence in God, which would enable her to be apostolic, for she would go forth believing that God would be with her, and great things would be accomplished by her. She would open her mouth wide, expecting that God would fill it, and fill it he would. Faith does what she can, and waits for her Lord to do what *he* can. Brother, what is your faith doing? Are you putting the great pot on the fire in expectation of a blessing?

"Set on the great pot," said the great prophet, "*and seethe pottage.*" He was not in jest, he meant what he said. Often when we get as far

as setting on the pot, it is not for seething pottage. We feel the desire to carry out spiritual work, but we do not come to practical action as those who work for immediate results. Oh for practical common sense in connection with Christianity! Oh for reality in connection with the idea of faith! When a man goes to his business to make money, he goes there with all his wits about him, but frequently when men come to prayer and Christian service, they leave their minds behind, and do not act as if they were transacting real business with God. Elisha, when he said, "Set on the great pot," expected God to fill it; he was sure it would be so, and he waited in all patience till dinner was ready. O church of God, set on the pot, and the great pot, too. Say, "The Lord will bless us." Get your granary cleaned out, that the Lord may fill it with his good corn. Put the grist into the hopper, and look for the wind to turn the sails of the mill. O ye doubters, throw up the windows, that the fresh breeze of the divine Spirit may blow in on your sickly faces. Expect that God is about to send the manna, and have your omers ready. We shall see greater things than these if we awake to our duty and our privilege. It is the church's business to feed the world with spiritual bread; she can only do so by faith, and she ought to act in faith in reference to it.

The faith of Elisha was not shared in by all the brethren. There were some who must needs go and fill the pot, as we have said, but they gathered the gourds of the colocynth vine and poisoned the whole mess, and it became needful to find an antidote for the poison. We here see our second duty—*the church must provide an antidote for the heresies and poisonous doctrines of the time.* There has entered into the public ministry of this country a deadly poison. We may say of the church in general, "O thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" Zealous persons whose zeal for God is not according to knowledge, have gone about and gathered the gourds of the wild vine. I think I could tell you what kind of gourds they are; some of them are very pretty to look at, and they grow best on the seven hills of Rome—they are called "ritualistic performances;" these they shred into the pot. There are gourds of another kind, very delicate and dainty in appearance, which are known as "liberal views," or "modern thought." As a philosopher once talked of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, so these wild gourds are said to consist of "sweetness and light," but the light is darkness and the sweetness is deadly. They have shred these into the pot, and nobody can taste the doctrinal mixture which is served out from some pulpits without serious risk of soul-poisoning, for "there is death in the pot." What Scriptural doctrine is there which men do not deny and yet call themselves Christians? What truth is there which our fathers held which is endorsed by those who think themselves the leaders of advanced thought? Have they not polluted the entire sanctuary of truth, and lifted up their axes against all the carved work of the temple? On the other hand, have we not everywhere Christ put aside for the crucifix, and the blessed Spirit thrust into a corner by the so-called sacraments? Is not the outward made to drown the inward, and is not the precious truth of the gospel overlaid by the falsehoods of Rome? There is death in the pot: how is the church to meet it? I believe it is to imitate Elisha. We need not

attempt to get the wild gourds out of the pot; they are cut too small and are too cunningly mixed up, they have entered too closely into the whole mass of teaching to be removed. Who shall extract the leaven from the leavened loaf? What then? We must look to God for help, and use the means indicated here. "Bring meal." Good wholesome food was cast into the poisonous stuff, and by God's gracious working it killed the poison: the church must cast the blessed gospel of the grace of God into the poisoned pottage, and false doctrine will not be able to destroy men's souls as it now does. We shall not do much good by disputing, and denouncing, and refusing to associate with people. I call such things *barking*, but preaching the gospel is *biting*. The surest remedy for false doctrine is preaching the truth. Christianity is the cure for Popery. Preach up Christ and down go the priests, preach grace and there is an end of masses. I am more and more persuaded that the good old Calvinistic truths, which are now kept in the background, are the great Krupp guns with which we shall blow to pieces the heresies of the day, if once more they are plainly and persistently preached in harmony with the rest of revealed truth. Like ships of war in time of peace, the glorious doctrines of grace have been laid up in ordinary, but now is the time to bring them out to the fight, and if well managed they will pour red-hot shot into the enemy! The people need gospel teaching. "Bring meal," employ more and more the plain preaching of the gospel, and evils of all sorts will be overcome. Is the remedy very simple? Do not, therefore, despise it. God be thanked that it is simple; for then we shall not be tempted to give the glory to man's wit and wisdom when the good result is achieved. In this work you can all help, for if only meal is needed a child may bring his little handful. One man may contribute more than another, but the humblest may put in his pinch of meal, and even the commonest servitor in the house may assist in this work. Spread the gospel. Spread the gospel. Spread the gospel. A society for prosecuting Puseyites—will that do the work? Appeals to Parliament—will they be effectual? Let those who choose to do so cry to lawyers and Parliaments, but as for us we will preach the gospel. If I could speak with a voice of thunder, I would say to those friends who are for adopting other means to stop the spread of error, "You waste your time and strength: give all your efforts to the preaching of the gospel. Lift up Christ, and lay the sinner low. Proclaim justification by faith, the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, and the grand old doctrines of the Reformation, and your work will be done; but by no other means." "Bring meal," said the prophet, and our word at this time is, "Preach the truth as it is in Jesus."

Some of the grossest errors of our own day may yet be overruled by God for the promotion of his truth. There are men who believe in sacramentarianism, who love the Lord Jesus very ardently. When I read some of the poetry of this school, I cannot but rejoice to see that the writers love my Lord and Master, and it strikes me that if the whole gospel could be put before them, we might expect to see some of them become noble preachers of the truth, and perhaps save the orthodox from dead dry doctrinalism by reviving a more direct devotion to the Saviour. Perhaps they will not, with us, talk often of justifica-

tion by faith, but if they extol the merit of the precious blood and wounds of Jesus, it will come to much the same thing. For my part I care little for the phraseology, if essential truth be really taught, and the Lord Jesus be exalted.

Some of the doubters, too—"thinkers," as they prefer to be called—if the Lord renewed them by his Spirit, might bring out the old truths with greater freshness than our more conservative minds are able to do. I love to hear those who have known the vanity of error speak out the truth. They are more sympathetic towards the tempted, and are generally more conversant with the grounds of our faith.

Who knows? Who knows? I have a hope which may not prove a dream. I hope that thousands are feeling their way into light, and will come forth soon. Let us not despair, but keep to our work, which is gospel preaching, telling about Jesus and his dear love, the power of his blood, the prevalence of his plea, and the glory of his throne, and who knows but a multitude of the priests may believe, and the philosophers also may become babes in Christ's school. "Bring meal," and thus meet the poison with the antidote.

Another lesson comes from the second miracle; let us look at it. The loaves brought to Elisha were not quartern loaves like ours, but either mere wafers of meal which had been laid flat on a hot stone, and so baked, or else small rolls of bread. The store was but little, yet Elisha said "Feed the people," and they were fed. That is the third lesson: *the church is to use all she has, and trust in God to multiply her strength.* Now-a-days individuals are apt to think they may leave matters to societies, but this is highly injurious; we should every one go forth to work for God, and use our own talents, be they few or many. Societies are not meant to enable us to shirk our personal duty, under the idea that our strength is small. Little churches are apt to think that they cannot do much, and therefore they do not expect a great blessing. What can these few cakes do towards feeding a hundred men? They forget that God can multiply them. Ye limit the Holy One of Israel. Do you think he needs our numbers? Do you think he is dependent upon human strength? I tell you our weakness is a better weapon for God than our strength. The church in the apostolic times was poor, and mostly made up of unlearned and ignorant men, but she was filled with power. What name that would have been famous in ordinary history do you find among her first members? Yet that humble church of fishermen and common people shook the world. The church is for the most part too strong, too wise, too self-dependent, to do much. O that she were more God-reliant. Even those whom you call great preachers will be great evils if you trust to them. This I know, we ought never to complain of weakness, or poverty, or lack of prestige, but should consecrate to God what we have. "Oh, but I can scarcely read a chapter." Well, read that chapter to God's glory. You who cannot say more than half-a-dozen words to others, say that little in the power of the Spirit. If you cannot do more than write a letter to a friend about his soul, or give away a tract to a stranger in the streets, do it in God's name. Brother, sister, do what you can, and in doing this God will strangely multiply your power to do good, and cause great results to flow from small beginnings. Active faith is

needed, and, if this be richly present, the Lord in whom we trust will do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, or even think. Thus much concerning the passage in reference to the church of God.

II. And now, briefly, but very earnestly, I desire to speak TO BACKSLIDERS. In all our churches there are members who are no better than they should be. It is very questionable whether they ought to be allowed to be members at all; they have gone very far back from what they used to be, or ought to be. They scarcely ever join the people of God in public prayer, though they once professed to be very devout. Private prayer is neglected, and family prayer given up. Is it not so with some to whom I address myself? Have you not lost the light of God's countenance, and gone far away from happy communion with Christ? It is not for me to charge you; let your own consciences speak. I hope that you are now beginning to feel an inward hunger, and to perceive that your backslidings have brought famine upon you. What shall I bid you do? Go and attempt your own restoration by the works of the law? By no means: I bid you *bring your emptiness to Christ, and look for his fulness.* Yours is a great empty pot: set it on the fire, and cry to God to fill it. Jesus says to lukewarm Laodicea, "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in unto him and will sup with him." "Alas," says the Laodicean, "I have nothing in the house." Your confession is true, but when our Lord comes to sup he brings his supper with him. He stands at the door of every backslider and knocks. Will you let him in? "Oh," say you, "I wish he would enter." Dear brother, open your heart now, just as you did at the first, when as a poor sinner you went to him. Say unto him, "Blessed Lord, there is nothing in me but emptiness, but here is the guest-chamber. Come in all thy love and sup with me and I with thee. I am nothing, come and be my all in all." "But," says the backslider, "may I really come to Jesus, just as I did at the first?" Listen. "Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you, saith the Lord." He is married unto you, and though you have behaved badly, the marriage bond is not broken. Where is the bill of divorcement which he hath sued out? Is it not written, "he hateth putting away"? Come just as you are and begin anew, for he will accept you again.

"But," say you, "alas for me, I have been gathering wild gourds!' What have you been doing, professor? You have left undone what you ought to have done, and you have done many things you ought not to have done, and therefore there is no health in you. You have been trying to find pleasure in the world, and you have found wild vines? You have been tempted by love of music, love of mirth, love of show, and you have gathered "wild gourds, a lap full," almost a heart full. You have been shredding death into the pot, and now you cannot feel as you used to feel, the poison is stupifying your soul. While we were singing just now you said, "I want to sing as saints do, but there is no praise in me." When you meet with a man who is mighty in prayer you say, "Alas, I used to pray like that, but my power is gone"—the poison is paralyzing you. If you are a worldling, and not God's child, you can live on that which would poison a Christian; but if you are a child of God you will cry out, "O thou man of God, there is death in

the pot!" Some of you have become rich, and have fallen into worldly, fashionable habits—these are the colocynth cucumbers. Others of you are poor, and necessarily work with ungodly men, and perhaps their example has lowered the tone of your spirit, and led you into their ways. If you love this condition I grieve for you, but if you loathe it I trust you are a child of God, notwithstanding your state. What are you to do who have in any way fallen? Why, *receive afresh the soul-saving gospel.* "Bring meal"—simple, nourishing, gospel truth, and cast it into the poisoned pottage. Begin anew with Jesus Christ, as you did at first; say to him, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." "Repent and do thy first works." Do you not recollect the period when first your eyes lighted on his cross, and you stood there burdened and heavy-laden, fearing that you would sink to hell, until you read in his dear wounds that your sin was put away? There you found peace as you saw transgression laid on Jesus and removed from you. Oh, how you loved him. Come, brother, let us go to-night again to the cross, and begin to love him again. That will cure you of the world's poisonous influences, and bring back the old feelings, the old joys, the old loves, and take the death out of the pot. Backslider, you need now exactly what you needed at first, namely, faith in Jesus. Come repenting, come believing, to the Saviour, and he will remove the ills which the gourds of earth's wild vines have brought upon you.

"Ah," say some of you, "we can understand how the Lord Jesus can fill our emptiness, and heal our soul's sicknesses, but how shall we continue in the right way? Our past experience has taught us our weakness, we are afraid that even the great pot will only last us for a little while, and then our souls will famish." Then remember the other part of our text, in which we read that when the few loaves, and the ears of corn in the husks, were brought to Elisha, the Lord multiplied them. Though you may have very little grace, that grace shall be increased. "He giveth more grace." We receive grace for grace—daily grace for daily need. Between this and heaven you will want a heaven full of grace, and you will have it. No one knows what draughts you will make upon the sacred exchequer of the King of kings, but his treasury will not be exhausted. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

III. Our third and last word is TO THE SEEKING SINNER. Many of you, I trust, desire salvation. The subject before us has much comfort in it for you. You are hungering and thirsting after Christ, and have not yet found peace in him. You lament your own emptiness of all that is good. Then, poor soul, do just what the prophet bade his servant do—"set on the great pot;" that is, confess your emptiness unto the Lord. Tell the Lord what a sinner you are. I know not whether the story be true of Mr. Rowland Hill's leading the landlord of an inn to pray. Mr. Hill would have family prayer wherever he stayed, and if this was refused he would order out his horses and go on. On one occasion he is reported to have asked the landlord to act as priest in his own house, but the man replied, "I can't pray, I never prayed in my life." However, after a while Mr. Hill had him on his knees, and when the man said "I cannot pray," Mr. Hill cried

ont, "Tell the Lord so, and ask him to help you." The man exclaimed, "O God, I can't pray, teach me." "That will do," said Mr. Hill, "you have begun." Whatever your state is to-night, if you desire salvation, go and tell the Lord your condition. Say, "Lord, I have a hard heart; soften it." If you cannot feel, tell him so, and ask him to make you feel. Begin at the root of the matter; set on the great pot, empty as it is. Be honest with the Most High; reveal to him what he so well knows, but what you so little know—the evil of your heart, and your great necessity. If you cannot come *with* a broken heart, come *for* a broken heart. If you cannot come with anything good, the mercy is that nothing good is needed as a preparation for Christ. Come just as you are. Do not wait to fill the pot, but set it on to be filled.

Do I hear you reply, "Ah, you don't know who I am! I have lived many years in sin." Yes, I know you: you are the young man that found the wild vine and went and gathered of its gourds a lapful—a horrible lapful. Some of you rebellious sinners have ruined yourselves, body and soul! and perhaps in estate as well, by your sins. We hear of people sowing their wild oats: that is a bad business. They had better never do it, for the reaping of those wild oats is terrible work. You have poisoned your life, man, with those wild gourds. Can the pottage of your life be made wholesome again? Yes, *you* cannot do it with your own efforts, but "bring meal," and it will be done. If thou believest on the Lord Jesus he will be the antidote for deadly habits of sin. If thou wilt simply trust in him who bled for thee, the tendency of thy soul to sin shall be overcome, the poison which now boils in thy veins shall be expelled, and thy soul shall escape as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. Thy flesh upon thee, in a spiritual sense, shall become fresher that a little child's. Though thou art full of the poison, till every vein is ready to burst with it, the great Physician will give thee an antidote which shall at once and for ever meet thy case. Wilt thou not try it? Incline thine ear and come unto him; hear, and thy soul shall live. May God put the meal of the gospel into the pot to-night.

"Ah," say you, "but if I were now pardoned, how should I hold on? I have made a hundred promises and always broken them; I have resolved scores of times, but my resolutions have never come to anything." Ah, poor heart, that is when thou hast the saving of thyself; but when God has the saving of thee, it will be another matter. When we begin to save ourselves we very soon come to a disastrous shipwreck; but when God, the eternal lover of the souls of men, puts his hand to salvation-work, and Jesus puts forth the hand once fastened to the cross, there are no total failures then. He saves indeed, and saves to the end. The little grace received by the soul at first shall never be exhausted; it shall grow and grow so long as need remains. The barley loaves and the ears of corn in the husks shall be increased, and thou shalt have enough and to spare.

I have tried to preach a very simple sermon, and to say some earnest things; but it is likely I may have missed the mark with some, and therefore I will again draw the gospel bow in the name of the Lord Jesus. O Lord, direct the arrow. If God will bring souls to Jesus, I

will bless his name throughout eternity. Poor lost souls, do you know the way of salvation, do you know how simple it is? Do you know the love of God to such poor souls as you are, and yet do you refuse to attend to it? Do you know that he does not exact any hard conditions of you, but he points to his Son on the cross, and says, "Look"? Can it be that you will not look? Does Jesus die to save, and do you think it is not worth your while to think about salvation? What is the matter with you? Surely you must be mad. When I look back on my own neglect of Christ, till I was fifteen years old, it seems like a delirious dream, and when I think of some of you who are thirty or forty, and yet have never thought about your souls, what can be invented to excuse you? I see some of you with bald heads, or with the snow of wintry age lying upon them, and you have not yet considered the world to come, I would say to you, "Men, are ye mad?" Why, ye are worse than mad, for if ye were insane, ye would be excused. Alas, the madness of sin has responsibility connected with it, and therefore it is the worst of all insanities. I pray you by the living God, you unsaved ones, turn unto the Saviour to-night. If you be saved or lost it cannot so much matter to me as it will to you. If I faithfully beseech you to look to Jesus, I shall be clear, even if you reject the warning: but for your own sakes, I beseech you to turn to Jesus. By death, which may be so near to you; by judgment, which is certain to you all; by the terrors of hell, by the thunderbolts of execution, by eternity, and better still, by the the sweets of Jesus' love, by the charms of his matchless beauty, by the grace which he is prepared to give, by the heaven whose gates of pearl are glistening before the eye of faith, by the sea of glass unruffled by a single wave of trouble, where you shall stand for ever blest if you believe in Jesus, by the Lord himself, I entreat you, seek him at once, while he may be found. May his Holy Spirit lead you so to do. Amen and Amen.

"Yet there is room."

IT was a long pull for the horses, and we ourselves were utterly wearied, but the pretty little town was just before us, and we reckoned upon the refreshments of its well-known hostelry. Alas! there was no room for us in the inn. The very stables were filled. A grand wedding at the manor house had filled the village, and made every inch of space in the "King's Arms" the subject of double occupation. It was a sorry end to a weary day. This was the one sole house of entertainment for miles around, and we must needs turn away from its door. "We are very sorry, indeed, sir, but we have no room, and we do not believe that there is such a thing as a spare bed in the parish." Nowhere else to go, and no room here! A sorry look out as the sun is setting!

Dear reader, if you at this time approach the Lord Jesus, and by simple faith seek a refuge in him, you need not fear a repulse. Yet there is room. Come and welcome. Thank God that it is so, and prove your thankfulness for the mercy by availing yourself of it.

The Aggressive Work of the Religious Tract Society.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the first instance, and during some years, the Tract Society carried on its operations in a very humble way, and though in 1800 the free grants amounted to forty-four pounds, they only slightly exceeded four pounds in the following year. It was customary for the committee to sell at cost price or under, so that the limited amount of subscriptions received went towards making good the deficiencies and paying the working expenses of the institution.

Nationalities, classes, and particular forms of unbelief demanded and received their share of attention. As the darkest portion of Great Britain, Ireland was flooded with anti-papal gospel tracts and small publications, which must have done real service, although their usefulness was checked by the active opposition of the priests. In a different manner Scotland and Wales had their needs also supplied. In 1820, a year remarkable for the fierce assaults of London infidels, and for the rampant blasphemy with which they denounced the religion of Christ, an amount of good appears to have been done worthy of the crisis. It is no less amusing than interesting to find how solicitous the committee have ever been to secure the services of the lowest class of hawkers. In days when Monday morning executions were frequent, the sellers of "last dying speeches" drove a thriving trade, and it occurred to the managers that if the trash so widely dispersed in the streets could be superseded by something equally attractive, but more wholesome, important ends would be gained. Consultations were held with the men, the result being that broadsides, in imitation of the catchpenny articles, were prepared and circulated until a rupture occurred between the retailers and their patrons, the committee finding themselves unable conscientiously to make their wares sufficiently piquant to suit the palate of the street population.

The situation of the committee in these days is materially different from what it was in bygone years, and unless continual care were exercised to shape their action to the exigencies of the times, both labour and expenditure would be in vain. Seventy years ago the work of the institution chiefly consisted in supplying the poor with something to read; now nearly everybody is a reader, and the field is taken possession of by a corrupt periodical press, whose swarms of immoral sheets need to be counteracted by what is healthy and attractive. A cheap sensational press of various degrees of wickedness is one of the master curses of our day; and though the success of the Tract Society in checking this deplorable evil has scarcely been commensurate with the efforts put forth, what they have done, and what they still purpose doing, is quite sufficient to command the gratitude and admiration of every Christian heart.

When Milton argued so eloquently for the liberty of unlicensed printing he little expected what the experience of two centuries would reveal, nor what enlarged proportions the battle between good and evil would assume. Still, an absolutely free press is not even now tolerated;

and if the law were sufficiently armed to awe into decorous behaviour a few more offenders than it does, freedom would not be menaced, though license would be checked. The immoral, and, judged as works of literary merit, the contemptible prints which crowd the windows of small shopkeepers are a sure sign that the devil takes advantage of a nation's progress in the arts and sciences to turn all to evil account. "It is said of a celebrated newspaper editor in the United States, that when he started his paper he determined—in the full conviction of the truth of the old Greek proverb that the majority are wicked—to pander to their vices, and thereby to secure a wide circulation and a princely fortune, in both of which he is said to have been eminently successful; and there are publishers of penny magazines in England who seem to have adopted his principles and practice."

That evil should pay so well may at first sight seem somewhat discouraging; but we of the opposite camp shall gain nothing by closing our eyes to the dangers which threaten us. The general trade in trash is divided into several departments; and so far are the producers from being united in the bonds of brotherhood, that labourers in one section, though servants of the same master, would not sit down to table with the hacks of another section. Not always in this world will darkness consent to have fellowship with darkness. Grub-street, in these days, has its aristocracy, its middle classes, and lower orders. The ignorant rhymer who writes filthy songs at a shilling each is socially inferior to the illiterate buffoon who tortures his brains to spin stories of fire, robbery, and murder at a guinea a sheet; while the last-named gentleman, with his broken-kneed trousers, and with his elbows starting through his coat, may not aspire to fraternise with the kid-gloved editor of *The Gallows Miscellany*, who, with larger opportunities, does the devil's work even more effectively than his weaker brethren can hope to do.

If such are the operators, their work is worthy of them. Probably the old race of ballad singers is slowly dying out; but the broadside of songs, with its flash woodcut and slang title is encountered in every low quarter of London, its ubiquity being a proof that myriads of men and boys treasure in the memory with insane eagerness what can only defile the mind. Within the last few years another odious innovation has grown up beneath the fostering care of catchpenny publishers to tempt the legislature to put forth its hand of repression—we refer to the portrayal of crime by pictures in illustrated weekly papers. These journals circulate by tens of thousands weekly, and their attraction consists in hideous pictorial representations of murder and acts of criminal violence. The evangelists and philanthropists of the town are beginning to ask if nothing can be done to suppress this crying nuisance, by means of which the youthful mind is too often poisoned beyond hope of restoration. Next in succession in the black catalogue are the novels issued in penny weekly numbers, which, being written by the Grub-street hack at a guinea a sheet, pander to the worst passions while they instruct in crime. The juvenile readers of those productions are taught to regard robbery and general lawlessness as a kind of chivalry, whose heroes are Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin. The fruits of the seed thus sown are continually appearing at our police-courts and elsewhere.

After reading the exploits of a certain highwayman, one lad declared that "he and his pals thought robbery a game thing." At another time a coterie of little ruffians was found, each member having assumed the name of some renowned robber. The lengths to which boy desperadoes have gone would be ludicrous were not the circumstances distressing. One lad who had read gallows-feeding productions until the ruling desire of life was to emulate the road chieftains of the last century, when arraigned in the dock, confronted the magistrate with an air of impudent defiance. This little thief's lodging was furnished with stolen property, where also were found the implements of his profession as catalogued in the pages of romance—*i. e.*, pistols, skeleton-keys, powder and shot, a dark lantern, a sword and a dagger. Honest labour and rising by slow degrees appear to be exceedingly tame things to lads who abandon themselves to this kind of reading. Some time ago the young attendant at a railway bookstall decamped with £25 of his employer's money. He wrote to request that no noise might be made as he was "a useful member of society," and was on his way to France. He called himself Captain Clifford, and cautioned the manager, who might be setting detectives to work, to "beware!" When captured at Portsmouth, he was living at the rate of upwards of a pound a day, and besides a number of vile books, he carried such arms as were supposed to be indispensable to a knight of the road.

Such are the appalling literary dangers of the lowest class to which the youth of these times are exposed, and from which the ceaseless endeavours of the Tract Society go far towards effecting a deliverance. The hardworking boy of a London workshop differs from the boys of rural England in so far that he is a most voracious reader. The odd minutes he is able to steal from his dinner-hour are spent with his favourite periodical, which is sufficiently attractive if it be disfigured with ill-executed engravings of a sensational and humorous cast; but it is still a step above the ribald trash to which we have referred. Representations of the roasting of slave-owners, and of a policeman who has accidentally fallen into a water-butt, are fair samples of the pictorial art provided, while the miserable stories show that there are writers who can enter heartily into the work of demoralizing the multitude for a paltry consideration. When the stories are not simply frivolous, the chief interest too often centres in villainy; and whether intentionally or otherwise, the reader's sympathy is enlisted on behalf of men whose deeds in real life would certainly entail a long term of penal servitude. Gallant thieves and sorry scamps of various grades figure in the narratives, and these are sometimes employed in the intrigues of high-born lovers. We see robbers at work, we are supposed to be entertained with their slang, and new ways of committing crime are suggested such as would hardly have entered into the minds of any person who was either above or below a literary hack. Deep drinking, bacchanalian singing, outraged women who have revengeful brothers, with a due amount of adventure in the colonies, may be taken as representing the stock-in-trade of our low class, hopelessly sensual storytellers.

There is only one way of opposing these deplorable evils: something better must be provided to supersede them, and in this necessary

work the Tract Society is actively engaged. The attractive periodicals and high-toned books, to say nothing of tracts, issued during each year show an enormous total, and do a service of incalculable value, though in the opinion of some more might be done than is done if the sensational periodicals were more thoroughly competed with in regard to size and quantity. There is a sense in which the committee's periodicals are wonderfully cheap; but even while taking into account the merit of the letterpress and the excellence of the engravings, let us seek a candid reply to the question—Do they really in any great degree push aside and supersede the demoralizing article alluded to above, many tons of which are provided weekly? We sorrowfully confess that the reply to such an inquiry is at the best unsatisfactory. *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home* are admired and read by the well-to-do middle class of persons; but unfortunately they are not voluntarily purchased in large numbers by artizans, who have only little money to spend in books, or by London lads who want quantity for money. Perhaps the committee have not been sufficiently daring and speculative. At any rate in the periodical department, and as regards works both secular and religious, they are outstripped by private enterprise. To mention only one example—a very notable one—the recently established *Hand and Heart* is not far short of double the size of *The Leisure Hour*; and if it be conducted with due care, it will prove of immense service to the industrial classes, for whose benefit it has been provided.

The ignorant and out of the way have not only to be educated, but an active enemy has to be opposed. Even infidelity now strives to disseminate its abominations by means of tracts. Secularism makes frenzied efforts through the press and on the platform to push its way, and where ignorance abounds it wins its trophies. Secularism is pre-eminently a back-street profession, flattering to the pride of half-educated working-men, and not one by which the unbelieving of a higher class are likely to be befooled. Yet the system is a very specious one, and one which becomes the more dangerous on account of its including in its programme a liberal code of politics. The ground must be perseveringly disputed with an enemy like this, and as this will not be done systematically by private enterprise, the Tract Society is the agency on which we must found our hopes.

If that were possible, a still more odious enemy appears in the ritualistic heresy of the day; and to this infamous innovation the committee in Paternoster-row manifest an uncompromising hostility. The need for extreme vigilance in this department becomes growingly necessary, for though we do not believe that England is at present prepared to embrace Popery, the results of Jesuitical tactics in the Establishment are curiously ominous. The following appeared some time ago in a Popish organ, and while it need not be understood too literally, the writer's assertions will serve to indicate the situation:—

"This much we say (and say with truth, the fact being known to many Roman Catholics in London), that the number of converts in London alone has been upwards of two thousand during the past year, and has during the last few weeks increased very much. Many, as we are informed, have joined us who were all but Catholics, and who had little need of instruction before they made up their minds to take the

final, the long-deferred, but the all-needful step. From every ritualistic congregation in London there is a continual stream of converts drifting towards us, and the number would be increased had we priests sufficient to look after those who are hesitating as to this future step in the right direction. In various parts of the country different Anglican clergymen have been received into the church, to the number of some ten or a dozen, and at least as many ladies connected with the various Anglican sisterhoods have followed in the same direction. Out of every twenty Anglicans who joined the Catholic church, not less than seventeen have been prepared for the step by the teaching they have heard from ritualistic pulpits, and by the practices they have got accustomed to in ritualistic churches. . . . Not only laymen, but Anglican clergymen, have been seen devoutly hearing mass at Catholic churches, rather than go to their own places of worship, where what they considered heresy was taught."

Such are the home operations of the Religious Tract Society. In its ceaseless endeavours to awaken the careless, as well as in its successful crusade against Popery, ritualism, secularism and infidelity — double names for the same thing — the Society is a necessity of the age. Only by an association of this kind could such work be worthily accomplished; for private enterprise can never be expected to watch for opportunities, and to take advantage of crises, after the manner of this committee. If we turn our attention from Great Britain to foreign climes we shall still find the combat with sin carried on with success, and in spite of persecution. The poverty of the French pastors and their flocks would preclude their making any aggressive efforts unless they were assisted by grants of publications suitable for their purpose. To circulate gospel publications in some Departments is to risk fine and imprisonment; "Yet notwithstanding all this we keep on," writes one pastor, "and to-day it is not distributors we lack, but tracts."

None but the hardy and intrepid would care to brave the dangers and difficulties of evangelization in France; and yet amid the prevailing darkness of indifference and unbelief, the welcome accorded to an evangelist by the common people carries with it the sunshine of encouragement. The following refers to the invasion of the citadel of Amiens by the publications of the Religious Tract Society of London, the agent being Mr. Pearse, who with his devoted wife carries on a very successful work in the city:—

"I heard that there had been some trouble on account of the distribution of tracts, and if I went I should be refused admittance. I asked the Lord to open the door. The first, second, and third sentinels allowed me to pass. On arriving at the last door I asked permission of the officer, and he replied politely, 'Most certainly; but if you are going to distribute, begin with us, and I will send an orderly to carry your packets.' Scarcely entered into the court when all the men flocked round me, and calling out from the windows, 'Keep some for us.' 'Here, give here,' they said. 'And to us too; these little books do us good.' 'I have still those you gave me,' said one. Another, 'I have read your gospel of Luke three times. It is always in my pocket.' I observed an officer, who saw and heard all. He penetrated the crowd,

and begged me to give him some for his men, and some gospels also. Then, speaking to the men, he said, 'Take one only. Remember your comrades.' I could only go into three rooms; my stock was exhausted. On returning to the first court there were several under-officers, who had sent a man to get some books for them. I had only a packet of mignon tracts, which I gave to the *enfants des troupes*, and they received them with great pleasure. Oh, how my soul blessed God for his help! I had prayed all the way from my house, and how easily the way was opened! I prayed that God would engrave his word on the hearts of these men, and that it might bring forth fruit."

Another blessing which France has lately received is represented in the establishment of lending libraries, and these appear to be rapidly growing in popularity. Here again the work has to be stimulated by the committee in London; for were not "the magnificent grants" from England available, the poverty of the Protestant congregations would effectively hinder the carrying out of their aggressive designs. The same may be said of Sunday-schools. Protestant churches in remote rural corners, which give their pastors five hundred francs, or £20 a-year, are not able to provide without assistance the books and pictures necessary to ensure the progress of the scholars who are quite willing to attend the classes. "We are in the country of the ancient Camissards," remarks one pastor; "it needs evangelizing; but it is through children that it must mainly be done, and through the children in Sabbath-schools."

When we turn from France to take a cursory view of our own great Eastern empire the outlook is by no means so gloomy as native cynics, who vent their ill temper in *The Times*, and English pessimists would wish us to believe. Though apparently by slow degrees, India is still being assuredly prepared for an era of gospel light; and the broad stream of evangelical literature poured into her territory from the depository in Paternoster-row is doing its share in effecting the happy revolution. It has become fashionable to point to India as to an example of the virtual failure of missions, though with more reason she might be brought forward as a proof of success. Do the *quidnuncs* really know what India once was, and what she is now? Will they, at any rate, ponder the following two-sided picture, which recently appeared in *The Lucknow Witness*:—

"Should Carey and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life-labours, it would seem to them a stranger land than when, in 1793, they first touched its shores. Then a letter twelve months old from England was new: now steam has brought London within thirty days of Calcutta, and the telegraph has reduced the distance to minutes. Then clumsy boats, the ox-cart, the palanquin, and the pony were the only aids to travel, now the railroads of India carry annually more than sixteen million passengers. Her sacred Ganges is ploughed by Government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages for her people. Then the whole interior was sealed, and its roads almost impassable: now it is all open, and surveyors are everywhere. Then no native thought of learning English: now it is hardly a barrier to a Professor going among the educated classes there, that he speaks English only, while in the counting-houses of every large city may be

found hundreds who read the language readily. Then a whisper against sacred customs through the mission press sent a panic through India and England: now the re-marriage of widows, and the suppression of cruelties in festivals, with other changes more radical than the early missionaries dared dream, are discussed weekly in native newspapers. Then it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools: now staunch Hindoos contribute to the support of those schools. Then, if natives could be induced to take Christian books as a gift, the missionary rejoiced in his success: books are now sold. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt: to-day the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys thirty years ago. In Calcutta eight hundred women are regularly taught in their zenanas by the ladies of the Union Women's Missionary Society; and many a young Brahmin secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns at the schools. Then no money could hire a respectable Hindoo to touch a dead body: now Brahmins practise dissection in the medical schools, regardless alike of ancient customs and disgusted gods. Then the dozen or fifty fathers-in-law of a Kulin Brahmin quarrelled for the honour of supporting him: now he can be compelled to support his wives. It is not fifty years since the high-caste widow of India coveted the funeral-pile as the only door of escape from a fate infinitely more terrible; now, though at very long intervals, we hear of attempts at suttee, its condemnation is almost universal, while the most intelligent look back upon it as we do upon the human sacrifices of the Druids. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian Government, that 'missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so:' now the officers of Government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions, while the modern leader of the Somaj holds up the very missionaries at whom the edict was aimed to the everlasting gratitude of India. And the change wrought, or working rather, is greater even than these outward signs indicate. It is no mere intellectual satisfaction that we feel when we find Euclid, Cowper, Blackstone, perhaps with the skin of the sacred cow used in their binding, resting on the tables of cultivated Brahmins; for by this we know that we have clasped hands with our Eastern cousins, that for the Indian of to-day everything is possible. Already, in vision, we see, not afar-off, the time when between us and them 'there shall be no more sea.'"

What is done in India and France is similar to what is done for other countries of Europe and Asia. The free grants of money and unprinted paper sent abroad are now very considerable, though Great Britain and Ireland are properly the chief recipients of the bounty dispensed. The London City Mission alone receives nearly £2,000 worth of tracts and periodicals annually, which are distributed in London with good effect. Lending libraries are set up all over the country; while no private distributor of tracts, if too poor to buy, need lay aside the weapons of his holy warfare for lack of ammunition. Grants to individuals, as well as to societies, are constantly made; and these grants annually exceed the subscriptions by about five thousand pounds. Thus from the humblest of beginnings, the Tract Society has

grown into one of the most important institutions of the day, and one in which Christians of all denominations can place implicit trust. As an evangelistic agency it came into existence at a critical period in our national history; and as the nineteenth century is waning the work undertaken grows both in magnitude and interest. The committee may justly claim the prayers, sympathy, and substantial aid of all who long for the noontide of our gospel dispensation.

John Ryland's Tracts and the Clergyman.

WE are grateful to the esteemed friend who has sent us the following letter, which fitly succeeds the foregoing article upon the Tract Society. Incidents of this class ought not to perish from recollection, and therefore we trust our kind correspondent, and many other of our more aged friends will allow the *The Sword and the Trowel* to be the treasury of their relics. Our subscribers will welcome all such noteworthy narratives. We do not invite long-winded stories, for we do not want them; but pithy pieces are to our taste. If a prosy article is wanted we can write it on the premises, but we are always glad of interesting incidents.

"I have taken the liberty to send the enclosed to you, as it narrates an incident never published, which was told me fifty years ago by a Baptist minister, who could verify it as a fact, it having occurred during his visit to London.

"The Rev. J. Ryland, of Northampton, was one of the first publishers of tracts, long before the Society was thought of. He set up a small printing press, and put into circulation portions of Scripture, and various incidents which he could collect from time to time. It happened about that time he was in London, staying at the 'Castle and Falcon,' then kept by a pious man, who very much sympathised in the good work.

"It seems there was an Essex clergyman lodging at the hotel. Wishing to interest him in the good cause, and thinking he would perhaps aid Mr. Ryland in his aim to do good, he introduced the parties. Mr. Ryland tried to interest the clergyman in the cause, but he was very angry, and said, 'I never allow anything of that sort to be distributed in my parish, nor will I do it now.' Mr. Ryland replied, 'Pray, what is the population of your parish?' He replied, 'Fifteen hundred.' Mr. Ryland immediately fell on his knees and besought the Lord to have mercy on the fifteen hundred sheep who had such a shepherd, who would not allow his word to be circulated among them. The Essex parson immediately asked the landlord if he had introduced a madman to him. He replied, 'He is one of the most respectable Baptist ministers in England, and is going to preach to-morrow at —— Chapel;' giving him the name of the place.

"He declared with an oath that he would go and hear what such a droll fellow had to say. He went, and was deeply convicted of his sin; went again and again till he had received the pardon he was so anxious to obtain; and at length went home a new creature in Christ Jesus. He preached in accordance with his altered views; a great revival of religion followed, and many souls for many years were brought to Christ through his instrumentality."—E. W.

A Plea for India.

[We have received the annexed letter from a missionary who has a right to plead with others to go to India, for he has twice made the sacrifice himself. We do not know whether he meant it to be published, but we run the risk. We print it with a heavy heart, because our Missionary Society has no funds with which to send out men when they offer. It is, moreover, in debt, and very few come forward to help it in its hour of need. Men of wealth, do you expect to be saved, if you let the heathen remain in ignorance of Christ while your gold and silver are hoarded till the heap cries out against you?—C. H. S.]

Baptist Mission House, Agra, May 30, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. SPURGEON,

BY this mail I am sending you a copy of our temperance magazine, which contains a short account of General Troup, who was brought to Christ through your instrumentality. Your sermons reached the heart of this old soldier, although your voice had never sounded in his ears, and I thought it might be a word of good cheer from a foreign land to let you know how our old Indian general valued your sermons, and admired you for your faithfulness to the cause of Christ, which was dearer to him than life.

We appear to have a dark cloud hanging over our Indian Mission. Out of four young men who came out to India, little more than two years ago, only one remains to be added to the permanent staff of the mission, two have returned, and one was early taken to the eternal rest of the redeemed.

Men and money are wanted to carry on the work with vigour. Sermons are preached about Christly enthusiasm, and self-sacrificing generosity for the cause of Christ, but with as little result as the conversion of Brahmins. When a new and elegant chapel has to be built in a fashionable suburb to make dissent as respectable as episcopacy, the money is raised by hundreds and thousands, and the promoters of the scheme are overburdened with applicants for the platform, pulpit, or rostrum.* The call from India is loud and long, ringing in the ears of countless movables, but, alas, the Indian call awakes no expectations, and it dies away unheard. The fact that the suburb has churches and chapels for every mile, and that India has not one for every ten thousand of her people, does not affect the number of applicants. The fact that the Missionary Society is in a chronic condition of debt does not prevent wealthy Baptists, who seldom contributed more than the conventional guinea, from giving liberal donations towards a magnificent organ, or a lofty spire for the new chapel.

Judging from what I read in the *Freeman*, we Baptists have both money and men for rising districts and fashionable localities, but not enough to increase the missionary staff, or sustain those who are

* We hardly think this is quite so. Money is not easily found for chapels, and good men are not forthcoming in the number supposed. Those who hunt about for vacant pulpits are not the men for missionaries, nor, as a rule, for home work either. The organ and spire business is also put too strongly, but we agree with the meaning intended, and have no faith in the box of whistles, or the wasteful sky-piercers.

already in the work. Men respond to calls from America and Australia, while India calls in vain. Is it because we have no revivals, no great successes to write about, or is it because our people have lost faith in obedience to the divine command to preach the gospel to every creature? There is a mass of work to be accomplished for the kingdom of Christ in India, work among our own people, work among the heathen cities, work among the villages, work among the youth, and work in secluded zenanas. The non-response to the call for help cannot be found in the idea that there is nothing to be done, and that the heathen have been converted. Whereas we haven't pierced the outer-circle of heathenism, we haven't aroused a general spirit of enquiry among the masses, or the cry, "What must we do to be saved?" and unless we can very largely increase our present strength, we shall not be able to hold the stations we now occupy. While we cannot compete with the fashionable suburb in the things that are seen—organ, steeple, and cushions—we dare to put in a claim on behalf of faith, that believes in the unseen good which must attend obedience to the direct command of our Lord. *Obedience!* was the watchword of our noble chairman at the last Baptist Union Meeting, and in nothing is our *disobedience* more apparent than in the tardy manner in which men and money have been given to our mission. Obedience to the kingdom of Christ demands the consecration of the wealth of the church to the cause of the Redeemer in heathen lands. Obedience to the command of Christ on the part of his ambassadors should constrain them to offer themselves for his service in a heathen land, although there are no worldly prospects of advancement to the high places of the synagogue. Whatever the present advantage of home service over mission life in India may be, whatever advantage the present success of ministerial work in England may have over the non-successful missionary toil in India, whatever the personal comforts of labouring among a sympathizing people at home may have in attracting students and ministers, we feel certain of this, that the forgotten life of the missionary toiler among the hard and stolid people of India with its apparent want of success, will meet with the reward of the Master, who rewards for faithfulness, for obedience, for fidelity to his commands, and not according to our supposed successes and interesting spheres of labour. *Obedience* will receive her crown, and that which appeared the greatest earthly failure will stand forth as the most successful manifestation of faithful obedience to the Master's command—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Pardon my lengthy letter. May be the appeal for men and money will not be unheard among the students of the Pastors' College.

There is much more to be said for mission work in India, and the urgent necessity of immediate help, but I cannot urge anything but obedience. This scrawl has been written with difficulty; the heat is fearful. The thermometer is at 94 deg. in my *cool* study by day, and at 92 deg. in my *cool* bedroom at *night*.

Yours sincerely, J. EDWIN GREGSON.

Here is the passage referred to from the *Soldiers' Temperance Magazine*, entitled "On Guard." General Troup was a generous helper of

our work, and we looked forward to his coming home, and uniting with the church at the Tabernacle.

"Every hill season brings some fresh face to the Mall, and it is equally true that every season misses some well-remembered form; there is an autumn leaf to fall as well as a spring leaf to bloom among the haunts of men as well as on the hill-side. This year, the well-known form of that sturdy soldier, Colin Troup, will no more be seen at Woodlands. The old general belonged to that grand school of soldiers which looks through rank, to the man, and treats him according to his manhood, remembering that the full private has the dignity of our common manhood stamped upon his brow, as well as the field marshal. He looked at things as they are, neither magnifying their virtues nor diminishing their errors: a hater of shams: a despiser of the fine puss gentleman, the mere carpet knight of fashion. Beloved by the men whom he commanded, who were ready to do anything for the general who never forgot the feelings of a man, his broad sympathy drew men to him and gained their respect and confidence. During the last three or four years of his life he gave himself up to reading God's word and prayer; next to his Bible he delighted in reading Spurgeon's sermons, and well he might, as it was by reading one of them he was brought to the Saviour, and gave himself up entirely to him. He never went into society, and had the greatest contempt for fashionable gatherings. He once alarmed a lady who was going to perform at the Mussoorie Theatre, by saying, 'My dear madam, if you knew you were going to die, and had to meet your God after the performance, would you act?' After this sharp, piercing question there was a painful pause, and at length an answer, 'No, I would not:' no further remark was made, but the next time they met, the lady said cheerfully, 'Well, General, I didn't perform that night.' Before his conversion he had a great dislike to the smooth polish of fashionable life, and a manly abhorrence of everything that was mean and base, but after he decided for Christ he felt that nothing short of entire separation would suffice to maintain the Divine command, 'keep thyself unspotted from the world.' He was too true a soldier to have peace with the kingdom of Satan. As a soldier of Christ, he was zealous for His honour, and ready to strike a blow for His kingdom. Loyalty to Christ, was his great maxim. Fight the good fight of faith —his life. Many are indebted to the old general, not only for good sound advice, but also for substantial help. He was always ready to support sage wisdom with tangible assistance. On one occasion a young subaltern was overwhelmed with difficulties and sent in his papers to leave the service. The old General sent for the young man, and told him in a fatherly manner that his selling out would be sure to give his father great grief, and disappoint expectations which those dearest to him had entertained when he entered the service, and now instead of promotion and an honourable career, he had nothing to anticipate but shame and degradation through drink and gambling. The admonition was finished by the question, 'Now, young man, how much do you owe?' and when the amount was very reluctantly stated, he said, 'Well, go to your quarters and I will send a cheque, on condition you never mention where it came from,' and thus he was

saved from ruin. On another occasion when in command at Benares, on going through the hospital, he noticed a man who looked very sad and downcast, and refused to answer the General. When leaving the hospital he found out from the Colonel and Doctor that the man he noticed had been in a good position, and appeared to be intensely miserable and unable to get on as a soldier. The General sent for him to his tent and said, 'My man, you seem very wretched, can I do anything for you?' The poor soldier was so surprised at his General speaking to him in such a manner that he broke through all reserve, told him all his grief, and finished by saying, 'I shall never be fit for anything as a soldier, I'm afraid I shall shoot myself some day, and so end a miserable existence.' This was soon met with a ready answer, 'Now, if you could get out of the service, do you think you would be comfortable in civil employment?' 'Yes, sir, but how am I to get out of the service? I have no money, it's impossible.' 'I don't know that,' said the General, and then wrote a cheque to purchase his discharge, and told him to 'pay it into the orderly room the next morning,' which ended in the discharged soldier getting more congenial work. Few have surpassed Colin Troup in keenly observing the wants of his fellow creatures, and generously endeavouring to remove them. He had no cold unpitying eye, but a warm sympathising heart for his fellow creatures, whoever they might be. He recognised the man, whether native, soldier, or brother officer.

"Gold is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."

"He had a keen soldier's eye, that could detect a mistake and read a character at a glance, and he could also look straight before him and NOT SEE when it pleased him. One morning when commanding at Agra, he was looking round the barracks and unexpectedly went into the guard room which was being whitewashed, when a man, who was confined for being drunk, raised himself upon his cot and called out, 'I beg your pardon, General, I'm so drunk I canna get up to salute ye.' A twinkle in the General's eye was the only notice taken of the drunken soldier.

"The old soldier has gone to his rest full of years and honours. Somewhat bluff and rough, he had a warm heart for his fellow creatures, a stern sense of duty, and he fearlessly advocated right against might. One of the last survivors of the Cabul campaign, a disastrous expedition which gave to India a noble race of soldiers; some of her bravest and truest learnt their first hard lesson of patience, endurance, and courage amid the snows of Cabul and mountain passes of Afghanistan. How few now remain to tell the oft repeated story of the evacuation of Cabul? one more of that heroic band has gone to his rest.

* * * "The enduring fame
Of constancy and truth; the steady glow
Of never swerving honesty, whose fame
Is centred in itself, and cannot grow
By man's applause, nor lessen by his blame!
His were the glorious deeds which only flow
From true nobility, whose stedfast soul,
Save *duty* owns no law, fears no control."

Pastor Archibald G. Brown in East London.*

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IT is a peculiar satisfaction to a Christian to know that he comes of a godly ancestry, and this privilege is enjoyed by the pastor whose life and work we purpose cursorily to review in this paper. Through his mother, Mr. Brown is directly related to the well-known family of Heath, a tribe which has figured very nobly in Nonconformist history from the time when Job Heath, as a young man, was baptized at Alcester, in 1711, to the day of Job's great grandson's death in the autumn of 1869. The head of the family always bore the name of Job, and we are able to take account of four generations, their history being linked with that of the London Baptists, especially with the church at Maze Pond. It was a friend of the Heaths, Jonathan Carr, who on June 27th, 1777, sprang into the cart in which Dr. Dodd was being conveyed to execution, because he noticed that the doctor had six clergymen for attendants, while another felon sat unnoticed and unpitied, no man caring for his soul. With Job Heath for a deacon and friend, Mr. Dore, the pastor of Maze Pond Chapel, considered himself to be the best cared-for Baptist minister in England, or even in the world. Want of space precludes our entering into details; but in the case of a good man, the ability to claim kinship with such a family tree will afford more satisfaction than could be derived from the richest estate.

On the paternal side the pastor came of a most respectable Baptist stock; his grandfather, who was known about South London as "Bible Brown," having taken a leading part in the erection of Maze Pond Chapel, which has now passed away to renew its youth in a more hopeful sphere. Archibald Brown was born at Brixton Hill, July 18th, 1844, and his father was at that time extensively engaged in commercial pursuits. Of our friend's childhood nothing remarkable is told beyond the fact that he was not designed for the ministry, his godly parents having from the first entertained no higher thoughts respecting him than that he should make his mark in the City, in the market or on the Exchange. His first thoughts respecting Christ and salvation were inspired by Mr. Aldis's sermon in the old sanctuary where the family regularly attended. As regards the household in general, those were prosperous, happy days; but otherwise they were not remarkable as a season of seedtime and of promise.

When we advance to the days of youth and of particular training for future work, a larger mixture of incident enlivens the story. However fortunate young Archibald may have been in respect of his schoolmasters, he did not feel quite contented under the wholesome discipline necessarily imposed. Even the never-flagging liveliness of Brighton, and the thousand-and-one advantages of that favourite watering-place, failed to reconcile the erratic genius to the confinement of school. He remained with his tutors two or three years, however, and then, supposing that he had borne a liberal share of educational thraldom, he unceremoniously forsook his tasks, and startled his friends by suddenly

* The second article on the Aggressive Work of the Pastors' College.

appearing at home. He was about seventeen when he ran away from school; and having voluntarily forsaken a good thing, friends perhaps wisely determined that the truant should not be made to return. If he preferred to commence business early, an eligible opening could readily be found; but while the parents were making preparations for their son's start in the world, things were happening which were destined to entirely change his course of life. He was a gay youth, devoted to the world and its pleasures, rejoicing, too, in having escaped from the toils of his Brighton taskmasters, while as yet he knew nothing about business anxieties, when he met with one who spoke a word in season, and spoke not in vain. The stranger was a young lady whose rare personal attractions were more than matched by the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit; her piety was as genuine as it was unassuming, and ere long she became in a great measure instrumental in effecting the future pastor's conversion. Twelve months afterwards a more intimate acquaintance commenced; many years passed happily; until in May, 1874, thousands of persons in East London found reason to lament the premature death of "Annie, the beloved wife and cheerful helper of Archibald G. Brown."

Six months after leaving school Mr. Brown was placed in the office of a tea-broker, a handsome premium being paid for the privileges accorded. Mr. Brown the elder would have been well repaid both for his careful solicitude and pecuniary expenditure had his son showed any disposition to fall in love with his new profession. This was not to be. There were impulses within which neither the father nor the son could control. The path to usefulness and honour would soon appear straight and open.

Mr. Brown made his *début* as a public speaker at the meeting of a City missionary. He was politely invited by the good man to go and read to the people; this piece of service he readily undertook, as he had given some considerable attention to the art of elocution. He reasonably supposed that the reading-book would be the Bible; but on arriving at the meeting-place it transpired that nothing was wanted beyond a few extracts from "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"Is that all you're going to give the people?" cried the young reader, with characteristic warmth.

"Don't you think that calculated to do good?" replied the other, with the meekness of a man who sought to evade a difficulty.

"It may do good; but there should be preaching — preaching Christ."

"If you think so, you'd better preach," drily remarked the other, thereby placing his friend in a dilemma from which he saw no loophole of escape.

Fortunately Mr. Brown was equal to the crisis. "Well," he said, with deliberate determination, "I've never done such a thing; but rather than read 'The Pilgrim's Progress' to them, I'll try."

Having engaged to give a discourse, the amateur preacher next glanced at his auditory; and perceiving that some twenty elderly ladies had possession of a room capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons, he thought the general aspect of affairs to be unsatisfactory in the extreme. With the approval of the City missionary,

Mr. Brown undertook to collect a congregation. He went abroad in the streets, entered several public-houses, and told the men who were chatting and drinking at the bars that a sermon was about to be preached in such a room. The gentry who were thus disturbed in the enjoyment of a convivial glass were unanimously of opinion that the youngster inherited his full share of "cheek;" but as the summons had at least the charm of novelty, thirty or forty agreed to go, several of whom offered to "stand treat" before the service commenced. When this motley gang were seated in the assembly-room, the young Christian delivered his unpremeditated maiden sermon from the words, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus."

After the ice was broken in this manner, Mr. Brown desired to engage in Sabbath-school work, when he found the way obstructed by serious obstacles. He had among his youthful friends been regarded as having a genius for acting characters and for mimicry in general; but these carpet exploits were no passport to the favour of a grave superintendent. The good man supposed the applicant must have some ulterior object in view, and accordingly behaved with cold reserve. Young Mr. Brown, with his well-known sprightliness, could not reasonably be supposed to be in earnest. He would probably introduce a pantomime into the school, or at least "show off" among his new friends in some equally unapproved manner. There was, therefore, no class to offer him. Not willing to be put aside in this genteel manner, the applicant asked if he might be allowed to come if he brought his own class. "If you bring your own boys we cannot keep you out," replied the good man in charge; and that liberal concession settled the bargain. During the next week the youth who had previously gathered a congregation from the bars and tap-rooms, was seen exploring the lowest parts of the neighbourhood, knocking at a hundred doors to ask the same question at one and all—"Have you any children who do not go to Sunday-school?" On the following Sabbath thirty new scholars, nearly all older than their teacher, made their appearance, and were allotted the middle of the room. This became in time a young men's class; much lasting good was effected, and one soldier, who came all the way from Kingston, did so at the risk of incurring the penalty of military discipline.

Mr. Brown joined the Congregational church at Union Chapel, Brixton. Here he was prevailed upon to give an address at the Saturday evening prayer-meeting, and at last his sermonette was regarded as a regular weekly engagement. Other calls followed. He attended to business in the City by day, and preached nearly every night, until health failed, and the family doctor declared that either business or Christian work must be relinquished. The opinion of the medical man brought matters to a climax, though in making his decision the youth chiefly affected experienced no kind of perplexity. All he wanted was an opportunity of shaking hands with the tea trade, with the view of never again renewing the acquaintance.

Mr. Brown, senior, who was a deacon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, watched the progress of events with anything but unmixed satisfaction. Son Archibald appeared to be an erratic star, tolerably well fitted, if he did but know it, to revolve in a confined orbit around the Royal Exchange,

but not at all calculated to succeed in the anxious work of preaching the everlasting gospel. The father very seriously laid the affair to heart, and both the pastor and the officers at the Tabernacle were circumstantially acquainted with his complicated troubles. These brethren did not offer their brother officer any large measure of sympathy, but rather congratulated him upon having such a matter to think about.

After a week-night service about this time, Mr. Spurgeon was as usual in his vestry, when young Mr. Brown was introduced. He felt that he was called to preach the gospel, and the Pastors' College was the only institution of the kind he cared to enter.

"O, I know all about you," replied the pastor. "I have heard all about you from your father. I have been expecting you. Come in at once."

That interview finally severed the young man's connection with the City and its business. He entered the College, and a month after he was sent to preach at Bromley, a parish on the south side of London, where a congregation of twenty gathered in the Assembly-room of the White Hart Hotel. This small beginning became smaller in three weeks. The preacher left no stone unturned to ensure success; he himself opened the doors, dusted the forms, and carried the Bible and the water-bottle to the desk: but still his hearers numbered only sixteen! "If it gets any lower I'll go," he soliloquized; for if things went on as they had done, it plainly appeared that in a couple of months no one would be left to accept a resignation. Providentially, the sixteen represented the lowest ebb of the tide; on the fourth Sabbath the twenty seats were reoccupied, and subsequently there was a steady increase until nearly two hundred hearers filled the room. A church was formed, the first member of which was baptized at New Park-street Chapel, Southwark. Then was begun in earnest the work of erecting the present chapel, which accommodates the present Baptist church in Bromley; and while this building was in progress enough transpired to show that the poor of the district needed some enlightenment regarding Christian ordinances. The deep well on the grounds, with its ropes, planks, and buckets, which supplied the masons with water, was pointed out as the future baptistery. Knowing peasants and inquisitive housewives assured one another that that was the place, in which, with a rope around the waist, Mr. Brown would let down each candidate for Christian fellowship. Such was Bromley, where the pastor laboured through four years —four years to the very minute, as he himself is wont to say. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 30th November, 1862, he first set foot in the town. On the 30th of November, 1866, he was engaged in the vestry with the deacons of Stepney-green Tabernacle, who had come with an invitation for their young brother to remove among them. Scarcely had Mr. Brown consented to do so when the clock struck nine. "Hark!" he said, "is not that a strange coincidence?"

At this date Stepney-green Tabernacle had been in existence about three years, and the esteemed pastor, Mr. Ness, had resigned in consequence of failing health. The deacons looked anxiously around for a successor, conscious that their sphere was a fine one, though the church was in a critical condition. Nor did these careful officers wish to trust in their own judgment alone, for in the multitude of

counsellors there is safety. They asked Mr. Spurgeon if he knew of a preacher who would do for East London. The pastor thought he knew of one—Mr. Brown of Bromley. They proposed a similar query to Dr. Brock, who likewise said, "Yes—Mr. Brown of Bromley." Thinking that they might as well enquire of one other, they went to Regent's Park College to seek the advice of Dr. Angus, who at once recommended them to apply to Mr. Brown of Bromley. Everywhere the weather-cocks pointed towards Bromley, every oracle gave forth the same word. Mr. Brown was invited to preach at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, when, unknown to himself, the Stepney deacons were present. The brethren were perfectly satisfied with what they saw and heard. Mr. Brown was unanimously elected to the pastorate, and commenced work in a densely crowded neighbourhood on the first Sabbath of 1867. Dr. Brock, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Tucker were present at the recognition service, which took place on the 26th of February following.

Hitherto nothing more than an ordinary congregation had assembled in the Tabernacle at Stepney-green. The chapel was planned to seat eight hundred and fifty, but thirteen hundred towards the last frequently found admittance. When Mr. Brown succeeded to the pulpit the congregation immediately began to grow; on the sixth Sabbath the building was densely crowded, the sermon was especially addressed to young men, and about a hundred dated their conversion from that night. The blessing has ever since continued to descend. A new meeting-place, at least three times the size of the old one, became a necessity.

Two or three years passed, and the people began seriously to entertain the project of the new chapel. Now came the tug of war. Even if built at cost price, as it really was, by Mr. W. Higgs, deacon with Mr. Spurgeon, the building would cost £13,000. The projectors worked heartily, and laid the groundwork of future success by securing an eligible site near the corner of Burdett-road, Mile End, an omnibus station and a junction of main roads, which entitle the place to be called the "Elephant and Castle" of the East. Mr. Brown, senior, heard of what was in progress, and he at once set down the scheme as a Utopian dream.

"What do you think my son is going to do?" asked the old gentleman of Mr. Cook, a brother deacon—"To build a Tabernacle to hold three thousand people!"

"Then, Brown, if he says he'll do it he *will*, and the best thing we can do is to pray for him," answered the other, who was for taking things more calmly.

"Where's the money to come from?" still urged Mr. Brown.

"Why, I expect he'll come down on you first," said Deacon Cook, with the air and tone of a Job's comforter.

The proposed prayer actually ended this little conference. Side by side the good deacons knelt down and sent up to heaven their petitions for East London. How abundantly their prayers were answered we now all know.

The proceeds of the first day's work at collecting funds were the drops before a copious shower. The pastor himself started forth on what is oftentimes a thankless errand, and the friend first called upon was a merchant in Cornhill, a member with Mr. Spurgeon.

"Well, Mr. Brown, what do you want?" said the gentleman, in his usual kindly tones.

"I want you to help me to build a Tabernacle in East London," replied the pastor. "I come to you first because you always have helped me."

The merchant was one who wore his heart on his sleeve, a most unaffected man, and yet the expression on his face was the reverse of reassuring to an expectant applicant for money. "You've come at a very unfortunate time," he remarked, "I've so many demands on me now that I can only give you a trifle."

This seemed like a very damping reception in a place where something rather substantial was looked for, though the amount of the trifle was as yet unmentioned.

"If you will accept of £500 you are very welcome to it," said the merchant, who is so accustomed to dispensing liberally that he did not think his present gift was of extraordinary magnitude.

That £500 was the first stone contributed to the East London Tabernacle. With a heart brimming over with joy our friend left the office to make his next call on Mr. John Sands, who gave £250. The third person to "come down upon," according to Deacon Cook's prophecy, was Mr. Brown, senior. It happened to be January 28th, his father's natal day, when the collector entered the counting-house.

"Well, father, I've come to celebrate your birthday by collecting for the new Tabernacle," cried the pastor, by way of salutation. "How much do you think I've received in the last forty minutes?"

"Oh, well, £20," replied Mr. Brown.

"Rather! £750!" said the son triumphantly, and then added, "I want you to put another £100 on the top, and then I shall go home satisfied with my morning's work."

So great was his surprise at this auspicious beginning of the work, that Mr. Brown readily acceded to so modest a request. On the day following Mr. Spurgeon gave £100; during the next week Mr. Harvey put down his name for £250; and others contributed proportionately, until £2,000 was collected within a month. After this a systematic invasion of Great Britain by circulars was undertaken. Circulars—each accompanied with a sermon—were sent out as probably they never were before, and perhaps never will be again. Circulars by tens of thousands were despatched over the country in all directions, to accomplish their peaceful mission. A sum of £500 was expended in penny stamps alone. Every town of any note belonging to the British Isles contributed to the funds, while friends in America, India, and Japan sent their offerings.

The last service at the old Stepney-green Tabernacle was held on the 18th of February, 1872, when the sermon was preached from 1 Chron. xvii. 5: "From one tabernacle to another." Considering the crowds which had congregated in what was at best an inconvenient structure, it was altogether to be ascribed to an overruling providence that no considerable accidents had occurred. A couple of mishaps, scarcely entitled to rank as serious disasters, are all we have to record. One night, some low-bred practical joker turned off the gas; but the mischief of a panic was mercifully averted. "Let us have a hymn, we can

sing in the dark," cried out Mr. Brown, with that presence of mind which the crisis required; and thereupon the people sang

"There is a fountain filled with blood," &c.

With the restored light came a reaction, for women fainted in different parts of the building. The other misadventure mainly affected a poor old woman of earnest piety and a member of the church. The good soul was accidentally knocked down on the stone stairs leading to the gallery, when she fractured her skull in a terrible manner. Though her head was literally split open, she showed a complete resignation by looking at her misfortune on its brightest side. As she lay among other sufferers with her head amply bandaged, those parts of her face which remained unhidden wore a cheery expression—the reflection of peace within. "Oh, Mr. Brown, aint it a mercy I broke my head while going into the house of God," cried she when visited in the hospital. "I might have broke it while going into a theatre!"

The new place, now called the East London Tabernacle, was opened by Mr. Spurgeon, on the 22nd of February, 1872, and the proceedings were circumstantially described in a serious manner by a journal called *The Eastern Post* in its issue of the 17th of February, that is to say, five days before the event occurred. Journalists have often been found nodding or tripping—only last May the art critic of a London daily paper denounced a quotation from Shakespeare as "idiotic," without suspecting who was the author—but this prescience of a local editor was no less novel than it was startling to unsophisticated people. The future scarce differed from the past with this local seer, when he treated things to come as though they had already passed into history. The "series of services of appalling length," the "tea with hymns," etc., etc., were particularly mentioned. Then the pastor—"unaffected and hearty in his style, laying emphasis *à la* Spurgeon on his adjectives"—was depicted. He was one of the "elect"; a Calvinist; a man who "preaches 'brimstone' with positive enjoyment," and so on. This circumstance is merely related as a curiosity in journalism, and as an illustration of the way in which small cavillers at the religiously earnest may miss their mark, and themselves become the laughingstock of the town.

The state of affairs at the opening of the Tabernacle was explained by the pastor himself before a vast congregation. It appeared that the church did not lose half-a-dozen members by its removal from Stepney-green. Some asked if the new building was a necessity; they could look at the figures and judge for themselves. Mr. Brown then stated that five hundred persons had been baptized, and six hundred and fifty had been received into fellowship since the date of his acceptance of the pastorate: the five hundred came direct from the world. They did not desire to attract stragglers from neighbouring churches; but when such applied for admission, they were bound to take them. They wished that their pews should be filled with those who had never before darkened the doors of any sanctuary. Mr. Brown emphatically stated that the Tabernacle was directly associated with the Pastors' College, and he rejoiced that no less than seventy students were then present. In regard to the subscriptions, they had come from all parts of the world, and they numbered two thousand three hundred separate donations.

The collections of the opening day amounted to £910, including £500 from Mr. Brown, senior, whose total contributions to the building fund amounted to £1,250. The day was a time of joy and of encouragement.

The blessing attending the pastor's ministry has continued and promises to continue. In his own pulpit and elsewhere he seldom preaches less than seven times a week.

After the gospel had been preached in the new building for a little over two years, the pastor, the church, it may even be said the neighbourhood generally, sustained a loss which we should not like to leave unmentioned. Mrs. Brown died early in May, 1874, after years of sharpest suffering; and though every one knew that she was beloved for her work's sake, none were prepared for the unparalleled popular demonstration which rendered memorable the day of her funeral. "During nearly six hours of the busiest part of the day," said one journal, "the dense crowds that filled the capacious chapel, as well as Bow Cemetery, and overflowed into and completely blocked the leading thoroughfares, was such as might have befitted the obsequies of a Livingstone." What she was and what she was fitted to accomplish in the Master's service we shall not attempt to describe; but this we know, that her memory is still fragrant among all classes in East London.

Reference has already been made to the commanding situation of Mr. Brown's Tabernacle; it may be added that, in consequence of its nearness to the docks and the river, the congregation chiefly consists of men, a large proportion of whom are sailors. Perhaps no assemblage of Christians in London is so much affected by gales and storms as Mr. Brown's congregation; their concern is expressed in the deep amen which invariably follows the prayer for those who do business on the sea. The pastor himself finds it necessary to be exactly correct when dealing in nautical phrases; and a brother "supply" will occasionally receive a friendly intimation of the need of carefulness in this respect. Ludicrous errors would arise from neglect of these precautions, errors such as would lower the preacher in the eyes of his auditors. Not very long ago a brother of ready utterance was discoursing eloquently while he borrowed illustrations from the elements. At last he came to mountainous seas, black skies, and driving storms. What does the sailor do, asked the orator, when the wind roars angrily and the billows beat over the deck, etc., etc.? "Why, keep close to the land!" he cried, by way of reply, and with the air of one who had the knack of illustrating Scriptural truth from the customs of common life. Of course the gravity of the good people was disturbed, and one experienced tar could not refrain from soliliquising in tones indecorously audible:—"Why don't he say, 'turn her nose to the wind?'"

We have reserved no space for illustrations of the work in progress, though these are both abundant and interesting. Suffice it to say that while the church numbers about *sixteen hundred members*, the Sunday School has nearly as many scholars, and both are constantly increasing. The pastor's sermons and a large quantity of tracts are scattered throughout the district, and the poor are regularly visited. In a word, the church is an aggressive church, and is daily reaping the reward of its holy enterprise. Finally, Mr. Brown is the vice-president of the London Baptist Association, and will of course next year occupy the presidential chair.

A Letter to Her Friends,

BY MRS. SPURGEON.

DEAR FRIENDS,

MY "Few Words" in the February number of the *Sword and Trowel* were received with so much tender sympathy and consideration, that I feel encouraged to present you with another slight sketch of the work which the Lord's love and your kindness have made so prosperous. I then told you from how small a matter the fund arose, and how pitifully and graciously the Lord dealt with me in giving me so blessed a work to do for him when all other service was impossible. *Now* I have the same song to sing, but the notes are higher and more assured, and the accompanying chords deeper and fuller, for the "little one has become a thousand," and the mercy which was so great before has grown exceedingly, until my heart echoes the poet's words:—

"For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?"

I have very much to tell you, and I shall do it in the best way I can, but as all my friends know that my pen is "unaccustomed to public speaking," I think I may crave special indulgence for all failures and shortcomings.

We will discuss money matters first, because I want you to sing "*Laus Deo*" with me. John Ploughman says that "Spend, and God will send is the motto of a *spendthrift*." Now, I must not dispute this, for dear John is always right, and, moreover, knows all about everything, but I may say I consider it singularly inappropriate to the spendthrift, and should like it handed over to me at once and for ever for my Book Fund, for again and again has it been proved most blessedly true in my experience. I have "spent" ungrudgingly, feeling sure that the Lord would "send" after the same fashion, and indeed he has done so, even "exceeding abundantly above what I could ask or even think." I have received now upwards of £500, and the glory of this is that it is *all spent*, and more keeps coming! I never tell you, dear friends, when my store is slender, but I am sure the Lord does, and opens your hearts to give just when it is most needed, for never since I first began the work have I had to refuse an application for want of funds. I must tell you, too, that this £500 represents quite £700 or £800 in books, for Mr. Spurgeon's good publishers let me purchase on such liberal terms that by their delightful magic my sovereigns turn into thirty, and sometimes forty shillings each! This, also, is of the Lord, and I bless him for it. I often look with intense pleasure on the long list of subscribers' names spread out before the Lord, and before him only; for your kind deeds, my dear friends, are unpublished to the world, but are, perhaps, for this reason, all the more precious in his sight, who "seeth not as man seeth." It is, indeed, pleasant to look down the long columns and note how many strangers have become dear friends, and former friends have grown dearer through this loving link of sympathy for Christ's servants between us.

But it is time I now gave you some details of the work accomplished. The number of books given up to this moment runs as under, and the persons receiving them have not all been pastors of the

Baptist denomination, but the list includes Independents, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, some Clergymen, and one or two "Brethren." Is not this a goodly army of volumes?—

	Vols.		Vols.
Treasury of David	700	Lectures to my Students ...	1600
Sermons	443	Morning by Morning	38
Fish's Handbook of Revivals ...	100	Evening by Evening	38
Bardsley's Illustrative Texts	50	Types and Emblems	21
Watson's Body of Divinity ...	50	Trumpet Calls	22
Power in Weakness	25	Feathers for Arrows	26
Things Touching the King ...	25	Flashes of Thought	20

But ah! dear friends, when I look at *this* list I see the only shadow of sadness that ever rests upon my Book Fund. It is the grief of knowing that there exists a terrible necessity for this service of love; that without this help (little enough, indeed, compared with their wants) the poor pastors to whom it has been sent must have gone on famishing for lack of mental food, their incomes being so wretchedly small that they scarcely know how to "provide things honest" for themselves and their families, while money for the purchase of books is absolutely unattainable. Hear what one says, who like Paul can thank God he is chargeable to none.

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—In this month's *Sword and Trowel* ministers are kindly invited to apply for a grant of books from your 'Book Fund.' I should be glad of a grant if ever so small. . . . . I have no income from preaching whatever, have a wife delicate in health, necessitating the keeping of a servant; we have had twelve children, six the Lord has taken home, and six are with us here. Not a year has passed since our marriage (twenty-five years ago) without the doctor being in the house; I am but now slowly recovering from illness, the effect of an overwrought mind and frame; the eldest of our children living is the only one earning anything, and he but a trifle more than sufficient to clothe him; we hardly make the two ends meet, and were it not for the extras the Lord is ever and anon sending us we could not do so at all. . . . . For the past eighteen months I have kept an evening school, in order to get the means of procuring a fair education for my boys, but my health and other labours will not admit of this any longer. I mention these things that you may learn from them I have but little to spare for books. I take in *The Sword and the Trowel*, *Baptist Messenger*, and Mr. Spurgeon's *Sermons*; am extravagant enough *sometimes* to buy a two shilling or two shilling and sixpenny book, but the whole of my library would scarcely fetch thirty shillings. . . . . The Lord is good to us; though often lacking, there is help at last, and I trust if it is his will the lack which I feel for books he will kindly supply, to some extent, through your 'Book Fund.'"

After having received a nice box of books this tried brother writes—

"I know not how to express my gratitude for the choice and valuable books you have sent me. I do not think I could ever have dreamed of having the four volumes of the 'Treasury of David.' May the Lord grant, indeed, that it may be a 'treasure' to myself and others. Bless his name, he has indeed done all things well, and has again and again showed us 'He is good, a stronghold in the day of

trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him.' In that he has through you sent me such valuable aid, he has shown again how mindful he is of the least of his children."

Their very gratitude for the boon conferred often makes my heart ache in the midst of its gladness, for the sense of need must have been sorely felt, since relief is received with such rapture. Here are two or three more selections from scores of similar epistles.

"I have a family of eight children, four of whom are now grown up. My stipend at first was £60, it is now £70; my wife for seventeen years has managed the house without the assistance of a servant, and our expenditure, with the utmost thrift and economy, always exceeds my stipend; but through a kind Providence we are enabled to do, and pay ready cash for everything."

"My salary is £80 per annum; with a wife and three children into the bargain. I have a few books, and among them the first five volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's 'Sermons,' which I purchased before I was married; and a short time since I invested £2 17s. in the purchase of "Brown and Fausset's Commentary," and my wife thinks it will be a very long time before we recover the shock which this outlay has given to our finances."

A pastor's wife writes thus on her husband's behalf—

"He has strongly desired to possess the 'Treasury of David,' and we have been waiting in the hope of being able to procure it without further taxing your noble Fund; but now that, as far as our possibilities are concerned, we appear to be as far as ever from attaining the object, I am again troubling you. . . . . Such a grant would be a great boon to my dear husband, who is the hardworking pastor of two churches in a scattered district. . . . . We find it difficult with a small and increasing family so to manage our income (£80) as to keep free of debt and leave a margin for buying one or two periodicals."

The books were sent, and the answer was as follows—

"My dear Madam,—I beg to acknowledge with sincere thanks the safe arrival of your valuable, kind, and very generous gift. I have felt and expressed to my dear wife my longing desire to possess the 'Treasury of David,' and she made the application quite unknown to me, so that your kind letter, and your esteemed husband's noble work on the Psalms were to me a very pleasing and joyful surprise. . . The 'Treasury of David' will be indeed a 'treasure' to David [his own name], and I trust through him to many more."

It is most touching to hear some tell with eloquence the effect the gift produced upon them. One is "not ashamed to say" he received his parcel with "tears of joy," wife and children standing around and rejoicing with him. Another, as soon as the wrappings fall from the precious volumes, praises God aloud and sings the Doxology with all his might, while a third, when his eyes light on the long-coveted "Treasury of David," "rushes from the room" that he may go alone and "pour out his full heart before his God."

Now this is very beautiful and admirable, but is there not also something most sorrowfully suggestive to the church of God? Surely these "servants of Christ," these "ambassadors for God," ought to have received better treatment at our hands than to have been left pining so

long without the aids which are vitally necessary to them in their sacred calling. Books are as truly a minister's needful tools as the plane and the hammer and the saw are the necessary adjuncts of a carpenter's bench. We pity a poor mechanic whom accident has deprived of his working gear, we straightway get up a subscription to restore it, and certainly never expect a stroke of work from him while it is lacking; why, I wonder, do we not bring the same common-sense help to our poor ministers and furnish them liberally with the means of procuring the essentially important books? Is it not pitiful to think of their struggling on from year to year on £100, £80, £60, and some (I am ashamed to write it) on less than £50 per annum? Many have large families, many more sick wives, some, alas! have both; they have heavy doctor's bills to pay, their children's education to provide for, are obliged to keep up a respectable appearance or their hearers would be scandalized, and how they manage to do all this and yet keep out of debt (as, to their honour and credit be it said the majority of them do) only they and their ever-faithful God can know! I never hear a word of complaint from them, only sometimes a pathetic line or two like this: "After upwards of sixteen years service in the Master's vineyard, I am sorry to say that with a small salary and a wife and five daughters to provide for, my library is exceedingly small, and I am not in a position to increase its size by purchasing books." Or again like this: "My salary is small (£60), and if I did not get some little help from some benevolent societies, I should have very great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door." Are these men to be kept in poverty so deep that they positively cannot afford the price of a new book without letting their little ones go barefoot? The "labourer is worthy of his hire;" but these poor labourers in the gospel field get a pittance which is unworthy both of the workman and the work, and if their people (who ought to help them more) either cannot or will not do so, we, at least, dear friends, will do all in our power to encourage their weary hearts and refresh their drooping spirits. This is a digression, I dare say, from my authorized subject, but I was obliged to say what I have because my heart was hot within me, and I so earnestly want to do these poor brethren good service. Now I return to the details of my work.

I have been doing a brave business in Wales through the magnificent generosity of a stranger whom now we count a friend. This gentleman first introduced himself to us by sending £100 to Mr. Spurgeon, £50 of which was for my Book-fund. I was greatly gratified at receiving so large a sum all at one time, and set about "spending" it as quickly as possible, and here you will see how grandly true my "motto" proved, for, about six months after the first gift, the same kind friend called at our house one evening, and to our sincere admiration and astonishment announced his intention of giving a copy of "Lectures to my Students" to *every* Calvinistic Methodist minister, preacher, and student in North Wales (of whom there are 500) if I would undertake the "trouble" of sending them. Trouble!! The word was inadmissible! With intense joy and deep gratitude to God I received the charge, and *another* £50 to meet expenses! This was on the 18th of March, 1876. Since then to this day the work there has flourished, for as soon as 400 copies had been given in the northern part I received authority from the same

noble donor to continue at his expense the distribution throughout South Wales also. The books are very eagerly accepted by our Welsh brethren, and on May 16th, the "Quarterly Association" sent copies in Welsh and English of a resolution passed at their meeting at Ruthin of "Cordial thanks to the kind brother *whoever he may be*, to whose liberality we are indebted, etc., etc., and grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. Spurgeon for her kindness in forwarding the books." Nor does the matter rest here; other ministers besides Calvinistic Methodists coveted the precious volume, and wrote to me asking why they should be left out? I have supplied all who have written, and at this present moment I have promised copies to all the Wesleyan ministers of South Wales, and when they are satisfied, I doubt not their northern brethren will request the same favour. These copies, of course, are provided by my Book-fund, our friend's gift being confined to his own denomination; but you see, dear friends, I never *can* be the least troubled at a large expenditure, because I have the firmest possible faith in my motto "Spend, and God will send." "Lectures to my Students" has travelled to Holland and Sweden, to Michigan and Nebraska (U. S.), and to Ontario, and Miss Macpherson took with her to Canada 100 copies from my fund for poor ministers in the backwoods. Mr. Orsman's "workers" in Golden-lane were supplied with forty-one copies, and in addition to the colleges of Haverfordwest, Pontypool, and the Training Institute at Bow, mentioned in my last account, I have now on my list those of Bala and Trevecca and Clymnog as having applied for and received grants for all their students. Surely such a wholesale scattering of the seed of truth by this precious little book cannot fail to bring a rich harvest of glory to God and good to man. Lord, follow every copy with thine own blessing!

Some weeks since a gentleman sent me a splendid lot of second-hand books, so well selected and suitable, that they have proved most valuable in making up parcels but usually I would prefer that help did not come to me in that shape, for I find, as a rule, that Mr. Spurgeon's works are more eagerly sought after, and more joyfully welcomed than *any* others. "His words are like the dew-drops of heaven to my soul," writes one pastor, and to most the "Treasury of David" seems to have been a possession long-coveted and ardently desired.

A letter just received says—"With great joy and gratitude I acknowledge the receipt of your parcel of books. I had heard and read much about dear Mr. Spurgeon's 'Treasury of David,' but I was not prepared to receive a work of such dimensions and value. I esteem it as the *most valuable and precious gift I ever received*, and I do sincerely hope and pray that its glowing thoughts and fervid utterances may be as heavenly manna to my own soul, and, through me, to the souls of my hearers."

Am I not happy to have been able to send forth 700 vols. of this veritable "Treasure." You will observe, dear friends, in the list given above, a goodly number of Mr. Spurgeon's lesser works. This arises from the fact that many evangelists, colporteurs, and lay preachers apply to me for books; and, although my fund is chiefly for the aid and comfort of poor *Pastors*, I find this other class so sorely needing encouragement and help that I cannot pass them by. Denied the

blessing of a solid education in their youthful days, they find it difficult to pick up knowledge in middle life, and when called upon to conduct cottage meetings or open-air services, they painfully feel the strain on their mental powers. To such the "Morning and Evening Readings" are an inestimable boon, for, open the book where they will, they may find sermons in *embryo* in every page, and nuggets of thought only waiting to be picked up and appropriated. The two following letters, the first from one who left the Colportage for the ministry, and the second from one still a Colporteur, will confirm my statement

"Dear Madam,—Pardon the liberty I am taking, but I think I may say if any one needed a little help in the book line I do. I am labouring in three country villages, preaching to and visiting the people. I am receiving £60 a year, and have five children to provide for. I cannot find money to purchase books, and my stock is limited to a few works—old sermons, etc. I can assure you Mr. Spurgeon's 'Lectures to my Students' would be thankfully received. I dare not ask any further, having no claims whatever on your generosity. Your kind letter in the *Sword and Trowel* has encouraged me to make this application. I don't know what I should do sometimes but for Mr. Spurgeon's 'Evening by Evening,' which not only helps us in our family devotions, but provides me with many a subject for my congregations."

Some books were sent and this grateful answer received:—

"I beg to acknowledge your kind present, which reached me on Saturday evening. My children could not have been more delighted if they had received a parcel containing toys than I was when I saw the contents of the package. I cannot find words to express my heartfelt thanks to you; I could only exclaim, 'How good is my Father in heaven!' Like the poor negro, I might say, 'Bless the Lord; me hab all kind o' commodations, like Joseph in Egypt.' May the Lord reward you by sending in abundantly the help you need to carry on your work of love."

"Dear Madam,—I once more appeal to you for aid to enable me to preach the gospel of my Lord more efficiently. He has been graciously pleased to bless my poor efforts. When I entered Colportage work in September last I had never gone out to preach, and had only occasionally spoken of spiritual things at temperance meetings. In November I preached at a cottage meeting, and about three weeks afterwards I heard the joyful news of a young man being blessed; for this mercy I am very thankful, and I can truly say "Ebenezer." Much to my surprise, I receive requests from all parts of my district, and out of my district, to preach the gospel, from Baptists, Independents, Free Church, and Methodists, but with so much on my hands have not much time to study, and I feel deeply my shortcomings. I know full well that it is the Lord's work, but I think and believe that we should go about our Master's work in the best possible way. I have long had a desire for assistance, and should be deeply grateful for any help you may deem me worthy to receive, in the shape of books, to aid me in my studies."

Next to the "Treasury of David," the "Sermons" of our very dear Editor are the objects of desire on the part of those who know their

worth, and happy is he who has the set complete. I have helped very many to attain their wishes in this matter when they have already possessed many volumes; others have to be content for the present with three, four, six, or eight volumes, as the case may be. Two *whole* sets I have given, one to the Open-Air Mission in London, and one to the Wesleyan Missionary Library in Barbadoes. I cannot speak of the blessing these Sermons carry with them wherever they go; God owns and blesses them so mightily that eternity alone will reveal their power and value.

"Flashes of Thought" and "Feathers for Arrows" have been useful to send to those who had neither time nor ability to work out illustrations for themselves.

Watson's "Body of Divinity" is always thankfully received by those whose scarcity of theological literature troubles them.

Mr. Bardsley's "Illustrative Texts and Texts Illustrated" found so much favour with Mr. Spurgeon that I could not resist the pleasure of giving away fifty among the pastors who were formerly students at the College.

"Power in Weakness," by the Rev. C. Stanford, was kindly given me for distribution by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and Dr. Fish's "Handbook of Revivals," has been so well appreciated that I have indulged in a second and third supply.



And now, dear friends, though I have by no means exhausted my information, I think I have told you all I can remember of *special* interest. What do you think of *your* work? It is yours as much as mine, for without your kind and loving aid I could not carry it on to so large an extent. Does it satisfy and please you? To me, as you know, it brings unalloyed joy and comfort, and to the Lord's poor servants it carries new life, and light, and vigour; but I want most of all that it should promote *God's glory*, and have for its chief aim and object the uplifting of his holy name. Do, dear fellow-workers, pray *very* earnestly that a rich blessing may rest upon every book sent out, so that first the minister, then his church, and next of all the unsaved in the congregation, may be the better, and the Lord may receive "the thanksgiving of many."

I cannot close my letter without reference to my little lemon plant, for its history interested many, and it will ever be tenderly associated in my mind with my God-given work. It has thriven in its way as gracefully and grandly as the Book Fund, and is now an ambitious, healthy young tree, preparing itself I hope for future fruit-bearing. One of John Ploughman's "boys" (such a *dear, good* boy according to his mother) can use his pencil deftly, and handle the graving tool with some skill (though John's wife says she *knows* his father's heart is set upon his

following the *old plough* some day), so I asked him to make me a little sketch of my pretty tree, and here it is, dear friends, for you to see, though I can assure you the grace of its form and the glossy beauty of its leaves cannot be depicted. I have always cherished the fanciful idea that each leaf must represent £100, so now you can count them, and smile at the magnificent future I anticipate for my Book Fund. Twenty-one, are there not? That must mean £2,100, and *plenty of strength to grow more!* Well, it seems a great deal of money, certainly, but what a trifle it must be to the God who made all the silver and the gold! Ah! I believe that some day

"When grace has made *me* meet
His lovely face to see,"

the subscription list of the Book Fund will record its thousands of pounds, the once tiny plant will be a tree bearing fruit to perfection, and the dear old motto, "Spend, and God will send," will be found true and unfailing to the end.

With the utmost loving gratitude, dear friends, I am, on the behalf of Christ's poor servants, your happy almoner,

SUSIE SPURGEON.

A Day's Entries in a Colporteur's Diary.

OCT. 20th.—Leave home at 8 p.m., after seeking the Lord's blessing as usual on the visits to the cottages, etc., and make my way to F—, calling at several houses on the road. One woman came to the door. "Oh, sir, I am so pleased you have come. I want to tell you about that book you sold me; it is the best book, except the Bible, ever printed." I replied, "What book?" "O, that dear book, "Come to Jesus." I have read it through several times to my husband, and he is delighted with it, and a lady called to see me and I told her how kind you were to us, and talked to us, and sold such good books, and she has taken that book home, and you are to go and see her. She lives at that large house (pointing to a gentleman's seat), and she wants to buy some of your books." After having a talk about good things, I go to the house, up the hill. I knocked and asked to see the lady. I am asked inside, and have a good conversation. The gentleman also said "I am glad to hear of your work and that God is blessing you so much around me." After wishing me God-speed, and buying four shillings' worth of books, he wished me to go the kitchen and have something to eat. Making my way there, as it was now one o'clock, I sat down and cut from a good joint of beef, then showed my books to the servants and gave some tracts to them, and had a talk about the Saviour. I sold a Bible and a shilling book. With a joyful heart, praising God for such unexpected blessings, on I go again. I come to a farm-house. Having seen these people several times, and sold several books, I am quite at home with them. I ask how they are, and I am very much surprised to hear that the mother, who was well at my last visit a month ago, is now lying beneath the clods. Thinks I, this is a good chance to press home the truth. I speak to them all of the uncertainty of life, and the blessing of having Jesus the unchangeable Friend. They all seemed broken down, and thanked me for my sympathy and kindness, and took a tract each. I left them, praying God to bless the few words which I had spoken. At F—— the people seem so glad to see me. Says one, "Do, sir, come and have a meeting here; nobody cares for us here; last Sunday week there was a cricket match on the green, and we have no church nearer than

two miles and a half, and the whole service there lasts only an half hour, sermon and all. Sir, do come and talk to the other people like you have talked to me." I found the people here very dark, but, praise God, I got into every house, and sold several books, after giving every one a tract. Then I start for E——, calling at houses on the road. Here there had been a chapel shut up for four years, and little trees growing up through the floor. Some months ago I opened it, and, praise God, had several meetings there. Last time I had a hundred and thirty-seven people present. When I first visited here, the people seemed afraid of me or my pack, but now, praise God, I have had a hearty welcome into every home. I call at one house where an old lady lies very ill, and has done so for some time. The old lady, fastening her eyes on me, said, "I am so glad to see you, I thought you never was coming again. Do come alongside me and talk to me a little. You do me so much good. I have been praying the Lord to send you here, as nobody comes to read or pray but you, and God always seems to give you something for me." I sat down beside her, and she seemed to catch every word; then we prayed together, and, looking at me, she said, "Do come again as soon as you can. God bless you. This has been a treat to my poor soul." I next go to the rectory, see the rector, and sell him several books, then give the servants a tract each, and talk to each one upon good things. I wish our friends could have gone with me from house to house here and have seen the reception I met with, and the eagerness to get me into their homes to talk to them, it would have done our society good. I called at a farmhouse, the friends here having taken a great interest in the work since the meeting at the chapel, ask me to stop and have some tea, and tell me to put my donkey in one of their stables and he shall be fed and kept for the night. As I am now nearly twelve miles from home, and both myself and my donkey very tired, I am glad to accept this invitation.

This donkey and carriage were given me by several gentlemen at D—, who know the blessing and value of the work around, and see it to be so well adapted to the villages because we visit those who otherwise never would have been visited. They wished me to enlarge my field of labour, and therefore gave me the donkey to take my books. We agree very well together, as I don't believe that a great stick outside is the best means of getting him along, but a good feed inside, and kind *words*.

My friends gave me a good tea, which is just what I need just now, and, after seeing my donkey all right, I now have a long talk to the farmer, and he seems pleased to listen and do anything for me. Now I go to see some others to spend a little time before going to rest. I call at the house on the hill. "Come in, Mr. B—, and have some tea, we have set it all ready, and have been waiting for you." I tell them of the kindness of the farmer and the good tea he gave me. These people work very hard, but now the work is put aside, and they come around me to hear what I have to say. The Lord here, I believe, has given me the honour of being blessed to the souls of the inmates, and they seem as if they cannot do enough for me. They tell me to call next morning, and they will give me a half-bushel of apples, as they think they cannot reward me for what God has done for them. I then go back to my lodging where I generally put up for the night, and have a good talk with the mistress and the children. We all kneel down together to pray. I then go to my bed tired, but happy. I wake up next morning and find the people about. It is nearly seven o'clock; I get up, have a good breakfast, for which I pay one shilling and the bed is included. I now call at the house on the hill for my apples, and go to the farm house and sell a "John Ploughman." The lady gives me some lunch to put in my pocket, and wishes me God speed. I am on my return journey, having sold the day before sixteen shillings' worth of books and Bibles.

Fairlop Friday.

THOSE who have not seen the Mile End Road on Fairlop Friday—the first Friday in July—have missed a curious phase of London life, the origin of which is variously explained. Until the opening years of the present century there stood in Hainault Forest an ancient oak of extraordinary dimensions, measuring some thirty-six feet in circumference, and having seventeen branches, each being as large as common-place tree. Beneath the protecting shade of this king of the forest Fairlop Fair was formerly held. Beginning on Friday, the riotous scenes of gambling and drunkenness extended to the following Monday, the acme of disorder having been reached on the Sabbath, when as many as sixty thousand persons would assemble. Chiefly through the instrumentality of the London City Mission the fair received its death-blow in 1840, and is now entirely abolished. While, however, the drinking-booths and the gambling-stalls have been legally suppressed, Fairlop Friday is still observed. In the morning a boat on wheels, with a heavy freight of passengers, proceeds from an inn in the Mile End Road to Woodford, to return in the evening through an immense concourse of people and amid a striking display of coloured illuminations. Being invited to do so by Mr. F. N. Charrington, we this year mingled with the crowd during some hours, and saw something of Mr. Charrington's earnest endeavours to turn the occasion to good account. We will refer briefly to the past history of Fairlop, and then add a few words respecting our friend's work in connection with the Tower Hamlets' Mission.

In Barking churchyard there is still we believe a tombstone with this inscription—"Here lieth interred the body of Samuel Day, Block and Pump-maker, late of the Parish of St. John Wapping, who departed this life Oct. 19, 1767, aged 84 years. As a respectful tribute to the memory of the founder of Fairlop Fair, the Company of Blockmakers caused this stone to be repaired, A.D. 1829." The eccentric "Good Day," as he was called, was, probably, the originator of Fairlop, though his claim to so doubtful an honour is disputed. A sailor who was once lost in the forest, and took refuge beneath the far-spreading branches of the great oak, is said to have afterwards visited the tree once a year, when he invited the country people to sit around him on the green-sward to feast on the viands which he had brought from town.

Samuel Day, Pump-maker of Wapping, was born in 1683 and died in 1767. Being a great lover of the country, he became master of a rural retreat in Essex, when he also became so fondly attached to the Fairlop Oak that he annually entertained a party of friends with beans and bacon underneath the tree. Subsequently the whimsical old man was visited by all the pump-makers of Wapping every first Friday in July, the company, to the number of thirty or more, always choosing to travel in a boat drawn by six horses. Outsiders were naturally attracted to this novel spectacle until in course of time what was at first nothing but a picnic grew into a large illegal fair. It would not be just to hold "Good Day" responsible for the iniquities of later years, though he lived long enough to see the rural festival established as an institution of Essex. His coffin was made out of wood from the Fairlop Oak, as was also the pulpit of St. Pancras Church.

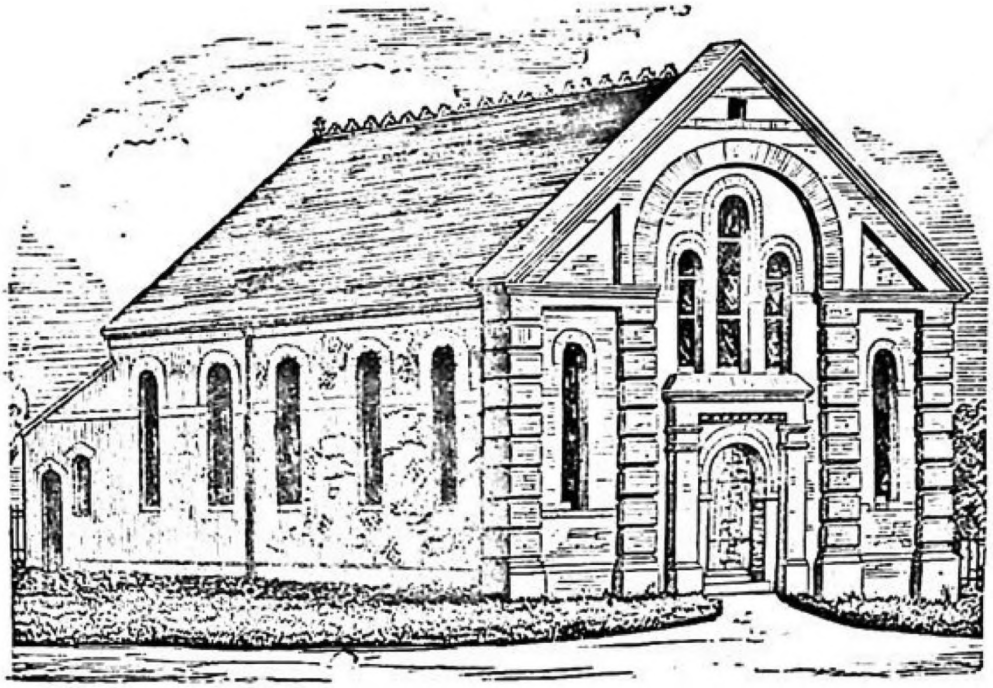
The fair being thus established, continued to grow in popularity with people of low grovelling tastes, at last becoming a standing nuisance, which society refused any longer to tolerate. In 1832, according to contemporary accounts, there were at least sixty thousand persons present on the Sabbath. Between three and four hundred vehicles, averaging ten persons each, passed through Barking-side toll-gate in half-an-hour. There were over a hundred drinking-booths erected in the forest, a number of gambling places of the worst kind, besides tents devoted to still viler purposes. In 1839 the City Mission sent twenty of its agents on the ground, who distributed 40,000 tracts; but so rampant was the open iniquity prevailing, that a timely exposure of what could be seen in the fair by any observer soon led to its total suppression.

The Pump-makers of Wapping have long since ceased to manifest any interest in Fairlop Friday; but it is otherwise with the tavern keepers of the East End, who, for obvious reasons well understood by the public, appear to have taken the day under their especial patronage. The pilgrimage by boat and six horses is still continued, the cost being defrayed out of a common fund, subscribed to by the licensed victuallers. The fair itself may be virtually abolished, but a great toy-boat on wheels and a few illuminations suffice to draw together immense crowds of people, who consume a corresponding quantity of beer and gin. The Mile End Road is the broadest thoroughfare out of London, and in front of divers taverns, between the horse-road and the footway, there are benches and seats for the accommodation of thirsty customers. On the night of Fairlop Friday these were crowded with men and women of various grades of respectability. Artizans and labourers seemed to be fraternizing with cadgers and street adventurers, while girls as well as older women were exceedingly numerous. As the twilight deepens the crowd increases; the taverns are ablaze with coloured fire; the great thoroughfare, alive with the shouts of countless itinerant traffickers, itself resembles a general fair. The consumption of drink is enormous; like banks in a panic, who expect a run on their resources, and who wish to show themselves prepared for the pressure, the publicans fasten back their swinging doors, and by dint of painful efforts manage that the supply shall be equal to the demand. Drunkenness, chaffing, and ribaldry abound, and all quite in keeping with the memories of Fairlop Friday.

In the midst of this strange scene, as peculiarly English as it is saddening to the Christian heart, Mr. Charrington's magnificent tent, capable of seating a thousand persons, rises like a white beacon to allure sinners from the slavery of sin into the liberty of the gospel. This temporary shelter was found occupying a piece of vacant land in the very heart of the Fairlop excitement, so that the overflowings of the throng without crowded its ample space. The scene within the canvas enclosure was indeed a great calm when contrasted with the uproar without, though people were constantly leaving and others arriving to fill up the vacancies, while the speaking was going on. There the gospel in all its simplicity was preached by various speakers, and a notice in huge characters told that the Earl of Shaftesbury would preside. There was also a portable platform and desk in the open space bordering on the pathway in front of the tent, where some good service was being done. There were in fact a series of meetings, commencing with a public tea at seven o'clock, which extended into the small hours of Saturday morning. Such was the scene presented in East London on Fairlop Friday, and such were the endeavours made by Mr. Charrington and his allies to awaken thoughtless pleasure-seekers to a sense of their danger. May the Lord send lasting success to such efforts, and make Mr. Charrington and his work more and more a blessing to the east of London.

God—and his Acts.

WE may judge of the source of continental rivers by the colour and character of their waters. Some of them never forget the glaciers among which they were born, nor do others fail to reveal the red rocks among which they glided in their earliest days. John says of the angel, "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, *proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.*" From no other source could such matchless purity have been obtained. When we consider the excellency of the divine acts, we may safely infer the perfection of his nature, even as from his perfect nature we may be assured that what he does is always right.



New Chapel at Dorking.

WE are happy to insert the view of the New Chapel which is being erected at Dorking, Surrey. That town we have often visited, for the delightful scenery around it is very refreshing to us. Wishing to do something for the town, and having one or two attached friends in it (and chiefly an aged lady named Miss Smith, who was a stanch supporter of our work and a deeply gracious woman), we sent down Mr. Wheatley, then a student with us, but now a Pastor at Farringdon. A small church was gathered in a school room, and funds were raised to purchase ground; it was an uphill task, and the pioneers in it did their work bravely, under many discouragements. Mr. Goldston, one of our elders, and a commercial gentleman, went down to Reading on purpose to continue the cause when Mr. Wheatley left. How few would put themselves at the disposal of their pastor as this brother did and say "I will go anywhere to live, within certain counties, if I can help you to raise a church. Only tell me where." May this brother have his reward. In due time it became needful to have a minister who could devote all his time to the work, and a fitting brother was found in Mr. Davis, who had been evangelizing as the pastor of a group of churches around Cheddar. Mr. Fripp and other active spirits have pushed on the enterprise, and Mr. Steel on removing from London, and settling in Dorking, has given a better site, and the one originally purchased is sold.

We rejoice greatly that the work is so far prospering, but the friends are few and need liberal assistance to enable them to pay for their chapel. We are surprised at what has been done, and we hope that before the opening day many will come forward to aid this new, vigorous, and promising church. We will gladly forward any amounts, large or small, to the right quarter. Surrey is a poor county for Baptists, especially in the country towns, and there is no hope of progress unless help is given from London and the large towns. Our own hands are full, but we will always help to raise churches in Surrey, for there is great need, and it is our own county.

Good Night.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

NIGHT is good. Some talk of the horrors of the gloomy period which gives impunity to ghosts and goblins; but I hold, and I repeat, that night is good. If the garish day were for ever staring into our aching eye-balls we should seek relief by extemporising an artificial night of blinds and shutters. The great Father knows our need of the cool, rest season, and when the day's work is done he draws around us the curtains of darkness and puts his children to bed.

The night is a great revealer. But for its darkness we should never see the stars. Do you ever go out to look at them? It is wonderful to think of their numbers, and all so clear and bright. How many eyes we have to watch us! The earth is well guarded, for while we sleep the stars stand sentinel. But for the night the moon would be known to us only as the pale moon spirit that shows her faint face in the blue afternoon sky, and we should have but a shadowy conception of her silver glories. God shows us many things by means of the night.

And is there not a fascination in the stillness of the earth? One might fancy she has ceased her revolutions, or has gone to sleep like a top. The trees fold their leaves, the flowers droop and close their eyes, the wings of the birds have ceased their fluttering, the winds hold their breath; and all this is quieting to the mind.

It is in the chariot drawn by the black steeds of the night that we are transported to dream-land. What rarities are there? Dream-land is the only realm where some of us can live in palaces, and wear purple and fine linen. True, there are such evils as bad dreams; but from your pillow, reader, be far removed all nightmares, with the whole kindred tribe of nocturnal terrors. Nevertheless, it were a great loss to expunge dreams from human experience. I would be content to sleep with Jacob, and on Jacob's pillow, if I might dream Jacob's dream.

God sometimes gives his people night. When through long sustained action they lose vigour and elasticity, he calls them aside to rest on the couch of affliction: so he giveth his beloved sleep. This night is also good. If it will benefit us to be laid aside, let him do it, and we will sleep and be refreshed against the morning returns, and we go again with new vigour to our work.

The darkness of death is coming on us all. I wish you a good night then. All do not have it. To some that night never turns into morning. They lie down and it grows dark. No beam of light ever after comes that way. They wake again, it is still dark; they toss in endless darkness. But Christians have a good night in death. Their rest after work is pleasant. Their night is gladdened by constellations of promises, and that morning star—"I am the resurrection and the life"—heralds the breaking day. When the servant of God sinks to his last sleep we will stand around hushed and silent. What will his dreams be while spirit and body are separated? Of intercourse with the Redeemer to be verified on the resurrection morning? The night is short, and the morning that follows will be long. Day unceasing: joy evermore. And there shall be no night there. Such a night I wish you, and such a morning to follow it. Good night.

Notices of Books.

The Message from the Throne. A brief Memorial of Harriet Perfect. By Anna Shipton. Morgan and Scott.

In the hands of Anna Shipton the simplest story becomes replete with interest. Very slender are the incidents in the life of Harriet Perfect, but it was as bright with holiness as it was quiet and retiring. Miss Shipton only needed a life story as a setting for the many precious things with which she adorns her pages, and she has found it in the happy, prayerful memorial of one who was long an invalid, but yet a king's daughter. Spiritual-minded persons will find Miss Shipton's writings deeply experimental, free from perfectionism, and thoroughly practical. Her poetry charms us; *it is poetry*. We select two extracts which struck us while perusing the little work. "A missionary from one of the most fruitful fields in China —a field upon which there has been of late a very remarkable outpouring of God's Holy Spirit—tells us that the most striking feature among the converts is their prayerfulness. They accept the privilege as if freshly granted, as, indeed, it is to each new partaker in the life of Christ; and with them it is the constant hourly *necessity* of their lives. 'They spend,' we are told, 'hours in prayer. They pray about everything. They feel as if they could never sufficiently make use of permission to pray, almost as if time were lost when otherwise occupied. They, in fact, carry out the precept which we all accept: "In *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." "Casting *all* your care upon him, for he careth for you."' And what is the result? The answers to prayer are so marked, so extraordinary, so definite, that the same missionary has stated that he almost fears to make them publicly known in England, lest we in this Christian country professing to believe in prayer, should incredulously receive as the report of an enthusiast tidings of its having had the promised power with God, and prevailing. The heathen, however, realize that these converts from among them command in prayer machinery (so to speak) a power to which they are strangers, bringing down visible and marked results which cannot be gainsaid; and a large number of inquirers after Christianity have first believed from seeing the answers given to the petitions offered up by these prayerful Christians. Truly, it is being instant in prayer."

"In many parts of Switzerland a bell from the principal tower tolls daily a few minutes before noon; ere the hour strikes it ceases. It peals over the plain and the green valleys, and echoes in the recesses of the surrounding mountains. Men leave their labour as they listen. The stillness that follows is most suggestive; as its call sweeps over the busy harvest-field, the reaper drops his sickle, though half-full of golden grain, and lies down to rest beneath the shade; the hand that held the trowel leaves it where it lies. In a large building in course of erection, near to the place of my summer sojourn, it was most interesting to me to hear the rapid footsteps of about thirty labourers answer, as it were, the first sound of the bell, every voice ceasing with the cessation of the work, thankful for the rest and shade and refreshment in that noontide hour. Wherever I heard it, in mountain or vale, or in the city, it has seemed to bring the same sweet invitation, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'"

Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, &c. By the late John Brown, of Haddington. John G. Murdoch, 41, Castle Street, Holborn.

This old-established family Bible still remains popular, and commands a sale. It is not a book for a minister or a student; but in the household it has always been esteemed. The references are numerous, and the remarks, though not very original, are sound and instructive. Mr. Murdoch has sent us a copy at 28s., which is strongly and handsomely bound, and contains some striking illustrations, with maps and family registers It is a good family Bible at the price.

Advice to a Young Christian. By John Stock, LL.D. Tract Depository, 3, Bolt Court. Sixpence.

Mr. Stock has our thanks for this manual, which we believe will be of real service to our young people if we can induce them to read it. Those young persons who are members of our churches should carefully study these well-condensed, pointed, and faithful chapters. The Baptist Tract Society has seldom done a wiser thing than when it issued this useful book at so cheap a price. We call particular attention to the following passage upon behaviour in the world. At this time such plain speaking is specially needed.

"When you are invited to a card party, to a ball, to the theatre, or to the opera, ask yourself this question, 'Should I like to meet my pastor at these places? Should I like to see him playing at mere games of chance; or whirling, with his arms half-encircling a woman's waist, in the giddy dance; or gazing upon the forms and movements of half-naked actresses?' Your moral sensibilities are doubtless shocked at the very idea.

"But, my young friend, where you have a right to be, your pastor has a right to be too. One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren. There are not two codes of Christian ethics, one for pastors, and the other for their flocks. Ministers are to be examples to their hearers, I know; but this implies that their people are to be as good as they are; for of what use is an example unless it be copied? It is flat Popery which invents a higher code of morals for pastors and a lower for the people. This is one of the offsprings of priestism. I beg my young reader to remember that he is as much bound to obey the laws of Christ as is his recognised spiritual guide. A pastor may help you to understand the Christian law under which you both live, and ought to present you in his life with a practical illustration of its beauty; but you are both under the same law and Lord, and indulgences which would be morally unbecoming in him, would be equally so in yourself. And yet very often at festive gatherings the minister is invited for the earlier part of the evening only; but when his back is turned, amusements are indulged in which would never be dreamed of in his presence!

"Any indulgence on which it were absurd to ask God's blessing is not a fit one for Christian people. *What you cannot pray over you ought not to countenance.* Could you ask your heavenly Father to bless to your bodily health, and to your soul's good, attendance at a ball kept up until three or four o'clock in the morning? Alas! such amusements thrust aside the accustomed hour of prayer altogether. The wearied one generally throws himself into bed after a hasty sentence or two, if any, of prayer, after such excesses, and rises late the next morning, to be guilty of the same neglect. Any amusement which causes us to restrain prayer before God, which must inevitably tend to damp the spirit of supplication in our souls, can only be regarded as a snare and a curse. Apply the following test, then, rigidly in every case, and you will not go far wrong:—

"Can I, with a perfectly clear conscience, go to my knees, and solemnly, and in faith, ask God to keep me, and bless me, in this amusement?

"That which will not stand this test by all means abjure. Keep well on the safe side of Christian consistency. Let there ever be a broad margin between you and presumption. A tender conscience is one of the choicest of spiritual blessings.

"I cannot do better than close this section with the weighty words of Dr. J. W. Alexander:—'As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter, which countervail paternal instruction and example, I am persuaded, is *yielding to the ways of "good society."* By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind, but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than

to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go on is not that way of self-denial, and sacrifice, and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. "Then is the offence of the cross ceased." Our slender influence on the circles of our friends is often to be traced to *our leaving so little difference between us.*'"

Hymns by Bernard Piffard. Hemel Hempsted: J. Brackett. Eighteenpence.

Yes; and they *are* hymns too. Mr. Piffard is not only a zealous pioneer for the foremost of Christian denominations, but he sings as he works and wars. This is good for him, and for us too. When a man can make hymns his work will not kill him, nor his warring embitter his spirit. Sing again, friend Bernard. Here is a battle song for reformers of the Anglican establishment.

"The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

"Go through the land, ye followers
Of your exalted Lord;
And cry to all the cities,
Behold! Behold your God.
Go! cry throughout the nation.
Destruction draweth nigh;
A rising God hath girded
His sword upon his thigh.

"Thy guilt hangs heavy on thee,
Thy sins have reached the skies,
He sees thy vain profanity,
Thy *bloodless sacrifice!*
Though ruler join with ruler
To ratify thy guilt,
The flaming eyes perceive it
Of him whose blood was spilt.

"The days! the days are coming
As those before the flood,
To end thy priestly revelry,
Thy mimicry of God;
To end the foul alliance
Of kingly-priestly rank,
That golden cup of filthiness
From which thy rulers drank.

"From conquest on to conquest
Thy God is riding forth,
The verdant South shall hail him,
And all the frozen North;
The sparkling East shall welcome
The long-expected rest,
And peace shall tinge the horizon
Along the glowing West."

The Intercessory Prayer of Our Lord. An Exposition of John xvii. By the late James Spence, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This work is to be commended. It will be enjoyed by most Christian readers, and will help them to enter into the meaning of our Lord's pleadings for his people. Dr. Spence was not the man to go so deep as some of us would like: his theology had not enough Calvinism in it to enable him to interpret the special love of the Lord Jesus to his elect. He was good as far as he went; but we wish he could have gone more fully into the very soul and essence of the text. One ounce of Owen or Goodwin has more marrow in it than hundredweights of modern divinity, even when it is good, as in this case: as for the "advanced school," let those who seek pretentious twaddle keep to *them*, for they produce the article, by wholesale, of the finest quality. They affect to despise evangelical writers for their platitudes, but assuredly they are entering into the heritage of their adversaries, and seem more at home in the production of sounding verbiage than those whom they have ridiculed.

Primers. One Shilling each. Macmillan and Co.

These primers are of three classes, and treat of science, history, and literature. We have examined one in each of the subjects, and are astonished that so much information can be condensed into such small space. Professor Huxley has edited the Science Primers, but as the publishers have not sent us one of these we cannot tell whether any of his peculiarities are visible in them; but of those which we have received on the other subjects we write with warm appreciation. Young men need not be ignorant when such able guides to knowledge are to be had for a shilling. Try *Logic*, or *English Literature*.

Since writing the above, Mr. Macmillan has sent the Science Primers, which are marvels of condensed information of a purely scientific kind. They are well adapted for use in schools and colleges. We wish there had been such manuals when we were young: who knows what we might have been?

The King's Cross Messenger. A monthly gospel magazine. Editor: Rev. H. E. Stone. S. Wright, 18a, Frederick Street, King's Cross Road.

A CAPITAL little local magazine. We are always glad when we think of our brother Stone. The Lord has highly honoured him, and enabled him to gather in a church from among the toiling masses of Pentonville. Of course the articles of this *King's Cross Messenger* are not of the highest order of literary merit, nor was there any need they should be, but they are warm-hearted, full of the gospel, and exactly adapted for the neighbourhood. We wish more of our pastors wrote for their people. Mr. Stone is one of our own Pastors' College men, and we hope to insert a paper about him next month.

Castle Street Pulpit. Twelve Sermons preached by W. H. J. PAGE, at Castle Street Chapel, Calne. Calne: A. Heath.

SOME raw ministers hurry into print, and spoil a great deal of paper, which might have been more profitably employed in printing catechisms for the young and ignorant: Mr. Page is not one of these, but a man who deserves to have specimens of his utterances presented to a wider circle than that of Calne and the neighbourhood. Our only fear is that some judicious deacon reading these twelve sterling gospel discourses will find himself tempted to rob the little Wiltshire borough of its excellent Baptist pastor. Mr. Page is solid, and yet interesting in style; and as to doctrine, he is evangelical in the most thorough and practical sense. He publishes one sermon a month, and we trust this will be a means of usefulness to strangers, as we are sure it must be a source of pleasure to his friends. We are delighted to number Mr. Page among our college men.

Memoir of John Macfarlane, D.D. By WILLIAM GRAHAM, Liverpool. W. Oliphant and Co.; and James Nisbet and Co.

WE all remember the two coachmen who had lifted their whips to one another for twenty years as they passed day by day upon the road, and we have smiled at the sorrow of the survivor when his old friend no longer saluted him, having gone to his long home. We shall not smile quite so readily again, for experience has taught us that such regrets may be very real. We have sustained a somewhat similar bereavement, for it was one of our Sabbath pleasures always to pass Dr. Macfarlane and get from him a complicated nod, smile, waving of the hand, and finger-language benediction, which we always returned as vigorously as possible after the like fashion. Though for months we never spoke, and passed much too rapidly to exchange a syllable, yet it was no empty form, and when it did not come off it was missed by us both. Translated into English, our mutual recognition meant, "God bless you. May you have a happy day. What a mercy that we are able to go to our pulpits and preach, for we are neither of us very strong or healthy."

We did, however, get beyond the deaf and dumb man's alphabet sometimes, and an hour's hearty chat was always most enjoyable. The doctor loved the old-fashioned gospel and those who preached it; he also had a high opinion of certain gentlemen who are doing the reverse of propagating truth, and this gave us a good subject for mild controversy. For a Presbyterian and a stout Calvinist the doctor went very far in his admirations; but it is the better side to err upon. He was a fine man, full of soul, with a more than ordinary measure of brain to balance it.

His memoir, like that of most happy, successful men, has nothing in it very striking; and the author has shown no great skill in the use of the slender materials. It will greatly interest his friends, but we do not think it will entrance the public. Like a river, his life flowed on, widening, deepening, and increasing in its power to bless; there were no Niagaras, and no swamps, to vary its onward course; and consequently there was in it a blessed monotony of excellence. Happy are the lives from which biographers can gather no startling incidents. At the same time could Macfarlane have been described by a pen as gifted as that which

wrote the life of Lawson, this volume might have been of far greater value.

John Macfarlane was a sound preacher, a good pastor, and a genial neighbour; we miss him greatly. May a sevenfold blessing rest on the esteemed minister who now fills his pulpit at Clapham.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Hodder and Stoughton, and Strahan and Co.

THE third volume of this remarkable serial contains many valuable pieces of exposition. Readers will differ as to the correctness of the views given in *The Expositor*, but they will all agree in highly appreciating the learning which is displayed. Seldom, if ever, has a periodical secured so able a staff of contributors, including some of the most accomplished divines in each section of the Christian church; this is, no doubt, next to its having an indefatigable and efficient editor, the cause of its excellent circulation. The three volumes are of permanent interest, and to scholarly men will afford both thought and recreation.

Notes.

SPECIAL SERVICE. On Lord's-day evening, July 16th, the members and seat-holders at the Tabernacle were requested by the pastor to absent themselves and leave the building for strangers. We desire to record our gratitude to them for yielding to our wish with great heartiness, and absolute unanimity. The elders and their helpers were present, by arrangement, to place persons in the seats and to converse with enquirers; but with this exception we could not discover any of the regular hearers, or not more than half-a-dozen at most. This is splendid discipline, worthy of the best trained army—the discipline of love. Much prayer has been offered at various meetings, and the officers had a baptism of fire in prayer before the doors were opened. From the moment of opening the house till the time of commencing service crowds of strangers poured in, the richest and the poorest being alike represented, until the Tabernacle was full as a barrel packed with herrings, although the heat was extreme. That they were strangers was evident by many signs, and we cannot doubt that the Word came with freshness and power to these new hearers. After the hour of service the multitude continued to come, but the gates were closed, for not another could enter. The experiment has succeeded beyond all expectation, and we shall, if spared, repeat it in three months with more confidence. There are other places in which this method might be tried, and we hope it will be. We did not invent it, and it is not patented. Our own beloved people held three prayer-meetings, and an open air service, while we were preaching, and so lost nothing themselves.

On Monday, June 26. Among others who were baptized at the Tabernacle there were three friends who were led to confess the Saviour through the preaching of the pastor's two sons, Charles and Thomas Spurgeon. There was great joy among the friends at the sight of the first-fruits of the youthful ministry, which in its own limited sphere the Lord is blessing. Our sons need a preaching room, for the cottage in which they have held their services is now too small. A piece of ground is purchased in Chatham Road, Bolingbroke, but means are needed to build the meeting-house. There are probably some loving friends who will help the sons for the father's sake, and we are sure that there are many others who will aid them for the Lord's sake. C. H. Spurgeon is treasurer to the fund.

OUR ACCOUNTS. These are made up very early this month, so that many sums will not be found because they came in after the 14th. We were called into the country to preach, and so made up the magazine earlier.

OUR MAGAZINE.—Friends would do us good service if they would try and extend the sale of the SWORD AND TROWEL. It ought to be doubled. We take great pains to keep it lively and interesting. If you think we succeed, help us.

ORPHANAGE.—The boys are nearly all away for holidays. A few remain, because they have no friends to give them a change. There are only forty. Another year we hope friends will be found to take these into their houses for a little holiday. Poor boys, we make them as happy as we can, but it is rather dull for them.

We need a good schoolmaster at the Orphanage, as a valued helper is leaving for Australia. Address, Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage.

Among donations for the Orphanage, none have pleased us more than sixpence from a poor woman in a workhouse infirmary, who could not help giving it as a token of gratitude for benefit received from reading the sermons. This is an offering truly acceptable with the Lord. We are also rejoiced when we receive portions derived from the Lord's purse, which is kept full by weekly storing, these have a holy aroma about them, as being the fruit of obedient, constant, practical love. Many very kind letters enclosing help for the orphans have been received of late, and have made us very happy.

Our Evangelist.—Our friends have almost forgotten that we support an evangelist in connection with the College to visit and stir up the churches. He has lately been at Lincoln, Gainsborough, West Row, Ruddington and Bulwell, Dolton, St. Giles, and Beaford (North Devon), and in all places a blessing has rested on his work. Churches have, by the divine blessing, been raised by this earnest brother, and great benefit has been bestowed upon flagging churches. For some reason or other our College brethren are slow to invite Mr. Higgins, and therefore at this time his engagements are few. This must arise from forgetfulness. In the smaller churches special services by this brother would lead to growth, if well supported by the prayers of the people. Letters should be sent to Mr. Higgins, 16, Florence-terrace, Kingswood-road, Penge, S.E.

Mission to the Blind.—Mr. Hampton now gives all his time to this work, but we have neither met with money for a hall nor ground to put it on. Yet both will come. We must gather together the blind and the halt and the lame. This is Christly work, and must not be long delayed.

Annuity Fund.—July 11th.—On Mr. Spurgeon's lawn at a tea given in a large tent the sum of £2,400 was promised to the Annuity Fund for aged Baptist ministers. Dr. Landels is labouring heroically to raise £50,000, that our poor ministers may be cared for in their old age. He wishes to complete this work during his year of office, as President of the Baptist Union. He has, together with Mr. Charles Williams and others, already obtained about £15,000, and therefore he has a very long and laborious work before him, in which we trust he will be sustained. If this grand worker does not finish the work in his one year of office, we hope he will be re-elected for another year, since he is the very best man to complete the undertaking, and his presidential position gives him a right to speak. Every Baptist in England ought to give at once, without pressing, to this needful work, which once done will last for ever. Every Baptist church should also put its minister upon the Fund, either by making the annual payments for him, or by paying up the whole amount in full to make him free for life. Ladies of our Baptist churches, will you see to this? We mean to propose this question to you until you accept the privilege. The present scheme contemplates two hundred applicants, and therefore the sooner application is made the better. Our heart is warmly in the work, and we only wish we had the physical strength to go about and plead for it.

On our lawn we received a very happy commission which we executed at once. A friend gave us £100 to give to poor ministers, to let them have a change at the seaside or in the country. We sent off cash to twelve brethren at once. What joyful letters in return. Would any one else like to employ us in the same way? Hard pressed as we are, we count it a recreation to help a poor brother minister. Should not wealthy Christians sanctify their own sea-side trip by seeing that some poor pastor has a change too?

Colportage.—We are still happy to report progress in the opening of new districts, but regret that our appeal for General Funds to supplement the Local Subscriptions has not yet met with anything like an adequate response. We greatly need help at this time for the good work. The following additional districts have been accepted by the committee since last month, and in most cases colporteurs are at work in them. Every new district increases the demand upon the General Fund, and this is at a low ebb.

Dorchester, supported by a friend who desires to be anonymous.

Devizes and *Wincanton*; two new districts subscribed for by the Wilts and East Somerset Association, which has long helped to support one of our agents.

Matlock Bridge, Derbyshire, where local friends have been interested to subscribe, partly by the agent appointed and partly by the visit of our travelling agent, Mr. T. S. Buckingham.

Ironbridge, Salop, where a local committee has been formed by Mr. Buckingham, and

Town Malling, where a gentleman has promised to subscribe for a man to work among the hop pickers. From one of our new districts the agent writes—"On

Saturday evenings I preach to sailors by the sea, and on last Saturday evening at least 500 Irish Papists turned out and created a great row. They say I shall not do it again. But it has done a very great deal of good. It has made me and my mission known all over the district.

We still require suitable men to act as colporteurs. All applications will be attended to if addressed to Mr. W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, S.E.

COLLEGE.—Men all away for vacation. They return Aug. 1. Applicants are very numerous; we are adding some twenty hopeful recruits to our little army. Prayer is needed for the divine anointing, though in a great measure it is enjoyed. We are looking for increased success. The College is the most important of all our enterprises, and we trust it will live in the hearts of our friends.

In the month of June sixty-three persons were received into the fellowship of the church, and in July forty-six.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—June 26th, sixteen; June 29th, twenty-two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 15th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
D. Paton, Esq., Alloa	100	0	0
Mr. Dowsett	1	0	0
Mr. Ives	2	10	0
Mrs. Balls	0	1	0
Miss Love	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	5	0
Miss Bowley	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
E. A. T.	0	10	0
Collected by G. H. Stanley	0	3	0
A Friend, per Mr. L. Eyres	0	10	0
T. M.	5	0	0
Mr. Perkins's Class	15	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. Sedcole	0	5	0
Mrs. Allen	1	2	6
A Friend	0	1	0
A Friend	1	6	0
Mr. Gwillim	0	5	0
Late Mr. J. Fergusson, per Miss F.	10	0	0
W. G.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0
Mr. Willson	1	1	0
Legacy, late Mary Donald	5	0	6
Mrs. Melville	1	0	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. Tinker	5	0	0
Sermon Readers, per Mrs. Gibson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bowman	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. H. Moore	0	10	0
Mrs. Hurrill	2	2	0
Miss A. McLelland	0	13	6
Mr. J. Campbell	0	6	6
Mrs. Salmon	0	5	0
Mr. Stewart	5	0	0
Mr. A. Jamieson	1	5	0
Mrs. Gooding	0	5	0
Miss McWall	0	10	0
W. J. B., Hanwell	0	5	0
Collection at Stockton-on-Tees, per Rev. H. Moore	6	0	0
Part proceeds of Lecture, per Rev. H. Moore, Stockton-on-Tees	4	0	0
Collection at Park-road, Peckham, per Rev. T. Tarn	3	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., June 25	40	0	3
" " " July 2	30	2	9
" " " 9	40	0	3
	£302	12	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 15th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Whittaker	6	10	0
Miss Anstiss	0	2	7
Mr. G. Franklin	1	0	1
Mrs. Morley	0	10	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Miss Groves	1	13	0
Mrs. Weatherhead	0	10	0
Miss Toller	0	16	3
Miss Clara Toller	1	3	9
Mrs. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. Dowsett	1	0	0
Mr. Dykes	0	5	0
Mrs. Waghorn	0	1	5
Box, no Name	0	6	0
Mr. Ives	2	10	0
Mrs. Barker	7	2	6
S. and N.	10	0	0
Eizzil	0	10	0
Mrs. Mercier	1	0	0
Orphanage Box at Metropolitan Store	1	4	4
J. B. Aberchirder	1	0	0
The Little Mahons	0	10	0
Ebenezer	0	10	0
Part of Tenth from an old Student	1	0	0
Miss Bowley	1	15	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Bowes	2	0	0
T. S. and W. S.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. A. Goodwin	5	0	0
Mr. S. Gillespie	2	2	0
Mrs. Day	1	0	0
M. L., Aberdeen	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H.	0	5	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Orphanage Meeting	2	0	0
Ditto	0	10	0
Ditto	0	3	6
B. S.	1	0	0
E. 69 59778 E. 66 50084	10	0	0
The Miss Barnetts	1	0	0
Mr. R. Johnson, T 49 77273	5	0	0
Bazaar Stall...	40	19	0
Refreshment Stall	24	4	3
Microscopes, per Mr. W. J. Evans ...	1	6	0
A Friend, per Mr. L. Eyres	0	10	0
Mrs. Kennedy	0	5	0
E. A. N. P.	0	1	6
Mr. J. Peace Jones...	0	4	6
Mr. W. Crawford	0	10	0
Mr. A. Benest and Friend	0	10	6
Legacy, late Miss Wilkins	28	1	9
A Friend, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	7	0
Mr. G. Moore	50	0	0
W. G.	0	5	0
Mrs. Hunt	0	10	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hosie...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Speight	1	0	0
Mr. Willson	1	1	0
Legacy, late Mary Donald	5	0	0
Mrs. Melville	1	0	0
Horace Johnson's Box	0	8	6
Per Miss Briginshaw—			
Mr. J. Heelas, senior ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Heelas, junior ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. J. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. R. Briginshaw... ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Skerritt...	1	1	0
Mrs. Wright...	0	10	0
Mrs. Cook	0	10	6
Mrs. Rogers	0	10	6
Mr. Dunning	0	10	0
Mrs. Claro	0	5	0
Miss Targett...	0	2	6
Miss Groombridge	0	2	0
	8	15	6
T. R. V.	5	0	0
A. W. Ramsay	0	2	0
An Inmate of a Workhouse Infirmary...	0	0	6
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Three Newbattle Miners	1	0	0
Every Little Helps...	0	3	6
Mr. C. Hewitt	0	5	0
Mrs. Dodwell	1	0	0
Teacher of Baptist Willow Sunday School	0	5	6
Mrs. Fyfe	0	10	0
Mrs. Forbes	1	0	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Mills	1	4	2
Mrs. H. White	1	0	6
Mr. Allison	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Curtis, per Rev. W. Higgins ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Welch	0	14	0
Mrs. Chisholm	0	12	2
Master Malcolm Chisholm	0	6	3
Master James William Chisholm ...	0	1	1
Master Andrew B. Chisholm	0	2	6
Miss Lee	1	11	4
Miss Wallington	0	14	5
Mrs. Berry	0	6	5
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	2	9
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
Mrs. Hurrell	2	2	0
Per Mrs. Jones	0	10	0
Two new Half-crowns, per C. H. S. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	2	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	3	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	3	0	0
Mr. Stuart	5	0	0
Three Silver Balls	0	3	0
Mr. J. F. Yeates	5	0	0
Miss Way	3	0	0
Mrs. Salmon...	0	2	6
Miss McWall	0	10	0
Mr. Murphy	0	8	7
Mr. Rainbow	0	2	6
W. J. B., Hanwell	0	2	6
Collecting Books and Boxes—			
Miss Hoso	0	5	6
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Miss A. Parker	0	14	6
Mrs. Ranford	0	10	0
Mrs. Boggis	0	8	7
Miss A. Moulton	0	2	0
Mrs. Hickinbotham	1	5	0
Robert and Ann Gallant	0	12	0
Mrs. Allum	0	10	0
Miss Burden...	1	0	0
Miss M. Perry	0	5	0
Mrs. Culver	0	13	0
Miss Annie Dunn	0	2	0
Master Alfred Dunn	0	3	9
Mrs. Bantick	1	1	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Master Stoares	0	5	9
Mr. Tickle	0	5	0
Mr. Saunders	0	5	0
Miss Alderson	0	10	0
Mrs. Cockshaw	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin E. Boot...	0	9	0
Miss Narraway	0	11	6
Miss Narraway	0	7	6
Mrs. Hinton...	2	15	6
Miss Day	0	5	6
Mr. Pric-tly	0	8	0
Miss Cockshaw	0	14	6
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Mrs. Ryan	0	10	0
Miss Gobey...	0	13	3
Mr. G. Tomkins	1	0	0
Miss Buck	0	16	6
Mrs. Sanderson	0	5	0
Miss Hall	1	0	0
Miss E. Fryer	2	2	0
A Stranger	0	2	0
Mrs. Vernon Peskett	0	8	0
Mrs. Pope	1	0	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	15	0
Mr. Boggis	0	10	0
Miss Leworthy	0	18	3
S. A.	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Everitt	0	15	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	3	0
Miss S. Warner	0	12	9
Mrs. Russell...	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	0
A Friend	0	0	6
Miss Newman	2	0	0
C. A. E. M.	1	0	0
Miss Parnell...	0	10	0
Mr. Kemp	0	3	0
Friend	0	2	0
Miss Jones	0	15	10
Mrs. Fairman	0	9	6
Mrs. Young	0	4	0
Mr. Griffin	2	9	0
Mr. J. R. Love	0	1	2
Mrs. Dines	0	2	10
Mrs. Mills	0	7	2
Miss Badenoch	0	18	2
Miss Rose Mansfield	0	10	0
Master Daniels	0	5	4
Master Blackshaw	1	6	0
Mr. Doddington	1	0	10
Miss Fidge	0	9	5

	£	s.	d.
Miss C. Hughes	0	11	1
Mrs. Smith	0	4	10
Master H. Brightwell ...	0	3	9
Miss Charlesworth	0	10	3
Mrs. Heath	0	7	6
Miss Turner	0	6	8
Messrs. Trottie, Sam, and Gussie Goldston	0	7	4
Miss Kiernan	0	9	4
Miss L. Field	0	15	8
Master Spooner	0	1	10
Mrs. Wheatley	0	12	1
Miss E. Argyle	0	3	2
Master R. Wagner	0	1	6
Master Marsh	0	3	10
Miss E. Viner	0	1	4
Master Bates	1	7	6
Mrs. Culver	0	4	11
Master E. Wheeler... ...	0	2	4
Mrs. Towersey	0	3	0
Miss Amy Grose	0	8	11
Master Tate	0	2	5
Mrs. Butler	0	17	5
Mrs. Romang	1	17	4
Mrs. Ridley	0	10	11
Master J. Romang... ...	0	6	9
Miss Court	0	3	1
Miss Hopkins	1	7	0
Miss E. Butler	0	3	1
Master Hanson	0	1	11
Miss Butcher	0	8	5
Master Jago...	0	3	11
Mrs. Wigney	0	7	0
Miss Reid	0	16	5
Miss Blake	0	6	4
Master Blake	0	5	5
Mrs. Davis	0	4	4
Miss F. A. Field	0	7	3
Miss Wyness	0	3	9
Miss L. Munday	0	7	5
Miss A. Munday	0	1	9
Richmond-street Sunday-school:			
Boys 0 15 9			
Girls 1 6 5			
	2	2	2
Mr. E. S. Boot	0	4	4
Miss E. Spratt	0	11	10
Master Avery	0	1	7
Mrs. Burton	1	19	1
Mrs. S. Smith	0	7	0
Miss Rooke	0	3	1
Mrs. Law	0	5	11
Miss Law	1	3	2
Mr. W. J. Evans	0	18	3
Miss Kemp	0	5	11
Master J. Dupont	0	16	9
Master S. Delacourt ...	0	3	2
Mr. Crane	0	8	10
Miss K. Radford	0	9	1
Miss Higgs	44	10	10
Master A. Kemp	0	1	7
Miss Winslow	0	13	4
Mrs. N. Rogers	0	5	5
Mrs. J. Maynard	0	9	4
Master W. Cono	0	4	2
Mr. J. Glover	0	3	7
Mr. Robertson	0	1	6
Miss L. Gardiner	0	10	5
Mrs. M. Gooding	1	10	0
Master Swain	0	2	7
Miss E. Hughes	0	15	0
Master E. Phillips	0	9	8
Master W. Phillips... ...	0	10	10
Mrs. Burrage	0	2	8
Miss Croker	0	10	0
Miss Weekes...	0	4	7
Miss Larkman	0	5	0
Miss Farrar	1	4	10
Mrs. Johnson	0	2	7
Master F. B. Horne ...	0	11	1
Miss Boggis	0	1	0

	£	s.	d
Miss M. and A. Lutley ...	1	10	6
Master J. Payne	0	7	6
Master Hanson.	0	1	11
Miss Burman	0	9	0
Miss Choat	1	13	2
Master W. Ranford ...	0	11	2
Miss Mitchell	0	2	3
Master R. Cullum	0	2	8
Master E. Payne	0	2	11
Mrs. Boyles	0	1	3
Miss Prebble...	0	2	6
Miss Evans	0	0	11
S. or J. Everett	1	0	0
Master Hinton	0	2	11
Miss K. Everett	0	8	2
Miss Hudson	0	9	0
Mr. T. Blackwell	0	7	10
Miss Petty	0	10	7
Master Lequex	0	4	7
Mrs. Archer	0	15	6
Miss Underwood	0	5	10
Master B. Hayball... ...	0	1	7
Miss Hayball	0	1	11
Master F. W. Blake ...	0	8	10
Master Lancashire... ...	1	8	0
Miss Richardson	0	1	6
Mrs. Day	0	2	7
Master F. Drew	0	4	4
Mrs. Hardwick	0	3	4
Master Laslett	0	4	1
Master W. Hubbard ...	0	7	2
Miss Ross	0	16	9
A.	0	3	1
B.	0	1	4
C.	0	5	3
Miss Descroix	0	11	6
Master W. Dunn	0	1	3
Mrs. Clayton	1	3	2
Madame Blim	1	1	0
Mrs. Oxenford	1	3	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	9	10
Miss Richardson	0	4	10
Miss Passmore	0	6	6
Mrs. Griffin (Fines collected in business house)	0	9	7
Mrs. Allbury	0	11	1
Miss C. Richardson ...	0	2	6
Miss H. E. and S. Nicholls	0	2	6
Miss Fairey	0	14	8
Miss Thomas	0	3	9
Mrs. Williams	0	6	2
Mrs. Bonser...	0	15	1
H. E. S.	10	10	0
E. B.	42	0	0
M. R.	0	10	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	2	8
Mrs. Simmonds	0	2	0
Mrs. Simmonds	0	14	0
Miss Jephs	2	16	0
Mr. Verdan	0	10	0
Master Perkins	0	9	0
Miss Thompson	0	11	0
Mrs. Abbott	1	1	0
Miss J. Langton	0	6	0
Miss Swan	0	2	0
Threepence per week ...	0	13	0
Miss C. Wilson	5	0	0
Miss Luy	0	5	0
Mr. Hollis	0	2	6
Mrs. Marsh	1	4	6
Mr. Hobson	6	2	6
Mrs. Greenfield	1	1	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	17	0
Miss Smith	1	0	1
Mr. C. Miller	1	4	8
Mrs. J. E. Knight	2	11	0
Mr. Barrett	0	6	0
Mrs. Barrett...	0	4	0
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
Mrs. Healy	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Waight ...	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Powell	1	8	7
Mrs. Cornell...	0	7	3
Miss Maynard	0	13	5
Miss Gatehouse	0	5	0
Mr. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mrs. Cockerton	0	7	0
Mr. Dipple	0	10	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	15	0
Miss Phillips	2	3	0
Miss H. Phillips	1	18	9
Mr. Woollard	3	10	0
Mr. A. Austin	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman ...	5	0	0
Mr. Hellier	1	1	0
Mr. E. T. Stringer... ...	1	1	0
Miss Goslin	0	10	0
Mr. Hanneford	0	10	0
Mr. B. B. Booth	0	16	0
Mr. Cockrell...	1	0	0
Mrs. Bowles...	0	16	3
Mrs. Baker	1	0	0
Miss Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Harding...	0	10	7
Mrs. Croker	1	0	0
Miss Chilver	1	10	0
Mr. Hammer	2	0	0
Mrs. Eves	0	6	0
Mrs. ——	0	17	0
Mr. Lucas Collins	0	10	0
Miss J. Cocksbaw	0	8	6
Mrs. Duncombe	0	6	0
Mrs. Drayson	1	16	9
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Hogg	0	6	0
Mr. Nisbett	1	1	0
Mr. G. Norton	5	0	0
Mrs. Keys	0	10	0
Mr. Turner	0	10	0
Mr. Crosby	0	10	0
Mr. Mathers...	0	10	0
Mrs. Gomm	0	5	0
Mr. Manning	0	10	0
Mrs. Saunders	0	12	6
Mr. Mansell	1	0	0
Miss Hobbs	1	12	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Friends	0	2	0
			303 4 10
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. S. Salmon			1 1 0
Mr. G. Palmer			50 0 0
Mr. E. Walker			1 0 0
Mrs. E. Walker			1 0 0
Mr. Harding...			1 1 0
Mr. Robert Smith, per F. R. T.... ...			0 5 0
Mr. J. Horton			1 1 0
Mr. G. W. Parnell...			1 1 0
Mr. Morris			1 1 0
			£667 16 5

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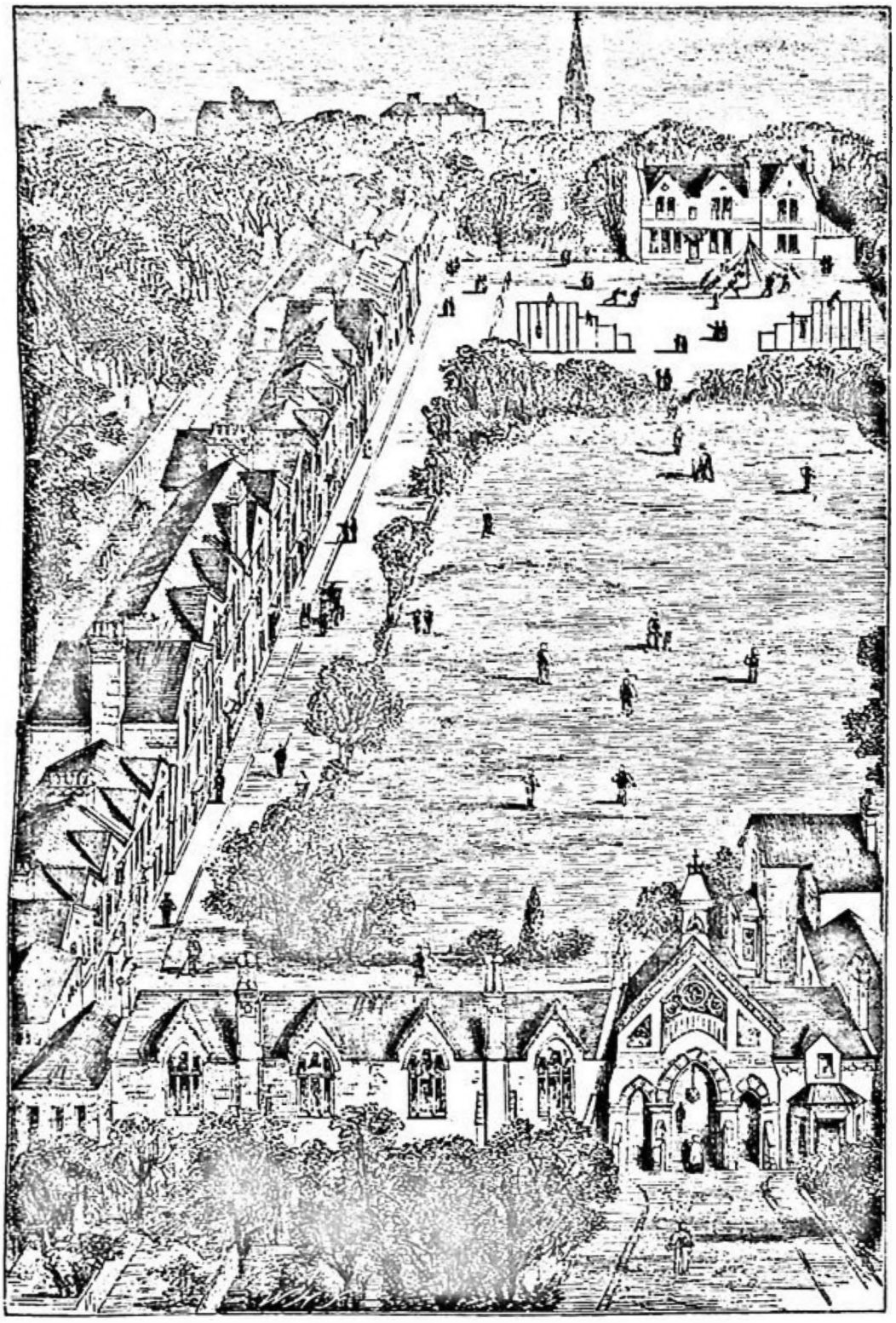
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	£	s.	d.
Mr. Charlesworth's Young Ladies' Bible Class	5	0	0
Leicester Association, for Wigston District	10	0	0
"W. R." for Riddings	7	10	0
Eyethorne Baptist Church	7	10	0
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
Yarm District	10	0	0
Mr. G. Osborn	5	0	0
Mr. G. Palmer	20	0	0
Mr. Willson	1	1	0
Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	3	3	0
Mr. R. Walls	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	1	0	0
W. J. B., Hanwell	0	2	6
Southern Baptist Association	20	0	0
Miss Irving, Hull	0	5	0
Hawkhurst District	10	0	0
Cloughfold District	5	0	0
Mr. G. Goldston	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	2	0	0
E. B.	55	0	0
R. Cory, Jun., Esq., for Cardiff	10	0	0
W. Harrison, Esq.	1	1	0
B. Vickery, Esq.	20	0	0
Mr. J. Roberts' Bible Class, Cinderford, per Mr. R. Morgan	0	7	6
Tewkesbury District	7	10	0
Matlock Bank District	20	0	0
Twenty Gospel Truths, per Mr. Bartlett	0	1	0
	£213	1	0

FOR MR. CUFF'S CHAPEL AT SHOREDITCH.—£10 received with thanks from a Country Friend.

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.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

The Advantages of Cultivating the Love of Nature.*

A PAPER READ AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, APRIL 5TH, 1876, BY REV. G. ROGERS.

IN selecting a subject for the present occasion I had two difficulties before me; first, to keep out of my own way, and then to keep out of the way of others. The former was the greater difficulty of the two, since there is scarcely any subject connected with your work upon which my opinions have not been already expressed. There may be, however, amidst the variety of subordinate topics that contribute to the illustration and confirmation of those which are deemed fundamental, some which have been overlooked, or have not received the attention they deserve. Though the truths of the gospel are distinct in themselves, they are sown among other truths, to be assimilated by them, and to be absorbed in their design. Upon these assimilated truths much of the purity, and consequently of the power of the gospel itself depends. It is not for philosophy I now plead, or history, or poetry, or moral virtues. The gospel has been forced to absorb these in undue proportions in our day, so as to produce nothing but leaves—nothing but leaves. The subject which I propose to bring before you is far less likely to hinder than to promote the purity and power of gospel truths.

* This paper is printed as it was delivered, with the exception of one thought, afterwards suggested by the President, and a second thought naturally arising out of it. Coming in the midst of a devotional Conference this paper was a great refreshment. If our readers only enjoy it a tithe as much as we did when we heard it, they will be enraptured with it.

It is the illustration, in fact, of one department of revelation by another. This subject is "The Love of Nature," or "The Advantages of Cultivating the Love of Nature."

By *nature* we mean the external appearances of the natural world; not what nature is to the philosopher, but to the ordinary view of mankind. By *the love of nature*, we mean not love to our own discoveries of beauties that are hidden from others, but the love of nature as she is, as robed and adorned for the view of all men; love at first sight, and that love increased by every subsequent interview. It is not the influence of our minds upon nature, but the influence of nature upon us, that produces this love. We love nature because it first loved us. To love nature is to love it in its every-day dress. It is to love trees and flowers, to love hills and plains, to love ocean and land, to love rills and rivers, to love sunshine and shade, to love the pastures clothed with flocks and the valleys covered over with corn, to love the beasts of the field and the feathered songsters of the grove. It is to love nature, in fact, in all the varieties of the beautiful and of the sublime. To *cultivate the love of nature*, supposes the capacity for that love to be inherent in man, to be improvable by exercise, and to have its own appropriate fruits. My object will be to show you the advantages of cultivating the love of nature as *men*, as *Christians*, and as *Christian Ministers*.

I. As men. *It is conducive to health*, both directly by the harmony subsisting between the surrounding creation and our bodily constitutions, and indirectly by the exercise it demands of our bodily powers. Man was made for the country, and not to be confined within stone walls; to ramble the forests, to climb the hills, to saunter through the valleys, to till the fields, and to live in the open air. Man was not made for books, but books for man. The study of books is an artificial kind of life, which has now become needful to our mental and moral well-being, but in the beginning it was not so. Though it has now become a second nature, it should not be to the exclusion of the first. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," and for the sake of the treasure the earthen vessel should be carefully preserved. The laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity even by the best of men. "I pray God," says an Apostle, "your whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." A blameless body is the body of a man whose whole spirit and soul are blameless on its account. No man can deprive it of its appropriate nourishment and exercise and be free from blame. It is not pure food and air merely that the body needs, but daily exercise and occasional toil. There is no exercise in general more suitable than walking, as it brings all the parts of the frame into appropriate action. This, however, is not enough to exonerate the soul from all blame on account of the body. Sedentary habits require the reaction of still more vigorous exercise. Have you a mechanical turn? Get a lathe or carpenter's bench. The art sufficient for your purpose, if you have it not, may be easily acquired. Better still—have you a garden? Be your own gardener. I can vouch for the benefit of this. If I have earned my bread by the sweat of my brain, I have earned my health by the sweat of my brow. Dr. Steane has told me that after his retire-

ment from the ministry, he has found digging in his garden to be greatly conducive to the restoration of health. Mr. Gladstone goes from his books to lop trees. Scott, the commentator, says, "Except in the depth of winter, I work as a labourer two or three hours every day in my garden, to counterbalance the application of my study. Let nothing hinder you," he adds, "from using exercise to the very border of wearying yourself, and in the open air. This is my prescription, and no physician will refuse to set his name to it." Some of you have gardens, I know. I have seen them, and shall hope for an improvement in them, should I see them again.

> "I passed by your garden and saw the wild brier,
> The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher."

If these had flourished less, you might have flourished more. Associations with gardening are of the most pleasing and profitable kind. It is the only occupation of man that is not the effect of sin.

The love of nature improves the taste and refines the mind. Be familiar with the classics, with the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and with the best models of English literature? Oh, yes! Visit the noblest exhibitions of art and genius? Yes! Travel on the Continent, in order to inspect the productions of the greatest painters, sculptors, and architects, both of ancient and of modern times? Certainly, if you can afford the money and the time. Read the best poets? Yes, in your leisure hours. "Yet show I unto you a more excellent way." Go to nature itself; go for yourselves to the source from which all the excellencies that you admire in others were derived. Let nature impress her own image upon you. It has something to say *to you* in particular. That which impresses others most, may not be that which would most impress you. No human countenance impresses all alike, neither does the fair face of nature. Both nature and revelation have a message to each one of the human race. Let us then not depend upon others, but read both volumes for ourselves.

The moral influence of the love of nature is not less in its favour than its conduciveness to health and to mental refinement. Nature in itself is unfallen. It remains substantially as it was given to man in innocence. True, there are frowns and occasional disturbances in nature which were not then, but it is the same world. We have the same sun to rule the day and the same moon to rule the night. We have the same stars also. We have the same hills and valleys, the same ocean and land. The trees and flowers which we now have are the veritable descendants of those upon which our first parents gazed. "Was the Lord displeased against the rivers? was thy wrath against the sea?" "I have sinned, I have done wickedly: but these sheep what have they done?" Nature is still in sympathy with innocence. It has no sympathy with sin. It is impossible to cherish the love of nature and of sin at the same time. It is not nature, but the *abuse* of nature, that is associated with crime. What thief or murderer on his way to the commission of any criminal act ever stopped to gaze upon a flower, and regale himself with its perfume? What man on his way to gratify his worldly ambition, or to revenge an insult, could see any

beauty in a landscape, or any glory in a setting sun ?* Who is there, on the other hand, who, with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, as he gazes upon these objects, does not feel himself more happy and more blest ? How often has a visit to some quiet country retreat toned down the evil passions which were excited by the gaieties and temptations of crowded cities, and lulled the heart to rest! Nature is ever ready to impart to us its own innocence, its own tranquility, and its own cheerfulness. He is a better man, therefore, who loves the country better than the town.

II. Let us glance now at the advantages of cultivating the love of nature, not as men merely, but AS CHRISTIANS. *Nature belongs to us as such more than to others.* It was forfeited by the Fall, and is restored to us by the grace of the gospel. If the sun was formed to shine on man, and trees to give their fruit, and flowers their beauty and perfume to him, as innocent, why do they continue their favours to man after he has sinned ? Does not nature, in this, side with man rather than with God? Will it not be continued to man in vain, and worse than in vain ? Yes, it was made subject to vanity. This is the testimony of Scripture concerning it. "Not willingly, however, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in nope." Yes! in *hope*. The sun continues to shine, and rivers to flow, and the earth to pour forth its fruits in hope. "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Volcanoes, earthquakes, and tempests are its throes for deliverance from bondage; and in this too it is in sympathy with the people of God. "Not only they but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. For we are saved by hope." Nature is in the same covenant with us, and is a partaker of the same hope. It has its share in redemption, and is associated, therefore, with the Redeemer, and is in fellowship with the redeemed. "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing ye mountains, O forest, and every tree that is therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel." "The world," says an Apostle to those who are Christians indeed, "the world is yours." Let us not then leave the beauties of nature to others, but claim them as our own. It serves us willingly, but others unwillingly. It is one with us in our present joys and sorrows, and in our hopes for the future. It is ever ready, therefore, to aid our devotions, and to unite with its Creator to welcome the returning prodigal, to garnish the table and to decorate the guest-chamber upon the occasion of his return. Though it inspires not the heroic deeds of Christian enterprise, and enters not into the actual struggles of Christian experience, *it gives rest from toil and conflict, and strengthens the sinews for renewed warfare.* It favours the meditation and devotion that give composure and strength to the soul. It has been resorted to by the best of men for this purpose. "Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide." This was his usual habit. It was not the first time he did this,

* We are not *quite* sure of this : but our revered friend speaks for himself, and the exceptions to his rule must be very few, if indeed there be any.—ED.

when "he lifted up his eyes and saw the camels coming with Rebecca." He courted nature only until he was forty years old. He was accustomed to leave the busy tents and the sheep-folds for a season of calm and holy contemplation. He found it needful to keep alive the spirit of devotion, and it contributed much, without doubt, to the characteristic simplicity of his whole life. Observe the place he chose for meditation. He went out in the *field*. He retired from men to fields. Observe the time, at *eventide*. He is not the only one who has found this to be the time most favourable to devotion. There is something in the cool evening breeze, in the setting sun, in the stillness of the whole earth, and in the approaching shades of night, that invites to holy prayer and praise. I envy not the man who does not feel his soul drawn nearer to the world of spirits on such an occasion, and make melody in his heart unto the Lord. Nor would I give much for the piety of that man who did not gladly avail himself of opportunities for repairing to such a retreat for meditation at eventide. As of old the voice of the Lord God was heard walking in the garden in the cool of the day, so it may be now. David was a true lover of nature, and most of all in his most devotional hours. Witness the 19th Psalm, in which he hears God in every part of the heavens, and the 104th Psalm, in which he sees him in every part of the earth. "Arise," said God to Ezekiel; "go forth into the plain, and there I will talk with thee." We find Paul, after sailing with his companions from Philippi to Troas, and after a series of special services at Troas for seven days, and at the close of them preaching until midnight, sending his companions away by ship to Assos, minding himself to go afoot. He felt the need of a retired walk of several miles through the country by himself as a rest both to body and mind from the labours of the past, and as a preparation for renewed toil. Did we know what his thoughts were during that walk through the country we might know more of Paul than from his whole active service. We should there read his whole inner man.

It was in a rural retreat that our Lord himself spent the far greater portion of his time on the earth. It is not without some special instruction that we are told he dwelt in a city called Nazareth. This was a small country town situated on the declivity of a hill at the foot of which lay the plain of Esdraelon, full of corn fields and olive groves, and well watered by the river Kishon, "that ancient river, the river Kishon." From the top of the hill a wide landscape could be seen on every side. Towards the south, beyond the plain of Esdraelon, the mountains of Samaria skirted the horizon. On the east Mount Tabor, Mount Hermon, and the mountains of Gilboa were in sight. On the north the snow-clad peaks of Lebanon were visible; and on the west Mount Carmel was in sight, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean at its feet. These were the scenes with which our Lord was most familiar when on the earth, with which his devotions were associated, and amidst which his character was formed. Up that rocky height he climbed; down that rough declivity he sauntered; in those olive groves and corn-fields he walked; and many were the retired spots in which he paused for meditation at the eventide. His public ministry was chiefly confined to the shores of the lake of Galilee. To the mountains he retired for private devotion, and to a garden for alleviation to the

bitterest agonies of his soul. To teach his disciples how needful retirement was for them, he said after they had performed some active service for him, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." There may be religious excitement, but so much the more needful is tranquil devotion. Nor is it by looking upon books, and papers, and furniture, and buildings, and men, so well as by looking upon hills, and meadows, and trees, and flowers that devout meditation can be inspired.

The Bible itself allures us to country scenes. It puts its truths into natural objects to show the harmony between them, and invites us to read them there. A voice comes from that rock which saith, "The rock of my strength and my refuge is God." You gaze upon the hills, and you say within yourselves, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." Is there Bible truth in clouds? "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Is there Bible truth in rivers? "The glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers." It is eventide, and the cattle are reclining by the river side. Is there Bible-truth here? "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters." Yonder is a traveller leading his horse down the rough path of the mountain-side. Can there be any Bible-truth here? Yes! "He led them through the deep as a horse in the wilderness that he should not stumble. As a beast that goeth down into the valley, the spirit of the Lord caused him to rest." That hen, too, gathering her chickens under her wing, speaks of the same tender care. Look where you will, all things are full of Him. He looks lovingly upon us through the soft blue eye of the violet in the hedge-row, as well as in the bright and sparkling eye of the morning and the evening star.

We claim for nature a sympathy, not with the devotion of earth merely, but of heaven. It was formed, we have seen, to be in sympathy with man's innocent state, and is now in sympathy with a preparatory state to a more permanent state of reward. The first paradise was designed to be preparatory for one that is heavenly. A restoration to innocence, therefore, may naturally be supposed to be a restoration to similar enjoyments of both body and soul. Associations with nature we are sure to carry with us to heaven, and in some way or other they fit us for more happiness there. To encourage these associations our Lord spoke of the immediate state of the redeemed after death as a paradise, and under this figure it was represented to John in apocalyptic vision. Nature herself, too, it must be remembered, has a share in the final redemption, and is in earnest expectation of a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Yes, and it is felt to be in harmony with the most heavenly frame of mind. Take a bouquet of flowers, or a single flower to the death-bed of the righteous, and he views it with delight; the nearer he is to heaven the more beautiful it appears.

III. The cultivation of the love of nature is beneficial to us, not as men merely, or as Christians, but as CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

As Christians, we look for the Bible in nature; as Christian ministers,

we look for nature in the Bible. Is nature in your Bibles? Are the works of nature there? Are the beauties of creation there? What, in a book that is inspired to reveal to us the things which are not seen and are eternal, and to lift the veil that hides God himself and all futurity from our view? Yes, nature is there. Is the sun there? Yes, it shines upon us in the Word of God about 130 times. Is the moon there? Yes, it breaks from behind the clouds about 50 times. Are the stars there? Yes, in distinct constellations, in single stars, or in their united host, about 500 times. Are clouds there? Yes, more than 100 times. Are mountains there and hills? Yes, the mountains rise to view about 200, and the hills 130 times. Is the sea there? Yes, it may be seen from different points of view 250 times. Are rivers there? Yes, 120 times. Are trees there? Yes, the palm tree and the sycamore, the cedar and the oak, the olive and the vine, the fig tree and the myrtle, the fir tree and the box tree together. Are flowers there? Yes, the rose and the lily are there; but flowers are not so abundant there as the flowery preaching of some might lead us to suppose. Are springs and lakes there, dew drops and floods, winds and whirlwinds? Yes, and in all the changes of the seasons. There are minerals and precious stones in all their variety There are animals, too, in their different tribes—"All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." These are not always there as emblems, but still they are there; and, though in some cases historically only, they are frequently introduced for illustration of Bible truths, and are inseparably connected with them.

We know that the Son of God has come in the flesh by the print of his footsteps in fields, in the wilderness, and on the mountain side. Going forth with his disciples one morning at sun-rise he said, "I am the light of the world." After feeding the multitude in the wilderness he said, "I am the bread that came down from heaven." Sitting by the well of Samaria he said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." Passing by a vine tree he said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Pointing to a sower he said, "Verily I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." "This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God." Observing a shepherd folding his flock at eventide, he said, "I am the good Shepherd. The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." There is no need to visit Palestine to see the image which our Lord has left of himself in the natural world, to look upon the veritable well by which he sat, and the lake by which he taught, and the garden in which he agonised, and the spot on which he was crucified, and the mount from which he ascended to where he was before. He put himself in every rising sun, in all bread, in all rivers and fountains, in all gardens and corn-fields, in all sheepfolds, and, in fact, in all nature, and there he is still, and there we may see him and converse with him still.

The study of nature assists in the interpretation of the analogies and illustrations which are derived from it in the sacred volume. There is

a general analogy in the way in which the facts, both of nature and of revelation, are presented to our view. The unsystematic distribution of the doctrines and precepts of the Bible corresponds with the manner in which the laws of nature are concealed in its external phenomena. Had the Bible been a logically-arranged compendium of truths, it would have been more conformable to human reason. It is, however, in glorious confusion, like the mountains and rivers and flowers of the earth. This proves the author of the book of nature and of grace to be the same. Into the numerous particular analogies and the variety of illustrations, your time forbids me to enter. Half a sentence from the printed advice of the President to students must suffice—"Keep your eyes open," he says, "and gather flowers from the garden and the field with your own hands; they will be far more acceptable than withered specimens borrowed from other men's bouquets, however beautiful they may once have been."

One or two examples may be given of the lessons to be derived from nature in reference to that which constitutes the principal part of your office, and upon which the main object which you have in view chiefly depends. Are you anxious respecting the provision for your discourses for each returning Sabbath? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Suppose the birds of the air were as unbelieving as you are, how unhappy they would be; but are they unhappy? Let the groves bear witness as they resound with their morning and their evening songs. Why are they so joyous? They know not whence their next meal will come, and perhaps have others depending upon them. Why so dependent and yet so joyous? "Your heavenly Father feedeth them." They do not know it, but you do. You may think very humbly of yourselves, as I hope you all do, but all that is asked of you is, "Are ye not much better than they?" Besides, it is *your* heavenly Father that feedeth them; not *theirs*, but *yours*. If he cares for them, will he not care for his own children? Oh ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt? You are anxious about the coming Sabbath. So you were last week. So you were the week before. So you were the week before that. So you have ever been, and yet the provision came. You have sown, it may be, and reaped and gathered into barns, but the whole harvest was gone before another Sabbath came. You have come to the Saturday morning, it may be, and had nothing left of the manna of the other days of the week; but on the sixth day you have gathered twice as much as before, and of better quality too, because it has preserved all its sweetness and wholesomeness on the seventh day. "This is that which the Lord hath said, to-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake to-day, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning." But suppose the double provision does not come, even on the sixth day! you are no worse off than the fowls of the air; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Are you anxious about the clothing of your thoughts—the words, and the order in which they should be delivered? "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil

not, neither do they spin: and yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Your text looks dark at first and uninviting. You know there is much in it, but you do not yet see how that "much" is to come out of it. "Consider the lilies, how they grow." Who would have thought when he first saw the bulb of a lily that so delicate and pure a blossom could come from so dark and coarse an appearance? How does it come? By growth. "Consider the lilies, how they *grow*." Just so the text has to grow into its full meaning and design. There is life in your text as in a bulb, or it would not grow. How is that life to be quickened, or put in motion? "Consider the lilies how they grow." Under certain peculiar circumstances, the bulb begins to show signs of life; as when planted in the ground and surrounded by warmth and moisture. Just so the text must be buried in the heart, and soon, as it feels its warmth, and is moistened by the dews of heaven, in answer to prayer, its life will be roused into action. Are you at a loss for proper and natural divisions of your discourse? "Consider the lilies, how they grow." There are stems, buds, leaves, and flowers, all naturally rising from each other. Thus every text should be left to develop itself by its own natural growth in the mind. This is far better than to force it to grow according to your own fancies. In the growth of lilies all the parts are in just proportion to each other. So it should be in sermons. As in lilies, the roots and stems are concealed, and the leaves and blossoms are chiefly in sight, so it should be in sermons. Are you at a loss for suitable introductions to your sermons? "Consider the lilies, how they grow." A small unpretentious shoot first appears, of no great importance in itself, but all important in relation to that which is to follow. It is modest and unassuming, as all introductions to sermons should be. Are you at a loss for matter for your discourses? "Consider the lilies, how they grow." They take from the surrounding elements whatever may contribute to their one design, and reject whatever is not conducive to that end. Thus every text has its particular design and its particular materials scattered over the world of nature and of grace that alone can be assimilated to that design. It is by confining yourselves to these materials that the text comes to its full and proper growth; and it is by taking in matter foreign to its design that the text is dwarfed by the discourse and diverted from its main end. Are you impatient for the completion of your discourses? "Consider the lilies, how they grow." I once thought I could make extemporaneous sermons, but was rebuked by the consideration that God does not make extemporaneous plants and flowers. Spontaneous mushrooms there may be, but not spontaneous flowers. Have you to toil hard for your discourses, and sometimes are obliged to spin out your thoughts, instead of having enough and to spare? "Consider the lilies, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they *spin*." The life which is in them gathers and appropriates all the sustenance they need from that which is around them. Are you tempted to hunt for artificial decorations for your discourses, that you may acquire the reputation of being an accomplished and original preacher? "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Be yourselves, be natural, be all that providence and grace have

made you, and no more. You meet with difficulties and interruptions, it may be, when composing your discourses, and are not always in the best sermonizing frame of mind. "Consider the lilies, how they grow." It is not all fair weather with them, they have to grow in the night as well as in the day, amidst storm and sunshine; and yet, tender as they are, by yielding to the blast, and making the best of a genial atmosphere, their beauty remains unsullied and their vigour unimpaired. If drought comes, they droop and wait till the shower gives them new life, and scatters from them richer perfume. So barrenness of thought in you may lead to more dependence, and more dependence to more copious supplies. Thus the birds of the air may teach you where to look for matter for your discourses; and the lilies of the field may teach you how they grow. Yet are these but examples of thousands of such instances which, by cultivating the love of nature, will readily occur to yourselves.

You little know, brethren, how much you may have lost by not having cultivated the love of nature more in time past, and you little know how much may be gained by cultivating it more in time to come. Some of you live in the country, you dwell among fields and flowers. There is no excuse for you if your sermons are dry and dull. Put nature into them as well as providence and grace. Let the winds of heaven blow through them, and sweep away the fog that hangs over them. Let the light of day fall upon them, and reveal the trees bearing all manner of fruit, and the fields ready for the harvest, if they really are there. Let your sermons open with the sweet breath of morn, and go on shining brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day, and be all aglow in their descending course, and the whole horizon at their close be emblazoned with the glories of the setting sun. Let rivers flow through them and meadows shine in living green, and forests crown the mountain-tops, and birds sing among the branches. Let waters break out in the wilderness and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. This may be all that your sermons need to make them profitable and refreshing to your hearers. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Try it, brethren. The change may be far greater than you suppose. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." We do not want you to be everlastingly speaking upon limpid streams, and shady groves, and verdant lawns; but we want you to bring out new analogies and illustrations of gospel truths which through nature may minister grace unto the hearers. Even sermons, old and musty, brought out to be bleached in the light and moistened with the dew of heaven, may be restored to more than their primeval strength and beauty. Oh, some may say, we could not think of putting mountains and valleys, meadows and rivers, trees and flowers, into our discourses; that would be a sad desecration of the Sabbath day. Well, but they are in your Bibles. Inspiration is not desecrated by them. There the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs; there the floods lift up their voice; and there the trees of the field clap

their hands. Nature has its place in the preaching of prophets, of our Lord, and of his Apostles; but is too irreverent, forsooth, for the orthodoxy of modern times. Some, perhaps, may have been saying, what have lilies to do with sermons, and with the house of God? All the chapiters, we reply, or tops of the pillars of Solomon's temple were decorated with sculptured lilies, and why not those who seem to be pillars in the church of God? Moreover, the brim of the laver in which the priests washed before they entered the holy place "was wrought like the brim of a cup with flowers of lilies." Do not scorn then, you whose hearers live amidst the beauties of nature, to let them know that you live amidst them too. For beauty and sublimity to be everywhere but in the pulpit will never do. Some of you have been long in the same place, until your sermons have become a dull repetition of good old truths, to your hearers, at least, if not to yourselves. The winter has been long and dreary; many a spring and summer has come and gone with you, and it is winter still. You had better turn that winter into summer than take it elsewhere. It may be a backward spring with you, but better late than never. Do let your people know on the Sabbath, as well as on the other days of the week, that "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Endeavour to inspire them, on your return, with the liveliness of spring, with the beauties of summer, and with the fruitfulness of autumn, that their next winter may be short, full of grateful recollections of the past, and of joyful anticipations of the future. Remodel your sermonising altogether. Lay it out in a more cheerful and picturesque way. Sow fields and plant vineyards. Put a clump of trees here, and a bed of flowers there. Let rivers run among the hills. Let pastures be clothed with flocks, and valleys be covered over with corn. Let them shout for joy and also sing. Your sermons will then not only be more natural, but more spiritual too. For this purpose let your dependence be upon God's love of nature, as well as your own. "Thou renewest the face of the earth."

To you who are imprisoned in stone walls and dwell in crowded cities, it may sound like bitter irony to say, cultivate the love of nature; yet we do say it with all sincerity even to you. Let it be a matter of conscience with you to get into the country as often as you can consistently with duty and honour. Let your holiday month be spent in some rural retreat, rather than in a continental tour, or a sea-port of fashionable resort. Take as little of town-life with you as possible. Be mindful, like Paul, to go alone, or where you may often be with God and his works alone. Avail yourselves of other opportunities, as much as possible, of seeing the world as it was made by God and not by man. Let the town and the country, brethren, make an exchange of chapels and dwellings for a few weeks in the summer, if no better opportunity offers. This might prove beneficial to all parties. At any rate, you town-preachers, and especially you metropolitans, you must keep up your acquaintance with the country. It is essential for you as men, as Christians, and as Christian ministers. It is for your life. Your spiritual not less than your natural life demands the change. Your ministerial success demands it. A giant

must step back as often as he would put forth his whole strength. To preach in towns is to cast the net on the right side of the ship, but it was an exceptional case, when the net was drawn to land full of great fishes, and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken; for there were times when the same men were found mending their nets. It must be so still. Our president can bear witness to this, before whom I speak freely. We lament to see that the net needs so often to be repaired, and yet wonder it is not more broken, when we think of the many shoals that have been brought by it from troubled waters safe to land. How is that net mended? By seasons of hallowed and quiet repose. Where is it mended? The less repairs are made in the forest of Hampshire, or on the banks of the Thames; and the greater on the shores of the Mediterranean sea. It is better often to break down with success than to have no success at all. We love nature for what it has done for our president; and some of us love it for what it has done for us; and therefore we earnestly recommend the cultivation of the love of nature to others.

Hindoo Singing.

"SING lustily," said John Wesley, and the heartiness of old-time Methodist singing was more like a shout of victory on the field of battle, than like the modern artistic mouthings of the "barbarians" (1 Cor. xiv. 11), who fill the churches with dulcet noise, which has in it neither sense nor devotion. Men sung as if they meant it; and tears, and sighs, and deep convictions for sins, gave token of the vital power of sacred song.

It appears that the converted Hindoos have at least some earnestness in their praise. "Noise," Mr. Gorgerly says, "is what they best understand; and he that sings loudest is considered to sing best." So far from contenting themselves with listening to the musical performances of others, they praise God for themselves in good earnest, and one missionary who counselled one of the leading converts to "sing softly," found himself speedily silenced on this wise:—

"Sing softly!" he replied. "Is it you, our father, who tells us to sing softly? Did you ever hear us sing the praises of our Hindoo gods? How we threw our heads backward, and with all our might shouted out the praises of those who are no gods! And now do you tell us to whisper the praises of Jesus? No, sir, we cannot; we must express in loud tones our gratitude to him who loved us and died for us."

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

"Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told."

The Wayside.

The Aggressive Work of the Pastors' College.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part III.

PASTOR H. E. STONE, AT ARTHUR STREET CHAPEL.

DURING the last quarter of a century King's-cross has become one of the principal railway centres of the metropolis; and the population of the neighbourhood appears to have become more and more dense year by year. Though it is not an aristocratic region, the middle-class of tradespeople largely abound; below these, in the back parts of the adjacent thoroughfares, the poor who live from hand to mouth strongly muster. It is a fine district for one to occupy who wishes to come into constant contact with the working classes.

The church assembling in Arthur-street Chapel, Gray's-inn-road, can boast of a long and chequered history. The date of its origin is not known; but in the reign of Charles the First the people appear to have met in Boar's Head Yard, Whitechapel. In 1748 the pastor was Mr. Collins, whose successor, Thomas Davis, was accidentally killed in January, 1763. John Allen, who succeeded, was the author of several excellent publications; and he was followed by Christopher Hall, uncle of our celebrated Robert Hall. Under Mr. Hall the position of the church was not very stable. They removed from one meeting-house to another, until, in 1835, we find them in Aldersgate-street, whence they subsequently removed to Fetter-lane. In the City the church continued to decline, and after a time an accumulation of difficulties obliged the few members who remained to remove into a suburban sphere. Vernon Chapel, Pentonville, was accordingly erected and opened in 1844. On the death of Mr. Clarke, the pastor, certain disputes arose, which led to a secession, and the seceding party, under Dr. Wills, provided Arthur-street Chapel, and opened it for public worship in 1861. Dr. Wills was followed by Mr. Bennett, who was succeeded by the present pastor, Mr. H. E. Stone.

"When Mr. Stone entered upon his labours among us," we are told by the deacons, "the debt was £900, and the number of members very few indeed, as many whose names were on the church books had not attended for upwards of two years. The chapel has since been greatly improved by the erection of galleries and otherwise, the schoolroom altered and improved, and a new class-room built, at a total cost of £900; and as the debt is now £1,100, it will be seen that £700 have been paid during the last four years, and the number of members has increased to three hundred and ten, for all which we desire to record our thanks to our Heavenly Father." The late bazaar at the Agricultural Hall had the effect of further reducing the debt by the amount of £200. The chapel is situated in one of those secluded nooks which strangers in London do not readily find, so that for the guidance of the unknowing the deacons have issued printed directions, such as nothing short of inveterate stupidity could mistake. "Supposing, then, you were at the King's-cross Railway-station," say those gentlemen, in their familiar

way, "you would make your way down Gray's-inn-road, on the left hand side, until you arrived at Frederick or Ampton-street, both of which lead directly to the chapel. Or, if you were in the King's-cross-road, you would stop opposite the police-station and proceed up Frederick-street for about fifty yards, when turning to your left for a few feet you will come to the entrance of the chapel, to which we heartily welcome you." Having now found the place of assembly, we will turn our attention to the pastor.

Mr. Stone was born at Colchester, November the 2nd, 1846, in which town his father traded as a grocer. Having passed the days of childhood at home, our friend was fortunate in regard to his schoolmasters, his first tutor having been Mr. W. H. Frost, a Wesleyan minister, who conducted a first-class academy in the town. The advantages of Mr. Frost's fatherly oversight were enjoyed until the age of twelve; and appear to have done much in the way of forming the character of the future pastor. Nothing very striking occurred during these early days; and certainly nothing which would have led an observer to prophesy a career of evangelistic earnestness. Perhaps the most memorable reminiscence is associated with a lie told at school, to the kind-hearted master, Mr. Frost. One day the young scholar thought he would escape the intricate calculations belonging to certain arithmetical questions by copying the answers, and saying that he had worked out the sums. The master had too much discernment not to see that deceit was being attempted; but he took the slate in silence. After school, however, Mr. Frost came forward, sat down on the form, and placing his hand familiarly on the boy's shoulder, remarked, "Harry, what made you tell that lie?"

"Well, I couldn't do my sum," replied Harry, with outspoken confession.

"Do you realize that it is a sin against God and your parents?" continued the master, at the same time proposing that they should kneel together and lay the matter before the Lord. The erring youth seems to have been persuaded rather than commanded to learn the fifty-first psalm; for the exercise left serious impressions upon his mind that were never afterwards effaced. He went home sobered, painfully conscious that he had acted foolishly, and that Mr. Frost was a man whose friendship was not to be despised.

When Henry was fourteen years of age, the family removed to London, and he was placed successively in two wholesale warehouses, where he was subjected to some unpleasant practical joking in consequence of a habit brought from Colchester—the habit of kneeling and saying his prayers morning and evening. Beyond these outward forms he made no pretensions to religion. He frequented theatres and joined in kindred amusements; but still felt that the path was sufficiently unsafe to warrant his asking in prayer that he might be preserved from harm. His was by no means a fast life: it was rather the moderation of one who was simply a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God.

This manner of living continued during three years, without any symptoms appearing of that favourable and permanent change which did occur in due time, and in an unexpected manner. One Sabbath morning, in the year 1863, Mr. Stone went out for a ramble without

having any definite object in view, when he entered the chapel at John-street, Bedford-row, and heard a sermon from the Honourable Baptist Noel. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Noel related some particulars of an adventure in Switzerland which illustrated the text in hand—"*God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" In one of the cantons he entered a cottage, and found a Christian professor without the peace of Christ. Mr. Noel read the above text to the woman, telling her at the same time to substitute her own name for *whosoever*, and acting on this advice she found the peace for which she had sighed. Then with startling emphasis the preacher told the congregation to go and do likewise—let Mary, Jane, Thomas, or Harry insert his or her name as the Swiss peasant had done, and they would find the same blessing as she had found. That anecdote concealed an arrow which found its way to the young man's heart. Greatly wondering at the love of God and the simplicity of the gospel, Henry Stone left the chapel convinced of sin, and thoroughly wretched. He went again in the evening, and though they were members of the Established Church, Mr. and Mrs. Stone were persuaded to accompany their son to the chapel service. For three months from that time he remained in a state of anxiety and indecision. At one moment he would think to cast his burden aside, saying it was no use his trying to be a Christian; and then he would lapse into a state of wretchedness worse than before.

Just as this critical juncture something else occurred which we mention by way of warning and protest. There was to be a benefit night at Drury Lane theatre, on behalf of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools; six tickets were distributed by the principal of the firm among his junior dependents, and one of these was given to Mr. Stone. Possessed with the wretchedness of one who was convicted of sin he did not particularly desire to go and see a play; moreover, he felt certain that the thing was wrong, as from the first his parents had rigidly set their face against the practice of theatre-going. Still, in spite of conscience and an aching heart, he went, apparently impelled forward by a spirit of desperation. In the theatre he did not choose to sit with his companions, but remained behind them; and of the characters who flitted about the stage he remembers nothing beyond the fact that in a certain scene somebody was served with a writ. It was an ordeal, indeed, to sit out a play when tears on account of sin were blinding the eyes, yet this was literally the case in the present instance. Five juniors were absorbed with what was being transacted on the stage; but the sixth, H. E. Stone, had no eye to look on the sight. He abruptly left his seat, hastily took some refreshment at the counter, and leaving the building presently found himself in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cool air and comparative seclusion were a welcome contrast to the heated atmosphere of the great theatre as he walked round and round, hither and thither, hour after hour, while the clocks of the neighbourhood told nine, ten, eleven, twelve, one! He had told his parents that he should not return home early, and thus while not wishing to remain at the play he was too proud to confess his agitation by appearing before the expected time. A sore conflict was raging within, nevertheless; and when he entered the house, Mrs. Stone, like a fond

mother, asked, "What is the matter?" The matter? "Nothing," he answered, though truth to say, a crisis in his soul's history had arrived with results which would be everlasting. Hurriedly walking away to his chamber he spent the time in silent prayer until the hours of morning, Mr. Noel's proposed paraphrase of John iii. 16 being still present before the mind, as though in characters of fire—*God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son that if Henry Stone believeth on him he shall not perish, but have everlasting life.*

At breakfast on the following morning nothing was said in reference to the momentous change which was taking place. The awakened youth went to business as usual, prayed more earnestly than aforetime to be kept from evil during the day, and on his return in the evening he made a successful proposition that family prayer, which had been discontinued, should be resumed. On the next Sabbath he attended the Bible-class at Mr. Noel's chapel; a week later he preached his first sermon on Mount Pleasant, near Coldbath Fields prison, in the open air. In this vicinity was the Tothill-street Mission-station, where, in accordance with his pastor's advice, Mr. Stone became henceforth a regular labourer. Soon after he was baptized and received by Mr. Noel into communion at John-street chapel, and the moment before going beneath the water he saw one of his best earthly friends in the gallery in the act of prayer. This connection with the church and its beloved pastor was in all respects a happy one. Such advantages as were offered were eagerly seized; those, for example, of the Mutual Improvement Society, in the competitions of which Mr. Stone gained a number of prizes. He also acted on the advice of Mr. Noel, and associated himself with the Wilmington Mission, a work which was blessed by being made the means of bringing numbers into the church.

This happy union with Mr. Noel and his people continued until the death of the pastor. Then came many changes. Mr. Stone commenced business on his own account, and at the same time he became more enterprising in evangelistic work. Near the scene of his former labours at Mount Pleasant there stood an extinct brewery, invitingly desolate, and of this our friend took possession. The interior was repaired and altered until it afforded convenient accommodation for meetings. Crowds came to hear the gospel, many were converted, and a church was formed. Services were also conducted in the open air, and not without good results. Near the open space where the preacher usually stood there was situated a public-house, the landlord of the same being a determined opponent of Christian work. The gospel was a greater enemy to convivial tippling than even the teetotal pledge; and impressed with this remarkable fact Mr. Landlord did not attempt to conceal his disapproval of practices which affected the consumption of gin and beer. On a certain occasion Boniface appeared at the door, and with characteristic vehemence ordered the preacher to "move off," this authoritative utterance being seconded by the animated gesticulations of a customer who had not gone home sober on a Saturday evening for thirteen years. The drunkard heard the gospel, however, and went to his home sober and thoughtful that night. The truth lodged in his heart; he became converted; he has ever since lived another kind of life as a consistent member of the church.

The mission at the old brewery included an organized system of tract distribution; the poor and the outcast were also visited in their native haunts, so that were he disposed to do so Mr. Stone could relate many things illustrative of the dark phases of London life. Near the old brewery, which was the base of his aggressive movements, there existed one of those mysterious institutions—a thieves' kitchen. It was a secluded place, and the site was doubtless chosen on account of its intricate approaches. First you entered the basement of a house in Vine-street, next you crossed a yard, and then in the lower regions of another house were found a motley company of sixty or more, who lived by their wits and preyed on society. Some would be cooking a meal, some would be sleeping, while others were smoking at ease, or engaged in occupations too diversified to mention separately. The scene gave an insight into human nature which could not have been obtained by merely putting questions to individuals. When the blind or the maimed were considerately treated by their associates in crime, it showed that kindnes may linger long in the most abandoned; but at the same time it wa plainly manifest that the way of transgressors is hard. There, surrounded by beggars and cadgers, would be seen broken-down commercial travellers, and clerks who had come to grief through embezzling their employers' money. Happily, experience proves that even to such a congregation the gospel is not proclaimed in vain.

Cases of interest in connection with the mission at the old brewery might be multiplied, and though the majority might be common-place they would show that common-place conversions are no less valuable than those which are linked with a sensational story. Occasionally a room would be entered reeking with the miasma of contagious disease —typhus here, small-pox there; presenting the harrowing scene of men and women dying without hope, or recovering without repentance. One rather singular death-bed scene may be referred to, however, because it supplies a picture of the spirit and working of Ritualism.

A dying woman residing in Margaret-street was visited by Mr. Stone in his early days on a Sabbath afternoon. First he read the promises of John iii.: the patient listened, assented by nodding her head in a matter-of-course way, and in a manner that showed her to be unacquainted with either the weight or preciousness of what she heard. Perceiving that all was not right, the visitor directed attention to some of the sterner passages of the same chapter, still as before reading without offering any comment. There was an immediate change in the woman's behaviour. She no longer blindly assented to the letter of Scripture; her countenance assumed a darkened aspect; she stretched her bony arms down to the foot of the bed, clutched the coverlid with frenzied eagerness, while with fixed eyes she screamed for some minutes, and at last exhausted fell senseless on her pillow. In the meantime and while the woman remained unconscious, the vicar of a neighbouring church suddenly appeared. Mr. Stone had scarcely recovered from the shock his nerves had sustained consequent on what he had witnessed, when turning his eye towards the door he saw a real clergyman in the full uniform of his order with arms spread forth in the very act of uttering the State-prescribed blessing, "Peace be to this house and to all that dwell in it!" Having thus introduced himself, the zealous man knelt

by the table, opened his book, and read his prayers for the good of the insensible woman. When this exercise was concluded the churchman seemed suddenly to discover that a stranger was present.

"Have you been reading to this woman?" he asked, inspecting the youth as one might eye a poacher who trespassed on our chief preserve.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Are you duly authorized?" added the other.

"Yes," still answered Mr. Stone, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

"But you are not one of the church's ministers?"

"Yes; I am a priest unto God."

This was almost too much for a true son of the church to bear; his features assumed their sternest expression, and the tones of his voice were severe as he cried, "You had better leave such work, sir, for those whom the church has appointed."

"I shall do as my Lord bids me," said the young man as the vicar hurried from the room. Two hours afterwards the woman died, and without having recovered consciousness. The scene from beginning to end was a dreadful one, and on that account memorable. It at least acted as a stimulus to the zeal of the young evangelist.

Some time after this the deacons of Arthur-street chapel asked Mr. Stone to preach for them; he consented to do so, and received a unanimous invitation to assume the pastorate. He now became involved in perplexity; he was not sure as to the direction in which the path of duty lay. The congregation was small; the church did not number more than thirty members; he was comfortably established in business on his own account: should he leave business for a poor pastorate? Divine direction was needed and sought, while Mr. Stone agreed to undertake the services of three Sabbaths. The first week saw no visible results, the second proved no more encouraging; but on the third Sunday there were six conversions. This sufficed to turn the scale; business was relinquished, and the life-work of preaching the gospel was undertaken with hearty enthusiasm.

Hitherto Mr. Stone had not been successful in his application for admission into the Pastors' College; but it would appear that he himself was partly responsible for the disappointment. Years before, in 1866, he filled up the papers, procured the necessary testimonials, and, leaving these to produce their own effect, took no further notice. He was never really rejected; on the contrary, had he come forward to see the president and tutors, there is little doubt that he would have been received as a student in his twentieth year.

It was ordered otherwise, however, and, as it now appears, all things were ordered for the best. He went up to the Conference of 1873 with a contribution from his people for the College and Orphanage, and at the back of Walworth-road Chapel, he encountered Mr. Spurgeon.

"Stone," said the pastor, "wouldn't you like to know a little more than you do?"

The young man looked up in surprise. If Mr. Spurgeon knew how little I know he would not ask that question. Such were his thoughts while he answered, "Yes, sir, I should very much."

"A knowledge of the original languages would be very useful to you."

"It would, indeed, sir."

"Then tell Mr. Rogers from me that you can come into the College," added the president.

The agreement was soon concluded; but to the young man directly concerned it seemed as though the hopes of years were that moment realized. His heart bounded for joy, and as he returned to his home his heart swelled with gratitude to that God who had led him thus safely and happily through paths of difficulty. He can honestly say that the happiest portion of his life has been that spent in the pastorate at Arthur-street.

Mr. Stone's labours in preaching the gospel have extended far beyond the arena of the regular pastorate. He has from time to time undertaken a full share of street and theatre preaching, and certain of the life-histories which his converts have been able to tell have been full of warning and instruction. Valuable among the members of the church in London are those who have been caught with guile, or who have been plucked as brands from the burning in an unexpected hour at an extraordinary service. Let us give two or three examples of those seals to our friend's ministry which have been won in this department of the work.

Mr. M——, by profession a solicitor's clerk, was a man of violent temper and of abandoned habits generally. He was married, and he succeeded beyond most people of similar habits in rendering both himself and wife thoroughly miserable. One Sabbath afternoon during the winter of 1874-5 this man was passing along Holborn in company with his daughter, three years of age, when he observed a placard outside the Amphitheatre announcing that Mr. Stone would preach on a certain subject. He went in and heard the sermon, by which he became seriously impressed. Shortly afterwards, while walking along Lamb's Conduit-street, he encountered the preacher, when he held out his hand, and cried, by way of salutation, "Your message has gone home to-day—the very devils shamed me." The tears stood in the man's eyes as he was urged to come to the Saviour, who could cast out devils. He listened, decided that he *would* come, and said that his mother would be glad to hear of that afternoon's work. In this hopeful state, the clerk went home with the child in his arms, having promised to be at the service on the next Sabbath. On that day, according to appointment, he was there, accompanied by his wife, who had reason to be thankful for the change. In the evening of the same day the happy couple appeared at Arthur-street Chapel, when the pastor had the unspeakable joy of finally leading them to Christ. They were baptized, received into communion, and many years' Christian usefulness were anticipated for them. In September they sat down together at the Lord's table, but a week later they were parted. When the pastor was about to enter the pulpit on the succeeding Sabbath, the poor clerk approached to tell a sorrowful tale. "My poor Annie," he said, "went home this morning: last Sunday *here*, this *there!* We had just begun to live, and now we are parted." At the very beginning of his Christian course he was sorely tried, but through grace he has stood until this day.

At the Islington Philharmonic Hall some very genuine cases of conversion occurred at the prayer-meeting. "One Sabbath evening," says Mr. Stone, "we had a time of much power in the prayer-meeting preceding the service. I was just announcing my text when Miss E. B., whose parents were there waiting admission into the church, rose, and walked into the green-room, without a word having been spoken. The Holy Ghost had called her, and she arose and went to Christ. The very next Sabbath the elder sister was called in precisely the same way, and now the four are members of the church."

It is a common thing for preachers to make use of phrases which their hearers construe as pointing to the sins of certain individuals, and a very extraordinary instance of this kind of personal application once happened in the course of Mr. Stone's ministry. In one of his sermons, in an appeal to the unconverted, he used these words: "Not long since some of you stood by the cold form of your father, and as you put your hands on the cold forehead swore you would seek the God whom he loved and the Saviour whom he served." After the service a number of enquirers were found in the green-room of the theatre, and among them was a young man on his knees apparently in extreme agony. 'Friend, what is your trouble?" was asked in kindly tones. The man turned quickly, as if prepared even to repel the approaches of sympathy, for he asked, "Who told *you* about my father?" "The Lord must have done, for I know nothing about you," was the reply. The stranger then made a confession which fully explained the cause of his concern. "Twelve months ago yesterday," he said in the solemn accents of self-accusation, "I kissed the cold lips of my dead father, and put my fingers through his hair, and swore that his prayers should be answered, and that his Jesus should be mine; but a greater gambler, a greater wretch than I am doesn't live." The picture the sinner thus drew of himself was not a shade over-coloured. He was an utterly abandoned character, who, though lately married, dishonoured his wife by leading a course of wild dissipation. Now, however, he was arrested in his career of folly; the call of electing grace had come, and he was a saved soul—a trophy of redeeming love.

With regard to Mr. Stone as a pastor and a preacher, it will be as well to quote something that was reported as having been said at the opening of the Agricultural Hall bazaar in March, 1876:—"Referring to Arthur-street Chapel, and to its minister, Mr. Spurgeon said Mr. Stone was a good earnest preacher, but he never went in for showing himself off. He gave them none of those wonderfully ornamental sermons, those grand intellectual flights in which some preachers soared to the skies. He had heard such, and he looked on and wondered, just like a man gaping at Blondin on the tight-rope, wondering whether he would ever get to the end of the rope, or fall off. People said, 'What an intellectual treat!' Why God never saved a sinner by 'an intellectual treat.' So-called intellectual sermons were a great, a shameful sin—the sin of a man preaching himself instead of his Master. There was one thing pleased him much in connection with this church—478 men from Mr. Stone's church were now students in his college, and two were coming in, and while they were far from being educated gentlemen, they were earnest-hearted, pious men. It was such Mr. Stone gathered

around him. He begged the people to help such a church, and concluded his speech with an earnest exhortation to those who knew not the joy of pardon to delay no longer, but go to Christ who would pardon and receive."

The error of the reporter was amazing. The speaker probably said "seven or eight," and this was made into four hundred and seventy-eight. Had it been true that a single church had provided one college with "478 men," the fact would have been without a parallel in the history of Christianity. This instance of blundering should warn readers against accepting reports of speeches as being correct, and especially reports in local papers of Mr. Spurgeon's observations, for it is pretty evident that his lively style puts reporters off their guard, and they are not even decently accurate in what they prepare for the press.

In conclusion we accord Mr. Stone our hearty sympathy in his work, being aware that his progress has not been without difficulty and discouragement. Many trials must necessarily attend a man who occupies a sphere like this. The neighbourhood is continually in a transition state; the thriving middle class remove into more distant suburbs; their places are filled by the poor, so that the losses of the church are sufficiently frequent to need constant additions if its strength is to be sustained. Among the industrial populace scepticism abounds, while strenuous efforts are made by Ritualists to diffuse among the unwary that semi-popery of which the Rev. Mr. Candlelight is so uncompromising an abettor. In the midst of all, Arthur-street Chapel may be likened to a city set on a hill that cannot be hid.

"I'm agin it."

THERE is but one thing in which infidels do agree, and that is, in their rejection of Christianity; though here, again, no two of them will agree as to their reasons for so doing. In this respect they remind us of the story of an Irishman who landed in New York on the crisis of an election, and—whether the process of naturalization was consummated on the spot, or whether Pat was required to personate some missing voter, we do not know—but he was challenged to give a vote for or against the government. "Is there a government?" was the single question Pat asked. "Yes," was the answer. "Then," cried he, with a flourish of his shillalah, "then I'm agin it!" "Is there religion?" asks your average free-thinker. "Is there a revelation? Then I'm agin it!" "Is there such a thing as orthodoxy?" asks your modern thought gentleman, "then I'm agin it." "Is any doctrine accepted by simple hearted believers?" asks your pretender to scientific culture, "then I'm agin it."

Dead Sinners and Dead Saints.

BY JOHN ALDIS, JUNIOR.

WHAT is death? We commonly depict it as a skeleton, holding a scythe. Milton describes it as a shapeless shadow,—

> "Black it stood as night;
> Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
> And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
> The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Yet it was but a shadow after all. In truth death is a mere negation; 'tis the absence of life: and we must remember its negative character if we would understand the figurative uses of death in relation to spiritual things.

Now, both the sinner and the saint are spoken of as being dead: the one dead *in* sin, the other dead *to* sin. Sinners are dead because of the absence of the life of holiness: saints are dead because of the absence of the reigning life of sin. Perhaps a simple mathematical illustration may be of service here. Life may be viewed as a circle radiating from a centre. Now there are two centres of being around which human life revolves; the one is self, the other is God. The unconverted man is self-centred—his being revolves round himself. The *ideal* Christian has God for his centre: God's will is his will, God's law is his rule, God's glory is his end. I say the *ideal* Christian is thus centred in God, and every Christian actually is in some measure, but we come short of the ideal. Our life revolves around two centres, partly around self, partly around God. Actual Christian experience may be compared to an ellipse, a curve that may be generated from two centres (the sum of the lines drawn from the two centres to any point in the circumference being constant). But just as when one centre of the ellipse is drawn towards the other centre, that ellipse gradually assumes the form of the circle, and when the two centres coincide, then there is a perfect circle: so when, by divine grace, we gradually draw the centre of self nearer and yet nearer to the centre God, our misshaped lives become more and more symmetrical. It must be our aim to make these centres coincide, to realise the wish expressed to me lately by a dying Christian, "I want to have my will absorbed in the will of God"; to be in the very centre of that blessed will, so that we may be able fully to adopt the glowing language of Dr. Watts,—

> "Thou art the sea of love
> Where all my pleasures roll,
> The circle where my passions move,
> And centre of my soul."

In both these circles of being there is death. The self-centred man is dead to the things of God. The God-centred man, the *ideal* Christian, is dead to self, to the world, and to sin. The *actual* Christian, whose life radiates in measure from both these centres, has a mixture of life and death. But since in the healthy Christian the divine

principle is growing and ruling, since in him the centre of self is being constantly drawn nearer to the centre God, the ruling principle may fairly denominate the entire man, and he may be spoken of as dead to sin. In this sense Paul says to the Colossians, "Ye are dead." (Col. iii. 3.) Let us look at these two circles where, in opposite senses, "death reigns."

THE SELF-CENTRED MAN IS DEAD TO THE THINGS OF GOD. He has no life in him. Our Lord speaks of worldly men as dead: "Let the dead bury their dead." The father looks back upon the debauched career of his prodigal boy, and says, "This my son was dead and is alive again." The apostle more than once reminds his readers that they were "dead in trespasses and in sins." The life of worldliness is spoken of as a living death. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." "Repentance from *dead* works" is numbered among the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. And apart from believing union to Christ there can be no spiritual life. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." Dear reader, if you are self-centred you are dead. If your object in life is to do what you please, and not what God pleases, if you love sin and not holiness, seek earth and not heaven, you are dead. And we are sent to you even as Ezekiel was sent to prophesy upon the dry bones: "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." Hear ye deaf, look ye blind, awake ye dead, and listen to the word of the Saviour: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live."

"Glory to him who tasted death
That we might life receive!
If we in him have steadfast faith,
Though we were dead, we live!"

THE GOD-CENTRED MAN IS DEAD TO SELF, TO THE WORLD, AND TO SIN. To Christians Paul says, "Ye are dead." Or, as we might render the words, "Ye died," the verb being in the aorist or historic tense, referring to a definite term and act, viz., to that great change in their state of which their burial in baptism was the appropriate and divinely-appointed expression. In their regeneration they died, and ever since have remained dead. And to all regenerated persons we may say, "Ye died, ye are dead." As observed already, this is only *absolutely* true of the ideal Christian. It is actually true of us just in the measure in which we approach that ideal. This subject is one that is coming a good deal to the front just now, and it is important for us to have clear scriptural views concerning it. How, then, are Christians dead?

It is obvious that they are not dead as to their outward physical life. Their heart beats, their blood circulates, their nerves convey sensations, as in other men. This death in which we glory has nothing to do with pallid cheeks, emaciated limbs, expiring groans, coffins, or graves.

Neither are they dead as to the functions and duties of personal,

domestic, and social life. As said the ancient father to Diognetus, "The Christians are distinguished from other men neither by country, nor language, nor the customs which they observe." But though they do the same things as other men, they are actuated by very different motives. They have an eye, not to self, but to God. "Whether they eat or drink, or whatsoever they do, they do all to the glory of God." They dress without affected singularity, but not from vanity or love of display. The ornament they covet is that of a "meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." They have houses, perhaps gardens, luxuries and wealth; but "they use this world as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away." They seek to enjoy God in all things, and when all things fail, they find all things in God. They are devoted husbands, fond wives, tender parents, but

> "Their loves in higher love endure,
> What souls possess themselves so pure?
> And is there happiness like theirs?"

In view of entering upon domestic life, the saint truly dead to self would adopt the spirit of Herbert's resolve,—

> "I will not marry, or if she be mine,
> She and her children shall be thine."

They obey their earthly masters, but it is "as unto Christ." They discharge their social obligations, and, like Paul, assert their political rights, but it is as the Lord's freemen. Thus none live lives so beautiful, so noble, so useful, as these dead men.

But having tried to prevent possible misconceptions, let us inquire more exactly, in what sense are believers dead? Some few understand the phrase merely in a forensic sense. Thus Haldane, in his "Commentary on the Romans," maintains that to be dead to sin means simply to be freed from the guilt of sin. No doubt this lies at the foundation, for there is no being dead to sin unless you are delivered from its guilt; but this is not all. In Romans vi. Paul passes from the subject of justification (of which he has largely treated in the earlier chapters) to sanctification. And he tells us that this death, this crucifixion with Christ, is "that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Death to sin, therefore, means deliverance from its power, and not merely from its guilt. The expression is ethical, not merely forensic: it speaks of our state, not merely of our relation. Let me quote in support two eminent theologians whose acumen and orthodoxy none will dispute. Calvin, commenting on the words, "Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin" (Rom. vi. 11), remarks, "The meaning, then, of the words may be thus expressed—'Take this view of your case, that as Christ once died for the purpose of destroying sin, so you have once died that in future you may cease from sin: yea, you must daily proceed with the work of mortifying which is begun in you till sin be wholly destroyed.'" And Bishop Davenant, on Colossians iii. 3, says—"They that are born again are dead to sin, not because sin is wholly eradicated and extirpated from their mortal body: for this would oppose every one's experience who perceives within himself the fuel of sin: but because its

dominion is broken, weakened and debilitated: because its power is gradually subdued by the operation of grace: because at length it shall be wholly overcome and extinguished by the perfection of glory."

How then do we become thus dead? I answer, by a believing fellowship with the death of Christ. The Scripture testimony to this is abundant. "Buried with him by baptism into death." "The death which he died he died unto sin once." "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin." "Ye are dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." When we see him who pleased not himself, and in that self-forgetful obedience endured the cross, our selfishness must die. That cross becomes a loadstone which draws our self-centre nearer to him, so that we become more centred in him.

"Oh, I could go through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say."

For this Christ is alike our example and our power.

"Such was the life thou livedst; self abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing."

As we realise how the world crucified Christ, the world becomes in that presence crucified to us.

"His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me."

And fellowship with the death of Christ is certain death to sin. In presence of a dying Saviour sin does seem exceeding sinful and hateful; if we love sin, we must to that degree be turning away from that sight.

"The cross, once seen, is death to every vice;
Else he that hung there suffered all his pain,
Bled, groaned, and agonized, and died in vain."

Do we shrink from this dying? One tells us that he was delivered from a dread of physical death by a pleasing view he had of Christ lying peaceful in the grave. And all that seems revolting in the idea of dying to self and sin will vanish in sight of the cross of Christ: dread will change to longing, and our one absorbing ambition will be that of Paul, that we may know Christ, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.

Be it, then, our aim to endeavour to realize this death more and more in our actual experience. For, remember, we have not fully realized it as yet. These Colossians to whom Paul says, "Ye are dead," he exhorts immediately afterwards, "Mortify therefore your members." It would be nonsense to tell a man actually dead to slay himself; but a warrior who had received his death wound, writhing in dying agony, might say to a comrade, "Slay me, I am a dead man." Those Christians who fancy they have done with sin have got past Paul's epistles; for he often gives such precepts as this, "Mortify your members." And again and again Christ bids his disciples to take up their cross and follow him.

Set before you a high standard of deadness to sin. John, who has acknowledged that we still need the cleansing blood, yet sets before us a perfect ideal which we are to strive to attain. "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." Where is the man who has fully attained this ideal? But let your ideal be high, for you will certainly never rise above it; you will probably fall far below it. A certain school of Hyper-Calvinists are always preaching up doubt, and that looks much like glorying in sin; as though Christian experience yielded nothing better than—doubt, doubt, doubt; sin, sin, sin. No wonder such are a cold, miserable, inconsistent crew. Preach down doubt, preach down sin; set up a high standard, and aim after it. And it will prove a great help often to reflect upon your position. "Ye are dead." "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin." When chafed about what men say of you, reflect, "I am dead, what matters what they think or say of me?" When tempted to vanity, remember you are dead; why should a dead man be vain? When excited by anger or passion, quell the impulse as did that converted prizefighter who, when provoked, had raised his arm to strike, but lowered it again, saying, "No, I am dead, I must not strike." If the world is gaining upon you too much, quench the unhallowed fire with this thought, "I am dead to the world." Thus faith's reckoning will become fact, and "sin shall not have dominion over you."

I repeat—we shall only thus actually die by a believing union with Christ. With and like the great Seedcorn we must die to bring forth fruit. We shall only have fellowship with Christ's death by the power of the Spirit. "If ye *through the Spirit* do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Let us therefore seek constantly and earnestly the Spirit's power, that God in his own way (and we must not marvel if it should prove a painful way) may mortify all the evil in us, so that we may more and more realize this ideal as actual experience; so that, as Chrysostom puts it strongly, "we may remain unmoved as the dead." It may seem a paradox, but it is true: here is the root and soil and foundation of holiness, joy, fruitfulness; yea, of life itself—"Ye are dead."

Mexico.

I.—ITS OLD AZTEC AND PRESENT POPISH RELIGION.

THE religion of the Mexicans, for ages before their Roman Catholic conquerors even knew of their existence, was purely Chaldean. They professed to believe in a supreme God, but they worshipped gods many and lords many. Idol worship was general: they had a regular priesthood; and gorgeous temples and even convents: they had processions in which crosses, and even *red* crosses were carried; and incense, flowers and fruit offerings were employed in their worship. They confessed to their priests, and generally confessed only once, receiving a written absolution which served them for the remainder of their lives as an effectual safeguard from punishment, even for crimes committed after receiving the said absolution. They worshipped, and afterwards ate a wafer-god, an idol made of flour and honey, which they called "the god of penitence," and they always ate *him* fasting. They also venerated the black calf, or bull, and adored a goddess-mother with an infant son in her arms. They sacrificed human victims to their great god of hell and of war, Huitzilopochtli, of whom they considered the cross to be a mark or symbol, and to whom human victims were sacrificed, by laying them on a great *black* stone and tearing out their *hearts!* The cross was also venerated, by some of the tribes, as the mark or symbol of their great Messiah, whom they called *Tamu.*

When Hernan Cortes and his handful of Catholic adventurers conquered Mexico in the sixteenth century, they found the introduction of their religion to be an easy matter. The simple method adopted in numerous cases by the Catholic priests, in order to *convert* the Mexicans was to remove slily, and by night, the old Aztec idol from its niche and place an image or painting of some Papal saint, or a crucifix, in its stead. The next day the simple Indians, astounded at the marvel, would receive it as a divine miracle, and would at once render to the new god the worship they had so recently given to their old one. In this way was the change effected. The Papal sacrifice of the mass replaced the old Aztec human sacrifices; and as the Mexicans were taught to believe that God's Son is really and literally slain thousands of times over in the course of a year, they readily accepted the substitution; and should any have longed for a revival of the old rites of their Aztec Moloch, the *Most Holy* Catholic Inquisition, with its dungeons and stakes and human sacrifices would have satisfied even the most bloodthirsty disciple of Huitzilopochtli. Catholic churches soon occupied the site of the old Aztec temples. Catholic priests and nuns replaced their Aztec predecessors. Processions still more pompous took the place of the old; incense, flowers, and idols belonged to the new religion as to the old; even baptism and confession, and feasting on the wafer-god were all continued with but few, if any, improvements. The ancient mother-goddess gave way to the Papal Virgin mother and her child; crosses became more numerous than ever; the same old familiar *red* cross continued to be adored, with just one trifling change of title. What was once known as the mark of the

God of Hell, now became venerated as the sign of life and mark of the Papal *Christian;* the Indian Messiah *Tamu* was soon forgotten, and the cross was now considered as a relic of the Apostle Thomas! Nor was the sacred heart or the black bull discarded; the new religion gave him a place of honour in its festivals, and in many Papal churches in Mexico is he, to this day, worshipped as a black Messiah, with woolly hair and thick lips, and hanging on the cross, *his own especial symbol!*

II.—HOW GOD PREPARED MEXICO TO RECEIVE THE GOSPEL.

In this manner, dressed as an angel of light, has the old pagan religion of Mexico come down to our days, and for some three centuries the people groaned under the withering blight of Popery, until, sickened and wearied with its galling yoke, they rose in deadly struggle against that awful system, which the Spirit of God describes as that "beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly," which "devoured and brake in pieces, and trod with its feet the whole earth." (Dan. vii.)

God—He who is the living God and steadfast for ever—in his merciful Providence raised up a poor Mexican Indian, trained him for the task and sent him forth to do battle against that beast. BENITO JUAREZ—than whom no worthier name has ever been inscribed in the annals of Mexico—was the soul and leader and standard-bearer of that marvellous revolution which began so few years ago, and which resulted in the mortal wounding of the Papal beast. To see a people, who for long ages had been humbled and degraded and fettered and blinded by Romanism, and to whom God's precious word, the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, was a sealed, an unknown book; to see such a priest-ridden people rise in might and break the hateful yoke, is a marvel at which all Christendom may well gaze and wonder, but which they would do well to imitate.

Mexico did that! And although Catholic France flew to prop up the tottering stronghold of Popery, and sent thousands of her veteran soldiers to crush those little bands of ragged and badly-armed, but lion-hearted patriots (and, thank God, England withdrew her hand from that iniquitous scheme in good time), yet did Mexico prevail and overcome the legions of her powerful foes, and stripped the Roman church of her fabulous wealth, the fruits of ages of spoil and robbery; suppressed her convents and monasteries, even to levelling their walls; expelled her Jesuits, forbade all public processions in the streets, and even took church bells and graveyards and national education out of the priests' hands. Even the use of ecclesiastical garbs in public is now unlawful; the wafer-god can no longer be carried openly through the streets; even sisters of charity have been suppressed because they were but agents in the hands of Jesuits; and last, but best of all, religious liberty and toleration have been proclaimed as one of the unalterable laws of the Mexican constitution.

And thus has Mexico, so slandered and despised by other nations, waged a nobler warfare for the Lamb of God than even Protestant nations have ever dared to do! Thus did God plough up the soil and prepare Mexico for the sowing of the gospel.

III.—THE GOSPEL IN MEXICO.

A few short years ago the pure gospel of Christ was unknown in Mexico, except, it may be, in a few isolated instances. Only within the past five or six years have the glorious tidings of salvation by faith in the Son of God been proclaimed openly, and souls have been gathered out of darkness into light, and have assembled in congregations to worship the God of the Bible, in spirit and in truth.

It is difficult to trace the beginning of God's work in Mexico. In many places it began almost simultaneously. A copy of the word of God, a gospel, and sometimes even a tract, falling into the hands of some poor Romanist, and used by God's Spirit to the conversion of that soul; such was the beginning of the work in most places. That awakened soul convincing others, and they meeting together for the study of God's word and for worship—moulding all their acts to the beautiful simplicity of Bible customs and teaching—such was the origin of nearly all the congregations of Mexican Protestants. American churches, hearing of this work, sent their missionaries to Mexico, and so the work has been taken up and carried on, God mightily blessing his own word. Thousands of Bibles, gospels, and tracts, have been scattered thus throughout the land; printing presses set to work; congregations helped and organized; schools and orphanages established, and although some defeats and losses and even many cases of bloodshed have been experienced, yet has the word of God prevailed, and prevails day by day.

IV.—OUR TOLUCA VALLEY MISSION.

Less than four years ago, in 1872, after being more than seven years in Mexico, I was led by the Lord's guidance to establish myself and family in the city of Toluca, the capital of the State of Mexico. Toluca contains some 30,000 inhabitants, and is distant about seventeen leagues west, or south-west of Mexico city. At that time the only persons in Toluca known to be Protestants were myself and my wife. Anxious to do something for the Master, and being too poor to buy even a gospel or a tract to give away, I appealed to a dear friend in England, and asked for Bibles. Before they arrived I heard of a gospel movement in Mexico city, and I went there and found that a genuine work had begun; a purely Mexican gospel work which had recently been assisted and encouraged by American Christians. Rejoiced at this, I returned to Toluca. God raised up helpers, and in 1873, on February 23rd, I was enabled to open a large room for public worship. At the morning service from forty to fifty persons attended: on the following Wednesday evening they had increased to about one hundred. Fierce opposition and persecution were raised against us by the Catholic priests, but the work continued, and has increased ever since. God graciously inclined the hearts of a few of his people to help us; Christians in England, America, and even in France have assisted us: Bibles and tracts were supplied gratuitously by the English societies: even printing presses were given, and an harmonium by other kind helpers, and thus we have been enabled to increase in labours, and the work has gone on deepening and widening. Last February we held our third anniversary, when from

three hundred to four hundred souls assembled, all of whom have been brought out of sin and Papal idolatry into Christ's gospel, and many of whom give the clearest evidence that they are converted to God. Nor has the work been confined to the city of Toluca, but has been extended to several towns and villages around, where now are to be found numerous Protestants and active workers for Christ, where only four years ago there was not a single one. This mission is entirely unsectarian, being connected with no particular denomination whatever, and is therefore dependent for funds entirely upon the help received from those of God's people whom his Spirit inclines to assist us. Our sole object is to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in all its simplicity and purity, and by means of preaching and printing to spread the glad tidings among all classes and in all parts of the land. We acquire no church property; spend no money in gorgeous temples made with hands, but gather the converts into ordinary rooms, like the 'upper chambers' of apostolic times. From the commencement of this mission until the present time (1876) I am the only foreign missionary at work in the valley of Toluca; all my helpers are Mexicans; we pay those who labour in the printing department, but only occasional pecuniary help is given to those who preach or evangelize. It is also a well-established rule with us that every convert, male or female, old or young, is expected to work for the Master by any and every means; the result is, that the gospel has thus been carried to distant villages, and has gained an entrance to places which otherwise would have been inaccessible to us.

Our mission is also the *only* English mission in Mexico: American churches have planted various missions there, in other parts of the country, and some have English or Welch missionaries in their employ, but the Toluca Valley Mission is the only mission in Mexico under English direction and sustained by English Christians. God's blessing has rested on this work. With but scanty funds a great and an ever increasing work has been carried on: the gospel is preached in all its clearness and fulness: the gospel banner has been "nailed to the mast," and *both edges* of the sword of the Spirit, the word of God are faithfully used, as they ever ought to be by the followers of the Lamb.

Perhaps a few details of the printing department will best illustrate the marvellous way in which God has blessed this mission. In June, 1873, we began printing with a small parlour press, known as the "Cowper Press:" it was the gift of a Christian lady of London. The press and the type were only sufficient to print a page and a half octavo size, and each page had to be printed separately. On this, in about six months, we printed eight tracts, in all 8,220 copies, containing a total of 16,640 pages, besides sundry other articles for congregational purposes. In January of 1874 we began work with a larger press, the smallest size Columbian press, with an excellent stock of type, nearly all supplied by God's people in England. That enabled us to issue an eight-paged periodical—"El Heraldo"— published three times a month, and also to increase our issue of tracts. The result has been that at March last (1876) the total issues of our presses (including also that of the small press) were 151,270 copies, containing a total of 1,435,860 pages; that is, in round numbers, more than 150,000 tracts, averaging nearly nine-and-a-half pages each tract. To be practical

throughout, let me add that this work was done at a cost of £237 for wages and sundries, and £257 for paper (which in Mexico is a very inferior and costly material); and our printing department swallows up *nearly the half* of our mission funds!

God has been pleased to bless this branch of our work so marvellously, that He has now provided funds for the purchase of a double-demy printing machine, to be worked by a small steam engine which will be carried to Mexico on my return, and will be at once set to work, and will enable us to inundate Mexico with pure gospel and undenominational literature.

V.—THE WORK TO BE DONE.

We have now reached an important epoch in our Toluca Valley Mission work. God is clearly calling us to carry the gospel to the Indians of Mexico, for whom at present absolutely nothing has been done, except in an indirect way; and if Mexico is ever to be a saved people, won for Christ, it must be done by the evangelization of her numerous Indian tribes. The whole population of Mexico is said to be nine or ten millions; and the great majority of these, probably three-fourths, but at least two-thirds, are Indians, pure blooded descendants of the ancient owners of the country. The whites, or descendants of the Spanish conquerors, although inferior in numbers, have all power and authority in their hands, and occupy the cities and principal towns. They speak Spanish, and are what we now call "Mexicans," and as distinguished from the Indians, call themselves "rational beings" (*gente de razon*). Only amongst these have gospel missions been founded hitherto, and the gospel been preached. The great mass of Indians keep entirely separate from white Mexicans, and in their own villages and families will only talk in their own native languages; so that, except in a few cases where a mingling of the two races has taken place, and so enabled Indians to understand the gospel preached in Spanish, nothing has been done towards telling these five or six millions of down-trodden and despised Indians, the glorious tidings of God's love to the world in giving his own Son to die for sinners. To carry the gospel directly to them; to train and send amongst them preachers of their own tribes; to reduce their languages to writing, and give them God's *written* Word to read for themselves, is the work which God seems clearly to be calling our Toluca Valley Protestants to undertake without further delay.

My visit to England was not undertaken from any desire to rest from the many labours and cares of our mission; nor even have I come to beg assistance for that work; the death of my beloved wife compelled me to take this step. In November of last year she was cruelly cut down in the bloom of her womanhood, her young life sacrificed by cold-blooded treachery of her medical attendant. Her last wishes were for me to write and assure her murderer (her own expression) of her sincere forgiveness of the cruel deed; to bring our three little girls to England to be cared for and educated, and to return myself to Mexico to carry on the Master's work, and especially to carry the gospel to the poor Indians. My journey to England, therefore, was a necessity. Being the *only* Englishman in all the city of Toluca, or

indeed in all the valley of Toluca, my wife's death rendered it impossible for me to care for my children as I ought, and carry on the Master's work, as I did when my beloved helpmate was alive. The recent outbreak of the revolution added force to these reasons, and hence my visit to England. The Lord has lovingly provided for my children, and has also opened up wonderful ways and means, so that in a few weeks I shall be able to return to my field of labour to carry on the work already begun, and to open up the new field for preaching Christ — a living, loving, all-sufficient Saviour — to the millions of poor Indians in Mexico.

And now, dear sir, I hope I have not encroached too much on your kindness and patience. Please insert in your *Sword and Trowel* as much of this as you think best; and, if you will allow me, I shall be very happy, from time to time, to send you brief articles and information bearing on Mexico, which, I am sure, would greatly interest your numerous readers. Again begging you to remember us and our little mission sometimes in your prayers,*

I am, dear sir, yours in the Master's love and work,

JAMES PASCOE.

Charles Verdon.

A BRIEF MEMOIR. BY A COMRADE.

EVERY week the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle loses by death one or more of its members, and during the fourth week in July last it sustained the loss of a most beloved and useful elder, in the departure of Charles Verdon to the land of glory.

He was a Swiss by birth, and only thirty-two years of age, having been born in the canton of Freiburg, in June, 1844. He left home when he was nineteen to live in Paris, working there as a philosophical instrument maker for two years. Doubtless, he met with many an adventure while he resided there, a worldly young man in so gay a city; but in his diary there is no mention made of any event during that period. Only in one of his subsequent letters he says, "I was on the road to hell, hunting after the pleasures of this world. In Paris I found the road very wide indeed." Perhaps like many another saint, he strove to forget the tenor of his pre-regenerate existence, at any rate he has left no record of the days of his bondage under sin. No one can lead a life worthy of remembrance until he enters upon that life which is lived "by faith of the Son of God."

In 1865 he came to London, and lodged for more than a year at the house of a German friend, who had become converted, and was a member of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Here he seems to have passed a very comfortable time, but he was still a stranger to vital godliness. His friend often spoke kindly to him about his soul, but without any apparent result.

He found himself making very little progress in the English language, and he thought it would therefore be to his advantage to live in an English family, and consequently he left his friend's house.

The salutary restraint which had been exercised so wisely and kindly by his former landlord was now removed, and he says, "I began to read 'Bow Bells,'

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* Mr. Pascoe can be communicated with through Mr. Mercer, Siddows House, Clitheroe, Lancashire.

'London Journal,' etc., and soon I was the same thoughtless man as before, but my conscience was always at work. I felt that something was wrong. I wanted something to appease my conscience, but all was in vain, the reproachful feelings would not cease."

In September, 1867, he went to Paris to visit the Great Exhibition there. He writes, "one day when walking in the park that surrounded the Exposition Palace, I received a tract in the French language, and I began to read it." He preserved the tract for some time. It was in the form of a brief dialogue, into which was introduced the parable of the prodigal son, which was printed at length in the words of Scripture. He continues, "God blessed his Word. I saw the prodigal son in my own person." He determined to follow the prodigal's example, and did try to go to God, but could not pray, "temptations surrounded him more than before." "My burden," he says, "must have effected a great change in my countenance, for my relative in Paris, and my landlady in London asked me as soon as they saw me if I were ill, I looked so pale. I was ill, but I did not bear to tell them what illness I had." . . . . "I must have wandered very far from God for my journey home was so very long my heart was ready to despair, for I had driven the nails so fast into my Saviour's hands and feet, and pierced his heart with unnumbered sins."

He had recourse to his old German friend, who gave him two of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which gave him much comfort, and brought him very near to the cross; but at length on the 19th of March, 1868, about nine o'clock in the evening, as he notes it in his small journal, "the Lord in his great mercy enabled me to trust in Jesus Christ for my soul's salvation, the means being Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's sermon No. 800, on 'The Centurion's Faith and Humility.' Bless the Lord, O my soul, praise his holy name."

He joined the church at the Tabernacle 7th June, 1868, and being anxious to speak to others of the love of God to sinners, he entered himself a student in the evening classes, and became a member of Elder Bowker's Bible Class.

He made good use of his time, learning the English language thoroughly. For, although he could never divest himself of his foreign accent, he nevertheless mastered the grammar of the language so well as to put to the blush many an Englishman who studied with him.

The consciousness that he spoke with a foreign accent made him very diffident of speaking in public, and in consequence it was not easy to get him to speak in the open air. But there was such a sweetness in this very accent, that it was an advantage more than a hindrance; and his words being always well chosen and arranged, his addresses were invariably pleasant to hear, especially when they were enriched with certain idiomatic expressions, peculiar to him as a foreigner. He was most affectionate in his exhortations, and hence his public addresses were remarkable for very great power and soul-saving success. But it was as a soul-seeker in private conversation that he was most constantly engaged. In this work he excelled all his fellows, although there are several loving men and women at the Tabernacle who find in this work their special vocation.

In this way he loved to glean after his beloved Pastor. With wondrous joy he used to hear the powerful appeals, addressed during the sermon to unbelievers. His friend, who very often sat next to him, can testify to the peculiar inarticulate sound, which seemed to escape him involuntarily, and to express his pleasure and his prayer—his pleasure that the Lord's servant was able to put the truth so plainly and forcibly, and his prayer that somebody might feel the power of the appeal. With the eye of an angler, anxious to see where the hook is taken, he would scan again and again the sea of faces around him, to see who were willing to accept the truth; and, when the service was concluded, he was immediately at the side of such an one, to make the capture complete. This was his life's work, and he entered upon it, and followed it up, with all the zeal and ardour of a sportsman. It was his delight to attend the services at the Tabernacle, because there he found such good fishing ground, both on the

Lord's Day and other days. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord. Glorious sport! No one in the world was happier than Verdon during the last two or three years of his life, for in them he lived for Jesus only, in the full power of the Holy Spirit.

At the commencement of one of these years he writes, "Jesus is very precious to my soul, and if I am not called *home to glory*, the year 1875 will yet bring an increase of happiness in the service of the Lord." It was in this year that he was called to the eldership of the Church at the Tabernacle, and in all the work of an elder he was not behind any of his brethren. It is not at all usual to make so young a person an elder, but as the Lord had called and fitted him, the church did well to recognize the gift. Yet in this year also he gladly records the news that "a way was opened for him to work at the Home in Pratt Street, among the fallen."

Yet again in this year the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelistic Association, of which he was a member, determined upon an aggressive mission, in visiting the various churches of London, and conducting special evangelistic services wherever they were welcomed. Several churches accepted the help of the evangelists, and to most of them Verdon went.

His work among fallen women gave him choice opportunities for exercising his special gifts of tender expostulation and persuasion. He spent very many nights last winter in seeking these poor souls, and very touching were some of the scenes recorded by him. He rejoiced to tell how, one night, he came across one who seemed peculiarly hardened against all his appeals, until he quoted a certain text of Scripture, when she passionately exclaimed, while she pressed her hand to her heart, "Oh! never mention those words to me." And when asked why, she answered, amid an outburst of tears, "Oh, they are the last words I heard my father preach from." He followed up the advantage which those tears gave him, and greatly rejoiced in being able to bring home to Jesus a daughter of one of Christ's own ministers. Such rewards amply recompensed him, although he had to work for his living, and could not afford to lose his day's work; but he willingly gave up his night's rest, and was very indignant if any one hinted to him that he was injuring his health. It was something to be remembered to hear him ask if the souls of these poor wanderers were not worth more than his health.

Next to these poor creatures of the street, the special objects of his Christian solicitude were his fellow workmen. He shone as a light in his workshop. He strove by all means to win them for Christ. Among other things he made it a rule to print a letter, which he gave to each one of them at the beginning of every year, in which he dealt very plainly and faithfully with their souls.

In the evangelistic meetings he was very successful. One night very late a brother met him several miles away from his home, hurriedly taking what refreshment he could in the streets, in the shape of a penny loaf which he had bought as he hastened along. This friend, accosting him, said, "Halloa! what do you do here?" and Verdon, without answering the question, or waiting to empty his mouth, exclaimed as plainly as he could, under the circumstances, "Five souls saved! five souls saved!" He had been to a meeting, and had been kept to that late hour at the work of bringing in these five souls. The thought of this success greatly sweetened his hasty meal.

On another occasion, he with two other brethren attended to speak at a meeting on a very wet night when, in consequence, there was a very small attendance; but, nevertheless, he was the means of bringing three that night to Jesus, or as he used to pronounce the name—Yezuus. On that evening he was the last to speak, and only a quarter of an hour was left to him, but about five minutes after he began the clock stopped, and he continued his address for some time beyond the hour, because he did not at once discover that the hands were standing still. During his address three young ladies were particularly affected by his words. Tears came into their eyes, and in the midst of the small congregation they found themselves compelled, against their will, to lean their

faces forward and weep before the Lord. At the close of the service Verdon was instantly at their side. He persuaded them to go with him into the vestry, and these were the three he brought to Jesus that night. The next day he wrote to one of his brethren to say that he did not much like having only a quarter of an hour, but "bless the Lord," he writes, "he stopped the clock for me, and so I was enabled to win three souls for him."

His death was very sudden, but very triumphant. Three weeks before his death the Elders of the Tabernacle spent a very happy day at the house of Mr. James Spurgeon, at Croydon, when the senior pastor was genially and lovingly rallying some of the elder brethren upon their age, and it was discovered that Verdon was the youngest of the Elders. We see, therefore, that the Lord has been pleased to take the last first.

A fortnight before his death he was noticed by his comrades in the prayer-room of the Evangelists' Association, pleading with a young man to decide for Christ. On asking him the following Sunday "What he had made of that young man," he said, "Oh! he found Jesus before he left me; and blessed be God, there were two more that night: Miss —— and Miss ——, also had a soul each."

The last service he attended at the Tabernacle was on that memorable occasion when the regular congregation absented themselves and the place was crowded with "outsiders." He refused that evening to attend the open-air service at the Orphanage to give an address there, preferring to be silent himself that he might lovingly assist his Pastor in his special effort. On being asked his opinion of the service, he said with joy, "Oh, there was a great blessing in the Tabernacle last night."

On the following Saturday he intended to go to Southampton for his summer holiday; and on the Thursday, not being able to attend the prayer meeting of the Evangelists' Association, he sent the following letter to the secretary:—

"Dear Brother,—God willing, I shall be with Brother Soper at Southampton from Saturday to Tuesday, and we mean to work for Jesus. Will you kindly ask the brethren to pray for us to-night, and Sunday evening, too, as we will remember them before the Lord."

But God was not willing that he should go. On that very Saturday he was taken ill, and after a short but painful sickness he went home just after the midnight of the following Wednesday. He was conscious of his coming dissolution. He was perfectly calm and peaceful, although so much harassed by pain, that he said to his kind friend who was attending him, "Ah, brother Cox, if I had to seek the Saviour now I could not do it." He prayed earnestly for his pastor, for several of his friends by name, but especially for his shopmates. "Oh," said he to the same brother, "if I thought that by my dying my shopmates would come to Jesus, I would gladly die." He did die, and many of his shopmates followed him to his grave. Will as many of them follow him to glory?

Mr. Spurgeon lovingly buried him in the Brompton cemetery, and on the following Sunday paid a noble tribute to his memory in a sermon he preached upon Enoch. Very many were rejoiced and encouraged in their work by such a glowing testimony being borne to the worth of their departed brother. Their regret was that Verdon himself was beyond the reach of such loving words, but we rejoice to know that long before the pastor's "well done!" was uttered, the Master's "well done!" had been given to the faithful servant. Oh, the joy into which our beloved Verdon had entered!

We acknowledge Christ to be Lord, and we know that he has a right to place his servants where he pleases. He has called our brother out of our sight, away from our side. He has not told us the reason why, but he doeth all things well. This our brother knows at this moment, and this we also believe.

Consecration of our Substance.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ONE of the things which we cannot unriddle is the way in which professing Christians use their wealth. We are not extreme in our views, and do not believe the Lord to be a hard taskmaster, but we cannot understand the manner in which many of his avowed servants act towards him. When we gave ourselves to God we meant it, and it was no mere form: we gave him then and there our whole self and all that we had, and we have no desire to run back from the vow. We suppose that other Christians did the same, and that they regard themselves as not their own, but bought with a price: how, then, can we interpret their lives? They accumulate tens of thousands of pounds for themselves and families, and leave the heathen to perish in ignorance; they add field to field, or ship to ship, and allow poor churches to be crippled with debt. The ministers of God are starving, and among the people whom they serve there are men worth scores of thousands: missionaries cannot be sent out for lack of means, and yet those who profess to love Jesus continue to lay by, not for their needs, but for mere greed. Ah, if they did but know it, they are missing one of the brightest joys of life, compared with which avarice is misery. He lives indeed who lives for God, and he enjoys his money who lays it out to glorify Jesus. Reading the other day a book entitled "*Wesleyan Local Preachers*,"* we dropped upon the following account of Thomas Bush, which we recommend to Baptists as well as Methodists:—

"Thomas Bush entertained a high estimate of the duty of Christian benevolence; and in the plans he adopted to carry out his beneficent wishes, he proved himself to be, in heart and action, *a Methodist*.† Heavy affliction did not sour his nature, neither did it cause his zeal for God to occupy a second place in his thoughts and purposes. Although prevented, in the providence of God, from teaching the truth by his voice, he felt that there was no barrier in the way to hinder the manifestation of the truth in his life and conduct. That he *lived the gospel* which he had preached to others, is attested by a solemn covenant which he made with his Maker, and which also he strictly observed to the latest day of his pilgrimage on earth. Ascending, one day, an eminence called White Horse Hill, about the year 1820, he gazed upon the fertile plain which lay stretched before him. Saddening thoughts filled his mind, as he considered that at his feet dwelt multitudes who could not claim any interest in the atonement of Christ—men and women who were passing to eternity, heedless alike of happiness and misery. True, there were watchmen appointed for the purpose of warning these thoughtless ones against the dangers of the path on which they journeyed; but the counsel, he believed, was misleading and unsafe. No sooner did the magnitude of the evil present itself forcibly to his imagination, than he determined to do what in him lay to mitigate, and, if possible, remove it. Animated by a lively faith and holy love, he committed himself and the cause he had espoused to God. The following record of the circumstance was noted by himself:—'On White Horse Hill I solemnly and unalienably made an entire surrender of body, soul, substance, time, influence, and talent of every kind, to thee as my triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit; and I took that whole district as my special vineyard.' An extract from the covenant itself will show its scope, and the devoted piety and zeal which called it forth:—'I will lay out my yearly income faithfully for thee—if not in the same year, yet uprightly and faithfully. And if thou sparest me to pursue the great work in the Vale of the White Horse, *I will plant the gospel, and purchase premises, and erect preaching-houses, and settle them on the Conference Plan, without*

* Wesleyan Local Preachers: Biographical Illustrations of their Position in the Connexion, Utility in the Church, and Influence in the World. By the Author of "Tyneside Celebrities." Newcastle-upon-Tyne: William D. Lawson, 9, Ashfield Terrace West.

† Say rather, a Christian.

selfish reserves. I will not lend my *yearly income* on interest, but will honestly lay it up for the cause of God. Oh, make me as a child of eternity while in time! Oh, in sovereign mercy, give me to go through the world under the influence of special power from thee! May I be raised above the influence of all sensual desires and pursuits! Oh, give me to feel that I am ordained, called, qualified, and redeemed, by thee, for special service both in the church and in the world! Oh, give me to live in this holy atmosphere at all times, and in all places and companies, in all humility of mind, and gracious soul-humbling, soul-transforming feelings, for Jesus Christ's sake, for thy name's sake, and for thy own glory! Oh, restore my voice again! Lord, heal me, I beseech thee, for these great and holy ends! Oh, let nothing incapacitate me for thy service! . . . . My chapels shall be settled so that the surplus income go to support the regular ministry in the circuit.' Such was the grand scheme of practical usefulness which Thomas Bush devised in humble dependence upon God. That he did not lose sight of the important objects for the attainment of which it had been conceived, the following memorandum proves. Five years after his special day of communion with Jehovah upon White Horse Hill, he thus writes:—'O my God! I have most solemnly given myself up to thee. I have particularly covenanted and engaged to take the whole distric of the Vale of the White Horse as my vineyard, as far as my yearly incom will allow, with proper quotas to thy general cause and poor relations. Oh look upon the still desert parts of my native land! How many counties are still comparatively destitute of Methodism, and the genuine doctrines of the gospel, by any truly evangelical ministration! I know foreign missions are of inconceivable importance, the most noble subject that can engage the mind of man; and while Christians are alive to God, they can never view with indifference the state of the heathen world. Blessed be God! the missionary flame is revived, and is, I trust, increasing. A Christian public is alive and active in that department. As to myself, I am a poor, solitary, afflicted, insignificant individual; and have for some years been led to try to do a little good in those ways and directions where, I believe, humanly speaking, it would not otherwise have been done at all. I will be entirely and unreservedly devoted to God. Oh, that I may, as fully as my nature is capable! If the Lord should continue or increase my providential talents, I will use them fully for him. I will have a particular eye not only on one district, but to the neglected parts of the country in general, if I can possibly, by my yearly income, my little influence, or by writing, advance the glory of God in that way. O my God, if thou canst so greatly bow, heal me, restore my voice and strength, so far as shall enable me to glorify thee. Oh, ordain me for special service for thee! Even favour me with justness of thought, humility of soul, spirituality of mind, that will enable me to glorify thyself, for Christ's sake.'"

Preaching to be plain.

THERE is a sea-bird called the Great Northern Diver, which is worth watching. He is floating upon the sea at one moment, and in the next you miss him: he is gone, gone for quite a time, and then he comes up so far away that unless you know his habits you will never believe that it is the same bird. He is great at diving. Have we never seen his like in the ministerial world? Assuredly we have. The preacher is there, and you think you see what he is at, but on a sudden he has plunged and is lost to comprehension. Wait awhile, and he will again appear upon the surface, but it will be at a considerable distance from his last position. This may be thought very fine by those hearers who consider that they are profited much when they understand least, but it is not the preaching which glorifies or benefits men. "We use great plainness of speech," said Paul, and the more honestly a man can say the same the better. When the hearers cannot understand there is room to suspect the preacher of a lack in his own understanding.

Comfort to be dispensed judiciously.

CHILDREN can be coddled into the grave. The dear boy is deprived of fresh air from the terrible fear of taking cold; he must not play at any game requiring healthy exercise lest he should over-exert himself; he must be physicked when he is well to prevent his taking some terrible disease; and he must be pampered and indulged in order that he may not become unduly excited by having his will opposed. We have seen children positively murdered by their anxious parents, coddled to death. Is it not easy to do the same with converts? Is it not too common to keep back solemn truths lest the new comers should be discouraged, and give a comfortable but untruthful gloss to every searching doctrine that their peace may not be disturbed? Is it right to do this? Can it be a good thing to screen the conscience from searching enquiry, and the heart from testing doctrines? It must surely be far better to let every part of revelation act on the professed disciple after its own manner, and produce the effect for which it was intended.

The same evil may happen if we comfort unbelieving Christians, and never upbraid them for their unbelief. We may treat them to too much pity till they come to like to be despondent for the sake of being consoled. In this way their Christian manliness may be checked in its development, and their general spiritual health be reduced to constant ailing. Doubting saints, like children, must be loved and cared for, but not indulged in sinful unbelief and cossetted into constant weakness. We have seen a boy kept in a heated room in an atmosphere quite enough to drive him into a fever, and we have been reminded of the unnatural and artificial conditions into which some of the weaker sort of believers are constantly placed by the mistaken kindness of unwise friends.

Unity of Purpose.

IN a garden at Mentone is a tree upon which may be seen at the same time oranges, lemons, citrons, and shaddocks. All the grafts were alive, but they were not all equally vigorous. If I remember well there was but one fruit of each kind on any but the orange and the lemon, and the orange greatly preponderated in fruitfulness. The stronger wins the day. The more vigorous of the grafts took the sap to itself, and left the others to pine. One kind of fruit is enough for one tree, and one great object in life is enough for one man. If we have two or three aims, either one will kill the rest or else all will be poor, miserable, pining, worthless things. "This one thing I do" is a wise motto. "One thing is needful," let us pursue it.

Amusements, aboided from their Surroundings.

BECAUSE of the ravages of the Colorado beetle, all foreign potatoes, though in themselves unobjectionable, are kept out of Italy. It seems a hard measure, but the danger appears to justify it. We are often placed under the same necessity as to amusements: in themselves they may be well enough, but we cannot shut our eyes to the serious evils which have become connected with them, and therefore we feel it to be our only course to make them contraband altogether. You cannot sift out the beetles, and so you must shut out the potatoes; you cannot remove the attendant sins, and so you must forego the pleasures. "Hard Puritanism!" cries one. Common sense, say we, and if we had more of the so-called Puritanism among us we should be all the better for it.

Notices of Books.

Our City Churches. A few Words in Rhyme about a few of them and their associations. By T. L. Haughton and Co. Sixpence.

The Lord Mayor of London considers these rhymes to be very clever, amusing, and interesting: we will not dispute his lordship's judgment. Dwellers in the great city will take more interest in such a subject than our readers who reside elsewhere. Those who live within the sound of Bow bells will be amused by these unpretentious verses, and in these dull days for City men sixpenny-worth of innocent mirth is worth the sixpence at least. Our author has a little ballad for each city church; we have selected three of them.

"St. Mary Woolnoth.

"This is the church
Where Doctor Burch
For many years was Rector.
But, alas! alas!
It came to pass
That the Doctor died!
When nobody cried,
Or so much as sighed,
Because of the loss of the Rector!"

"Allhallows, Barking.

"This is a church hard by the Tower,
A living worth so much per hour,
Two thousand pounds a year at least,
From half that sum at first increased.
Canon Thomas is the Rector,
Primate Sumner was Elector
When the former was preferred,
As to whom one scarcely heard
So much as that the man existed,
Or whether, if known, he was respected.
However he obtained the living,
Bestowed, no doubt, without misgiving,
Although, indeed, in point of fact,
Miss-giving influenced the act,
For Canon Thomas, having sought her,
Married Primate Sumner's daughter."

"St. Peter le Poer.

"This is a church you might pass by,
And its existence well deny,
So unobserved it stands.
But there's the church with clock on tower,
Informing all around the hour:
A clock of course with hands.
But how about attendance here;
Dr. Vivian draws, a year,
Twelve hundred pounds, they say,
But as to congregation, oh,
He draws not twenty persons; no,
They go elsewhere to pray."

The National Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Knowledge. By writers of eminence in Literature, Science, and Art. London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: William Mackenzie.

We have examined this encyclopædia with considerable care, and have found the information given under the words to which we have referred to be well condensed, clear and sufficient. The larger Encyclopædias are too costly to be purchased by very many, and are also too large for convenient use: this "dictionary of useful knowledge" is both cheap in price and handy in dimensions. We prefer the Britannica of course, but as far as we have gone with this we are pleased with it. There are thirteen volumes at 12s. each, containing each one about 520 pages of letter-press. Though the amount £7 16s. is, we fear, beyond the reach of the great mass of students, yet the price is singularly reasonable for such fine volumes, replete with so much necessary instruction.

The Valley of Death Railway. A dream, by an old traveller. Elliot Stock. Price one Shilling.

A simple allegory describing the way to heaven or hell, as a journey upon the up or down lines. It is calculated to do good, but it is not very striking.

A Course of Addresses on the Word and Works of God, Delivered to an Evangelical Association of Young Men. By Maurice Lothian. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

Capital addresses, such as young men ought to hear, and could not fail to appreciate. If all our Bible-classes were thus instructed, we should hear but little of scepticism, and there would be less to mourn over in the tendencies of the age to incessant inquiry rather than to settled conviction. A teacher might do a far worse thing than get up these addresses and re-deliver them to his young men, but to read them from the book would be to tear the soul out of them, and exhibit their corpses. This would never do.

Holiness unto the Lord; illustrated in the character and life of Miss Bosanquet, of Leytonstone, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher of Madeley. Compiled chiefly from her Journal. By the Rev. Stephen Cox. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row. Price threepence.

Although we cannot agree with the view of sanctification interwoven in this narrative, the little book cannot be read without stimulating believers to a closer walk with God. The death-scene of that holy man, Mr. Fletcher, we select as a specimen of the spirit of the whole. When shall we have less talk about holiness and more of the real thing? We trust that the sad events of the past year may materially help in this direction, but there are a few men about who are not capable of learning, but set up the stump of their Dagon after its head and its hands have been broken. Here is the passage which describes Mr. Fletcher's last days.

"On the 14th of August, 1875, before completing four brief years of happiest wedded life, Mrs. Fletcher had to close the eyes in death of her revered and tenderly loved husband. The following extracts of a letter to Mr. Wesley, only six days later, will best tell the affecting story:—

'August 18th, 1875.

'Rev. and very dear Sir,—For some time before this last illness, his precious soul (always alive to God) was particularly penetrated with the nearness of eternity; there was scarce an hour in which he was not calling upon me to drop every thought and every care, that we might attend to nothing but drinking deeper into God. We spent much time in wrestling prayer for the fulness of the Spirit, and were led, in a very peculiar manner, to an act of abandonment (as we called it) of our whole selves into the hands of God, to do or suffer whatever was pleasing to him. On Thursday, August 4th, he was taken up in the work of God from three in the afternoon 'till nine at night: when he came home he said, "I have taken cold." Friday and Saturday he was but poorly, though he went out part of the day, but seemed uncommonly drawn out in prayer. On Saturday night his fever first appeared very strong. I begged him not to go to the church in the morning, but let a pious brother who was here preach in the yard: but he told me he believed it was the will of the Lord, and that he was assured it was right he should go; in which case I never dared to dissuade him.

'In reading prayers he almost fainted away. I got through the crowd with a friend, and entreated him to come out of the desk, as did some others; but he let us know, in his sweet manner, that we were not to interrupt the order of God. I then retired to my pew, where all around me were in tears. When he was a little refreshed by the windows being opened, and a nosegay thrown into the desk by a friend, he went on; and afterwards going up into the pulpit, preached with a strength and recollection which surprised us all.

'In his first prayer he said, "Lord, thou wilt manifest thy strength in weakness; we confer not with flesh and blood, but put our trust under the shadow of thy wings."

'His text was, "O Lord, thou preservest man and beast. How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

'After sermon he went up the aisle to the communion-table, with these words, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy-seat."

'The congregation was large, and the service held till near two. Sometimes he could scarcely stand, and was often obliged to stop for want of power to speak. The people were deeply affected. Weeping was on every side. Gracious Lord! how was it my soul was kept so calm in the midst of the most tender feelings? Notwithstanding his extreme weakness, he gave out several verses of hymns, and various lively sentences of exhortation. As soon as the service was over, we hurried him away to his bed, where he immediately fainted away. He afterwards dropped into a sleep for some time, and upon waking, cried out with a pleasant smile, "Now, my dear, thou seest I am no worse for doing the Lord's work: he never fails me when I trust in him." After he had got a little dinner, he dozed most of the evening; now and then waking (as was usual with him) full

of the praises of God. That night his fever returned, but not so bad as on Saturday; nevertheless from Sunday his strength decreased amazingly. When awake he delighted much in hearing me read hymns and tracts on faith and love. His words were all animating, and his patience beyond what I can express. He used often to repeat that our business was to seek a perfect conformity to the will of God, and then leave him to give us what comfort he saw good. "I always see death so inexpressibly near, that we both seem to stand as on the verge of eternity." While he slept a little, I laid my trial before the Lord, entreating him, if it was his good pleasure, to spare my beloved husband a little longer; but my prayer seemed to have no wings. It was held down, and I could not help mingling continually therewith, "Lord, give me perfect resignation!" The cup of separation he had for some weeks before I cried to the Lord, and those words were deeply impressed on my spirit, "Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory." This promise was full of matter as well as unction to my soul.

'Awaking some time after, he said, "Polly, I will tell you what I have been thinking of,—it was Israel's fault that they asked for signs: we will not do so; but abandoning our whole selves into the hands of God, we will there lie patiently before him, assured that he will do all things well."

'On Wednesday, after groaning all day as it were under the weight of the power of God, he told me he had received such a manifestation of the full meaning of that word, "God is love," as he could never be able to tell. "It fills me," said he; "it fills me every moment. O Polly! my dear Polly! God is love! Shout, shout aloud! O! it so fills me, I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth. But it seems as if I could not speak much longer: let us fix on a sign between ourselves" (tapping me twice with his dear finger); "now I mean God is love, and we will draw each other into God: observe!—by this we will draw each other into God."

'Sally coming in, he cried out, "O Sally, God is love! shout, both of you; I want to hear you shout his praise." Indeed it was a season of love. All this time the medical friend who attended him with unwearied diligence, hoped he was in no danger. He knew it to be the fever; but as he had no bad headache, much sleep, without the least delirium, and an almost regular pulse, seldom much quicker than my own, he thought the symptoms amazingly mild; for though the disease was commissioned to take his life, yet it seemed so restrained by the power of God, that we truly discerned in it the verity of those words, "Death is yours."

'On Thursday his speech began to fail. While he was able he continued speaking to all who came in his way. Accidentally hearing that a stranger was in the house, he ordered her to be called up, though uttering two sentences almost made him faint. To his friendly doctor he would not be silent while he had any power of speech, often saying, "O sir, you take much thought for my body; give me leave to take thought for your soul." And I believe his words will remain with that friend for ever. When I could scarcely understand anything he said, I spake these words, "God is love!" Instantly he catched them, as if all his powers were awakened afresh, and broke out in a rapture, "God is love, love, love! O for that gust of praise I want to sound!" Here his dear voice again failed. He was restless, and often suffered many ways, but with such patience as none but those who were with him can conceive. If I named his sufferings, he would smile and make the sign.

'On Friday, finding his dear body covered with spots, I so far understood them as to feel a sword pierce through my soul. As I was kneeling by his bed with my hand in his, entreating the Lord to be with us in this tremendous hour, he strove to say many things, but could not: pressing my hand, and often repeating the sign, at last he breathed out, "Head of the Church, be head to my wife!" When for a few moments I was forced to leave him, to gather up some sheets of one of his manuscripts which I feared would be lost, Sally said to him, "My dear master, do you know me?" He replied, "Sally, God will put his right hand under you." She

added, "O, my dear master, should you be taken away, what a disconsolate creature will my poor dear mistress be!" He replied, "God will be her all in all," He had always delighted much in these words:—

'"Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries."'

and whenever I repeated them to him, would answer, "Boundless, boundless, boundless!" In allusion to them he now replied, though with great difficulty—

'"Mercy's full power I soon shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!"'

'On Saturday afternoon his fever seemed quite off; and a few Christian friends standing near the bed, he reached his hand to each of them. One said, "Do you think that the Lord will raise you up?" He strove to answer, saying, "Raise in resur——, raise in resur——," meaning the resurrection. To another who asked the same question, he said, "I leave it all to God."

'In the evening his fever returned with violence, and the mucus falling on the windpipe occasioned him to be almost strangled. He suffered greatly; and it was feared the same painful emotion would continue and grow more violent to the last. This I felt most exquisitely, and cried to the Lord to remove it: and, glory be to his name, he did remove it; and it returned no more in that way. As night drew on I thought I perceived him dying very fast; his fingers could now hardly move to make the sign (which he seemed scarce ever to forget), and his speech, as it seemed, was quite gone. I said, "My dear creature, I ask not for myself, I know thy soul; but for the sake of others, if Jesus is very present with thee, lift thy right hand;" he did so. I added, "If the prospect of glory sweetly opens before thee, repeat the sign." He then raised it again—and, in half a minute, a second time; then threw it up with all his remaining strength, as if he would reach the top of the bed! After this his dear hands moved no more; but on my saying, "Art thou in much pain?" he answered "No." From this time he entered into a state that might be called a kind of sleep, though with eyes open and fixed, and his hands utterly void of any motion. For the most part he sat upright against pillows, with his head a little inclined to one side, and so remarkably composed and triumphant was his countenance, that the least trace of death was scarcely discernible in it.

Twenty-four hours my dearly beloved was in this situation, breathing like a person in common sleep. About thirty-five minutes past ten, on Sunday night, August 14th, his precious soul entered into the joy of the Lord, without one struggle or groan, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

'Often he had said, when hearing of happy deaths, "Well, let us get holy lives, and we will leave the rest to God." But I, who was scarce a minute at a time from him night or day, can truly say that there was the strongest reason to believe

'"No cloud did arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for one moment his Lord from his eyes."'

Re-Union in the Heavenly Kingdom, and other Discourses. By the Rev. W. Anderson, LL.D. With an Introductory Sketch, by the Rev. G. C. Hutton, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

We confess we have never been enthralled by the influence of Dr. Wm. Anderson, and this volume of his discourses does not fascinate us. He does not sufficiently diverge from beaten tracks to be striking, and yet he is enough out of the old paths to lose one's perfect confidence. He lacks unction, and when we have said this, we have said much, as far as we are concerned. The olives grow on a fine tree, but what if there is no oil in them? The meat is solid, tough, substantial; but would it not be all the better if it had a trace of gravy? There are lovers of hard meat—hard-headed and iron-toothed—who can extract nutrition from bones; but we are not of their order; we prefer the strong meat of the gospel of the Covenanters and Puritans. Still, we would temper our criticism: William Anderson was better than many who admire him, and a discreet man will read him with advantage.

Church Establishments considered: especially in reference to the Church of England. By the late RICHARD INGHAM, D.D. Cheap edition. Elliot Stock.

"As the tower of David, builded for an armoury," this book contains weapons of offence and defence for Nonconformist warriors. We are right glad to see this cheap edition, and we wish it could be still cheaper. If the Liberation Society would give a copy to every poor minister who would apply for it, it would be spending its funds to the very best advantage. If ever the work of disestablishment is accomplished in a right way, we must furnish our brethren with the arguments which support our just and holy cause.

British Opium Policy and its Results to India and China. By F. S. TURNER, B.A. Sampson Low and Co.

IT is well to make the public mind acquainted with the two sins of the Indian government, its connection with the growth of this poison, and the forcing of it upon the Chinese government. We do not believe that one person in ten really knows what the opium scandal is: they know that there is something or other not quite as it should be, but this is all. Our Indian finances are fed by our providing for the indulgence of one of the most degrading vices into which men can fall. The Chinese government would save its people from falling into the destroying habit of opium smoking, but we will not allow it to do so. We make a monopoly of the growth of opium, and then claim a right to sell it in China, a right enforced by cannon and gun-boats; practically a right to poison the Chinese. We send out missionaries to the heathen Chinee, while acting more heathenly than he does! Was ever inconsistency more glaring? If those who denounce the sin could show the Indian government how to sustain the loss of revenue which its abandonment would create, the wicked policy would soon be forsaken; but there's the rub. It may be that one of these days Christianity will enable those in high places to make the sacrifice, but we fear it will not be just yet, for religion and financing do not often go together. "Gold and the gospel seldom do agree." This much, however, is certain—we should execrate the French or the Russians if they acted as we do in this matter.

Prospective Pardon: a Refutation of one of the Tenets of the Plymouth Brethren. By Rev. J. MCLELLAN, of Edinburgh. Duncan, Grant, and Co., Edinburgh. Price Sixpence.

THIS pamphlet, in temperate language, deals with a very important subject, and judiciously indicates the points at which the Plymouths diverge from the faith. Of course they will turn round and deny that they meant anything of the kind. Whenever they are fairly cornered their last resorce is a denial of the doctrines which at other times they have taught, and this they do without any conscious dishonesty, for their minds are in such a remarkable condition, and they are so accustomed to use language as nobody else would ever dream of doing, that what would seem to be mere shuffling in others is real honesty in them. They must be judged of by themselves alone, for none but themselves can be their parallel, either as to extraordinary teaching or perverse behaviour to other believers. Upon the point which Mr. McLellan has most properly and cordially discussed, we know what some Plymouths have written but we know also that many others of them are horrified by such statements. The term Plymouth Brethren is not now a correct one, for it includes in the public mind many who are no more of that sect than they are Romanists. We hear that they are now generally called *the tight brethren* and *the loose brethren*. We do not admire the terms, and should be very grieved to hear of any of our own brethren being either *tight* or *loose;* but the censures which we deal out at any time refer only to the *tight* brotherhood, the followers of Mr. Darby, and even of these we must confess it is very difficult to know what they really believe on any given point. These good brethren are probably far happier in their isolated state than they would have been in any of our churches, and we believe the gain is mutual, for had they remained among us they might have rendered it impossible for any community to dwell together in unity.

Notes.

THE Editor has been out of the way of taking notes of anything except Highland cattle, sea gulls, herrings, and heather. Hence this department of the magazine must go bare this month. Perhaps, also, the rest of this issue may show that the ruling hand is absent; and if so, gentle reader, forgive the fault. We must rest now and then, and breathe the ocean air, or else we shall become as flat, stale and unprofitable as a stagnant pool. What 'salt could be expected in a magazine if the editor never went to the seaside?

Mrs. Spurgeon is being overwhelmed with applications for books, quite out of proportion to the assistance which enables her to supply them. Will friends please take kindly the hint that when perfect strangers of various denominations apply to her they should mention the names of some well-known individuals who could recommend them. Our beloved wife is anxious to do her work well and judiciously, and it would grieve her very much if she found that unworthy persons perverted this good work to their own undue advantage. It is needful, therefore, that she be enabled to judge each application. The need is so great, and the means are so limited, that she wishes every penny to go to really *bona fide* poor ministers of the gospel. Every one will see the necessity for this hint. To generous donors who have aided her, our dear helpmeet asks us to give her sincere thanks, and we also add our own personal gratitude. Her joy in the Lord's work is ours. Our great Master, also, which is far more important, graciously accepts what is done for his needy ministers. It is an offering of sweet smell, pleasing to his heart. To his church, also, it is no small profit that her indigent preachers should be provided with at least some little store of mental food.

Friday, Aug. 4. A meeting was held at the Tabernacle of the friends meeting in the Green Walk, Bermondsey, under the leadership of Mr. W. Olney, junior. This is a mission of the right kind, where working men and women throw their whole hearts into the work of evangelizing their neighbours, and under the divine blessing are eminently successful. Open-air preaching, tract giving and lending, house to house visitation, and every form of holy service are carried on with abounding perseverance and prayerfulness, and many are thus gathered unto the Lord. How many such good works might be accomplished if earnest workers would unite, and in how many cases they would unite if they could find a leader as devoted and whole-hearted as our esteemed brother, the worthy son of our worthy senior deacon. Could not other young gentlemen of education and position collect around themselves a band of hearty men and women, and push forward into the enemy's territories. Our Christian young men would find that such an enterprise would afford them more happiness and interest than any other pursuit in the world. Let them try it.

The students of the Pastors' College re-assembled for another term on August 1st. The first day was spent in the grounds of Sir Charles Forbes, Clapham, and the occasion furnished pleasant opportunities for intercourse between the elder students and the new comers. Friends at the Tabernacle furnished the entertainment, and the day was one of great enjoyment. We have now 110 men in the College, and earnestly ask to be remembered in daily prayer that every brother may become an able minister of the New Testament. Our expenditure is largely increased, owing to our larger number of students; and we therefore look up for larger help from our great Lord through his people. Ministers are needed everywhere. The earth is to be subdued for Jesus, and there cannot be a better work than to aid the Lord's young soldiers to put on their harness for the great fight.

Our bird's-eye view of the Orphanage will, we hope, give our readers a clear idea of that Institution, so far as its local habitation is concerned. Observe the Dining Hall as soon as you enter the square, and the Infirmary at the further end, a separate building. God blesses us with our orphans very greatly, and we trust he will continue to do so. We entreat the friends of orphans to continue to us their prayers and sympathies. We are well supplied because the Lord thinketh upon us, and guides the kind thoughts of his stewards in the same direction.

On Sabbath, August 13th, C. H. Spurgeon preached at Blairmore to an immense out-door company, consisting of comers from all the surrounding towns. The two services were happy occasions, and much Christian fellowship was shown by our Scotch brethren to the southern preacher. Mr. Duncan, of Benmore, a gentleman of boundless hospitality, entertained Mr. Spurgeon, and carefully

guarded him from the incessant invasions of those who wanted him to preach. Mr. Spurgeon received not less than fifty invitations to preach during the thirteen days he remained in Scotland. This during rest! As it was, he delivered only four sermons.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—July 31st, twenty-two; August 3rd, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Mr. Sykes	0	2	6
Mr. Berry	1	0	0
J. M., Otago	1	10	0
Mr. R. L. Combe	2	0	0
A. B.	0	10	0
An Invalid Lady	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robinson	1	0	0
Durweston Chimers	0	10	0
Durweston Friends	0	10	8
Mr. Ballard	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Guest	0	2	6
Mr. Cooper, Lochee	0	10	0
Eliza Bush	0	2	0
Proceeds of Anniversary, per Mr. E. Brown	3	3	0
Mrs. Galloway	1	1	0
Mrs. Collins	0	7	6
Mr. W. Hearn	0	3	6
Mr. T. Ledsham	0	6	6
A Sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
Mr. Wyatt	2	2	0
B. A.	0	5	0
C. M. M.	0	5	6
C. E.	0	10	0
Mrs. Morris	0	10	0
Mr. Crowhurst	2	0	0
W. W.	5	0	0
Three Glasgow Bank Notes	3	0	0
Mr. D. McPherson	0	5	0
Marks Tey	0	5	0
Mr. J. Groom	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel	1	0	0
Mr. H. Osmond	2	0	0
Mr. Scivwright	0	9	11
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0
Mr. Sommervil	0	10	0
Mr. Feltham	0	10	0
Mr. A. Fowler	0	10	0
Mrs. Glennan	1	0	0
M. C., Crediton	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Miller	20	0	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
R. W. M.	2	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mrs. Harding	1	0	0
Collection at Middleton Cheney	2	2	6
Collection at Lower Sloane-street	2	16	0
Mr. E. Glenny	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	10	0
Mr. A. Macdonald, Tobermorey	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., July 16	47	13	6
" " " " 23	30	2	9
" " " " 30	32	2	3
" " " Aug. 6	30	2	9
" " " " 13	29	5	5
	£268	3	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Miss Falconer	5	0	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Treherne	0	7	0
Miss H. Fells	0	6	0
Miss McNaught	1	0	0
D. D. D.	2	2	0
Legacy, late Mrs. Hagart	45	0	0
J. M. Otago	3	0	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. R. Henry	0	5	0
A. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Ballard	1	0	0
Collection at Ringwood	25	0	9
Mr. R. Ryman	10	0	0
Mr. Cooper	0	10	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	5	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	1	1	0
Eliza Bush	0	2	0
A Friend, per H. G.	1	0	0
J. A. M.	0	10	0
Mr. Galloway	1	1	0
Mrs. Collins	0	7	6
Mrs. Howard	1	0	0
A Cup of Cold Water	0	5	0
Mrs. Whittaker	0	2	6
Mr. James Scott	20	0	0
Miss S. Buxton	1	15	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mr. Bainbridge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cook	1	0	0
One much interested	0	10	0
A Friend	0	4	0
Miss Mayne	0	5	2
Messrs. Phillips and Miss Walker, from friends at Brockley Road	4	8	7
Mr. Laing	1	1	0
Miss Brown	1	1	6
H. N. S.	10	0	0
Our Wedding Day, Aug. 5th	0	5	0
Mr. James Boore, per Mrs. Withers	2	0	0
A Friend, Scotland	0	1	6
Ann Bousfield	0	5	0
H. M. S. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Whittaker	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Walcroft	0	5	0
Mrs. Dear	0	10	0
Mr. G. James	1	0	0
Miss Way	0	5	0
Mr. J. Groom	1	0	0
Mr. C. Clark	1	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	6
Mr. H. Osmond	2	0	0
Mr. Scivwright	0	9	11
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	7	3
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Irvine	1	0	0
M. C. S.	0	5	0
A. D., Port Elphinstone	0	5	0
Mr. Feltham	0	10	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Martin	2	0	0
X. O., Balham	1	0	0
A Friend	0	3	0
Mrs. Glennan	1	0	0
Mrs. Carter, per Editor "Christian Globe"	5	5	0
Mrs. Berry	0	1	0
M. C., Crediton	0	5	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	7	6
Trinity Chapel Sunday School, Borough	0	13	4
Weighing Machine, Salford's Sunday School Treat, per Mr. E. Nyo	0	6	2
M. M.	1	0	0
R. W. M.	2	0	0
Mr. Sims	5	0	0
J. S.	0	10	0
Mr. William Pedley	2	1	8
Mrs. Marks	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Patterson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
R. T. M. T.				0	12	0
Mr. E. Glenny				1	0	0
Collection at Middleton Cheney				2	2	6
Miss Leigh				0	1	0
R. K. J.				0	10	0
Savings of a much-loved child, L. L. H.				0	11	0
Mr. Spriggs				0	5	0
Mrs. Appleyard				5	0	0
Mrs. Armitage				0	10	0
Mr. Chessher				0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster				0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—						
Per F. R. T.—						
Mr. E. Brown	0	5	0			
Mrs. Bampton	0	5	0			
Mr. W. O. Parkinson	0	5	0			
Mrs. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0			
Mr. Benson	0	5	0			
Miss A. Johnson	0	5	0			
Master J. H. Johnson	0	5	0			
				1	15	0
J. B. C.				1	0	0
Miss Watts				2	2	0
Per Mrs. Withers—Annual:						
Mr. W. J. Palmer	3	0	0			
Mr. J. Long	1	0	0			
Mr. A. Richardson	1	0	0			
Quarterly:—						
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1			
Mr. J. Withers	0	5	0			
				5	6	1
				£210	2	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—120 Eggs, Janet Ward; 50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; a Parcel for the Bazaar, a School at March; 6 Cotton Shirts, Anon.; Parcel of Clothing, Hayward Heath; 3 Dozen Bog-wood Brooches, Anon.; 250 Bows for the Boys, C. Wilson; Sack of Flour, Mr. Saunders.

DONATIONS, etc.:—Post Office Order, Fulham, £1; T. McNeale, £1 1s; Collection at Bushey Sunday School, £3 3s 4d; G. Walker, 10s; Miss G., £5; Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards—Mitchell, 12s; Snell, 5s; Scott, 10s; Cockerton, 6s; Machin, 1s—£1 14s. 105 Coins in Pillar Box at Orphanage Gates, 19s; C. Gladdish, £1 1s; the Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, £1 5s; Proceeds of Sale Room, £4 0s 9d; Balance of Orphanage Stall, Bazaar, £2 6s; Mrs. Renshew (Annual Donation), £1.—Total, £23 0s 1d.

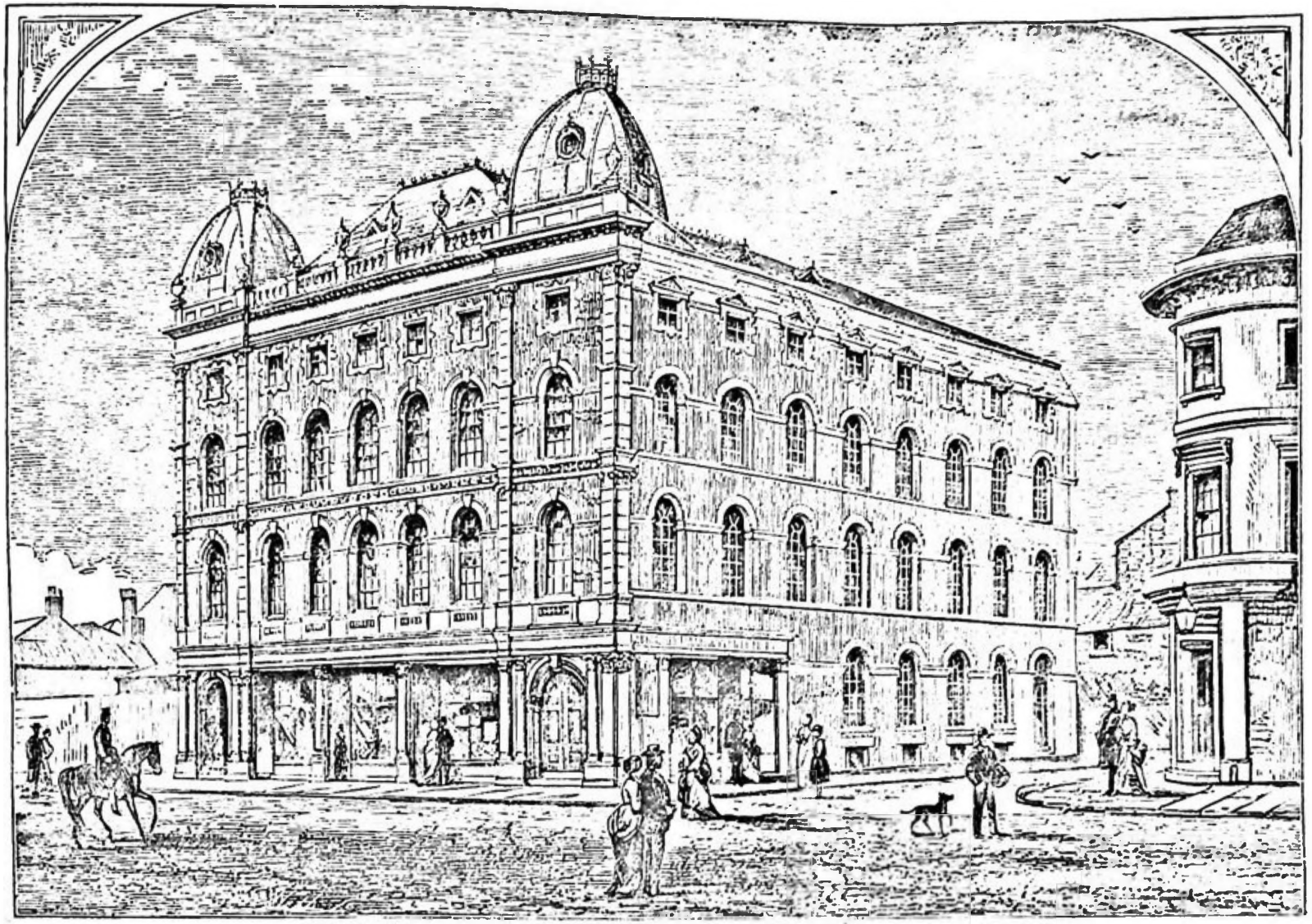
Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
"H. M."	20	0	0
Oxfordshire Association for Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Mr. A. Boat	1	1	0
Mr. T. J. Aldis	2	2	0
Mr. J. West	0	5	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. W. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. Gregory	1	1	0
Shrewsbury District	10	0	0
Wrexham and Brymbo District	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association	7	10	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Witney District	10	0	0
Mr. B. Haigh	0	1	8

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wellington District, on Account				1	3	0
J. Cory, Esq., for St. Melon's District				10	0	0
North Wilts District				7	10	0
Mr. F. A. Jones				2	10	0
Worcestershire Colportage and Evangelistic Association				30	0	0
J. A. M.				0	10	0
Mr. W. Hearn				0	3	0
Mr. J. Groom				1	0	0
Mr. Price				0	10	0
Mrs. Glennan				1	0	0
X. O., Balham				1	0	0
Mr. Rathbone Taylor				2	10	0
				£148	13	2

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.



EXETER HALL, NOTTINGHAM. ERECTED FOR MR. SILVERTON'S CONGREGATION.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1876.

The Man whose hand clave to his Sword.

A THURSDAY EVENING DISCOURSE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And after him was Eleazar the son of Dodo the Ahohite, one of the three mighty men with David, when they defied the Philistines that were gathered together to battle, and the men of Israel were gone away: He arose, and smote the Philistines until his hand was weary, and his hand clave unto the sword: and the Lord wrought a great victory that day; and the people returned after him only to spoil."—2 Samuel xxiii. 9, 10.

IN David's muster roll we find the names of many mighties, and they are honoured by being found there. These men came to David when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, and he himself was regarded as a rebel and an outlaw, and they remained faithful to him throughout their lives. Happy are they who can follow a good cause in its worst estate, for theirs is true glory. Weary of the evil government of Saul, they struck out a path for themselves, in which they could best serve their country and their God, and though this entailed great risks, they were amply rewarded by the honours which in due time they shared with their leader. When David came to the throne, how glad their hearts must have been; and when he went on conquering and to conquer, how they must have rejoiced, each one of them remembering with intense delight the privations which they had shared with their captain. Brethren, we do not ourselves aspire to be numbered with the warlike, the roll of battle does not contain our names, and we do not wish it should; but there is a roll which is now being made up—a roll of heroes who do and dare for Christ, who go without the camp and take up his reproach,

and with confidence in God contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and venture all for Jesus Christ. There will come a day when it will be infinitely more honourable to find one's name in the lowest place in the list of Christ's faithful disciples than to be numbered with princes and kings. Blessed is he who can this day cast in his lot with the Son of David, and share his reproach, for the day shall come when the Master's glory shall be reflected upon all his followers.

We will now turn our attention to one particular hero, Eleazar, the son of Dodo, and see what he did for his king and country. Our text records one of his feats. It is very instructive, and the first lesson I gather from it is THE POWER OF INDIVIDUAL ENERGY. The Philistines had set the battle in array: the men of Israel came out to fight them, but for some reason or other, "being armed and carrying bows, they turned back in the day of battle." Ignominious is the record, "the men of Israel were gone away." This man Eleazar, however, made up for the failures of his countrymen, for "he arose and smote the Philistines." He was a man of marked individuality of character—a man who knew himself and knew his God, and did not care to be lost in the common mass, so as to run away merely because they ran. He thought for himself and acted for himself; he did not make the conduct of others the measure of his service, but while Israel fled he arose and smote the Philistines. The personal obligation of each individual before God is a lesson which all should learn. It is taught us in our baptism, for there each believer makes his own confession of faith, and by his own act and deed avows himself to be dead with Christ. Pure Christianity knows nothing of proxies, or sureties in baptism. After our profession of faith is made, the believer is responsible for his own religious acts, and cannot employ priests or ministers to perform his religion for him, he must himself pray, search the Scriptures, commune with God, and obey the Lord Jesus. True religion is a personal thing. Each man, with one talent or with ten, will on the great day of judgment be called to account for his own responsibilities, and not for those of others; and therefore he should live as before God, feeling that he is a separate personality, and must in his own individuality consecrate himself, spirit, soul, and body, entirely to the Lord. Eleazar, the son of Dodo, felt that he must play the man, whatever others might do, and therefore he bravely drew his sword against the uncircumcised. I do not find that he wasted time in upbraiding the others for running away, nor in shouting to them to return, but he just turned his own face to the enemy, and hewed and hacked away with all his might. His brave example was rebuke sufficient, and would be far more effectual than ten thousand sarcastic orations.

Never let it be forgotten that our responsibility, in a certain sense, begins and ends with ourselves. Suppose you entertain the opinion that the church of God is in a very sad state, you are only responsible for that as far as you yourself help to create that condition. Do you regret that many persons with much wealth do not consecrate their substance? I do not wonder that you feel thus; but, after all, the most practical thing is to use your own substance in your Master's cause. It is very easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better yourself. Is there a fool in all the world that

cannot criticise? Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labours of others. Therefore, if thou be wise, my brother, do not cavil at others, but arise thyself and smite the Philistines.

Our responsibility is not diminished by the ill conduct of other men, but on the contrary it is increased thereby. You say, "How so?" I answer, If every man fights his best, then Eleazar may be well content to fight as well as the rest; but if other men are running away Eleazar is called upon by that unhappy circumstance to rise above himself and retrieve the fortunes of the day. It will never do to allow the enemy to triumph, and therefore, if we have fought well before, we must now gird up our loins for extraordinary battle. Dear Christian brother, if you are solemnly impressed that the condition of the churches is not what it should be, you must leave no stone unturned to set it right. Are your fellow Christians worldly? You should yourself become more spiritual and heavenly minded. Are they sleepy? Be you the more awake. Are they lax? Be you the more strict. Are they unkind? Be you more full of love. Set your watch all the more strictly because you see that others are overcome, and be you doubly diligent where you perceive that others are negligent. Dare like Eleazar to stand alone, and from the shortcomings of others gather motives for a nobler life.

Perhaps Eleazar on that occasion was the better off for not having that cowardly rout at his heels. When we have good work to do for our Lord we are glad of the company of kindred spirits, determined to make the good work succeed; but if we have no such comrades we must go alone. There is no absolute necessity for numbers. Who knows? The friends we invite might be more hindrance than assistance. When Luther went to a holy man and told him what he had discovered in the Scriptures, the prudent old gentleman replied, "My brother, go back to your cell, keep your thoughts to yourself, serve God, and make no disturbance." Dear old soul, he little dreamed what disturbance that aforesaid Luther was going to make in the camp. I dare say Luther would not have been able to work such a reformation if he had been surrounded by a host of kind, prudent friends; but when he was clear of all the excellent incapables, like the hero of our text, he made splendid havoc of the Philistines of Rome. When dear, good, motherly, Christian men are for ever saying, "Do not be too venturesome; be careful never to offend, do not over-exert yourself," and all that, a man is better without them than with them. A Christian man should seek the help of his brethren, but, at the same time, if he is called to a service for his Lord, and they will not aid him, let him not be alarmed, but let him consider that if he has God with him he has all the allies he needs. The mighty God of Jacob is better than all the armies of the saints, and if he shall put out his hand and say, "Go in this thy might," a man may be content to step forth alone, the solitary champion of Jesus and his gospel. Solitary prowess is expected of believers. I wish we may breed in this place a race of men and women who know the truth and know also what the Lord claims at their hands, and are resolved, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to war a good warfare for their Lord whether others will stand at their side or no.

II. Secondly, we have, next, in the text, A LESSON OF PERSONAL

WEAKNESS. This brave man, though he arose and smote the Philistines, was only a man, and so he fought on until his hand was weary, and he could do no more. He reached the limit of his strength, and was obliged to pause. This may somewhat console those noble men who have become brain-weary in the service of God. Perhaps they chide themselves, but indeed there is no reason for so doing, for of them it may be said as of Eleazar, that they are not weary *of* fighting, though they are weary *in* fighting. If you can draw that distinction in your case it will be well. We wish we could serve our Lord day and night, but the flesh is weak, and there is no more strength left in us. This is no strange thing, and there is no sin in it. Eleazar's weariness was that of bone, muscle, sinew—the weariness of his arm, but sometimes God's people grow weary in the brain, and this is quite as painful and quite as little to be wondered at. The mind cannot always think with equal clearness, or feel with equal emotion, or find utterance with equal clearness, and the child of God must not blame himself for this. To blame himself in such a case would be to blame his Master. If your servant has been in the harvest field from the daybreak till the moon has looked down upon him as he binds his sheaves, and if, as he wipes the sweat from his brow, he says, "Master, I am sorely wearied, I must have a few hours' sleep," who but a tyrant would blame him, and refuse him the rest? Those are to be blamed who never weary themselves, but those who wear themselves out are to be commended and not censured.

Perhaps Eleazar became weary because of the enormous number of his enemies. He cut dozens of them down with his death-bearing sword, but on they came, and still on. It seemed like a repetition of the day when Samson slew heaps upon heaps, and smote Philistia hip and thigh with great slaughter. Christian friend, you have been the means of bringing some few to Christ, but the appalling number of the unconverted oppresses you till your mind is weary. You have opened a little room, and a few poor people attend, but you say to yourself—what are these among so many? When we begin in the Master's service we think we shall turn the world upside down in six weeks, but we do not do it, and when we find that we must plod on, and not despise the day of small things, we are apt to become weary. Lifelong service under great discouragement is not so easy as mere dreamers think.

Perhaps Eleazar grew tired because nobody was helping him. It is a great assistance to receive a word of good cheer from a comrade, and to feel after all that you are not alone, for other true hearts are engaged in the same battle, zealous for the same Lord. But as Eleazar looked around, he saw only the back of the retreating cowards, and he had to mow down the Philistines with his lone sword. Who marvels that at length he grew weary?

The mercy of it all is this,—that he only became weary when he could afford to be so; that is to say, the Lord did not allow his weariness to overcome him till he had beaten the Philistines, and the people had rushed upon the spoil. We are such very feeble things that faintness must come over us at times, but what a mercy it is that the Lord makes our strength equal to our day, and only when the day is over does he let us sink into ourselves. Jacob wrestled with the angel, and

he did not feel the shrinking sinew till he had won the blessing. It was good for him to go halting on his thigh after his victory, to make him know that it was not by his own strength he had prevailed with God; and so it was a good thing for Eleazar to feel weary, for he would now understand where the strength came from with which he smote the Philistines. Eleazar only failed when there was spoil to be divided, and if you and I only shrink back when there is praise to be awarded we need not be troubled, for there are plenty who have never done anything else who will be quite ready to claim the credit of all that is achieved.

Let us ask ourselves whether, weak as we are, we have given up ourselves to the Lord? If so all is well, he will use our weakness, and glorify himself by it. He will not let our weakness show itself when it would endanger the victory. He gives us strength up to the point where strength is absolutely essential, and if he lets us collapse, as Elijah did after his great conflict was over, we must not be surprised. What a difference there is between Elijah on Carmel triumphant over the priests of Baal, and the same man on the morrow fleeing from Jezebel, and crying "Let me die. I am no better than my fathers." Of course that was the natural result of the strong excitement through which he passed, just as the weariness of his hand was the natural result of the mighty battle which Eleazar had fought; and when you become downcast, as I often am after having obtained a great blessing, do not be so very terribly alarmed about it. What does it matter? The work is over; you can afford to be laid low before God. It will be well for you to know how empty and how weak you are, that you may ascribe all glory to the Lord alone.

III. There is a third lesson in the text, and that concerns THE INTENSITY OF THE HERO'S ZEAL. A singular circumstance is here recorded,—his hand clave unto his sword. Mr. Bunyan seems to have thought that it was the congealed blood which fastened the hand and the sword together, for he represents Mr. Valiant-for-Truth as being wounded, till the blood ran forth and his hand was glued to his sword. But perhaps the better interpretation refers to the fact which has occasionally been observed in battles. I remember reading of a sailor who fought desperately in repelling a boarding attack from an enemy's ship, and when the affair was over it was found that he could not open his hand to drop his cutlass. He had grasped it with such force that until a surgical operation had been performed it was quite impossible to separate his hand from his sword. This was the case with Eleazar; this cleaving of his hand to the sword proves the energy with which he gripped his weapon. At first he laid hold upon it in the right way, so that he could hold it firmly. I wish that some of our converts would get hold of the gospel in a better manner. A missionary said to me the other day, "There are numbers of revival converts who will never be worth anything till they are converted again." I am afraid it is so. The work is not deep, their understanding of the gospel is not clear, and their hold of it is not fast. They have got something which is of great good to them, I hope, but they hardly know what it is; they have need to come again to him who has abundance of grace and truth to bestow, or they will never be worth much. Many young people do not study the word;

they pick up texts here and there as pigeons pick up peas, and they do not see the analogy of faith. But he is the man to fight for God who lays hold of truth by the handle and grips it as though he knew what he had got, and knew that he had got it. He who intelligently and intensely knows the word is likely to hold it fast.

Eleazer having grasped his sword well, retained his hold; whatever happened to him in battle, he never let go his weapon for an instant. If he had once opened his hand there would have been no cleaving, but he all the way through kept his hand on his weapon. According to some modern teachers, you are wise if you change your doctrines every week, because some fresh light may be expected to break in upon you. The advice is dangerous. Oh, young man, I trust you will get hold of the grand old gospel, and always hold it, and never relax your grip of it; and then what will happen to you? Why this, that at last you will not be able to relax your grip. I have frequently been delighted to observe the perseverance of earnest workers, who have loved their work for Christ so heartily that they could not cease from it. They have served the Lord year after year in a particular work, either at the Sunday-school or in some other useful labour, and when they have been ill, and could no longer be in their places, their hearts and their thoughts have still been there. We have known them when ill with brain fever talking continually about the schools and the children. In their very dreams their good work has been on their minds: their hand has been cleaving to the sword. I delight to hear the old man talk about the work of the Lord even when he can no longer join in it, and the dying man, with "the ruling passion strong in death," enquiring about the church and the services, his sword cleaving still to his hand. Christmas Evans was wont to drive his old pony from town to town in his journeys to preach the gospel, and when he came near to die he thought he was riding in the old pony-chaise still, and his last words were, "Drive on." Napoleon with his dying breath, exclaimed, "Head of the army," and so do Christ's soldiers think to the last of the grand army of the saints and of Christ their head. When the good man lay dying he had forgotten his wife and his children, and yet when the name of Jesus was whispered in his ear he said, "Oh, I know him. He has been all my joy these fifty years." See how the sword cleaves to the hand. Years ago we who have believed grasped the Lord with such a grip of cheerful earnestness that now there is established an almost involuntary connection between the two which cannot be severed. Every now and then some wise men think to convert us to scepticism, or what is very like it,—modern thought, and they approach us with full assurance that we must give up our old-fashioned faith. They are fools for their pains, for we are at this time hardly voluntary agents in the matter: the gospel has such hold upon us that we cannot let it go. We now believe because we must. I could sooner die a thousand deaths than renounce the gospel I preach. The sophistical arguments I have met with in sceptical books are not half so strong as the arguments with which the devil has assailed me, and yet I have beaten him. Having run with the horsemen, the footmen cannot make us afraid. How can we give up the gospel? It is our life, our soul, our all.

Our daily experience, our communion with God, our sitting with Christ in heavenly places, have made us proof against all temptations to give up our hope. We hold our sword, it is true, but our sword also cleaves to our hand. It is not possible that the most clever falsehoods should deceive the elect, for the Lord has created such communion between the renewed soul and the truth, that the truth must hold us, and we must hold the truth, even till we die. God grant it may be so with all of you.

IV. I must pass on to notice the fourth lesson—and that concerns THE DIVINE GLORY. Does the text say that his hand clave unto the sword, and that *he* wrought a great victory that day? Look at your Bibles, and you will see that I have been misquoting. It does not ascribe the victory to Eleazar, but it is written, "And *the Lord* wrought a great victory that day." The victory was not won without Eleazar, and yet it was not by Eleazar, but by the Lord. Had Eleazar belonged to a certain class of professors he would have said, "We can do nothing; the Lord will fulfil his own eternal purposes;" and then he would not only have done nothing, but he would have found fault with others if they had been forward in the fight. If he had belonged to another class of professors he would have said, "I do not believe in the one man ministry. I will not go alone, but wait till I have gathered a few brethren, who can all take a turn at it." Instead of either of these theorizings he went straight to his work, and the Lord gave him the necks of his enemies, and then he ascribed the victory, not to himself but to the Lord alone. The right thing to do is to work as if all depended upon us, and yet look to the Lord alone, knowing that all depends upon him. We must have all the humility and all the activity of men who feel that they cannot do anything by themselves but that God worketh in them to will and to do, according to his own good pleasure. You must be humbly God-reliant, and personally resolute. Trust in God and keep your powder dry. Have you won a soul to Christ? Then the Lord has won the victory. Have you upheld the truth against an antagonist? The Lord must have the glory of your triumph. Have you trampled down sin? Can you cry with the heroine of old, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength"? Lay your trophies at the foot of the throne. I am glad that my text runs as it does, or else some captious critic would have said that I was exalting man, and honouring flesh and blood. Nay, nay, the Lord hath wrought all our works in us: not unto us, but unto his name give praise.

V. The last lesson is one of ENCOURAGEMENT. It is said in the text that "The people returned after him only to spoil." Dear brethren, does it grieve you to think that many professed Christians seem more like unbelievers than believers? Do you feel sad to see them all run away in the day of battle? Be comforted, then, for they can be brought back, and your personal prowess for God may be the means of making them return. The feeble folk, if the Lord makes *you* strong, will gather courage from your bravery. They may not have been able to look a live Philistine in the face, but they know how to strip a dead one. You will get them back by-and-by, when the spoil is to be divided. It is not a small thing, after all, to encourage the

Lord's downcast people. Eleazar was pleased to see them in the field again. I dare say he did not say one rebuking word to them, but perhaps remarked, "Well, you have come back, have you? Share the plunder among yourselves. I might claim it all myself, but I will not. You are welcome to it." It has sometimes happened that one man, speaking in God's name, has turned a community in the right way: one Christian woman, too, has swayed thousands. There are points in the history of England where certain individuals have been the hinge upon which our nation's destiny has turned. If thou seekest of God to be faithful, and if his grace be in thee, then be firm in the day of battle, and thou wilt confirm other wavering souls. My young sister, you will turn your family round yet: one by one they will come to seek your Saviour. Young man, you are entering into that large house of business; it is very perilous to yourself, but, if the Lord enable you to be strong in the power of his might, you may transform that whole house into a church of God. You may hardly believe it, but you will have prayer meetings in the large room yet. Remember Mr. Sankey's hymn—

"Dare to be a Daniel!
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose true!
Dare to make it known!"

Dare to be an Eleazar, and go forth and smite the Philistines alone; you will soon find that there are others in the house who have concealed their sentiments, but when they see you coming forward, they will be openly on the Lord's side. Many cowards are skulking about, try to shame them. Many are undecided, let them see a brave man, and he will be the standard-bearer around whom they will rally.

Thus have I thought to say a few practical words, which I hope the Lord will bless. I have finished when I have made one observation to a different class of people. It is clear that when a man gets hold of a sword, grips it fast, and holds it for a while, such a thing may happen that he cannot drop it. Has it ever occurred to you—to you especially who have never given your hearts to Christ—that the eager way in which you hold your sin, and the long time that you have held to it, may produce a similar result upon you? One of these days you may be unable to get rid of those habits which you are now forming. At first the net of habit is made of cobweb—you can soon break it through. By-and-by it is made of twine; soon it will be made of rope; and last of all it will be strong as steel, and then you will be fatally ensnared. Beware in time. Young man, you are hardly yet aware how strong a hold your habits have already taken upon you. I mean your habits of prayerlessness, your practice of secret sin, and your intemperance: nay, we will not mention all your follies, they are best known to yourself. They are fastening upon you like huge serpents, coil upon coil. You have always intended to go so far and no farther, but if you could see a picture of what you will become, you would be horrified. Did we not read in the papers a few months ago the story of a man who was respectable in many ways, and gifted above the average of men, who nevertheless descended by degrees till he perpetrated a horrible crime, which made the world stand

aghast. Little did he dream at one time that he would have plunged into such wickedness, but the path to hell is downhill, and if you descend one step at first, you take two steps at once next time, and then you take four, and so by great leaps descend to hell. O man, cast away the weapon of iniquity before it glues itself to your hand. Cast it away at once and for ever. The only way of breaking with sin is to unite with Christ. No man does in heart part with sin till he is one with his Saviour, and that comes by trusting him, simply trusting him. When you trust him he delivers you from sinful habits, and no longer allows you to be the slave of evil. "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Seek that freedom. May he bestow it upon every one of us, and then may we become heroes of Christ, and he shall have the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Hymns for Heaven.

"And they sung a new song."—Rev. v. 9.

ONE of the ministers of Leicester, in relating some pleasing incidents in connection with his pastoral work, gives the following:—

"On visiting one of the courts, I was requested by one of the poor people to call on an old woman who had been bedridden for some years, and who lived in the neighbourhood. On reaching the cottage, and finding no response to my knocking at the door, I walked in, and went to the foot of the stairs, when I soon heard a faint voice requesting whoever it was to come up. In a small room at the top there lay an aged but cheerful invalid. I told her that I had been requested to call, and that I was a minister of the gospel. She replied, "Well, then, you are just the visitor I want, and you are come at the right time." And taking up her hymn book, which lay upon the bed, said, "Now, I have been searching for a long time to see if I can find a hymn that will do to sing in heaven, and I cannot. Now, can you?" I took the book, and found

"There is a land of pure delight."

"Surely that will do." "Well, go on," she said, "read the hymn through." Presently I came to

"Death like a narrow sea divides."

"Ah," she said, "that won't do." I then mentioned

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

"Go on," she said. I read the last verse—

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

"That won't do," she said, smilingly: "Mine shan't be a poor, lisping, stammering tongue there." I found others, but all to no purpose. "No, no, dear sir, shut the book; there will have to be a new one made." "And they sung a new song." A. Bax.

"Out of the Bible."

A STORY is told of a minister who taught an old man in his parish to read. He proved a proficient scholar. After the teaching had come to an end, the minister was not able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he only found the wife at home.

"How's John?" said he.

"He's canny, sir," said the wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah! I suppose he will read his Bible very comfortably now."

"Bible, sir! Bless you! He was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago."

There are many other persons who, like this old man, have long been out of the Bible and into the newspaper. They have forsaken the fountain of Living Waters, and have gone about among muddy pools and stagnant morasses to seek something which might slake their thirst. From a multitude of voices, goes up a perpetual complaint about weakness of faith, and coldness of love, the cause of which no one seems to suspect; when careful inquiry would reveal the fact that the word of God is utterly neglected, and that the mental food upon which they live is simply the wretched trash of sensational literature. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God; and this deluge of fiction, and prurient literature has nothing in it allied to the Word. It is in its character worthless, or worse than worthless, so far as its power to afford any nourishment to the human soul is concerned. No wonder then that faith droops, and love waxes cold; no wonder that piety grows feeble while passion grows strong; for passion is fed and faith is starved. Nothing but the word of God can sustain and strengthen the inner life of a child of God. "Of his own will begat he us, by the word of truth that we might be a kind of first fruits of his creatures." And that divine life must be nourished by the same word by which it was first begotten or implanted in the soul. Nothing can supply the place of this heavenly bread, and going "out of the Bible and into the newspaper" is the direct road to spiritual starvation, feebleness and death. The effects may not be immediately visible, for a person may live upon inferior food for a few days without appreciable results, but ere long the lack of suitable nutrition tells upon the failing constitution, and health is wrecked and life is lost for want of that which should sustain and nourish both. Let Christians see to it that they do not get "out of the Bible and into the newspaper," or, worse still, into the novel. Let God's word be the daily sustenance of our souls, and we shall hear little complaint of lack of faith,—for men nourished by the word of the Lord, will be "strong in faith, giving glory to God." So much of the secular as is needed for this life may be safely attended to, but the spiritual must have the heart, or the soul will soon be like Pharaoh's lean kine. Take heed how ye read.—*Selected.*

Hebrew Tales.

SOME of the following Jewish stories may be well-known to a portion of our readers, but others will be fresh to them. They have struck us as singularly interesting. There is the Jewish tinge, of course, but, read with discretion, they contain most valuable lessons. There are more to follow.

I. MOSES AND THE LAMB. A TRADITIONARY TALE.

"The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works."—Ps. cxlv. 9.

Our wise instructors relate, that whilst Moses was attending Jethro's flock in the wilderness, a lamb strayed from the flock. Moses endeavoured to overtake it, but it ran much faster than he, till it came near a fountain, where it suddenly stopped, and took a draught of water. "Thou little dear innocent creature," said Moses, "I see now why thou didst run away. Had I know thy want, on my shoulders would I have carried thee to the fountain to assuage thy thirst. But come, little innocent, I will make up for my ignorance. Thou art no doubt fatigued after so long a journey, thou shalt walk no further." He immediately took the little creature into his arms, and carried it back to his flock.

The Almighty Father of Mercies—he who diffused those precious drops of pity and kindness over the human heart, approved of the deed; and a heavenly voice was heard to exclaim, "Moses! Benevolent Moses! If a dumb animal thus excite thy compassion, how much more will the children of men! What wilt thou not do for thy own brethren! Come, henceforth thou shalt be the shepherd of my chosen flock, and teach them by example, that the Lord is good to all, and that his mercies are over all his works."

II.—THE VALUE OF A GOOD WIFE.

He that hath found a virtuous wife, hath a treasure greater than costly pearls.

Such a treasure had the celebrated teacher RABBI MEIR found. He sat during the whole of one Sabbath-day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house his two sons, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the law, died. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. Towards evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my beloved sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied. "and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going-out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:—"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would propose to thee one question." "Ask it, then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: shall I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which

my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from their bodies. "Ah, my sons! my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father: "My sons! the light of mine eyes, and the light of mine understanding; I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the Law!" The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too! for well is it written, 'He that has found a virtuous woman has a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the instruction of kindness.'"

III.—THE LORD BLESSING THE EARTH FOR THE SAKE OF ANIMALS.

During his march to conquer the world Alexander, the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of the chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. "Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander. "I took it for granted (said the chief) that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come amongst us?" "Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would become acquainted with your manners and customs." "So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee." At the close of this conversation two citizens entered, into the court of justice. The plaintiff said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it." The defendant answered, "I hope I have a conscience, as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively."

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or not he understood them aright. Then, after some reflection, said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?" "Yes." "And thou (addressing the other), a daughter?" "Yes." "Well, then, let thy son marry his daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for a marriage portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him. "Oh, no!" replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me." "And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?" "To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody and have seized the treasure for the king's use." "For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief. "Does the sun shine in that country?" "Oh yes!" "Does it rain there?" "Assuredly."

"Wonderful! But are there tame animals in the country, that live on the grass and green herb?" "Very many, and of many kinds." "Aye, that must, then, be the cause," said the chief: "for the sake of those animals the all-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country, since its inhabitants are unworthy of such blessing."

IV.—CONVERSATION OF A PHILOSOPHER WITH A RABBI.

"Your God in his Book calls himself a jealous God, who can endure no other god than himself, and on all occasions makes manifest his abhorrence of idolatry. How comes it then that he threatens and seems to hate the worshippers of false gods more than the false gods themselves?"——"A certain king," replied the Rabbi, "had a disobedient son. Among other worthless tricks of various kinds, he had the baseness to give to his dogs his Father's name and titles. Should the king show his anger on the prince or the dogs?"——"Well turned," replied the philosopher: "but if your God destroyed the objects of idolatry, he would take away the temptation to it."——"Yea," retorted the Rabbi, "if the fools worshipped such things only as were of no further use than that to which their folly applied them,—if the idols were always as worthless as the idolatry is contemptible. But they worship the sun, the moon, the host of heaven, the rivers, the sea, fire, air, and what not. Would you that the Creator, for the sake of these fools, should ruin his own works, and disturb the laws appointed to nature by his own wisdom? If a man steals grain and sows it, should the seed not shoot up out of the earth, because it was stolen? O, no! the wise Creator lets nature run her own course; for her course is his own appointment. And what if the children of folly abuse it to evil? The day of reckoning is not far off, and men will then learn that human actions likewise reappear in their consequences by as certain a law as the green blade rises up out of buried corn seed."

V. WINE BEST PRESERVED IN HOMELY VESSELS, AND BEAUTY NO FRIEND TO WISDOM; OR, THE PRINCESS AND RABBI JOSHUA.

Rabbi Joshua, the son of Cha-nan-yah, was one of those men whose minds are far more beautiful than their bodies. He was so dark, that people often took him for a blacksmith, and so plain as almost to frighten children. Yet his great learning, wit, and wisdom, had procured him not only the love and respect of the people, but even the esteem of the Emperor Trajan. Being often at court, one of the princesses rallied him on his want of beauty. "How comes it," said she, "that such glorious wisdom is enclosed in so mean a vessel?" The Rabbi, by no means dismayed, requested her to tell him in what sort of vessels her father kept his wine. "Why, in earthen vessels, to be sure," replied the princess. "O!" exclaimed the witty Rabbi, "this is the way that ordinary people do: an emperor's wine ought to be kept in more precious vessels." The princess thinking him in earnest, ordered a quantity of wine to be emptied out of the earthen jars into gold and silver vessels; but, to her great surprise, found it in a very short time sour, and unfit to drink. "Very fine advice, indeed, Joshua, hast thou given!" said the princess, the next time she saw him: "Do you know

the wine is sour and spoiled?" "Thou art, then convinced," said the Rabbi, "that wine keeps best in plain and mean vessels. It is even so with wisdom." "But," continued the princess, "I know many persons who are both wise and handsome." "True," replied the sage, "but they would, most probably, be still wiser, were they less handsome."*

[There is a Christian application of this incident which will readily suggest itself. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," etc.]

VI.—MERCY IN JUDGMENT. A PARABLE OF RABBI JO-CHO-NAN.

"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth."—Prov. xxiv. 17.

Rabbi Jochonan relates, that whilst the Egyptians were drowning in the Red Sea, the angels wished to chant the song of praise; but God rebuked them, saying—"What! the works of my hand are perishing, and ye wish to sing!"

This fully agrees with the character of God, as given in various parts of Scripture; where he is represented as the God of mercy, who wishes not the destruction of the wicked, but their repentance. When, therefore, the wickedness of men calls down just punishment upon their guilty heads, it ought to serve as a warning, and not as matter of joy.

VII.—THE WISDOM OF AFFLICTING PROVIDENCES.

Illustrated in the Life of R. Akiba.

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."—Ps. xxv. 10.

Man, with his boasted wisdom, is but a short-sighted creature; and, with all his pretended power, a weak and helpless being. He knows not at one moment what will happen to him in the next. Nor could such knowledge, were he to possess it, either prevent or retard events over which he has not the least control. The eminent faculties with which he is gifted may indeed enable him to see the immediate effects of particular occurrences, but the remote consequences and final results are hidden from his confined view. Hence he often wishes for things, which, were they granted, would tend to his injury; and he as often laments and bewails those very events which ultimately prove to his benefit. Thus circumstanced, he could not possibly escape the numerous dangers that surround him, nay, he would often rush on that very destruction which he seeks to avoid, were it not for the merciful providence of that supreme Being, who gave us our existence, who watches over our welfare, and who guides our steps.

It is HE who delivers us from the noxious pestilence which marches in the dark, and from the destruction which rages at noon. It is HE that turns our mourning into joy, and who changes present evils into everlasting good. "Happy then the man who has the God of Jacob for his help, and who trusts in the Lord his God."

So convinced was *Rabbi Akiba* of these divine truths, so fully persuaded was he that from the fountain of goodness no real evil can flow, that even under the greatest afflictions and sufferings—and they were many and various—he was accustomed to say—"Whatever God does is

* Intimating that beauty is mostly accompanied by vanity; and vanity, as it is well known, is not very conducive to wisdom.

for our good." The ancient sages of Israel have recommended us to adopt the same maxim; and they have illustrated it by the following narrative:—

Compelled by violent persecution, to quit his native land, *Rabbi Akiba* wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he drew near to a village. He was glad to find it inhabited; thinking that where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging—it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. "It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; *but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.* He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What," exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study! *But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.*" He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours sleep. He had barely closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone! Who then will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just: he knows best what is good for us poor mortals." Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are both gone—my poor ass, too, is gone—all is gone! But, *praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best.*" He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burthen, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise, not to find a single individual alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind, often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation! But thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful! Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, the cock and the ass, that they might not by their voices give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be thy name, for ever and ever."

The Book Society and the Poor.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE middle of the eighteenth century, when the Book Society commenced its useful career, was a time of quiet and of prosperity, much enjoyed by the people after the political storms and bloodshed of the preceding years. Londoners were then a social race, whose homes and warehouses were under one roof; and a month or six weeks of country air was not considered to be an annual necessity of life. It was the golden age of clubs and coffee-houses. Authors were entertained by publishers in upper rooms, while books were being sold beneath, and they were not expected to return the compliment. In the political world the outlook was at the best humiliating; the old King George II. and Frederick, his undutiful heir, being hopelessly estranged, the latter being cut down in the flower of his days, while laying out plans for futurity. The pencil of Hogarth was busily depicting the manners of the town, while Fielding, whose novels were not remarkable for moral tone, was denouncing the iniquities associated with gin. The social and religious condition of the people was sufficiently deplorable, but a revival inaugurated by Whitefield and Wesley was sweeping over the land. To stimulate that beneficent movement, a few zealous Christians met together and founded what has since been known as the Book Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor.

The times were portentous, and exceptionably favourable to the establishment of an association like this. The revolution storms of 1745, which had rudely shaken society to its centre, by threatening all that Protestants held dear, had only recently died away. Besides, a natural visitation of a more extraordinary kind about the same time exercised a salutary influence on the public mind. The earthquake of 1750 terrified the Londoners as they have never been terrified since. After the second shock the ignorant multitude confidently believed that a third would come to leave the city a wreck and swallow up the entire population. A pretended seer pointed to the 8th of April as to the day of doom; and on the evening of the 7th the public alarm reached its acme of frenzy. Some hastened into the far away country; others thought that the shipping on the Thames would afford immunity from destruction, while some spent the night in the neighbouring fields, whence they expected to witness the fate of London. Just before the occurrence of these unusual phenomena, or during a summer holiday in 1749, Dr. Doddridge preached at Salters' Hall, the last sermon he ever delivered in London, the subject being *The Guilt and Doom of Capernaum*. That memorable discourse produced a lasting effect on the mind of a certain member of the church at the Weigh-house, named Benjamin Forfitt, a worthy who traded as a cane-dealer in Leadenhall Street; and, stimulated to action by Doddridge's language, Mr. Forfitt founded this society. The godly merchant was supported by others, who shared his aspirations, and at a meeting held on the 8th of August their first resolution was passed. About a month later we find them meeting again, to award their first grant of "Bibles, Testaments, and other good books" to the sainted pastor, to whom Mr. Forfitt subsequently wrote, "If the world receive any advantage from this design, I

think, under God, it is indebted to Dr. Doddridge for it." The grant forwarded to Northampton—"sent in a box carriage paid"—consisted of a dozen Bibles, large and small; "two dozen of the Assembly's Catechism, and one dozen bound; one dozen of Dr. Watts's whole set catechism, and two dozen of the same, second set." In returning thanks for this bounty entrusted to his care on behalf of the poor, Dr Doddridge directed the attention of the committee to a number of other zealous men in different parts of the empire who would as pastors be glad to receive similar attention. "I should not have sent you so large a list," he remarks, "had I not considered that I know your good society would choose to diffuse these valuable streams in a diversity of places, that those who cannot be supplied at one time may be remembered at another; and I hope God will continue your lives, your zeal, and your abilities, for such service, to a very distant period." From the first the Bible was the staple commodity dispensed, and as one book after another was added to the general stock, both the polemical and the political were carefully avoided.

While preparing his celebrated sermon, Dr. Doddridge was, doubtless, deeply moved by the low state of religion and morality in the nation. The upper classes abandoned themselves to pleasure and place-hunting; the trading part of the community were absorbed with the business of amassing wealth; the peasantry were sunk in ignorance too low for description. In alluding to Ranelagh Gardens, Chelsea, as the most fashionable of pleasure haunts, Horace Walpole represents the place as being the common resort of all the town, and though the charge for admission was a shilling only, the gardens were maintained at a heavy cost. The Court set a bad example in so far that the not very intellectual king loved a masque ball, while Queen Caroline, who had much to do in ruling the church, sympathised with sceptical opinions. "What has the day of rest become but a day of sloth, indolence, and folly," asked Dr. Chandler, "when the houses of too many are turned into assembly rooms, filled with routs and riots, and scandalously converted into places of diversion for public gaming, in open violation of the laws of God and man. . . . . Within my own remembrance, how many are the houses of diversion increased, and how various and new the kinds of it that have been invented, wholly unknown to our ancestors, and which the generous severity of former times would never have endured. Not content with these receptacles of gaiety and mirth at the distant parts of the town, we have introduced them into the heart of the city. They confront our Exchange, bid defiance to our trade, and by becoming the sources of extravagance and the powerful allurements to the neglect of business, threaten the prosperity and even the being of our commerce." Chandler's picture was no rhetorical exaggeration; the wonder is that the nation was not ruined past recovery by excess of vicious indulgence. Without reckoning either the City or Westminster, there were over seven thousand gin retailers in the town, besides between three and four thousand alehouses. In one of the parishes of Middlesex every fifth house was a drinking-shop; and such was the effrontery that characterised the traffic that people were invited by public advertisements to be made "dead drunk for twopence, and have straw for nothing," to lie upon until their senses returned. The

language of the multitude in the open street was remarkable for its lewdness and blasphemy. The print-shops and the booksellers appeared to have entered into an alliance to outrage decency and ridicule Christianity; so that as one informs us, even "marriage itself was treated and contracted with a levity and recklessness perfectly astounding." Murder and robbery were so alarmingly rife that the king invited Parliament to turn their attention to a grievance which was not affected by the wholesale hangings at Tyburn. "Go where you will, you meet with sin at noon-day," said Romaine. "It has thrown off restraint, and is not afraid to appear without a mask." "An open disregard of religion," added Bishop Secker, "is become, through a variety of unhappy causes, the distinguishing character of the present age." Such was the condition of London when Doddridge stood up in the pulpit at Salters' Hall to preach his sermon on the Guilt and Doom of Capernaum.

After the Society was duly formed by the select band who met in Dr. Gibbons's vestry at Haberdashers' Hall, the general body of subscribers constituted the governing body, and they met once a year to hear a sermon as well as to celebrate a festival. Only very few of the clergy of the Establishment—those of very decided evangelical sympathies—countenanced the endeavours to enlighten the people. Of the annual sermons preached during the first half century no more than nine were delivered by churchmen, though, strange to say, the Arian School of Kippis, Rees, and Worthington did not hesitate to advocate the claims of an agency which circulated Calvinistic books—an agency which on no account would have sent forth anything not thoroughly evangelical. The Arians may have mistrusted their own principles; they may have judged them to be suitable only for persons of gentle origin; or they may have preferred the Assembly's Catechism to no catechism at all.

A century and a quarter ago the annual festival was a somewhat pretentious affair; and we are assured by a friend of the Book Society, who wrote in 1850, that the sermon and dinner excited a far greater amount of interest than they would in the present day. "Then the sombre old meeting-house at Salters' Hall might be seen filled with a numerous auditory; its spacious square pews well lined, enshrined, and curtained were occupied by grave divines, and rich and gaily attired persons, the fair representatives of the Nonconformist merchants, brokers, and traders of this great city. Issuing from the vestry some venerable looking minister, dressed in a shining suit of the newest black, with a deep white band, a large powdered wig, and a broad hat under his arm, would ascend the pulpit and seat himself beneath the wide and massive sounding-board, which seemed to threaten him with impending extinction. Only two or three of the sermons delivered on these occasions have been printed; but they, of course, partake of the usual characteristics of thought and style belonging to the party to which the preachers respectively belonged. Divine service being over, then came the festival at some well-frequented coffee-house or tavern, where the stewards provided an entertainment that for plenty and variety might rival a corporation feast. Besides substantial viands in abundance, the conventional morality of that age had not banished wine from the

table, on which, too, many a bowl of punch was reeking forth its seductive odours; nor was the nose-refreshing weed prohibited: indeed, if the truth must be told, the circling eddies of its fragrant smoke were poured forth from every lip with such vigour that the whole company, preachers and people, were lost in the exhalations which their own breath had raised! All this was deemed in those days quite consistent with the promotion of religious knowledge, whilst it certainly advanced the interests of the Society, as from thirty to sixty new subscribers were usually obtained after the annual dinner." We rejoice that all this has long since come to an end.

In its second year the income of the Society was about £250, and as a rule the finances were not very substantially aided by the collection at the annual gathering. The sermon of Dr. Gibbons in 1751 brought £13 10s. 6d.; but ten years later, when Mr. Jones was the preacher, the amount reached £48. The lowest sum collected was after the discourse by Dr. Langford, of the Weigh-house, in 1766, when only £7 16s. 9d. was contributed: the largest was the offering of the following year when Whitefield pleaded the cause at the Tabernacle and obtained a hundred guineas. In some instances donations of books or small publications were made, and we thus find Mrs. Doddridge, immediately after her husband's death, presenting the committee with two hundred and fifty copies of the "Rise and Progress." The ordinary business of those first years was transacted successively at several familiar spots in the Old City. For some time Haberdashers' Hall served as a home to the Society. Thence it was removed to Girdlers' Hall, when the charge of ten shillings per night for the room was judged to be exorbitant, necessitating another change. At Mercers' Hall the beadle was obligingly satisfied with five shillings a month, with the addition in cold weather of a shilling for firing, and sixpence for lights. Later still we find the managers at Founders' Hall, Lothbury, a well-remembered seat of Nonconformity. These things are so far important that they prove the London guilds to have been indirectly associated with philanthropic work, from which the Established Church for the most part held aloof.

The transactions of the committee show the urgent need that existed during the eighteenth century for the systematic distribution of the Scriptures, such as was afterwards undertaken by the Bible Society. That the ignorant and out-of-the way should have been very generally destitute of the Word of Life can easily be understood; but that Christian people should have longed to possess a book beyond their reach, and that even whole congregations should have owned only a few copies, is not easily realized in an age like this. Yet it is simple truth —in the last century the Bible was fearfully scarce in this country; and the gratitude shown by poor recipients of the Society's bounty was only equalled by their surprise that Christian liberality should have found them out. One would declare the gift to be worth more than all the world; another would accept it as the greatest comfort of life; a poor woman encountered by John Newton in 1765 did not receive the precious boon until she had prayed in faith for ten years. Occasionally some whimsical things occurred in connection with the work. "The Bibles had a very particular effect," wrote a distributor of the Society's

books at Pewsey in Wiltshire; "the people look upon them as *Presbyterian* Bibles, not having the service of the Church of England adjoined to them, and read them diligently to find the difference." Perhaps the eagerness to possess the heavenly treasure was still more singular when John Newton found "a young woman who was on the point of selling her clothes to buy a Bible, and had done it sooner, but that she was afraid that she could not by parting with all that she could spare raise enough for the purchase." These were the kind of people to whom the the Book Society became a friend-in-need in the reign of George the Second.

Among the early friends of the Society we recognise some well-known names, and some who were able to relate remarkable personal histories. Beside Doddridge, James Hervey, of Weston Flavel, was deeply interested in the work of book distribution. John Newton, Whitefield, Romaine, and others were of the same mind. Samuel Medley, a pastor of Liverpool, was in his younger days thrown into a state of extreme terror on account of his soul in consequence of a dreadful wound he received while in the king's service. "Having been formerly used," says Dr. Rippon, "to *say* his prayers, he thought he would endeavour to pray." "He did, and vowed if the Lord would spare him how good he would be. The next morning the surgeon came, and to his great astonishment, the gangrene had stopped, and he said the leg was in a recovering state. Affected as he was in some sense with the divine goodness, he recollected that there was a Bible in his chest; he sent his servant with the key to fetch it, and began to read it; by whom the Bible was put there he did not know, but in speaking of it in following years two things he recollected, that this was the very first time he ever read the book with any seriousness and benefit, and that the book was one of our Society's Bibles." After his conversion and settlement in the pastorate, Mr. Medley became an advocate of the Society's claims, and preached the annual sermon in 1789.

In 1752 one of the stewards of the annual festival was Robert Cruttenden, late keeper of the Lord Mayor's hounds, and chief huntsman of the common or city hunt. In this now obsolete office Mr. Cruttenden lived at an official residence in Finsbury Fields, in company with the dogs and kennels. After putting by a comfortable fortune, he lost his money in the wild speculations of 1720. The strangest part of the custodian's history is that he was reared a Nonconformist, and actually engaged in the work of the ministry until he conscientiously withdrew from proclaiming what he did not feel. In 1743 he was converted under the ministry of Mr. Cennick, and then began to preach with power that gospel which he had formerly taught as a stranger. The quondam master of the hounds became very zealous in his Lord's work, while his circle of friends included Whitefield, Hervey, Doddridge, and the venerable Countess of Huntingdon.

Another friend of this Society, who, during the middle of the last century, was actively engaged in the distribution of religious books, was the Nonconformist pastor at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, Isaac Toms. He was a member of the first committee, and heartily sympathised with the object kept in view. While he was a warm-hearted evangelist, Mr. Toms was a thorough scholar; for, after spending eight years at

the two grammar-schools at Duckingfield and St. Paul's, he entered the college then conducted by Messrs. Ridgley and Eames. Subsequently, and according to the custom of those days, he lived for some time in the household of Sir Daniel Dolings at Hackney. Hadleigh appears to have been his first and only pastorate, and there he laboured in the good cause through fifty-six years. His flock included a large number of children, who every Monday were invited to assemble for the purpose of being catechised, when the Scriptures and smaller works were distributed according to his ability. In the unpublished letters still extant of this venerable man we have many facts and allusions of more than passing interest. In 1751 he is desirous of being allotted a parcel of books on the Lord's Supper suitable for giving away among the young. We also learn that Watts's "Psalms and Hymns" were extremely popular with the godly poor; for they would painfully save sufficient money for the cost, or, failing that, would beg of their wealthy friends.

Under the date of March 6th, 1759, Mr. Toms gives some particulars of his work among the troops with whom he sometimes came in contact:—"I had an interview with the troop of Light Horse of the Scots Greys at Norwich on the twentieth of last month . . . The sergeant-major of that troop is a pious man; our friendship commenced at Hadley, when the troop was quartered here, before it went to the Isle of Wight for France. He got all the common men of his company to his house which were in the city of Norwich. I spent some time with them, preached from Psalm lii. 9, and have reason to be thankful that the men were seriously attentive, and I hope several of them were affected with the goodness of God in their preservation; not one of their number perished abroad, and some of them had been in eminent danger, being ordered out, and the sergeant with them, to approach near the gate of St. Maloes, which they did in the face of a battery of twenty-eight to thirty-four pounders. About sixteen of this troop, joined with the Light Horse of some other regiments, made up this party, and this is observable: when some of the men, sensible of their extreme danger, were praying to God to preserve them, or receive them to mercy, one man of another troop, showing his pride and profaneness, spoke aloud—the French balls, he feared or valued none of them. This man was struck, had his thigh taken off, and died a few hours after, and no other received any hurt. The soldier who first related this to me added, 'If I had not waved to the right, that ball had taken me in the middle.'" Mr. Toms was a favourite with the military, and was always well pleased when they applied to him for Bibles. He was the author of several little pieces, which were once popular, against swearing, Sabbath-breaking, intemperance, and impurity. He died in 1801, and of his last sayings the best remembered was, "If the experience of ninety years has any weight, believe that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness."

While all this commendable attention was given to religious works, the wants of children were strangely overlooked, so that for long the little books of Watts, Janeway, and Matthew Henry represented the staple goods in this department. Even the schools in country places were ill supplied with necessaries; and a grant from the London

Society came as a windfall to encourage the tutors. This was the case at Dursley in Gloucestershire, where the people describe themselves as living in harmony, their charity school having "been productive of a very commendable carriage and good understanding between the Establishment and Dissenters." The school was an endowed one, but the lack of books was a serious drawback to its general efficiency.

We will now particularly refer to certain names and towns in a way that will enable us better to understand the religious condition of England during the middle of the last century, our authority being a collection of MS. letters addressed to the managers in London.

Mr. Lightfoot, the Nonconformist minister at Ossett, in Yorkshire, mentions that he has a congregation of two hundred souls, the major part of whom are poor people, and engaged in the cloth-working trade. The stipend of the pastor was £16 a year, and as this had to suffice for the maintenance of husband, wife and nine children, we should have been glad of further explanations concerning household economy in those Georgian days. A grant of books to such a man was of no personal benefit, though he was glad to receive them for the sake of his work, and for the good of the people who were as poor as himself.

At Leicester, in 1751, Hugh Worthington, who was then stationed in that town, refers to the Dissenting interest as being large and wealthy; but, to the great concern of the pastor and his gravest friends, a number of their young men showed a disposition to turn out "very ill." In what degree may this defection have resulted from the indefinite teachings of Worthington himself? How came such a man to favour the evangelicals? Did his liberalism arise from extreme "broadness," or from indifference? It is even more anomalous when we find the life-long preferment-hunter, Dr. Young, the vicar of Welwyn, and the author of "Night Thoughts," among the Society's correspondents. The committee must have erroneously supposed that the characters of public writers are correctly shown in their works.

In 1751 Mr. Pearce, the Nonconformist pastor of Chillwood, midway between Bath and Bristol, had occupied that sphere about thirty years. His congregation numbered nearly five hundred, and he sends a letter of thanks to London on account of the children's books with which he had been liberally furnished. Mr. Pearce was a man of enterprise in his high service; for not content with merely plodding along at home he extended his efforts to the Mendip miners of Litton. Though the hearers attracted were chiefly poor, a proportion were "of the best fashion;" their total number was a hundred; and finding that his own congregation increased while the morals generally of the people were improved, the parson of the parish accorded the innovator a hearty welcome.

While Litton was thus favoured, other parts of Somerset were less fortunate, for in 1751 the peasantry generally are spoken of by Pastor Darracott, of Wellington, as being brutish and ignorant beyond belief; but the books he was able to disperse among the villages through the bounty of this Society led to a religious awakening. In December, 1753, he tells of seven converts received into communion, while fresh subjects continued to come in from the surrounding country, all of whom were thirsting for knowledge, and more thankful for a book than

they would have been for money. In the summer season he preached the Word at licensed houses in six parishes, while the first Tuesday evening in every month was set apart by him and his people for a special prayer-meeting on behalf of the Book Society. "It would have delighted you," he writes to the managers in 1756, "to see several men and women last Lord's-day evening come to my house from our lecture under the greatest concern, desiring my assistance, and that I would give them some good book. Such as till now were never within my doors, and whose names I did not so much as know, are taking pains to learn to read, to whom, for their encouragement, I have promised to get them a Bible or Testament, which I hope your Society will endeavour to supply me with." While this was true of Wellington, Mr Burge, of Shepton Mallett, had a somewhat different story to tell. "It may seem strange perhaps to you," he writes in 1762, "that there are numbers of families, both in parishes around us, and many in the town in which I live, that have no such thing as a good book in the house; and though some of them might save enough out of their intemperance, which too much prevails in these parts where the woollen manufacture is carried on, yet they can seldom be prevailed on to do it: but when it comes in the way of a gift, it is often received with great pleasure."

In 1752 the charity school trustees of Findern, Derbyshire, were Dissenters, and beyond that distinction were "very honest men." When they received a grant comprising eighteen Bibles and Testaments, together with some other small books, these worthies were at a loss to find language that expressed their feelings. "They praised God and prayed for their benefactors." They mention the "unmerited kindness" of their London friends, being not a little "astonished at the sight of so many good books given them by gentlemen at the distance of 107 miles."

At Bloxham, in Oxfordshire, there were found in the Nonconformist congregation many Christians of a serious primitive type. The people at and around Stamford are described as being greatly in need of the Society's books because they were grossly ignorant, and derived very little good from the resident clergy. Job Orton, of Shrewsbury, the biographer of Doddridge, laboured under the disadvantage of having few poor in his congregation, and consequently he rather writes as though he would have been somewhat obliged had he not been troubled with the work of distribution.

A far more hearty co-operator was Lebbeus Driver, of Horningsham in Wiltshire. The meeting-house in which he preached on the Longleat estate, the princely inheritance of the Marquess of Bath, is still preserved as a thatched antique chapel—the most ancient in England belonging to the Nonconformists. So zealous a pastor was Mr. Driver that the clergyman of the parish entirely disapproved of his active services, and even went so far as to carry a list of grievances up to Longleat Hall, which, however, had the undesired effect of raising the persecuted pastor in the esteem of the then reigning Thynne. The communications of Mr. Driver to the London managers show that, as a pastor, he was one of a thousand in those days of delusion and apathy. He made particular endeavours to correct the sin of Sabbath-breaking; he was very solicitous for the welfare of the young, and he set up meetings for

reading Christian literature to those who were illiterate, or to whom books were inaccessible.

Quite worthy of being classed with Lebbeus Driver was the eccentric John Ryland, whom we find communicating with the Society in April, 1761: "As we have sixteen or twenty villages round Northampton, it cannot be thought I should be able to distribute every single book myself. I have, therefore, selected some one or more persons in those villages, on whose prudence and fidelity I could depend, and have put a parcel of the little books into their hands to distribute as proper objects should occur. They have given me very encouraging accounts of the readiness with which people have received them, and I have not in one instance heard of any abuse of this excellent charity. The Bibles and Testaments I give away at home, and I examine the persons who beg for them as to their inability to purchase them, the reasons of their desires to have them, and have likewise added some short and pertinent directions and exhortations to make a serious and good use of such a treasure. I am fully satisfied that many who have received these Bibles are heirs to all the blessings contained in them. Our part of the country is remarkable for great numbers who discover an eager and ready attention to hear the glorious gospel. Blessed be God, the Word does not return unto us void, it doth accomplish that which God pleases, and prospers in the things whereto he sent it."

But even in its earliest days the attention of the Book Society was not confined to the British Islands; and did space allow, we might take the reader with us to various foreign stations. These we shall pass over for the sake of referring to more general history.

After it had been in existence nearly fifty years, the work of book distribution was managed by a committee, a coterie without energy or business tact, who were soon superseded by younger rivals. Free grants altogether ceased, though subscribers had doled out to them such books as they were pleased to pay for. Happily there were men abroad who saw that the time had come for Christians to arise and do something to check the ungodliness of the country. This led to the establishment of the Religious Tract Society, the place of which would have been occupied by the Book Society, had it not been for the unaccountable apathy of officials who had none of the spirit of Joseph Hughes. The Bible Society was formed soon after; and hence says one, "the slumbering managers of the Book Society saw, from the want of flexibility in its plans, and energy in its administration, the two main objects of its usefulness separately undertaken, each by a young and vigorous society."

Though these errors of the past cannot be repaired, they should so far be forgotten as not to bias our minds in the present day against an agency which now at least keeps abreast of the times in its particular work. Of late years, assisted by their indefatigable servants, Mr. Secretary Mummery and Mr. Editor Lyon, the committee have carried on their operations with a spirit of enterprise which has entitled them to take a first place among the friends of the poor. They sold a million copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" at a penny; and are now engaged in selling a second million at twopence. *The Holy War, the Book of Martyrs, the Annals of the Poor, the Life of Christ,* each

containing 192 pages, are disposed of at the same price, and must do a service in the great work of evangelizing the country that there is little danger of over-estimating. Free grants are made as the funds allow, and as opportunities occur. The Society is the parent stem from which has branched forth the powerful and ever-growing associations whose constant aim is to dispense the Bible and make known the gospel among the poor: and though the offshoots have far outgrown the parent tree, there is vitality in the original stock, and fruitfulness in it yet. The estimation in which the Society is held by its President, Lord Shaftesbury, is set forth in a letter accepting the Presidentship, May 24th, 1870.—"Though I am contracting the range of Presidentships to which I have had the honour to be appointed, I cannot decline the one to which your committee are so good as to propose to me. The operations of the Book Society are so healthy and beneficial, that I shall have a sincere pleasure in being thus connected with them."

It is but fair to add that the Society owes much to the energy and general business tact of its secretary, Mr. Mummery, to whom the Earl of Shaftesbury paid a well-earned compliment at the last annual meeting. When Mr. Mummery assumed office twenty years ago, the income of the Society, arising from the sale of religious publications, was reckoned by hundreds instead of thousands as at the present time.

Great Wealth a great Mockery.

IF you are ever tempted to purchase a very large pear decline the investment, or reckon upon a disappointment; you will probably find it woolly, almost tasteless, and more like a turnip than a pear. We know, for we have made the experiment in the land where the gigantic pears are grown. Overgrown fruits never seem to us to have the delicate sweetness which may be found in those of the usual dimensions. What is gained in quantity is more than lost in quality. In the same manner great wealth, great honour, and great rank generally turn out to be great shams. Besides the counteracting influences of great care and great temptation, there is an inevitable satiety in too much of anything which soon renders it tasteless. For sweetness prefer competence to enormous fortune, the esteem of a few to the homage of a multitude, and a quiet condition to a position of eminence and splendour. There is more flavour in *enough* than in *too much*. Solomon's proverb bids us prefer the dinner of herbs eaten in peace to the stalled ox consumed amid contention; and his remark is the more practical when we consider how often the fat ox seems of necessity to involve contention, while the herbs are not thought to be worth fighting over. He chose wisely who said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches": he took the smaller and the sweeter pear. After all it is better to have no choice, but leave it all with our heavenly Father.

"American Pictures."*

THE versatile secretary of the Religious Tract Society has set himself a task of considerable pleasure, and of no small interest to the reading public. He has resolved to see the countries of the world, and by pen and pencil to convey his own impressions to his readers. His Swiss, Spanish, and Italian Pictures form a series of volumes which embody the leading characteristics of the natural scenery, the art treasures, and the manners and customs of the peoples of those European countries. His "Land of the Pharaohs" and "Those Holy Fields" contain the ripe results of researches in Egypt and Palestine. The pictures are executed in the highest style of art, and leave nothing to be desired by those who only travel in imagination. Tourists who have traversed the same ground as the author can secure no better mementoes of their travels. These volumes form a library of wonderful interest, and they are produced in a style to adorn the drawing-room table.

Crossing to the New World, Dr. Manning has seen America for himself, and, at a cost which must have been enormous, he has put before the public a volume as charming as any of its predecessors.

The journey from New York to San Francisco gave him the first impression of the size of the American continent. He says, "Our ocean run had been 3,054 miles, as shown by the log; a distance sometimes accomplished in seven days. The overland journey from the eastern to the western coast exceeds this by 250 miles in a nearly straight line, and occupies the same time, travelling night and day. Cities of 500,000 inhabitants, such as Cincinnati, St. Louis, or Chicago are passed; mountain chains and mighty rivers are crossed, ; a thousand miles of prairie are traversed, and still the goal is not reached. We lie down at night, we wake in the morning, we spend the day in such amusements as the American railway train affords, and still we are rushing on. A whole week must elapse before the waters of the Pacific, rolling in through the golden gate, gladden our eyes."

The greatness of the country explains the typical American notions, and justifies, perhaps, a national pride. Everything is dwarfed by comparison with an American standard. An innocent Englishman who, we presume, had never crossed the channel, once asked an American clergyman with whom he rode on a stage coach, "Pray, sir, have you any river in America equal to the Thames?" and received the following reply: "Why, sir, I reside, when at home, on the banks of a river formed by the confluence of two rivers, which, coming from opposite directions, unite after flowing, each of them, four hundred miles; the united stream then rolls on one thousand miles, with mighty cities on its shores, when it meets a river which has come from another direction 3,000 miles to meet it; and these flowing on together, soon take in another, which has come 2000 miles from another direction; and these five rivers make the Mississippi, which now rolls about 1,5C0 miles farther on, and there disembogues itself by thirty mouths into the sea." We are not told how this answer was received, but we apprehend

* American Pictures. By Dr. Manning. London: Religious Tract Society.

it almost took the breath out of our innocent countryman. Enormous as are the figures given above, we believe they are strictly correct. Dr. Manning says, "Not only is the Mississippi navigable for 2,200 miles from its mouth, but it has more than 1,500 navigable branches." In attempting to impress a London audience with the vastness of the American lakes, our orator gave utterance to the following hyperbole—"If you were to pour all the water of your English lakes into the middle of one of ours it would not create a ripple sufficient to reach the shores."

The mammoth cave of Kentucky has 200 miles of labyrinths and avenues, and the perpendicular cliffs of the Yosemite valley are 3,000 feet in height. Trees attain an altitude of 325 feet, and a circumference, at the base, of one hundred. One of the trees in Mariposa Grove "has a passage burned clean through the trunk, large enough to admit a man on horseback. 'I rode,' says Dr. Manning, 'through it as through an archway, without touching on either side, and though my horse was at least fifteen hands high, there was ample space between my hat and the crown of the arch.'"

The rapidity with which America has been developed, and the attempts to harmonize everything with the gigantic scale of nature, have created a morbid restlessness and fostered an insatiable ambition which are unfavourable to spiritual life and Christian service. The national characteristics are impressed upon the ecclesiastical buildings, and that simplicity which is the charm of true worship is more than imperilled, we fear, by the attempt to import into religion the intense energy with which business is conducted. Structures of white marble, whose cost must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands of dollars, may be all very well to gratify a national ambition, but they are out of harmony with the spiritual worship of those "who worship the Father in spirit and in truth." If we wish to see the fervour of devout spiritual life it must rather be sought outside, where men are drawn together by a common, sacred impulse. Nearly every American city has its daily prayer-meeting, mostly in secular buildings, and to this agency we must attribute the development and conservation of spiritual life and energy. It would seem that the churches are, for the most part, regarded as societies affiliated to vast organised philanthropic agencies, and that the members are scarcely awake to the duty and blessedness of individual effort in Christian service. The gigantic rules in the religious as well as in the natural, social, and political worlds.

We confess to a feeling of disappointment in finding in Dr. Manning's book so little reference to religious and philanthropic efforts. While we are indebted to him for vivid descriptions of natural scenery, and of American manners generally, we think he would have rendered a far greater service had he given us even a brief "record of combat with sin and of labour for the Lord."

The prayer with which the minute book of the common council of New York commences is one of the most comprehensive and appropriate possible; and we may hope for a bright future for any country in which the spirit of the prayer is breathed by its senators and judges: "We beseech thee, thou who art the fountain of all good gifts, qualify us by thy grace, that we may, with fidelity and righteousness, serve in

our respective offices. To this end enlighten our darkened understandings, that we may be able to distinguish the right from the wrong, the truth from falsehood: and that we may give pure and uncorrupted decisions, having an eye upon thy word, a sure guide, giving to the simple wisdom and knowledge. Let thy law be a light to our feet and a lamp to our path, so that we may never turn away from the path of righteousness. Deeply impress on all our minds that we are not accountable unto men but unto God, who seeth and heareth all things. Let all respect of persons be removed from us, that we may award justice unto the rich and the poor, unto friends and enemies alike; to residents and to strangers, according to the law of truth, and that not one of us may swerve therefrom. And since gifts do blind the eye of the wise, and destroy the heart, therefore keep our hearts aright. Grant unto us, also, that we may not rashly prejudge anyone without a fair hearing, but that we may patiently hear the parties, and give them time and opportunity for defending themselves, in all things looking up to thee, and to thy word for counsel and direction."

The craving for novelties, which is such a pronounced feature of the American character, has proved a source of mischief to the religious life of the people. Systems which scarcely can be called burlesques of Christianity have arisen and assumed proportions truly gigantic. The history of Mormonism is a history of extraordinary credulity, blind fanaticism, and ignorant superstition. The worst feature of fallen humanity is exalted into a virtue, and the sanctity of religion is thrown over the most degrading vice of which man is capable. Dr. Manning says—"A sensual and materialistic creed, like that of Mormonism, debases its adherents to its own level. As well expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles as to find a noble and holy life developed by faith in a system which denies the spirituality of the divine nature, inculcates polygamy as a duty, and gives the assurance of salvation to the mere mechanical performance of outward ordinances."

Of the Salt Lake Valley Dr. Manning says—"It would be difficult to exaggerate the glory and beauty of the scenery." The city has the appearance of a vast garden, dotted here and there with houses, and covers an area of nine miles. "The streets," he says, "each one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, are lined with shade trees, and a stream of water runs between the roadway and the side walks. Excepting in the main business thoroughfares, each house stands in its own separate enclosure, which is commonly planted with fruit trees." It would seem that Heber's familiar lines may be applied with all the emphasis of truth—

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!"

There is one merit which must be conceded to the Mormon colonists, that of industry. "When the Mormons first settled here," says Dr. Manning, "the valley was a barren desert of sage bush and alkali dust. The streams which flowed down the mountain sides were turned into irrigation canals, and distributed over the land. The alluvial soil which they brought down with them was deposited on the surface, turning the alkali dust into a rich black loam, producing crops of marvellous richness and abundance."

An eminent official appointed by the United States Government to investigate and report upon the policy to be pursued with regard to Mormonism, expresses his conviction that upon the death of Brigham Young, who is in his seventy-fifth year, the system will break up. Dr. Manning thinks it will not hold together so long as that, as a schism has already occurred, the leaders of which affirm that "the only passage in the book of Mormon which speaks of polygamy condemns it, and denounces the judgment of God upon those who practise it." The elder to whom Dr. Manning was indebted for the fact, and who is a cousin of Smith, has widely departed from the faith of the prophet, for he confessed to having fourteen wives.

The destination of Dr. Manning was San Francisco, which, in a little more than a quarter of a century, has risen from a mere cluster of wooden shanties to the rank of a great city. The harbour is called the Golden Gate of the Pacific. It is in reality "an inland sea, ten miles in width, seventy in length, and including the bays which run out from it, two hundred and fifty in circumference. All the navies in the world could ride at anchor here in perfect safety." In 1849 the population was composed of "ruffians and cut-throats, thieves and gamblers of every nationality." The age of vulgar ruffianism developed a system of gross municipal corruption, but the principal officials, instead of being suspended from office, were suspended from second story windows, and lynch law was brought to bear upon the worst offenders. San Francisco now bids fair to become "one of the most quiet, law-abiding, well-governed cities of the world."

The Chinese question is one of the most difficult to deal with. They are the Ishmaelites of America. In San Francisco they are crowded together in a district called China Town, where everything is exclusively Chinese, and the worst features of the Chinese character assert themselves. "The Chinaman is hated by the labourers and artisans, because he reduces the rate of wages by his cheap labour. Tradesmen denounce him because he spends nothing, but buys and sells only among his own people, importing from China all articles of consumption. Capitalists complain that instead of adding to the accumulated wealth of the country, he carries away with him all that he has amassed during his residence in it. Politicians fear lest he should make his appearance at the ballot box, and thus disturb the course of affairs by introducing an alien element. Christians look with not unnatural alarm on the establishment in their midst of a large heathen community, idolatrous in profession, atheistic in fact, and addicted to degrading vices."

We are gratified to learn that a mission has been established amongst them, and that the Christian church is taking up the matter in earnest. There are now about twenty Sunday-schools, and a Chinese convert acts as assistant minister in one of the two mission churches. Dr. Manning says, "Though the missionaries at work in China Town can rejoice over not a few conversions, they yet feel oppressed by the magnitude and the difficulties of the work before them, and they ask the prayers of English Christians for that divine aid, without which the most vigorous efforts will be vain."

In New York all that is best and worst in human nature comes to

the front. The effort to hold in check the lawless spirit of vast hordes of immigrants has taxed American institutions with a strain which speaks well for their constitution. The wonder is not that society is so bad, but that it is not far worse. The official corruption must be regarded as the scum of a heterogenous population, of which the countries of Europe have been drained. "Probably in no city of the world," says Dr. Manning, "are religious and philanthropic organizations more vigorously and earnestly at work than here. The magnitude of the evil to be encountered has called forth a corresponding zeal and devotion on the part of the Christian church. The forms which these philanthropic efforts assume may sometimes offend a fastidious taste and jar upon our feelings of propriety, yet it is impossible not to admire the vigour with which they are conducted or to refuse to rejoice in the success by which they are followed."—V. J. C.

A Telegram from Heaven.

A YOUNG man was once employed as a clerk in a telegraph office, in a town in England. In some way or other God led him to see that he was a sinner, and this caused him great distress of mind. Like a poor lamb in the mountains he felt that he had wandered from God's fold, and was a lost sheep. But he could not tell where to find the Shepherd, or how to get back to his fold. But Jesus "the Good Shepherd" took a singular way to find him and bring him back.

The young man went to the office one morning in great distress of mind, from the burden of his sins. He was lifting up his heart in secret, and saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" when the click of the telegraph machine before him, told him that a message was coming. He looked and saw that it came from Windermere, up among our beautiful lakes and mountains. There was first the name and residence of the person for whom the telegram was sent, and then followed these words from the Bible: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." And then followed the name of the person sending it. This was a strange message to send by telegraph. The explanation of it was this: the telegram was sent to a servant girl living in that town. She was in distress about her sins, and trying to find Jesus. She had a brother who was a Christian; he was a servant in the family of a gentleman who was spending the summer at the lakes. This poor girl had written to her brother telling him about the trouble she was in, and asking him the great question, "What must I do to be saved?" Her brother had no time to write to her just then, so he sent her this telegram. The poor girl found her way to Jesus through those sweet words from her brother, and so did that young man in the telegraph office. This was a *telegram from heaven* to him. Those precious words—"the Lamb of God," "sin taken away," "redemption through his blood" and "the riches of his grace,"—brought him to Jesus, and he found peace in him. The Good Shepherd made use of the telegraph wire to bring one of his lost sheep back to himself.—*Selected.*

Dr. Hawker at an Inn.*

THE night was hastening fast upon us, and our little party were all longing for the sight of the inn. Every mile appeared as two, and every milestone we beheld was welcomed with more than ordinary delight: like schoolboys looking forward to the holidays, we counted the lessening number as we passed them with increasing pleasure. At length the smoke from the chimney told us we were near. The inn soon opened to our view, and the post-boy drove up to the door.

How very delightful to a weary traveller is the sight of an inn! And though he turneth in but as the wayfaring man, to tarry but for a night, yet it is a night in which refreshment seems doubly refreshing. And it must be poor accommodation indeed, or a man must be difficult to be pleased, which satisfieth not at such seasons. Hunger gives a relish to the food, and makes everything palatable.

It is not a little gratifying to the traveller to observe with what eagerness everyone interested in the welfare of an inn hastens on your arrival to bid you welcome. Is it pride, or is it somewhat better in the human mind, which feels pleased with such attention? The wheels of our chaise had scarce ceased before that we found ourselves surrounded by many of the house, to open to us the door of our carriage, and to show us to a room. Our first enquiry, as usual, can you take us in? Can we have beds? Can we have somewhat to eat? Yes, yes! echoed at the same time from several voices, as if eager to show their promptness to please.

Blessed Lord Jesus (I said to myself, as I beheld their attention) how vast the difference that marked thy reception when upon earth. "There was no room for Jesus in the inn!" Alas! every house and every heart he found bolted against him. "The Son of man had not where to lay his head." And although, when this Lord of life and glory came, "he came to his own and his own received him not;" whereas, here am I, a stranger, and yet cordially received by strangers. Blush, inhospitable world, at the recollection of the coldness of reception given to thy Maker and Redeemer!

But pause, my soul, over the review. Am I drawing the portrait of myself? How long did my poor sinful heart stand resolutely shut against Jesus? And to this hour, yea, and for ever would have remained so, had not my Lord, in mercy to me, opened it to himself, and "made me willing in the day of his power."

We entered the inn: the Lord be praised, I said, for this day's mercies. Every moment teems with them, and especially to the traveller. And sometimes they come so directed and personal, as if sent with a special commission; yea, as if a voice spake in them, like those words of the wise man, "that thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee," Prov. xxii. 19.

Perhaps my reader, if he be a traveller, may, in his own experience, know somewhat of these things. During the course of my short and insignificant life, and few as my travels have been, I have seen numberless instances where mercies have come so pointed and distinguishing as it was hardly possible for a carnal mind to overlook them. Many a case of what the world would call accident hath carried with it to me a plain mark of divine ordination. How often hath the traveller, whose journey was meant but only for passing through the town or village, been suddenly arrested by sickness, and detained there? He intended the inn but as the place for momentary refreshment, but it hath

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* Taken from the good Doctor's works. A very interesting record of the simple primitive way in which a good clergyman used an occasion for doing good in a manner seldom attempted. We suppose the prayers were extempore.

proved an hospital of long pain; yea, and to many proved the house of death. I have known these things in the history of others, but through the Lord's goodness over me, not in my own. And were not my mercies then distinguishing mercies? Hath the reader in his own instance known anything of the kind? And if so, will he also call them distinguishing? Oh! who shall calculate the gracious watchings of the Lord over his people, both before they knew the Lord and after? Who shall recount what distinguishing mercies both in providence and grace, have been displayed for them through their whole journey of life? What seemingly hairbreadth escapes! What wardings off of hurt in the moment of danger! and what tends to endear them the more, when the poor, forgetful, and too often unconscious heart is called back to their recollection, they are often made strikingly distinguishing, since in the very moment they are manifested to us, the same events in which we have been involved together with others have proved fatal to them. The church in one of the sweetest psalms, after enumerating a long catalogue of mercies shown by the Lord, sums up the whole in a beautiful conclusion—"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." Psalm cvii. 43.

For my own part, conscious as I am how apt I am to forget divine mercies, and to make their record but as impressions on the water, I earnestly beg that God the Holy Ghost, in that sweet office of his, as the remembrancer of Christ Jesus, will keep alive in my poor forgetful heart the constant recollection of divine mercies, and especially such as are more immediately personal and distinguishing. And in this sense, every inn will form a pillar of remembrance. Here shall I set up, both at entrance and departure, the renewed Ebenezer; and the heart, under grace, will immediately burst forth in praise, "hitherto hath the Lord helped."

The waiter followed us, or rather led us to the room, and stood, as if expecting our commands. I interpreted his looks. Give us, I said, if you please, any little matter of food your house furnishes. But first, I added, it is the custom of myself and family to bless God in prayer for his mercies over us. If, therefore, your master or mistress, with as many of your household, in visitors or servants, as feel disposed, will join us in family worship, we shall be very happy to see them.

What a damp have I sometimes seen the very mention of prayer to make on the countenance of graceless persons! What a reluctancy and aversion I beheld in the features of the waiter at the bare proposal! Reader, have you considered the cause? Is it, indeed, so unsuitable and unbecoming in creatures such as we are, to bow the knee before the mercy-seat? Even upon common principles of gratitude, doth man with man dislike the acknowledgment of favours received? O no! an ungrateful fellow is everyone's aversion. And is gratitude only then becoming unsuitable when it is offered from man to God? Could graceless persons but see things as they are, how fully doth such a conduct prove the truth of that solemn Scripture, "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Rom. viii. 7.

Well do I remember in the family of one who is now a peer of the realm, where the most sovereign contempt was manifested by a valet of the house to family worship. Not satisfied with constantly absenting himself upon those occasions when prayer was observed in the house, he proceeded to show a yet more decided hatred to the service, and made a point to insult the whole family while at their devotions. For this purpose he contrived to place himself in the adjoining room to the one in which they had assembled; and by noise in whistling, singing, or throwing about the furniture, as his corrupt humour directed him, to turn, if he could, the whole solemnity into ridicule. It was impossible with impunity to pass over unnoticed an insolence so unpardonable. But without being supposed to know that this conduct of his was designed, his master took occasion to enquire of him how it was that he never attended family prayer. "Prayer!" said he (and with the most impudent brow of scorn and

derision), "I never did live in a praying family, and I never will." "True, my friend," I said in answer when I heard it; "you have for once spoken the truth. You never have known, it is plain, by what you have said, what prayer is, and the blessedness of it; and living and dying in this prayerless state, you never will. For in hell there are no prayers, and to that family you are hastening, and ere long will live in it for ever."

But to return. Though I have sometimes, and not unfrequently, observed the alteration made upon the countenance of the waiter at the inn in my proposal of prayer, yet the reader should be told also that such things have never discouraged me from constantly following up the invitation at whatever inn I came. On the contrary, by a firm and decided perseverance, I have in many places overcome all difficulty. Indeed now, from long custom, and especially in those inns where, from going more than once, I am known, the thing is in some measure become habitual; and the inhabitants of those inns would, I believe, be disappointed were I to omit the invitation. And I can assure the reader that sometimes we have formed no small congregations at those places.

And I take occasion herefrom to admonish the godly traveller (if so be m little tract should by the Lord's appointment fall into such hands), that if I would wish to call such a family as that which constitutes an inn to prayer- and nothing can be more desirable—he will persevere in invitations as I hav done. It may be somewhat irksome at the first, but it soon wears off. It forms a duty of a high nature. Who knows what hidden ones of the Lord may be in such a house? Who shall say what blessed consequences may follow? Let no man shrink from it. That sweet promise is absolute—"In due season we shall reap if we faint not." And even in those instances where we may conclude we are least successful, and where the frivolous excuses I have known brought—such as, the master and mistress are engaged, the house is full of company—sorry they cannot attend—yet even here the invitation may through the Lord, have a blessed effect. The remembrance of it may operate when least expected; it may be brought home in some sick and sorrowful hour with conviction on the conscience, in having refused prayer, and it may be commissioned of the Lord to enter the heart, and, "like bread cast upon the waters, be found after many days." Go on then with the invitation, and leave the event with the Lord: "He hath the hearts of all men at his disposal, and like rivers of water, he turneth them whithersoever he pleaseth."

And if my reader be himself a partaker of grace, he need not that I should tell him that the grand object in bringing prayerless families under the means of grace and ordinances of worship, is not to do what nature untaught of grace can never do—to open a communion with the Lord; for there must first be an acquaintance with the Lord, before there can be peace with him. No communion with God in Christ until a consciousness of union is formed with Christ. But the ordinances and means of grace, both in public worship and family prayer, are observed with an eye to this blessing; and "as faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," we bring our households and our little ones under the means, looking to the Lord for his blessing upon them. And should our call on prayerless families be accompanied with the Lord's favour, they may, and they will then be made to minister to his glory, and his people's happiness, "in making themselves wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Perhaps the reader may wish to know the plan of worship I observed in these instances when at an inn, and when any part of the household accept my invitation. I will very gladly inform him.

As soon as I find the invited party entering the room, in order to prevent all awkwardness, and to take off all embarrassment, I immediately arise and take chairs for everyone of them; and as soon as we are all seated, I take a Bible and read a short portion of the Word of God, and then add a few observations upon it. As a sample, the reader will, I hope kindly accept the following:—

PSALM CXXVII.

1 Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

2 It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.

3 Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.

4 As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth.

5 Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.

OBSERVATIONS.

In whatever point of view, as builders, or as watchmen in the church of God, the improvements to be drawn from this sweet Scripture, when the great author of it, God the Holy Ghost, becomes our teacher, must be blessed. We who are travellers, and you who are stationary and at home, may under his grace derive the same conclusions from it; and very blessed they will be when the Lord applies them.

Except the Lord both build and watch, both sanctify and prosper, nothing in temporal pursuits, neither in spiritual, can be productive of happiness. That builder layeth his foundation, of whatever kind it may be, but in the sand, who doth not rest upon Christ, the Rock of Ages. And all the watchfulness of the watchman cannot keep our persons or our dwelling-place in safety, no not for an hour, unless Jesus becomes our confidence. This very night which we are entered upon, neither of us can be sure to finish, or behold once more the morning light, without the Lord's appointment. The carelessness of friends, as well as the malice of enemies, may bring both our bodies and our dwelling-place to the dust, and carry our souls into eternity, for aught we can either of us do to prevent. And what a solemn consideration ought this to be to every one of us to seek the favour and protection of the Lord!

This beautiful psalm saith, "It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows." Perhaps there are few persons to whom these words are more applicable than to the inhabitants of an inn; for who so exposed to early and to late hours, and subject to a thousand calls as you are? And although it be nothing dishonourable, but on the contrary most useful and beneficial in these services to many, to myself, and travellers, particularly in ministering to our wants, yet unless you are looking beyond the present state of things for somewhat more satisfying to your future welfare, no one would wish to be always living in a hurry and confusion. Is it not thus, as the psalmist saith, that "the Lord giveth his beloved sleep"? I must take it for granted, therefore, that everyone of you, as well as myself and family, are earnest at length to obtain that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." Conscious of the dying state of things around you; conscious of the dying state of everything within you; beholding in yourselves, and in the circumstances of others, that here "we have no continuing city!"—would it not be wise to seek "one that is to come"? And the Word of God blessedly holds out to our view, and proposeth it to our attainment, that "city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God."

Let us but figure to ourselves a family, a household like yours, where all the several inhabitants of it are framing their views, their hopes, their pursuits upon this model. They behold all things in this changeable, dying world as the inn you dwell in, where there is a continued succession of new faces; the persons you see and attend to-day, you perhaps see them no more for ever. If convinced that nothing short of an interest in Christ can secure happiness, amidst the continued alteration of persons and things around, your hearts are led to him, all is well. Building upon the Lord for your everlasting welfare, making him the first and last, and grand object of all your concern; living to him, and living upon him; delighting in his holy word, delighting

in his holy Sabbath, delighting in his ordinances; beginning every day in prayer and ending it in praise; what shall arise, nay, what can arise, to defeat your happiness? Then in every state, and in every situation, whether high or low, rich or poor, master or servant, in sickness or in health, in life or death, time or eternity, all must be blessed, because all is founded in Christ. This is to prove what one of the apostles hath said: "Godliness is profitable unto all things; it hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It will be happy for you, for me, for all the redeemed, if the Lord should direct your hearts to the pursuit of this great end. Thus building on the rock Christ Jesus, we may and ought to take to ourselves the whole blessedness of this sweet psalm. Happy is the man, happy the house, happy the family, whose quiver is blessed with such inhabitants. "They shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies at the gate."

Let us go to the throne of grace, and follow up this holy psalm with prayer.

AN EVENING PRAYER AT AN INN.

Infinitely great and glorious Lord God Almighty! which is, which was, and which is to come, we pray for grace to approach the footstool of thy throne, in that new and living way which thou hast consecrated for us through the vail of Christ's flesh; and as we are a company of poor and needy and sinful creatures, we humbly beg to spread both our persons and our supplications before our God in Christ.

It hath been well known to our Lord, and that from all eternity, that the very souls which now present themselves at the pardon-office of Jesus, would at this time and in this place meet together to seek a blessing from our God. It was well known then, and it is well known now to our God, what mercies would be suited for us to receive and for the glory of our God to bestow. And we hope and trust that our God is come forth this evening to give us those several blessings the Lord knows we want, and which hath been treasured up for us for this hour in the hands of the Lord Jesus from all eternity. O, our God, disappoint us not of our hope, and suffer not one of the needy souls which are before thee to arise from the footstool of thy throne without our blessing, neither send any empty away.

Lord, thou knowest that we all stand in need of pardon, mercy, and peace, in the blood of the cross, as we need our daily bread. And though we are utterly unworthy of any blessing from thee, yet vouchsafe to be very gracious to us for Jesus' sake. Look upon us in him, and bless us in him; and we shall be blessed indeed.

Let the portion of thy Holy Word which hath been read to us this evening in our little assembly, be made life and spirit to our souls, and the observations offered upon it, as far as agreeable to thy truth, bless also. And do thou give to us, at all times when reading or hearing thy word, the hearing ear, and the seeing eye, and the understanding and believing heart, and may thy Word come with power and the Holy Ghost.

Finally, blessed Lord, do thou graciously accept our praises for every mercy of life, in nature, providence, grace, and hereafter glory, all sweetened as they are, and sanctified in the Lord Jesus. God be praised for his mercies over us travellers in the past day; and may the Lord's goodness be seen and acknowledged for their mercies to the inhabitants of this house. Lord, pour out a spirit of grace and supplication upon them, that it may never be said of this family that it is a prayerless family. Pardon the iniquity of our most holy things, for the sake of that sin-bearing Lamb of God, that beareth away into the land of everlasting forgetfulness the sins of his people. And do thou, Lord, in a way of grace and mercy and salvation infinitely more and better for us than we can ask or think, for Jesu's sake. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, etc.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

THE MORNING AT THE INN.

The morning at the inn opened in grace, and brought to my recollection that sweet promise—"And my people (saith the Lord) shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places" (Isa. xxxii. 18). Such I found it then, and such I find it now. It is very blessed to be awakened with a promise. A promise so brought and so applied must be of the Lord, for it can be of no other. And surely the sweet savour of it runs through the whole day.

The first moments of the morning are sweet, and at an inn they are peculiarly so; for there is nobody to interrupt you, no one to break in upon you; all alone, and yet not alone, as Jesus said; for we are never less alone than when alone. The sweetest moments of life are those in which the world hath nothing to do with you (John xvi. 32). But I know the blessedness also of society; I mean such society as the prophet speaks of (Mal. iii. 6—17).

As soon, however, as things could be brought into action, and the world up (I mean the little world I was then in, the inn), I hastened the family to prayer and breakfast. We were soon assembled. I read a portion of the Word of God, and followed it up with prayer.

A MORNING PRAYER AT AN INN.

Blessed be a covenant God in Christ, who hath preserved our persons and dwelling-place in safety through the night, and brought us all in health and peace and safety to the light of this new day. Blessed be the Lord for his mercies! And praised be our God who hath caused us to assemble once more before him, to present ourselves before his mercy-seat, to hear his holy Word, and call upon his holy name. Lord, give us grace to prize those mercies as distinguishing mercies when we call to mind those prayerless families, who lie down and rise up as herds of the stall, never once saying, "Where is God my maker?" Lord, we desire to acknowledge that it is thy grace, not our worth, —thy mercy, not our merit, which makes all the difference!

And now, Lord, we are all here before thee, receive us as poor, needy, helpless creatures, who wait thy bounty. We have nothing to bring, nothing to offer; but, Lord, we come to receive, not to give. Jesus will be glorified in giving out of his fulness, and we shall be made happy in receiving of his salvation. Surely the riches of our God's grace will be magnified in pouring out a profusion of his mercies upon such poor, weak, and helpless worms as we are. Is it not on such Jesus causeth his glory to shine?

We come, Lord, as guilty sinners to be pardoned, as unholy to be cleansed, as naked to be clothed, as hungry to be fed; yea, we come as wretched in ourselves to be made happy in Jesus. And will not Jesus receive us, pardon, cleanse, clothe, feed us, and make us everlastingly blessed in himself? Yea, is not Jesu's glory, as the head of his church, made complete when making his members blessed in him? From such grace we shall be made indeed most blessed, and everlastingly happy in him; but our adorable Lord will get glory by each, and glory in and from all. Oh, then, be thou, dearest Lord, be thou most blessed in thy people, and abundantly glorious in thy redeemed! Look with mercy upon thine whole church. Bless every one of thine in this place. Are there any of thine in this inn to be gathered to thee? Oh, hasten the happy hour! Are there not many who belong to Zion in this place, whom Jesus loveth that are sick? Look in, Lord, upon them, and bless them. Oh, may they hear the rod and who hath appointed it! Be with us who are about to depart from this place, and go before us in the pillar of cloud by day, and in the pillar of fire by night. And will our God leave a blessing behind him in those of his which remain in this inn. May the blessing of the Father, Son, and Spirit be with each and with all of thy people!

And now, gracious Lord, before we arise from the footstool of thy throne and separate from each other, add one blessing more to what we have now received, and as we have been permitted to meet together before thy throne of

grace upon earth, may we meet, if it be thine holy will, before thy throne of glory in heaven, in and through Jesus Christ our Lord; through whom we pray for grace to ascribe to the one glorious and eternal Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost all glory, praise, and power now and for ever. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, etc.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

When we had taken refreshment, finished our breakfast, and paid our bill, there was but one thing more to perform. Those little claims upon travellers in servants and waiters, I like to own. My pocket, indeed, is but scanty; nevertheless, travelling is not every day. If I err in extravagance it is, I confess, upon those occasions. I would stint myself a thousand ways rather than be mean to those whose lives are spent in accommodating others. Besides it is their all, their livelihood, and for which they give up their whole time and comfort. Jesus hath said, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." And Solomon saith, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty" (Prov. xi. 24).

As I distributed the little moieties around, and we were on the tiptoe of departure, I said, "Farewell! Do not forget the Word of God you have heard, neither the throne of grace to which you have been. The Lord forbid that that throne should be a witness against you or me another day! and that it will if we neglect to go there. Oh, remember what borderers we all are upon the other world. The chaise is now, as you see, at the door, to take me and those with me away; in a few minutes you will see me and them no more. In like manner the carriage of death will shortly call for every one of you; and then the clamours and demands of this inn will be no more to you than though you had never lived here. Yea, the inn itself in which you are now so busily engaged, will feel no more concern for you, but turn you out as though it had never known you. Oh, look to Jesus; make him your portion now, and he will be a portion to live upon to all eternity." We stept into the chaise. "Farewell," I said—and we parted, perhaps for ever!

Bhamo.*

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (LOND.)

ACCORDING to promise, I rejoice to send tidings to our "far away home" of the goodness of the Lord to us in this out-of-the-way corner in Asia—Bhamo. On the 4th of April our good steam-ship, *Irrawaddy*, brought us safe to Rangoon. Here we remained the guests of good, hearty, American missionary friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rose. The major part of the daytime of that fortnight was occupied in seeing the goods we had brought with us, for private and medical purposes, properly landed from the steamer, passed through Her Majesty's customs, and transhipped to the up-country steamer for Bhamo. The Rangoon customs are, of all customs I ever had to do with, exceptionally difficult.

On the 20th of April we were under weigh in the river steamer, bound for Bhamo. The thousand-mile passage up the Irrawaddy river was very pleasant, and the scenery for the most part very fine. The only things which detracted from the pleasure of the former, and beauty of the latter, were the Buddhistic pagodas, etc., which are placed in every imposing situation; on the tops and slopes of hills and mountains, in the midst of groves of trees and other choice positions. Though they are the fruits of superstition, one cannot, nevertheless, help admiring their graceful form, which is not much unlike one of our clay

* We call special attention to this note from our friend Mr. Harvey, who is associated with Mr. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission.

water-bottles, but with a shorter neck and a square instead of round base. On the top they are surmounted with a metallic umbrella, a deep fringe hanging from the outer rim. This the Burmese call a "t'e." Gold enters into the composition of some of these t'es, and at times very costly jewels are placed in the fringe. In windy weather these ornaments make quite a ringing noise.

Just before we reached Prome, which is some four hundred miles up the river, we passed through a "defile." On the rock on one side quite a number of niches had been cut out and little alabaster representations of Guatama Buddha, inserted. And so the wonderful works of God are prostituted to the purposes of idolatry. Very often whilst coming up the river did I remark to my dear wife that it was on this very river Irrawaddy, that dear Judson fifty years ago sailed on a raft, with Mrs. Judson and her babe, after eighteen months imprisonment and cruel treatment in Ava. Often and often did that honoured servant come to our minds, and often did we talk of him and his hardships. What a change! he a persecuted man for Christ's sake, glad to escape with life on a raft, and here, fifty years after, on the same river, we are going up to the northern boundary of the country in a steamer, none daring to make us afraid. When we drew near Ava these thoughts and feelings became intensified. Of Ava (and its sister, Amarapoora) we can only say "Ichabod;" but of the work for which he suffered whom she once incarcerated, we shout "hallelujah, praise the Lord." Tumbled down priests' houses, decayed pagodas, and rotten, crazy sheds full of broken idols—some headless, some armless, and others broken through the middle, lying strown about in all directions—meet the eye almost everywhere. But the standard of the cross, in all its unsullied glory, triumphs amidst it all. Dr. Judson and a noble army of missionaries have exchanged the sword for the crown, but the glorious fight of light and truth against darkness and error still goes on.

On the 2nd of May we reached Mandalay, where we were kindly received by the Burmese Prime Minister, and left for Bhamo on the 10th. The day before arriving at our destination we passed through a long and tortuous (ravine) "defile." The rocks on either side were very precipitous; on the top of some we saw, high away up, pagodas and priests' houses. Here down at the bottom of the ravine, the bed of the river was narrow and the stream, consequently, very strong. During the rainy season the current is very rapid, and at times it is all the steamers can do to stem it.

Next morning, May the 15th, through mist, fog, and drizzly rain, Bhamo hoved in sight. As the steamer drew up to the bank, we descried our two dear friends, Messrs. Stevenson and Soltau, crouching under the archway of a pagoda, sheltering from the rain. They had heard the steamer's whistle, and had come out of their Zayat to meet us. Our hearts danced with joy to see them, and afterwards to find them so well. The captain invited them to breakfast; after which we went ashore and visited the Zayat, where these brethren had been living for seven or eight months past. It was a small, wooden hovel, about twenty feet by sixteen, built on pales, with a thatched roof, on the west side of the main road near the north gate. The little place was divided into two compartments. In one, the furthest, two beds were spread out upon the floor; upon these the brethren slept. Two tables with a few books, and two or three cases full of Chinese and Burmese Scriptures and tracts, composed nearly all the furniture of this, which might then have been safely called their "private apartment." The other compartment, the one into which you first enter, was used for general purposes, partaking of meals, reception of guests, etc. Before this bamboo partition was erected, which we found to be of recent introduction, the Zayat would be filled with people representing several tribes and nationalities,—Chinese, Burmese, Shans, Keh-cheens, and East Indians—all eager and anxious to hear the foreigners, and to see all the things they had brought. Mr. Soltau often entertained them with a little music from his harmonium, and sung them a hymn in Chinese and Burmese; with both of which they were highly delighted.

Upon the occasion of these two brethren coming to Bhamo, they were accompanied from Rangoon by Mr. Rose, of the American Baptist Mission, who rendered them efficient service, both in Mandalay and here, in obtaining the piece of land which I was last year granted by the King of Burmah. As a Mission, we cannot be too thankful for Mr. R.'s services. From the Zayat we walked on a brick pathway through a small grove across a temple compound (without taking off shoes, as is the custom of the Burmese) across a long rickety wooden bridge, past the Governor of Bhamo's (the woon) residence, down a broad pathway leading to the east gate, and then turned sharply down a lane on the right, and so arrived at the China Inland Mission compound. Here we found the native carpenters hard at work building the new wooden house. The great thick heavy posts of teak had been reared, the roof finished, and the floor nearly so; doors, windows, and partition walls had yet to be made. Messrs. Stevenson, Soltau, and Adams (the latter having accompanied us from Rangoon) at the expense, I know, of a good deal of inconvenience, made shift here for three weeks. During that time Mrs. H. and myself lived at the Zayat; after which we, to use a Chinese expression—"pang kior'd"—*i.e.*, moved out to the new house.

There is an old adage which is true of more places than that which gives it such prominence, that "when you are in Rome you must do as Rome does." Therefore, having to build a house in Burmah it has been built in Burman fashion, namely, of one story, on posts, the floor being about six feet from the ground. The house is divided into four rooms with bath rooms at back and long verandah in front. The plot of ground on which the house is built is about 200 yards south of the east gate, close to the stockade. This latter structure consists of a long wall of tall posts, which runs in a very irregular way round three sides of the town; on the fourth side you have the river Irrawaddy. This fence is said to protect the inhabitants of the town from nocturnal invasions of wild men from the mountains (Keh-cheens) and tigers, but concerning the latter it is a failure. Standing on the verandah, we have an excellent view of the long range of mountains which separate us from China, where in the goodness of God we hope one day to be.

This is the object we have in view. Several Protestant missionaries have for years prayed that the gospel might be carried into the south-western provinces of China by way of Burmah. At times they dared to speak about it, but met with little beyond the "impossibilities of the unbelieving." Nevertheless, for years prayer after prayer ascended to God, "Let thy light and truth break in upon the darkness of all the eighteen provinces in China." "O Lord, let men, women, and children in Yunnan, Szse-chuan and Rivei-Cheo, praise thee!" Loving, faithful, Christ-like men and women whose lives were characterized by years of arduous toil in the Master's service in the land of Sinim, whose soil now gives rest to their bodies, have sent up this prayer over and over again. And has it been all for naught? Have none of those prayers reached the ear of God? Is it of no avail that we pray? Where, oh where is Elijah's God? No, no, brethren, it is a libel on God's honour to say that prayer is of no avail. The prayers of years for this specific object are now being answered. Numbers said that it was impossible for a European to live in Bhamo. Others, "that to attempt a mission in that quarter was only to incite trouble." "Long and vain endeavours have been made by others to obtain a footing there, and they have hitherto been unable," said others. And, like narrow-minded, timid folk, who are never so satisfied as when they can create "barriers" and invent "impossibilities," these all had their "little says." But whilst they were busily engaged expressing their doubts and fears, some were praying and God was working. The best answer to the men who never believe in "Eshcol," and were so free in their speculations about this attempt, is, that our brethren have been in Bhamo for ten months; during that time they have received nothing but kindness at the hands of the natives; have lived in Burman property, and now, having received at the hands of the king a piece

of land, have built a large house for mission purposes; the sick are restored to health, the lame walk, and "to the poor the gospel is preached." So by the help of God we can here strike our banner "Ebenezer," and dare to believe that he who hath so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son Jesus, to seek and to save those which are lost, is both able and willing to open up a road across those mountains and enable his servants to plant the "standard of the cross" not only in Man-wine, Tung-ieu-chow, Tar-le-fu, and other places in Yun-nan province, but in every city, town, and village throughout all the unoccupied provinces of China.

Bhamo, although very interesting in some respects, is not a large place. The inhabitants are mainly composed of Burmese. Next in importance come the Chinese, of whom there are about two hundred. These have nearly all come from Tung-ieu-Cheo and other cities; whilst a few have come from Szse-chuan province, where there are said to be *forty-five millions of people and not a single Protestant missionary of any kind.* The Shans who live on the mountains and southern parts of Yun-nan, come into the town in large numbers during the winter season for the purposes of trade. There are but few Shans resident in Bhamo. The poor, ill-clad, miserable, dirty Keh-cheens come in from the mountains every day with small quantities of produce packed in a kind of small pannier and hung behind the back; but the poor fellows are not allowed to stop inside the stockade. The Keh-cheens, or "wild men" (yea-rung) as they are called by the Chinese, are said never to wash themselves, and it is not hard to believe such a statement when you see them.

The wooden wall, or "stockade," which runs round three sides of the town, has three gates in it, viz., east, north, and south. The two latter are connected by means of a long street, which is the principal one in Bhamo. In about the middle of this, or rather more to the north, you have what is called the "Chinese quarter." The houses here are small, one-storied, and built of brick. Just at the back of the east side of the Chinese quarter, is an immense swamp, which occupies the middle of the town. The stench arising from this is something dreadful, especially when the river is low, and the water has run off. We have to cross it each time we go from the house to the Zayat, by means of an old wooden rickety bridge. The planks are so loose in some places, that you have to be careful lest you are let in. At one end of this miserable swamp, adjoining the Chinese quarter, is a collection of wretched bamboo huts, occupied by a number of poor Chinese coolies. At the back of these a number of black pigs are stied. The little lane which divides the huts into two lots is generally covered with greenish water, the open receptacle for all manner of filth. We will say no more about these places now, as we shall have occasion to refer to them at some other time, when we give some statement of the Medical Mission work. A little away from these huts is a Chinese temple, dedicated to the "God of war." Opposite to the temple on the other side of the swamp, is the residence of the Governor of Bhamo. Just within the stockade, at the north gate, the Roman Catholics are completing their mission house, which is built of brick. About three-quarters of a mile on the road leading from the north gate, outside the stockade, on a hillock, is the English residency.

So far as I can see, the very best situations in the town are occupied by the temples and priests' houses. Many of these are in a state of utter decay. Nearly all these places have been built by private individuals, with a view of obtaining merit in the next world. When these devoted individuals die their works are allowed to rot, as it is thought not to be at all meritorious to repair these structures when they need it; consequently when other individuals come forward to show generosity and obtain merit, instead of repairing old temples and monasteries, they erect new ones. This accounts for the vast number of temples and monasteries which are in a state of utter ruin, and form such a striking feature in Upper Burmah.

Exeter Hall, Nottingham.

OUR readers will be pleased to have a view of the noble building which has been erected for the congregation of our second student, Mr. E. J. Silverton, at Nottingham. We received our information as to this building so late that we are not able to say more than that it holds some 2,000 persons, and is more than filled. Mr. Silverton is a man of eccentric genius, and is thus the subject of a world of criticism, for which we do not pity him, having endured a good share ourselves, not without benefit. Many who never entered a place of worship before are now listening continually to Mr. Silverton, a large and influential church has been built up during the eight years of his ministry, and souls have been saved. In all this we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. The fine building which forms our frontispiece is in every way adapted for its purpose, and has but one drawback, namely, that there is a debt. Some of the interest of the debt will be met by the rent of the shops, but there is still a burden on the people, which ought to be lessened by the aid of liberal friends. Here is an instance in which in a very short time hundreds of those who lived in the neglect of all religion have been excavated from their ungodliness, and built up into a temple for the Lord. The ways of the chief worker may have been odd; there may have been things said and done which, looked at by themselves, *we* could not endure; but anything is better than absolute stagnation, however proper and decorous it may be. We leave the task of faultfinding to others, for they seem to do it quite heartily; and for our own part we bless God that a good and great work has been wrought. We only wish we could assist in the enterprise by finding a large sum to remove the liabilities. As it is, we hope to be in Nottingham ere long to preach for the good cause.

Notices of Books.

The practice of sending *Illuminated Cards* to friends upon their birthdays at Christmas time is becoming universal, and the Religious Tract Society does wisely to turn it to good account. The packets of cards which we have just received, are all worthy of our warmest word of commendation. Two packets of *Presentation Cards*, at 1s. 6d. the packet are truly beautiful works of art. We live in marvellous times, when such delicious *morceaux* can be produced at so small a cost. A packet of *Good Wishes* at 1s. is equally to be praised, and another packet of *Friendly Greetings* on a smaller scale at 6d. quite divides the palm. *Illuminated Leaflets* on paper at 6d. the packet are more common, but will be found very attractive and useful. Of course the finest art is displayed in the more expensive cards, but they are all good, and ought to drive out of the market all nonsensical verses and mere daubs.

Lizzie Milnes; a Memoir of a beloved Wife. By the Rev. John Roberts, Secretary of the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland. Edinburgh: Maclaren and Macniven. London: Nisbet.

Those who knew the deceased lady will feel greatly indulged by being allowed to read much of her private diary, and her letters, and as they read they cannot fail to be benefited. We hardly think, however, that the memoir will attract the general reader; certainly the binding will not: it makes one melancholy to look at it.

Rest for the Weary: Words of Love for the Sick and Sorrowing. Religious Tract Society.

Intended to help those who visit the sick. The brief chapters are graduated to suit all conditions of soul, and though none of them are very striking, they are full of the gospel of our salvation.

The Problem of Life; or the Three Questions: What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go? By the Author of "The Mirage of Life." Religious Tract Society.

How far this well-intentioned little book will go towards removing the deeper doubts of anxious minds we cannot tell, but we fear not very far. It will more probably be a help to those who are between faith and unbelief, and will operate powerfully on those who do in heart believe, but are troubled with sceptical suggestions. We are assured continually that infidelity is spreading among young men, and we do not wonder at it when we remember the teachings of many "modern thought" divines, who seem to us to hold a brief for unbelief, and to be doing their utmost to serve their master. To meet this increasing doubt is a wise thing if it be wisely done, otherwise it is extreme folly. Very few men ever reach faith through being argued with; half an hour's prayer to God has frequently done more than night after night of discussion. In numbers of instances the head will be all right as soon as the heart is renewed, and the way to win the assent of the understanding is to secure the consent of the affections. Books of the sort before us come in as admirable helps, and therefore we welcome this production of the minister's energetic ally, the Religious Tract Society.

The Humiliation of Christ in its Physical, Ethical, and Official Aspects. By Alex. B. Bruce, D.D. T. and T. Clarke.

No doubt a very masterly work; but will any one ever read it through? If they should do so, will they not be as much bewildered by the various opinions as they are instructed by the admirable teachings of the learned professor. It needs a great theologian to read with pleasure this production of a profound divine, and as the most of our readers do not belong to that class, we do not advise them to become purchasers; but if any brother likes a tough bit of sound theology, metaphysical and full of knots, let him procure this volume, and there is a rich treat in reserve for him. He can feed upon Kenotic literature of the Gessian type, or on metamorphic Kenosis, or on Ebrard's solutions of speculative Christological problems, till he has had his fill, and then if he reads the words "He made himself of no reputation, but took upon him the form of a servant," he will have the gist of the matter in a few words, and wonder what he has been worrying his brain about.

The Song of Christ's Flock in the Twenty-Third Psalm. By John Stoughton, D.D. Fourth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are glad to see that this excellent series of expository discourses has reached a fourth edition, for it deserves it. The title always strikes us as unhappy, for how can a flock sing? But all else that we can say is in praise.

The Battle Fought; or, a Short Memoir of the Rev. Dr. R. K. Brewer. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A memorial of a very worthy brother whose death we can scarcely realize; it seems so short a time since he was among us. As one of a family of brothers, each one eminent in his own sphere, Dr. Robert Brewer might have easily gained a high position in the Church of England, but this was no temptation to him; he was a firm, decided Baptist, and would have preferred, if need be, to struggle in poverty and keep a clear conscience rather than to have been surrounded with luxury, and resort to mental reservations and twistings of words. As it was he had a hard fight with circumstances, but his heart had peace. There is nothing romantic in Dr. Brewer's memoir, but there is this remarkable feature about it, and it every day becomes more a rarity, —he followed the word of God whereever it led him, and never counted the cost. He was willing to be on the side which deserves to win, namely, that which has Scripture and truth to support it; and he cheerfully bore the temporary inconvenience of belonging to an unpopular sect, looking for the reward of faithfulness in the day of the Lord.

Golden Lane: Quaint Adventures and Life Pictures. By G. Holden Pike. With an Introductory Chapter on the Costers and Mr. Orsman's Work, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. James Clarke and Co.

Our industrious helper, Mr. Pike, has produced in this instance a very readable book, which deserves to be read by every lover of his race. Much of the matter has appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, but a considerable portion of the work is new. Mr. Orsman's work in Golden Lane deserved to be chronicled, and we are glad that so appreciative a pen has been found to write the record. The photographs and the engravings increase the interest of the story, while the appearance and fashion of the book are likely to command attention. Nothing can exceed our admiration of Mr. Orsman's work: the Earl of Shaftesbury in being so steady and earnest a patron of the Mission only gives another instance of his sound sense and Christian wisdom. Readers purchasing "Pictures of London Life" will be well rewarded, and will in all probability rise from viewing the pictures with a resolve to help all those who work among the lowly.

The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, from the Earliest Period to the present Time. By W. D. Killen, D.D., President of Assembly's College, Belfast. Macmillan and Co.

A work of immense research. The two thick octavo volumes quite appal us, and we feel it to be utterly impossible for us to review them, for we can neither afford the time nor space which they deserve. The best we can do for the work is to intimate that its author is fully at home in his subject, and is equal to his task. Irish Church history from the Presbyterian standpoint needed to be written, for we have had more than enough of it, as seen from the high towers of episcopacy. Very much of of what has long passed for history deserves to be placed under the head of "Fiction." The work before us will assist in rectifying the party histories to which we allude. Irish Presbyterian gentlemen will do well to place this great work in their libraries, and read it in the coming winter evenings.

The Sisters of Glencoe; or, Letitia's Choice. By Evan Wynn. Hodder and Stoughton.

Intensely stupid. A sensational teetotal story of the spread eagle type. A book not worth a halfpenny, though very attractively got up.

Notes.

College.—Our great Master has sent us a large number of most hopeful men; we never had so many before. One hundred and ten is a fine squadron of soldiers for our Lord. Several are going forth. One brother leaves for New Zealand, another for the Cape, a third to be a medical missionary, and others to fill up vacancies in the home field. God's blessing is upon the entire work, and we feel it, for the spirit of prayer abides over the whole College. The young brethren propose to hold a week of revival services in a short time, and we feel sure good will come of the effort. We sometimes fear that old friends and sermon readers are forgetting us. Do not let it be so! *We* plod on without fee or reward, and we trust that our brethren will continue to pray for us and help us.

Orphanage.—We are in need of a junior schoolmaster. He must be able to teach well, and manage boys with loving firmness. Our bulletin for the Orphanage is, *All full, boys in fine health, moral condition of the institution excellent, cash nearly exhausted.*

On Sept. 1, our good friend Mr. Richard May, of Dulwich, gave the orphans and staff a treat in his grounds. Unfortunately it rained before the day was over, but the outing was greatly enjoyed. Perhaps when the bright days come next year, if we are alive and well, some other benevolent reader of the *Sword and Trowel* will give the lads a day's treat. At any rate, "three cheers for Mr. May." So say all of us.

Our *Colportage Association* continues to extend its operations, and now employs

fifty-two colporteurs; and the labours of the men are owned of God to the salvation of souls. New districts have just been opened up at Chesterfield and Lyndhurst. We are, however, sadly crippled for lack of funds, and have hard work to find the money required from month to month for the purchase of books, without which the whole work would come to a standstill. Many friends appear to have a mistaken impression that colportage is self-supporting; this it never is nor can be, though the profits on the sales contribute to make it one of the cheapest agencies that can be devised. Most of the districts subscribe £40 each, but even were all to do so there would still be a considerable sum needed to meet the depôt expenses, and the special cost always attending the starting of a new district. Some of the districts, however, are wholly dependent on the general fund, and all cost more than is provided by the local subscription. Besides this, *capital* is absorbed in the purchase of stock, and as each new man started must be supplied with a stock of books, the total need on that account is a growing one. We have been working all along with too little capital, and at the present moment we need about £400 to meet the quarter's accounts, and we are under responsibilities to districts which have paid in advance amounting to about £300. Our capital is therefore £700 below what it ought to be to work it at all, and some £1,000 below what it really needs. We have kept on hitherto very much as young tradesmen do who have a very slender capital, but we do not like it, and shall be very glad if a few large-hearted Christians would say, "Here is a good work which is burdensome to Mr. Spurgeon and his helpers, who have quite enough to do in looking after its details: we will send in the amount, which will enable them to *feel* solvent, and work without being continually hard up." Mr. Jones and other brethren work the Society splendidly, but they look to us for financial help and oversight, and we are often looking up for moneys to apportion to them, for we do not know where else to look. The Society has growing pains. Its clothes are now too small for it, and need letting out; but as we have not the means to buy it a new suit, and cannot bear to see it dwarfed, we hope that help will come.

We trust our friends will bear in mind our need in this direction: we are not distressed, for our trust is in God, but everybody knows that we cannot long carry on this holy trade of Colportage without capital. Colportage is so good a work that we wish rather to double the number of our colporteurs than have to abandon one; but what are we to do?

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.—During the last two months (Aug. and Sept.) Mrs. Spurgeon has sent out 600 volumes to ministers, colporteurs, and evangelists of *all* denominations. She is thankful and happy to serve *any* of the Lord's servants, but she wishes to remind our friends that the Book Fund is *specially* intended to help poor *Baptist Pastors*, and she affectionately invites more applications from *them*.

Sept. 4.—Miss Ivimey's Mothers' Mission had a meeting. A fine number of mothers and workers were present at tea. Several capital speeches were made, and the pastor looked in twice, gave a short address each time, and was refreshed to see the Lord's work going on among the wives of our working men.

Sept. 20.—*The Tabernacle Loan Tract Society* held its meeting and a very lively, earnest one it was. Abundant evidence was given that the pastor's sermons when lent from door to door are valued by the readers and blest to them.

Sept. 22.—*The Tabernacle Evangelistic Society* celebrated its anniversary. The brethren of this community not only preach in the streets, distribute tracts and sing the gospel, but they send evangelists to any places of worship where they will be welcomed to hold special services. More than one hundred such services have been held. Pastors who would like two young brethren to come on weeknights, and speak under their own superintendence, and feel that such a change would be good for their people, need not hesitate to write to Mr. Elvin, the secretary, at the Tabernacle. There is no fear of our young brethren enticing the people away from their pastors, or teaching them to ramble after excitement, for their aim is to work with the minister at all times, and under his presidency. These young friends are willing to help any churches in London, and have already held meetings in several Baptist and Congregational chapels and schoolrooms.

With regard to the Bulgarian atrocities, we have received a full measure of abuse. We never prayed that the Turks might be exterminated, as some wilfully mis-reported. We wish ill to no man. But we do continually pray God to overthrow the power which has perpetrated such enormities, and which has so long held under its withering dominion lands which groan beneath its sway. From the letters we have received we perceive with astonishment

that there are creatures living in England which justify the Turks in their enormities. These beings do not sign their names, and therefore we hope that they are not Englishmen; but be they who they may, they may rest well assured that we would sooner have their abuse than their praise.

During the month C. H. S. has preached at Walthamstow (2), Harlow (2), Tring (2), Landport (2), St. Mary Cray (1), Stepney (1). This has been, with meetings and sermons at home, lectures to College, seeing enquirers, visiting the sick, editing, letter writing, etc., quite enough to wear out an iron man. Still all this is nothing if we have divine help, and means come in to carry on the work.

All our brethren will be grieved to hear that our well-beloved brother, Mr. Archibald Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, has been heavily bereaved. His second wife has been taken away, just when she seemed essential to his little ones, and to the church at Stepney. His anguish is most acute, and we invite all our brethren to pray that he may be sustained, and enabled to pursue that wonderful career of usefulness for which our Lord has raised him up.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth:—August 28th, eleven; 31st, sixteen. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September 14th, six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
W. C. G. Cottenham	0	10	0
Mrs. Wood	5	0	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Mr. D. Temie	0	13	0
Mr. J. Edwards	50	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Charlotte Ware	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. R. Stevens	0	4	0
A Friend, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ball	10	0	0
Mrs. T.	10	0	0
Mr. J. Kirkwood	3	0	0
Miss Edmeadson	0	12	0
Mrs. Jones	1	10	0
Mr. John Baker	1	0	0
Mr. Bradford	0	2	6
Mr. Cole	0	2	6
Sale of fancy needlework, the Misses Heath	10	0	0
A Constant Reader, Dundee	0	5	0
An Outpost, Mr. Gwillim	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Miss Winslow	2	2	0
J. B. E.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Tice	2	0	0
J. C. K.	5	0	0
Rev. W. Hetherington	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Tritton	25	0	0
Mr. William Ladbrook	1	0	0
Friends at Milton, per Rev. W. Usher	1	7	0
Collection at Chelsea, per Mr. Minns	2	16	0
Mr. Mounsey	2	0	0
A Thankoffering	35	0	0
E. J. and W. G.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Cremer	5	0	0
Mr. E. Hughes	2	10	0
Miss A. J. Hughes	1	5	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	2	6
Ebenezer	0	2	0
Huddersfield	2	0	0
Collection at Broadmead, Bristol	22	0	10
Mr. J. Smith	5	5	0
Mr. T. Blyth	1	0	0
Sykes	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Aug. 20	32	2	3
" " " " 27	40	0	0
" " " Sept. 3	55	0	0
" " " " 10	50	0	0
" " " " 17	37	1	2
	£435	5	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
H. H. H.	0	1	0
Fragment, per Executor of Ann Mary Wilkins	0	8	3
Mr. E. Porter	0	10	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Edwards	50	0	0
A Friend at Harlow	5	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
M. P.	0	2	6
Mr. H. Young	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Clark	1	0	0
A. Z.	5	0	0
Mrs. Bornewood	0	5	0
Matthew vi. 1—4	0	8	2
Collected at Tring	20	0	0
Miss Mead	2	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	5	0	0
Mrs. T——	10	0	0
Miss Edmondson	0	12	0
Lochee South Road Children's Church	1	3	9
Miss L. Camps	0	2	6
Miss E. Camps	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. Camps	1	0	0
Miss Ella Camps	0	2	6
A Constant Reader (Dundee)	0	5	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Miss Berry	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. White	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hector	2	0	0
W. J. B.	2	0	0
F. W....	10	0	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	4	0
Gratitude, per Mr. S. Walker	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
M. B.	0	2	0
A Sick Friend in Workhouse Infirmary	0	1	0
Miss Lizzie Chamberlain...	0	6	3
Kingston-on-Thames	0	3	0
In College Boxes	0	5	0
Miss Leathers	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	10	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	10	10	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	1	0	0
E. A. N. P.	0	2	0
R. D. (Otago)	2	10	0
Orphanage Box at Metropolitan Store...	2	8	6
W. S. (Bute)	2	10	0
Mr. G. Murphy	0	5	0
Per Rev. F. J. Frewin	0	18	6
A.	0	2	0
Mr. D. Ashby	4	6	0
Mr. Foxwell	1	0	0
Legacy, late Mrs. Green	90	0	0
Offering Box, Myrtle St., Liverpool ...	0	10	0
Mr. Mounsey	2	0	0
Mr. Horton	3	3	0
Mrs. McKean	2	0	0
Mr. A. J. Hughes	2	10	0
Miss A. J. Hughes...	1	5	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	1	6
Ebenezer	0	2	6
R. A. A.	1	0	0
J. G.	5	0	0
Mrs. Cunnington	0	10	0
Sykes	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader	0	3	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Gibbs	1	0	0
Messrs. Stiff and Sons	2	2	0
Mr. Foxwell	1	0	0
Mr. Bennet	2	2	0
	£271	19	9

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS:—A Sack of Flour, Mr. Saunders; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; 4 cwt. Rhubarb and a Sieve of Plums, Mr. Josiah Bath; a Pig, Mr. F. B. Thomas.

CLOTHING.—Two Shawls, Mrs. E. Evans.

DONATIONS.—Mr. Hawthorn, £1 1s; Collected by the Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, £1 10; J. Towers, £1; T. Evans, 3s; Collected by Miss Sims, £1 13s.—Total, £5 7s.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
R. Clark, Esq., for Cheddar	10	0	0
S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton ...	10	0	0
For Travelling Agency	25	0	0
Leamington District	10	0	0
A Friend	28	14	0
Mrs. Dix	30	0	0
Thos. Worthington, Esq., for Hanley...	10	0	0
Hawkhurst District	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District, per T. S. Buckingham	5	15	0
Chesterfield District	20	0	0
James Duncan, Esq.	100	0	0
Cinderford District	7	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association...	32	10	0
Messrs. Hine Brothers, for Maryport ...	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Thomas Greenwood, Esq.	50	0	0
W. C. Murrell, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Osborn	5	0	0
J. A. M.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hearn	0	3	6
Mr. J. Groom	1	0	0
Mr. Price	0	10	0
Mr. Glennan...	1	0	0
X. O., Balham	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	2	10	0
Mr. C. Blackshaw	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mills, senior	1	1	0
A. S. W.	2	2	0
Mr. Hale	0	10	0
Mr. Romang	0	10	0
Mr. W. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. J. Porter	0	5	0
"Nemo" (Norwich)	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Olney	5	0	0
Mr. T. Scott	0	10	0
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. Pall	10	0	0
Mrs. T——	20	0	0
Mr. J. Miller	10	0	0
Mr. W. Thomas	10	0	0
Miss Edmondson	0	9	6
Mrs. Jenkins	2	10	0
Miss Gosling	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	2	0	0
Mrs. Reid (Lanark)	3	0	0
Mrs. John Olney	1	1	0
Mrs. Gibbs	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson...	1	10	0
A Weymouth Friend	0	10	0
Mr. T. Blyth	1	5	0
Mr. Mounsey	2	0	0
	£466	4	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, 1876.

How the Lambs feed.

A SHORT DISCOURSE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Then shall the lambs feed after their manner."—Isaiah v. 17.

THE sense of this passage may be that Judea would be so desolated that it would become rather a wild wilderness pasture for flocks than an inhabited country; but that is not the meaning which the old readers of the Bible were accustomed to give to it. The Hebrew commentators considered "the lambs" to mean the house of Israel, and regarded this as a promise that in all times of distress and affliction God's flock would still be fed: there would still be a people kept alive, and these should still meet with suitable support. Whether that be the correct sense or not, I shall use the words as having some such meaning.

Our text deals with the lambs, and to the lambs we intend to speak: may the Good Shepherd speak to them also. Young converts, new born souls—these words are for you: you shall feed after your manner.

Our first observation is, that *God would have all his church fed.* Simple enough observation certainly, and clearly to be inferred from the common course of nature; for no sooner is any living thing created than there are appliances for its feeding. No sooner is a seed cast into the ground and vitalized than it gathers to itself the particles upon which it feeds, and no sooner is an animal born than it receives food. Surely the Lord does not create life in the regenerated soul without providing stores upon which it may be nourished. Where he gives life he

gives food. Simple as this statement is, it has often been forgotten by those who should best have borne it in mind. It strikes me it has been forgotten by some ministers. They have exhorted, threatened, and thundered; but they have never fed those to whom they have preached. They have cried, "Believe! Believe!" but seldom explained what was to be believed, or, when they have mentioned the simple elements of the faith, they have gone no further, but have continued still to speak the first principles of the gospel, and no more. These brethren have their proper sphere, but they should not be pastors unless they can *feed* the flock of God. The wanderers must be gathered first, but afterwards they must be fed. For want of this many have remained in weakness and bondage, and have made no advance in the divine life. The necessity for spiritual food has been forgotten by some ministers, who have continually harped upon the sublime doctrines of the gospel, but have not preached the elementary truths. Surely they have not carried out their Lord's command, "Feed my lambs." They have been content to feed the older people, who by reason of use have had their senses exercised, forgetting that the like necessities befall all the flock, and that the lambs need to be fed as well as the sheep.

If the teachers have forgotten this, the taught have also failed to remember it. I have been very anxious, beloved, that you should be diligent in the service of God, and I have continually stirred you up, not to be sitting listening to sermons when you ought to be doing good, and the consequence has been that some have gone forth to attempt to do good, whom I should not have exhorted to do so, because for them it would have been better if they had waited a while, till they had learned somewhat more, both of doctrine and experience. Young brethren, there is a time for feeding as well as a time for working. There is work for strong men and there is nurture for babes. To little children we do not allot the labours of husbandry: some little service in the house is suitable for them, and will do them good; but we do not exact much labour from them, for we know that youth is a time in which they must be learning and growing. Therefore let me say to some of you who know little or nothing of your Bibles, or of your own hearts,—Wait a little, and run not before you are sent. Sit thou, young brother, still a while at Jesus' feet, and learn what he has to say to thee: then when thou runnest as a messenger thou wilt have a message; but mayhap now thou hast more foot than heart, more tongue than brain, and this is ill.

Let us not forget that our souls need to be fed, and this I say to some of you who do but little for the Lord Jesus, and may be said neither to work nor to eat. Look at the mass of our Christian people —what do they do? Monday morning early at business, and on till Saturday evening late at business. What is their reading? The daily paper! I condemn it not, but of what use is this to their souls? What, then, do they read to nourish the inner life? Ah, what? A magazine with a religious tale in it! A tale which will, probably, be spun out to two or three volumes! If the religion were taken out of it, it would probably be improved, and if the rest of the book were burned some light might come of it, but none comes by reading it. I will not judge severely, but what is the reading of many Christians? Is

it food for their souls? And beyond reading, what else are they doing that their spirits may be nourished? Our fathers would go into their chamber three times a day and take a quarter of an hour for meditation; how many of us maintain such a habit? Is it done once a day? It was once my privilege to live in a house where at eight o'clock every person, from the servant to the master, would have been found for half-an-hour in prayer and meditation in his or her chamber. As regularly as the time came round that was done, just as we partook of our meals at appointed hours. If that were done in all households, it would be a grand thing for us. In the old Puritanic times a servant would as often answer, "Sir, my master is at prayers," as he would now-a-days answer, "my master is engaged." It was then looked upon as a recognised fact that Christian men did meditate, did study the word, and did pray, and society respected the interval. It is said that if in the days of Cromwell you had walked down Cheapside in the morning you would have seen the blinds down at every house at a certain hour. Alas, where will you find such streets now-a-days? I fear that what was once the rule is now the exception. When will God's people perceive that it is not enough to be born again, but that the life then received must be nourished daily with the bread of heaven! It is not enough to be spiritually alive: our life to be vigorous must be familiar with its source. Every Christian man should know that he needs times for supplying his soul with the meat which endureth unto life eternal: as the body needs its mealtimes, so must you sit down to your heavenly Father's table until he has satisfied your mouth with good things and renewed your strength like the eagle's. The more intensely earnest we are in feeding upon the word of God, the better. My young friends, you require to be fed with knowledge and understanding, and therefore you should search the Scriptures daily to know what are the doctrines of the gospel, and what are the glories of Christ. You will do well to read the "Confession of Faith," and study the proof texts, or to learn the "Assembly's Catechism," which is a grand condensation of Holy Scripture. I would say even to many aged Christians that they could not spend their time better than in going over the Shorter Catechism again, and comparing it with the Book of God, from which it is derived. Truly, in these days, when men are so readily decoyed to Popery, we had need know what it is that we believe. Protestantism grew in this land when there was much simple, plain, orthodox teaching of the doctrines which are assuredly believed among us. Catechising was the very bulwark of Protestantism. But now we have much earnest preaching, and yet people do not know what the doctrines of the gospel are: be ye not ignorant, but be ye nourished up in the truth.

My young friends, may you obtain a spiritual understanding of God's word, which is more than knowledge. May you discern the inward sense, compare spiritual things with spiritual, and see the relation between this truth and the other, and the relation of all truth to your own selves and to your standing before God. May the Holy Spirit feed you so. May you also be fed by mingling with the saints of God and learning from their experience. Many a young Christian gathers from advanced saints what he would never discover elsewhere. As they tell of what they have felt and known, and suffered, and enjoyed, the lambs of

the flock are strengthened and consoled. Seek for your companions those who can instruct you. It is a dreary thing for a young man to have association with those only who are below himself in experience, and not to know those from whose lips pearls drop, because they have been in those deeps where pearls are found. Be much with experienced Christians who have been with Jesus, and you will be fed by them.

Young friend, much feeding will come to you by meditation upon the truth that you hear. As the cattle lie down and chew the cud, so does meditation turn over the truth and get the very essence and nutriment out of it. To hear and hear, and hear, and hear, as some do, is utterly useless, because, when they have heard, it is all over with them: it has gone in at one ear and out at the other, and has left nothing upon the mind. Press the truth in the winefat as men tread the grapes. Fling the red clusters into the press and trample on them with the feet of meditation, then shall the rich juice flow forth to cheer thy heart and make thy spirit strong within thee. Meditate, young man. This is the thing thou needest if thou wouldst be fed.

And, higher still, there is a divine nourishment in communion, when the soul ascends to Jesus Christ and feeds on the Lord himself, when the incarnate God becomes the soul's bread, and the bleeding Saviour in his substitutionary sacrifice becomes the heart's wine. Feed on him, O beloved!—ye who have lately come to him. Eat, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved! May the Lord give you a mighty hunger after his word, and after himself, and then lead you by the still waters, and make you to lie down in green pastures. Thus much on the first simple fact, that God will have all his sheep and his lambs fed.

II. Secondly, the text says that the lambs shall feed "after their manner;" and that leads us to observe, that *young believers have their own way of feeding.* I believe every single Christian has his own idiosyncrasy in that matter. "Then shall the lambs feed after their manner." Beloved, there are some of you who could not constantly hear me to profit, and yet this is neither my fault nor yours, but a wise arrangement, for you can hear some other brother, and thus there is work for him as well as for me. If all could be fed by me, and by no one else, where should I put my congregation, and where would others get theirs? Certain persons can receive the truth from one man better than they can from another, not because that man is any better, or the other any worse, but because there is a way of putting it, or there is a kind of congruity of nature between the hearer and the preacher. I am glad to think that God has not cast all his people in one mould, and made them all desirous to listen to one voice in order to be spiritually fed. It may happen, moreover, that in our church there are people who cannot be instructed in one of our classes. Well, do not quarrel with the brother who conducts it; go to another teacher and try him. Or perhaps you are not edified by the teaching of some Christian with whom you associate. Well, the world is wide, try another. "The lambs shall feed after their manner." Each Christian has his own way of feeding on the word. Let him have it in his own way, and do not judge him. There may be something of self in his peculiarity, but perhaps there is also something of God's purpose in it.

Do not pass an Act of Uniformity, but rejoice in the diversities of operations, provided you see the same Lord.

There are several things certain about the manner of feeding of all lambs. The first is, that *if they feed after their manner, they feed on tender grass.* Young Christians love the simple truths of the gospel; hence these ought to be often preached, and we ought not to be angry with newborn believers if they cannot understand the higher doctrines. I hope we shall never, as a church, exact from young converts the wisdom of age. I trust we shall never say, "There, you must go back; you won't do for us, you are not up to our mark," for you cannot expound the deep things of God." God forbid! If we shut out the lambs where shall we get our sheep? If the Lord has received them, let us receive them. No father excludes a child from his table when he is three or four years old because he is not yet able to speak Latin. If the little ones know their A B C, it a good beginning. We think a great deal of the first little verse our babes repeat; they say it in such a queer way that nobody thinks it is language at all except father and mother, but they are charmed with the simplest form of speech which infant lips can try. So to see a little spiritual knowledge in new converts should gratify us, and cause us to love them. Leave the lambs to feed on tender grass, and you older ones may take as much of the tougher herbage as you like.

Again, *lambs like to feed little and often.* They are not able to take in much at a time, but they like to be often at it. I love to see our young people coming to the prayer-meetings and week-day services so continually. You will grow in grace if you are often engaged in the means of grace: but it is possible to make such things a weariness to the flesh if they become protracted. Strong saints can bear whole days of devotion, and delight in them; yea, a whole week spent alone in a sacred retreat might be a glorious holiday—a holy day rather—an anticipation of heaven: but for young believers, let them have here a little and there a little—a text and a text, line upon line, precept upon precept—but let them have it often. "Then shall the lambs feed after their manner."

The lambs, if they feed well, feed after their manner, quietly. If there is a dog in the field they will not feed; if they are driven about hither and thither, and not allowed to rest, they cannot feed. I pity young Christians who get into churches where there are disturbances and troubles. Oh, may we ever be kept at peace! I bless God for the love that has reigned among us. May it continue, and may it deepen! Beloved friends, when we fall out with one another we shall find that the Spirit of God has fallen out with us. We cannot expect to see young converts among us at all, much less can we hope to see them advance in grace, if we indulge a party spirit, or a controversial spirit within the fold. All believers should endeavour to maintain a sacred quiet within the church for the sake of the little ones. Have you never heard of the child who was impressed under a sermon—greatly impressed, and had resolved to pray on reaching home, but he heard his father and mother on the road home discussing the discourse, and finding such fault with it that the happy season of tenderness passed away from that child, and in after years he was accustomed

to say that his becoming an infidel was due to that conversation. Let the lambs feed in quiet. If a little bit of the sermon suits my boy, though it seems childish to me, let me be glad that there is something for him. If the preacher did state the truth in a way which I do not like, I daresay the preacher's Master knows how to guide him far better than I do, and perhaps my neighbour who sat next to me was profited by precisely that which I have criticized. Let the lambs feed quietly. I would say to young Christians, never mix up in the controversies of these days. There are people about who seem to be cut on the cross, and the only use they are in this world seems to be to raise irritating questions. They and the mosquitoes I suppose were created by infinite wisdom, but I have never been able to discover the particular blessing which either of them confer upon us. Those persons who discuss and discuss, and nothing else, had better be let alone. If there be a way to live peaceably with all men, I should say to the young Christian, "Follow it." The lambs feed best when they are not worried, but dwell in peace with all.

Then next, *when lambs feed after their manner, they feed in pleasure.* A very disorderly lot the lambs are, if you look over the gate at them. They are never proper and solemn. A draughtsman could scarcely sketch them in their friskings and gambols. Young Christians ought not to be told to cease their holy mirth; they ought not to be expected to groan with those that groan as yet, but let them rejoice with those that do rejoice. Their days of sorrow will probably come soon enough, without their being anticipated; let them rejoice in the Lord, yea, let them rejoice always. I am glad our friends do not universally in the Tabernacle call out, "Hallelujah," and "Hosannah," and the like; but for my part, when I am preaching in the open air in the country, and our Methodist friends do so, it seems to stir my blood, and I am glad of it. It is much better than having a sleepy congregation. A little excitement in the Christian church, especially by young converts, is by no means to be deprecated. I remember hearing dear Doctor Fletcher say, when talking to a number of children, that he once saw a boy standing on his head, dancing on the pavement, and displaying all sorts of antics of joy. He stopped near him and said, "Well, my lad, you seem to be exceedingly merry." "I think I am, and so would you be, Sir (or Guv'nor, I think he said), if you had been locked up three months, and had just got out." "Well," said the venerable man, "I thought it very reasonable, indeed, and I told him by no means to stop his performances because of me." Now, when a poor man has felt the grief of sin, and has been shut up in the prison of the law, and Jesus comes and brings him out, and he begins to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, if any man living would stop him I would not. Nay, let him rejoice. "Let the lambs feed after their manner." And if somebody to-night should come to me and say, "Your young convert has been extravagant in expression, and injudicious in zeal," I should reply, "My dear brother, are you better than these young ones? At any rate, there is one respect in which you are worse, for you show a propensity to find fault with those who are serving God with all their might." Go your way and join them. If you have not a heart to do so, and if they seem to be enthusiastic beyond

measure, only thank God that there are some few left among us yet who can appreciate fervour, and wish that there were a little more of it. For my own part, I would like to see a downright fanatic. It is so long since one has put one's eyes upon such a curiosity, that I should like to see one—just one! I have seen snow enough, pray let me see a fire-flake. I have seen thousands of wet blankets, O for the touch of a live coal! Enthusiasm in excess might be a blessing in disguise. Let the lambs feed pleasantly, in their own wild, natural way.

Once more, *when the lambs feed after their manner, they feed in company.* They like to get with others if they can. Sheep thrive best in flocks. I call upon every young Christian here to get into some part of Christ's flock. I invite you into this portion of Christ's church but if you find any other where, all things considered, you think it would be better for you to be, go there. Mind that you join yourself first to Christ, and after that with his people. Do not try to get to heaven as a solitary individual; that is not the Christian way. Jesus gathers his people into a church; he does not profess to lead his people one by one, as solitary pilgrims, but they are to go in groups and bands. From company to company they proceed towards the New Jerusalem. May you have much love to the visible church, and believe that, notwithstanding all her faults, there is none like her in the earth; that, notwithstanding all her spots, she is excellent for beauty, and fairest among women.

III. I must close with the remark that *in the worst of times God will see that his lambs and the rest of his flock are fed.* For it is said "*Then* shall the lambs feed after their manner." That is, when the vineyard was destroyed and the hedge broken down, when thorns and briars had come up, and the clouds had refused to rain, and God had sent desolation upon Israel, and the people were gone into captivity; even then shall the lambs feed after their manner. This is a blessed truth; come what may, God's people shall be saved, and they shall have spiritual meat. There may come persecuting times. Never mind. Never did Christ seem so glorious as when he walked with his church in the dungeon and up to the stake. Never were there sweeter songs than those which rose from the Lollards' tower and Bonner's coal-hole. Never did the church have such marriage feasts as when her members died at the gallows and the fire. Christ Jesus has made himself pre-eminently near and dear to a persecuted church. Therefore fear not, if you should have your little trouble to bear in the family, or your rebuke and shame from an evil world, for you shall feed after your manner. Though your mother should be grieved, though your husband should be angry, though your brother should ridicule, though your employer should scoff, you shall be fed with spiritual meat, and your soul shall surmount all these ills, triumphant in her God.

"But I dread," says one, "that there will come times of sickness to me. I have premonitions of it." Yes, but you shall be fed after your manner. And I for one bear witness that sometimes periods of sickness are times of the greatest spiritual nourishment. The Lord can furnish a table in the wilderness. A very wilderness sickness is of itself, but God can find us daily manna. He can make you strongest in heart, when you are weakest in body. Therefore fear not, God will *feed* you.

"I am afraid of poverty," says one. Art thou? That has been the lot of many of his people. For many an age hath the Lord chosen the poor to be his disciples. Thou needst not fear that. Thy Master knew it: thou wilt never be so poor as he was, for he had not where to lay his head. Fear not, he will feed thee. Canst thou not trust him? "Ah, but I fear death," says one. "Then shall the lambs feed after their manner." Even in the valley of the shadow of death thou shalt find tender grass. Have you never seen others die? Has it not been a joyous thing to see some saints depart. I recall to your memories, dear brethren, those who have but lately ascended, whom we loved. Was there anything terrible about their deaths? Did they not smile upon us in their last hours, and make us feel that we would willingly change places with them and die as they died? Have I not often seen the young girl sickening with consumption, and heard from her strange things that made me think her half a prophetess—a seer whose eyes had been anointed so that she had looked within the veil, and seen the glory of the invisible? Oh, how texts of Scripture have been placed in golden settings by dying saints! How sweetly have they set promises to music! Speak of monks and their illuminated missals! Scripture illuminated by dying saints is far more marvellous. What amazing joy they have felt. They told us that joy was killing them—that they did not die of the disease, but of excess of delight. It was as though the great floods of glory had burst their banks, and they were being swept right away by them to eternal bliss. It has visibly been blessed for the saints to die, and therefore it is foolish—perhaps wicked—for any child of God to be afraid to depart. "Then shall the lambs feed after their manner," feeding near the very scythe of death, and cropping choice morsels at the grave's mouth; for the Lamb, Jesus Christ, being with them, no lamb of all the flock shall have cause to fear.

We shall now separate and scatter, as congregations have scattered, I might say, these hundreds of times from this house; and scattering and going each our way to his own home, shall we ever meet again? Probably by no means shall we meet in the body all of us, so that these eyes shall look to other eyes and say, "I saw those eyes before." Well, well, but be the truth remembered, that we are a flock, and must gather again in one meeting-place before the judgment-seat, on that day of wrath, that dreadful day. Shall we meet then as the sheep of Christ, or, meeting, will it be to be divided, to the right and to the left, as the sheep of the Great King, or the goats condemned to be cast away? We shall meet there certainly, but will it be an eternal meeting for unending joy? God grant it may! Oh, infinite mercy of the blessed God, let us all be united at the throne of Christ. But I hear thee say, O angel, in answer to that prayer—I hear thee speak out of the glory and say, "There can be no union at the throne, except there first be union at the cross." Hearken to that warning, and come to Jesus. There stands the cross, which is the centre of the church! Lo, I see upon it the Son of God, his wounds still founts of cleansing blood! Will you come to the cross? Will you trust the Redeemer? Will you bow before him? Will you be washed in his blood? Will you be saved with his salvation? If so, we shall all meet in heaven to see the face of the Lamb in his glory. God grant we may, for Jesu's sake! Amen.

Our Canal Population.*

MR. GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, is a persevering reformer of abuses which more tender-fingered philanthropists pass by as too defiling to touch or too hopelessly bad to afford hope of success. He has done a good turn for the degraded of our brickfields; and now he directs attention to a class equally heathenish,—the canal boatmen of England, a host numbering no less than a hundred thousand men, women, and children. The network of our canals extends to a total length of nearly five thousand miles, and the number of boats employed is twenty-five thousand. We take our information from Mr. Smith's pamphlet, which we believe to be accurate, but the responsibility of the statements remains with him, for we are unable to test them. Occasionally a godly bargeman, with a tidy wife and clean cabin, is met with, but more than nine-tenths live in a style too horrible to be described in a family magazine. The people appear to have been neglected by the church, by the government, and by all human friends, until they have arrived at their present dreadful state. They have virtually no Sabbath, no education, their tastes from childhood are violently vicious, and the men retaliate for the hard treatment of their employers by illusing the women and children. We allow Mr. Smith to state his own case:—

"What has the Church done? I see by reports now lying before me that the 'Boatmen's Mission' and the 'Seamen's Mission' have, during the last forty years, collected many thousands of pounds, delivered millions of tracts and thousands of Bibles, and thousands of visits have been made to these unhappy people. All this in print looks very nice, but what has been the result? I pause for a reply. I find during a lifetime of observation—the last few years especially—and inquiry, that my previous statements, which are as follows, are not overstated, viz., 'ninety-five per cent. cannot read and write, ninety per cent. are drunkards: swearing, blasphemy, and oaths are their common conversation, not more than two per cent. are members of a Christian church, sixty per cent. are living as men and wives in an unmarried state.' The evidence given before the Royal Commission was that 'the boatmen and their families were worse off now than they were 25 years since.' While every other class of workmen's wages have increased, the boater's are as they were—if anything they are worse now than before.

"It is all very well—if it can be done with a clear conscience—for the managers and agents to the Seamen's Mission and Boatmen's Mission to get up public meetings with Dukes, Lords, Members of Parliament and other leading gentlemen as chairmen, and the speeches to go off with 'tremendous cheering,' and the whole proceedings brought to a close by singing that good old hymn, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' with such statements as the foregoing staring them in the face. How many boat children—waifs on our water ways—have been taught to read and write? How many have been taught to love and fear God? How

* Our Canal Population: The Sad Condition of the Women and Children. With Remedy. By George Smith, F.S.A. Haughton & Co., 10, Paternoster Row.

many homes have been made happy? How many drunkards have become sober? How many souls have been saved?"

In trenchant language, which appeals to our heart, as well as to our common sense, Mr. Smith proceeds to show that the case is too far gone to be remedied by mission visitors and tract distribution. When nine out of ten of the people are wholly illiterate there is small hope of their being reached by Christian books. Besides, people must be moral before they are Christian; and when a man with a wife and young family herd together in a hole called a cabin, measuring six feet by seven, the results are certain to be deplorable. The condition of the young people was described by Mr. Smith at the first public meeting he addressed on the subject, which was held at Moira, in Leicestershire :—



"The condition of the boat children was something alarming. He was talking to a respectable looking woman the other day as she was going into her cabin. He said he would like to make a few inquiries of her, and she invited him into the cabin to look round. He found everything in apple-pie order. On asking her how the children were educated, she exclaimed, 'Educated, man!' 'Can any of them read or write?' he asked. 'Read or write, man! no! I can't understand how it is other people's children are "scholards" and ours are not "scholards." Others get looked after and educated, but ours are not. I wish someone would take up our case.' The boat children were far, far worse off than the brickyard children, because they were constantly floating up and down the rivers and canals. The sailors left their children behind them, and some kind friends in the town looked after them, but it was not so with the boat children, who were constantly moving, altogether uncared for. As they were so they are, and to all appearance would be, unless something were done to benefit their condition. If they looked at other classes of workpeople, tailors or colliers for instance, they found men had risen from the ranks and made their way in the world, but whoever heard of anyone from the boats becoming eminent in any walk in life? His object was to amend this state of things. And was not this a work in which Sunday-schools ought to

take a part? He heard that sometimes as many as two hundred boats lay at Moira on a Sunday. Where did the people from those boats go? did they stop on the banks? Were there Sunday-school teachers at work amongst them? Oh! it was a Sunday-school work, and they ought to do all they could to get the children, and parents too, to go to Sunday-school. He saw a boat the other day in the cabin of which there were only 202 cubit feet of space, and living in it were a man, his wife, and six children, one of the girls being sixteen years of age, one fourteen, a youth of ten, and so on. A man, and his wife, and six children, and only one room for everything! Those of them who had families knew what that meant. He asked the woman of whom he had first spoken how she and her husband and the children slept. She showed him a table in front of the fire, and said three children slept on that, two lay under the bed where the parents slept, and two in a little cupboard above. The height of the cabin was only about five feet. It was not right that such a number of people should be stived up in such little space—no wonder at fevers, and all kinds of diseases—but so it was. In one boat he saw the other day were a man and woman and two children, in another a man and woman and three children, in another a man and woman and five children, in a fourth a man and woman and four children—he was sorry to say he could not call them all wives in those boats—in another a man and woman and three children, in another a man and woman and two daughters, one of them twelve and the other fourteen; in another a man and woman and four children, one of them being a girl of fourteen. These facts, he contended, furnished a sufficient reason why a parliamentary inquiry should be instituted, and the Factory Acts brought to bear on this class of the population as well as on the agricultural children."


At the Windlass

The instinct of self-preservation should prompt society to do something, if only in self-protection; for while things remain in their present condition the curse consequent on allowing children to grow up in ignorance, surrounded by appalling moral pollution, is not the only evil. It should be widely known that the barges which glide along

our canals into all parts of England are frequently travelling fever and small-pox dens, which scatter the seeds of disease among men on the wharves, and children on the banks, from one end of their route to the other. There is no reason why the plague should continue when Parliament by one brief and simple Act might do enough to ensure better days for the suffering race. Even the education of the children would not be a work of such insurmountable difficulty as might appear. "I would suggest," says Mr. Smith, "that the Government build the necessary schools, and appoint masters to those districts where there are large numbers of boat children lying about waiting for the boats to be loaded, unloaded, repaired, or detained in other ways. In some parts I have known scores of boats kept waiting for loading, etc., at least a month at a time. . . . . On the average not half the time of a boater is spent in floating about; and if the children were properly looked after, at least a moiety of their time might be spent in schools instead of on the canal banks, as is the case now."

Following Mr. Smith in his relations of the canal life we come across a passage like this:—

"Early in life it was my lot to live and work close to the canal at Tunstall, Staffordshire; I therefore had ample opportunities of forming a judgment as to the habits of the boaters generally. I can never forget the scenes I often witnessed, but which my pen is totally unable to describe. Drunkenness, filthiness, cruelty, selfish idleness at the cost of children and animals, thieving, fighting, and almost every other abomination prevailed among them. I have often seen the boat-women strip and fight like men (and if anything more savagely), pulling the hair out of each other's heads by handfuls, after they had tired themselves by hard hitting, with sometimes a little biting into the bargain, to say nothing of kicking. These scenes made a deep impression upon me. But somehow or other one gets hardened by constant repetitions of such things, and we pass them by to a certain extent unheeded. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see, as I have done, two boaters fighting, the wife of each backing her husband, and egging him on by all sorts of ferocious cries, each cry running into the next with a volley of oaths and curses. The boatmen are great drinkers, and almost, as a natural consequence, a large number of their wives can do quite as much in that way as their husbands. This is not the worst feature of that degrading vice as they practice it. The parents will give their children as much liquor as they like to drink, and if they are unwilling to take it, are sometimes known to force it upon them out of pure mischief and wickedness. A case of this kind came under my notice a short time since at Nuneaton. The father and mother were very drunk, and they had given a little child of about three or four years old some of their liquor. The effect may be imagined. When I saw the child it could not stand, and the parents, as the poor little thing fell, picked it up again, in order to see it fall forward time after time. While the child was tumbling about, the father and mother enjoyed the disgusting scene with boisterous shouts of laughter."

We hear of a woman whose twenty-one children, born and reared in a cabin not much larger than one compartment of a railway carriage, all

survived. The children are frequently ill-used by idle as well as by abandoned parents. A little girl, ragged and footsore, has been seen driving the donkeys on the towing-path, while her stouthearted sire has stood at the helm enjoying a pipe in the pleasant atmosphere. Something should be also said respecting the hardships of the animals employed. "They are, as a rule," we are told, "more fit for the knacker's yard than for work." What is called a "lazy driver" is one who is ingenious in the art of torturing for the sake of sparing himself. He will even tie a frying-pan to a decayed old animal's tail, which by its regular thumping promotes locomotion.



Still the picture has a brighter side, though scenes such as that presented in the following contrast, quoted by Mr. Smith from a provincial paper, are few and far between:—

"A hale, ruddy-faced old man comes tumbling up the cabin steps to bid us enter, and 'have a talk to the old woman.' We clamber from boat to boat, stoop low, and enter another cabin. It is of the same dimensions as the last, and has the same lockers, cupboard-door table, &c., but it bears in its tidiness and order the sure signs of a woman's hand. The brasswork and tinware are in the highest state of polish; some huge plated candlesticks—family heirlooms, I presume—the night lantern, the brass knobs on cupboard-doors, &c., all glisten again. The old man

descends, and seats himself by the side of his smiling, tidy old woman, and they look as comfortable an old Darby and Joan as you could wish to behold. Some gay scraps of fringe decorate the beams of the bed-place, and framed mourning cards of deceased relatives are hung about. For 28 years these good folks have known no other home, and are, they say, quite happy in this floating ark of their declining years. They own the said ark, too, having bought it out of hard-earned savings. This is often the acme of the boatmen's ambition. The value of a boat is from £100 to £130, and with care it may last twenty years. These good people trade mostly to Worcester and the Black Country, and are paid by the 'trip.' Both are—when in port—constant attendants of the 'Bethel,' and we leave the model couple spending quite a pattern Boatman's Saturday Night."

Here is a description of the condition of a canal running by Newcastle-on-Tyne, a sample, doubtless, of other "cuts" in England, especially such streams as run through thickly peopled manufacturing districts :—

"The water in it was inky black and the stench intolerable. Large bubbles of gas were continually rising to the surface, being unmistakable proof of decomposing animal and vegetable matter. Three or four drains were running into it and he saw the carcases of several dogs in various stages of decomposition floating about.' This is sowing seeds of disease with terrible effect, and this is a description of what hundreds of Englishmen—'our floating population' but equally our fellow citizens—have to call their home."

Sooner or later Parliament will have to interfere, and when an Act is drawn up the suggestions of Mr. Smith will serve as a guide to a remedy. Women and children should be prohibited from living on the boats, except under certain conditions; more space should be demanded for cabin-room, and the barges should be subject to the inspection of an official person. The calling of the bargeman is not only a useful one, it is one that has largely increased in magnitude during the last forty years, notwithstanding the competition of railways. After their late fearless exposure it is hardly possible that the appalling evils complained of can be permitted to continue as a dreadful curse in the midst of a highly civilized and sensitive community. Such frightful enormities reflect discredit on our commercial honour; they outrage all our principles of political economy; much less can they be tolerated by humane followers of Christ. What have we all been at to have left this class of people to live and die in their present pitiable condition?

Hebrew Tales.

(Continued from page 453).

VIII.—INCORRUPTIBLE TREASURES.

"In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death."—Proverbs xii. 28.

DURING the reign of King Munbaz, there happened to be a most grievous famine. The people had parted with their all, and were in the utmost distress. The king, touched by their affliction, ordered his minister to expend the treasures which he and his ancestors had amassed, in the purchase of corn and other necessaries of life, and to distribute them amongst the poor and needy. The king's brothers, who were not of a very generous disposition, grieved to see such vast sums of money expended, reproached him with want of economy. "Thy forefathers," said they, "took care to add to the treasures which their ancestors had left them, but thou—thou not only dost not add, but dost squander what they have left thee." "You are mistaken, my dear brethren," replied the virtuous and generous king; "I, too, preserve treasures, as my ancestors did before me. The only difference is this: they preserved earthly, but I heavenly treasures. They placed theirs where any one might lay hold of them—mine are preserved in a place where no human hand can touch them. What they preserved yielded no fruit, that which I preserved will yield fruit in abundance. They preserved, indeed, gold and silver; but I have preserved *lives*. What they amassed was for others; what I amass is for my own use: in short, they treasured up things useful for this world—my treasures will be useful in the next."

IX.—TABLE-TALK OF THE SAGES OF ISRAEL.

When the son of Gamaliel was married, Rabbi Eliezer, Joshuah, and Zadig, were invited to the marriage feast; Gamaliel, though one of the most distinguished men amongst the Israelites, waited himself on his guests; and pouring out a cup of wine, handed it to Eliezer, who politely refused it. Gamaliel then handed it to Joshuah. The latter accepted it. "How is this, friend Joshuah?" said Eliezer, "shall we sit, and permit so great a man to wait on us?" "Why not?" replied Joshuah; "a man even greater than he did so long before him. Was not our father Abraham a very great man?—yet even he waited upon his guests, as it is written—*And he* (Abraham) *stood by them whilst they were eating*. Perhaps you may think he did so because he knew them to be angels; no such thing. He supposed them to be Arabian travellers, else he would neither have offered them water to wash their feet, nor viands to allay their hunger. Why, then, shall we prevent our kind host from imitating so excellent an example?" "I know," exclaimed Rabbi Zadig, "a being still greater than Abraham; who doth the same." "Indeed," continued he, "how long shall we be engaged in reciting the praises of created beings, and neglect the glory of the Creator! Even HE, blessed be his name, causes the winds to blow, the clouds to

accumulate, and the rain to descend. He fertilizes the earth, and daily prepares a magnificent table for his creatures. Why, then, shall we hinder our kind host, Gamaliel, from following so glorious an example!"

X.—THE MEEK AND THE HAUGHTY; OR THE CONTRAST EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONDUCT OF SHAMMAI AND HILLEL.

Austerity of manners and harshness of disposition, are the graceless offspring of pride and arrogance. Like a chilling frost, they repel and contract whatever comes near them; and like a dark cloud they obscure and deform the most shining talents and the greatest learning; whereas humility and meekness are the lovely children of humanity and benevolence. Like the mild rays of the sun, they warm and expand whatever comes within the circle of their influence. They sweetly allure the hearts of men, throw a splendour on the most humble, and are the best ornaments of the truly great.

The truth of these maxims we find fully exemplified in the conduct of two Hebrew sages, who flourished in the time of *Herod* (misnamed) the great. SHAMMAI, though a man of great learning, was of a morose temper. HILLEL, in addition to his great knowledge, possessed the virtues of humility and meekness in an eminent degree. It happened that a heathen came to the former, and thus addressed him: "I wish to become a proselyte, on condition that thou dost teach me the whole law, whilst I stand upon one leg." The morose teacher, offended at so unreasonable a request, pushed the applicant away, with the staff he held in his hand. The heathen went to HILLEL, and made the same application. The amiable Instructor complied with his request, and told him, "*Remember, whatever thou dislikest thyself, do not unto thy neighbours.* This is the substance of the law; everything else is but its comment; now go and learn." The heathen thanked him, and became a good and pious man.

XI.—ANOTHER EXAMPLE; OR, THE HEATHEN AND THE TWO HEBREW SAGES.

It happened, at another time, that a heathen passing a synagogue, heard the *Sopher* (clerk) read the following words: "*And these are the garments which they shall make; a breast-plate, and an ephod, and a robe, and a broidered coat, a mitre and a girdle,*" *etc.* (Exod. xxviii, 4). The heathen asked for whom all these fine garments were intended? "For the High-priest," was the answer. As soon as the heathen heard this, he went to *Shammai;* and said, "Master, I wish to become a proselyte, but on condition that I be made a high-priest." *Shammai* drove him away with contempt. He applied to *Hillel*, and made the same request. This mild instructor of Israel, received him courteously, and thus addressed him:—"Friend, hast thou ever known a king to be elected without being first instructed in the rules of government? Whoever wishes to be high-priest must first be made acquainted with the rules belonging to so distinguished an office. Come then, and learn. He then taught him the eighteenth chapter of Numbers. When they came to the seventh verse which says,—"*And the STRANGER that cometh nigh shall be put to death,*" the heathen asked who was meant by the

stranger? "It applies," answered Hillel, "to anyone who is not a descendant of Aaron. Even David, the king of Israel, if he had presumed to administer this sacred function, would have been punishable with death." The man then reasoned with himself,—"If thus the greatest of Israel is not thought worthy to fill this office, how should I, a poor miserable stranger!" He gave up the desire of becoming a high-priest; but, by continuing to study the law, became an adopted member of that nation to whom God said, "*Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests,*" *etc.*

In the course of time, they all three happened to meet together, when the grateful proselyte thus expressed himself:—"*Shammai's* harshness almost drove me from the world; but Hillel's humility saved me. May all the blessings rest upon thy head, thou worthy instructor of Israel! for it is thou who hast brought me under the wings of the Divine presence."

XII.—FILIAL REVERENCE. EXEMPLIFIED IN THE ACTS OF DAMAH, THE SON OF NETHINA.

"*Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be prolonged upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*"—Exodus xx. 12.

Worthless and ungrateful must that being be who can forget the innumerable benefits conferred upon him by his parents. They are the authors of our being, the supporters of our infancy, the guardians of our youth, and the best and truest friends in our distress, and in the perplexities of manhood. They participate in our joys, share and mingle in our sorrows, and cheerfully submit to fatigues and toil, to afford us ease and comfort. Not to love them, is to violate the laws of nature; not to honour and revere them, is to disobey the direct and special commands of God.

"Do you wish to know," said the great Rabbi ELIEZER to his disciples (in answer to their enquiries, how far the honour of parents extends),—"do you want to know how to honour your parents? then go and take example of DAMAH the son of NETHINA. His mother was unfortunately, insane, and would frequently not only abuse him, but even strike him in the presence of his companions; yet would this dutiful son not suffer an ill word to escape his lips; and all that he used to say on such occasions was,—'Enough, dear mother, enough.' Further: one of the precious stones attached to the High-priest's sacerdotal garments was once, by some means or other, lost. Informed that the son of NETHINA had one like it, the Priests went to him and offered a very large price for it. He consented to take the sum offered, and went into an adjoining room to fetch the jewel. On entering he found his father asleep, his foot resting on the chest wherein the gem was deposited. Without disturbing his father, he went back to the Priests, and told them, that he must, for the present, forego the large profit he could make, as his father was asleep. The case being urgent, and the Priests thinking he only said so to obtain a larger price, offered him more money. 'No,' said the dutiful son, 'I would not, even for a moment, disturb my father's rest, could I obtain the treasures of the world.' The Priests waited till the father awoke,

when DAMAH brought them the jewel. They gave him the sum they offered the second time; but the good man refused to take it. 'I will not barter the satisfaction of having done my duty for gold. Give me what you offered at first, and I shall be satisfied.' This they did, and left him with a blessing."

XIII.—MILTON'S "DARK FROM EXCESS OF LIGHT,"—

Anticipated and applied by R. Joshuah, in answer to a demand of the Emperor Trajan.

"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Joshuah, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides amongst your nation. I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere," replied Joshuah, "but he cannot be seen; no mortal eye can behold his glory." The emperor insisted. "Well," said Joshuah, "suppose we try to look first at one of his ambassadors?" The emperor consented. The Rabbi took him in the open air at noonday, and bid him look at the sun in its meridian splendour. "I cannot," said Trajan, "the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshuah, "to endure the light of one of his creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate you?"

Controversy on unimportant matters.

THE road was closed, our carriage with many waggons and other vehicles, was detained. What was doing? We found that they were blasting rocks near the road, and we must all wait till the masses of stone had descended. This reminded us of the way in which true progress is often impeded by violent discussions without end or purpose. Huge masses of theological lore are hurled into the air amid clouds of learned dust, and loud reports of angry personalities and fierce denunciations. Worse than that, the multitudes are kept from the highway of the gospel while divines are settling difficult points, and fighting over unimportant distinctions. How can we expect plain men to traverse a road which is made to appear so terrible? It is a shame to make a quarry so near a great thoroughfare, as we have seen it in the Riviera, but it is far worse to make the gospel the arena of disputes, and the topic of fierce controversy, while those who would fain come to Jesus are hindered. Could not our polemical brethren move their boring rods and gunpowder to some more remote region where they could shiver the rocks to their hearts' content, and do no poor wayfaring man a wrong. While the different parties in the church are wrangling, the devil is running off with men's souls. For mercy's sake let strife over holy things come to an end. Let us each bear our testimony, and let others do the same.

A Party of Seven at the Tabernacle.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THERE were seven of us in all, including Mr. Hampton, three sightless men, and two children, who were recognised "guides." We could each boast of social tendencies, and it was thought that our meeting together, to interchange thought and also some pieces of experience, might possibly redound to our common advantage. It is no uncom-



MR. JAMES HAMPTON.

mon thing for the blind to be persons of adventure; and as those who have been deprived of one sense become more keen in the exercise of others, they are frequently entertaining company, loving above all things to relate stories of the life they have "seen." On the understanding that they should tell us a few things about their ups and downs in a hard world, these few individuals, representative of the average run of Mr. Hampton's wide constituency, accepted an invitation to partake

of Tabernacle hospitality on a certain Monday evening in the middle of September.

Accordingly we were allowed the use of a convenient apartment underneath the chapel, and there our tables were liberally furnished with such viands as are always acceptable to simple folk, bread and butter and cake, with tea for a beverage. While Mr. Hampton presides with cordial geniality, the two children occupy one side of the board, betraying all that interest in the proceedings which becomes their years; now regarding with glistening eyes the provision before them; glancing towards Mr. Hampton, as if wondering what they will do next; and then peering across the table into the faces of the three afflicted men, who after all, may not be so unfortunate as they appear. The poor fellows excite our pity, but they do not look like men who would ask or value one's commiseration. On the contrary, they enjoy the occasion with a kind of lightheartedness which is characteristic of the blind in seasons of relaxation. Their features, especially if lit up with a smile, are wonderfully expressive, when we consider that they lack the language of the eye, which oftentimes speaks more tenderly than words. When conversing among themselves they bend the head forward, and speak in an undertone, confidential, and therefore complimentary; when a sighted person is addressed they sit more erect, say what they have to say in bolder tones, and look as if they were making an ineffectual effort to see.

The tea with its accompaniments is now served round; and though it would be scarcely correct to say that the tongues of our friends are unloosed in consequence, since they have been talking all along, yet they do at once show a disposition to be communicative with outsiders. Mr. More, whom we will first introduce to the reader, is a man under fifty years of age, and he has been blind for fifteen years. On being directly accosted, Mr. More suddenly raises his head, while he "looks" across the table with the startled bearing of a man who has just realised that his movements are watched by the eyes of inquisitive strangers. Still, as he has nothing to conceal, Mr. More tells us his story with all frankness.

He is a citizen of London, he was born in the year 1827, and the only smattering of book-learning he ever received was imparted at the charity school of St. Andrew's, Holborn. His parents, who were labouring people—the father having been a porter in neighbouring markets—were not happy in their choice of schoolmasters, for their boy never thoroughly mastered the art of reading, thus faring no worse than the majority of national scholars of a former generation. Not that the tutors of St. Andrew's were left altogether without excuse, seeing that Master More, according to his own confession, used habitually to play "Charley"—*i.e.*, he used to amuse himself on the banks of the Thames, or he would ramble about the grassy area now covered by the Islington Smithfield, and he would do all this in defiance of those penalties which are incurred by naughty boys who love play better than duty. Like many another luckless waif, he left school, not because he possessed any knowledge which would aid him in battling with the world, but because he was old enough to work. Perhaps he would have been more successful in those early years had he perseveringly kept to one thing; but instead

of doing this he began life as a paper-stainer, then he went to a type-founder's, then tried his fortune in a builder's yard, and after having tasted of this diversified experience, he undertook the laborious calling of a dock labourer at fourpence and sixpence an hour. Unloading the vessels of the Steam Navigation Company is terribly heavy work; it is capital exercise to develop the bone and muscle of a man whose arms are of one-horse power, but otherwise this dock labour is a profession which, in the opinion of Mr. More, is unfit for ordinary men. So far as he was personally concerned, our friend fared well enough as he was gradually being prepared for greater things in the future. He left the docks and the water-side to become a casual porter on his own account in the various markets of London, when his regular income speedily rose to an average of three pounds a week. With such means at his command, a single working man is richer than many a gentleman with £500 a year. He may enjoy every necessary, he can even indulge in many luxuries, and still have a large proportion of his earnings to put aside for less fortunate days. Mr. More did nothing of this kind. To use his own expressive language, he was not so careful as he might have been. He gave his father something weekly—the rest went as easily and regularly as it came. While not what we call a drunkard, he loved a convivial glass, and took more beer and spirits than was good for him. This was his position in life when he was suddenly overtaken by blindness, an evil which has been mixed with good.

The fatal day fell on the 16th of June, 1860. Having retired early to rest on that summer evening, in order to be ready for market duties by sunrise on the following morning, he was not a little annoyed when his repose was disturbed by the noisy return home of an elevated brother. He rose from his bed to chastise the intruder, when the latter, scarce knowing what he did in the frenzy caused by drink, seized some heavy article, supposed to have been a looking-glass, with which he dealt a tremendous blow, and which resulted in the instant destruction of the sober man's two eyes. When the poor fellow discovered that his sight was gone, without hope of ever returning, his feelings were indescribable; while the remorse of the man who had occasioned the calamity was such that he hasted away to America, to remain there till the present time, far from the scene of his misconduct. Unable to work, and depressed in spirit, More hid himself within doors, till he found himself fast wasting away, and becoming a mere shadow of his former self. He remained in the house during fifteen months, and when he once again ventured out of doors he was subjected to fresh paroxysms of grief on account of his helpless condition. The minister of the parish came to the house to speak a word of comfort, and if the blind sufferer's former flow of spirits did not return, the poignancy of his grief gradually wore away. He then commenced to earn a trifle by awakening early risers in the small hours of the morning, and with his father as a guide, he even resumed those porterage exploits at which he formerly earned ten shillings a day. When he became more accustomed to the darkness of his lot, More preferred to remain in London. The crowd and noisy traffic of the city of his birth occasioned the blind man no inconvenience—not even when he walked the streets alone; it is even possible that had he removed to a quieter scene he would have

more bitterly realized the desolateness of his lot. He can now find his way from one side of the town to the other without risk of going wrong. Put a shilling on the steps of Highgate Church, and he will undertake to pick up the coin, though the starting point be the Metropolitan Tabernacle. This capacity for walking about without fear amounts almost to another sense; but it is a sense which no one can inherit without an iron nerve. The oldest man of our party uttered an exclamation of despair as he listened to the narrative of Mr. More's pedestrian exploits. Thus it happens that one blind subject can roam at will through crowded thoroughfares well-nigh as nimbly as a sighted person; another can go nowhither without a guide. The venturesome stroller may now and then knock himself down by running foul of a lamp-post, but the nerve which tempts him abroad regards a broken nose as a small item in a blind man's chapter of accidents.

Mr. More has literally spent all his days in London, his longest absence from the City having been on the occasion of a visit to the hop gardens of Kent. Since his misfortune he has married "an old sweetheart"—a woman who made the engagement in brighter days, and had too noble a heart to annul the bargain because her lover happened to lose his eyes. One of the happiest things in the man's experience remains to be told. Some six years ago he met with James Hampton, who talked about the glad tidings of the gospel; pardon in Christ, and the good things of eternal life. The blind man listened, he thought that these enduring riches were just the things he needed, and he is now reckoned among those hopeful characters which the mission has reclaimed. He readily confesses that affliction has redounded to his advantage, that real good has accrued from what was once mistaken for unmixed evil. Personally, he cannot now earn anything at all. It was quite touching to hear him refer to the daily economy which he and his worthy partner are obliged to exercise. Sometimes they have to accept parish relief; but their dinner of herbs is seasoned with contentment, and the good hope of a blessed hereafter lightens their adversity.

Mr. More having told his story, Mr. Bryant comes on. As we view him from our side of the table Mr. Bryant strikes us as being a man about equal in energy and intellectual force to the gentleman whose life-story has just been narrated. He has a dark beard, high cheek-bones, and lines of care mark a countenance which would be rather a pleasing one were it not for the sightless eyes. Mr. Bryant is also a great traveller in the streets of London; and though he too believes in nerve he thinks that a blind man should in addition have strong faith in Providence. Take away his faith and Mr. Bryant will tell you that he would be as helpless as an infant; give him faith and nerve and he will undertake to fulfil any City errand you like to name. He may frequently be seen threading his way about the thoroughfares of South London, and he is an occasional attendant at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Mr. Bryant tells us that he was born at Greenwich in the year 1830. His earliest recollections are of an intense liking for the water; and fearing that his child would be drowned before he was out of petticoats, his father usually carried a rope in his pocket wherewith to drive the youngster from the banks of the Thames. The elder Bryant

belonged to a hardy race: as a North Sea pilot and fisher he was a brave sailor, who carried a stout heart and a weather-beaten face. Because he loved the ocean with real youthful enthusiasm this kind of calling was one to exercise a kind of fascination over the son, who had already started on his nautical career by accepting a situation on a river steamer. Master Bryant's wishes were so far gratified that he was apprenticed to the North Sea business; but after he had been "knocked and kicked about like a football" for twelve months he discovered that the romance of sea life, as pictured in a boy's day-dream, and the prosaic reality are widely different. The treatment accorded to the luckless apprentice was, doubtless, sufficiently cruel; it even provoked Bryant, senior, to inflict a wholesome thrashing on the mate of the whaler; but while this punishment was satisfactory the apprentice found he might himself receive a second edition of the castigation from the mate by way of revenge, and on this account ran away instead of returning to the ship. Feeling that he had tasted as much as he could stomach of whaling and the North Sea, Bryant next entered Her Majesty's navy, and was with the fleet which blockaded the River Plate thirty years ago. After fighting in several engagements he illegally forsook his ship, and went to live among the Spaniards, passing a considerable time at Montevideo, the capital of Uraguay. He was not the only man who did this; a large number ran away to share a rough experience in that strange semi-civilized country. One day he suddenly came across a former officer, and narrowly escaped being captured. For a length of time he led a life abounding in romance, and as dangerous as it was diversified. He entered one navy after another; fought under Garibaldi; and though at first he felt timid of the Spanish weapons, he could soon himself wield a bowie-knife, and drink with his comrades, as an acclimatized native. Mr. Bryant's recollections of these times are extremely vivid; he remembers the citizens of the Republic as "a drunken lot" who were dangerous friends and murderous enemies.

The man's history after this date abounds in incident, but want of space prevents our entering very fully into details. He worked for six months at the gold diggings of California, and he might have saved a comfortable competence had he exercised the barest economy, or even possessed common sense. His own sorrowful confession is, that as a fast-living sailor of the ordinary type he has squandered thousands of pounds. In foreign ports he has fraternized with free-and-easy rakes; he has caroused in the worst dens of Ratcliff at a cost of two, three, or even ten pounds a day! When would the story have ended had not blindness suddenly arrested the sinner in his headlong course to perdition?

On a certain memorable night, during a storm at sea, that awful visitation happened in which the sufferer can now discern the good hand of the Lord. As the vessel rolled, a water-cask reeled over with the motion, and doing so struck Bryant a violent blow in the face, the effect being a gradual loss of sight culminating in total blindness. At first it was not supposed that the result would be so seriously disastrous, but on taking his turn at the wheel he was alarmed to discover that instead of seeing a compass he saw what appeared to be a fire, and he had to be led away. This happened in the year 1869, or six years after he had married a wife at the Cape of Good

Hope; and Mrs. Bryant was living in London when her husband returned from the sea, blind, helpless, almost penniless. The roving spendthrift, thus forcibly shut up within himself, could now sit down to take stock of life, and he must have experienced some bitter, because unavailing, regrets when he looked after those thousands of pounds which had been worse than thrown away by being expended in riot. The husband could not support his wife; she could do no more than provide for herself; and when the woman accepted a situation as domestic servant they became separated until they lost sight of one another altogether. Indeed, each supposed the other to be dead, and acted accordingly.

The sequel to the story is more curious, and more satisfactory, than anything that has gone before. A man who is blind and alone in London must necessarily lead a nondescript sort of existence, and the disabled sailor was no exception to the general rule. A portion of his days were passed in the workhouse. While a patient in the hospital the surgeons regarded his case as hopeless; while soliciting alms in the streets his own wife dropped a penny in his hand without suspecting whom she befriended. Then occurred the first meeting of the sinner weary with the world, and of a friend-in-need, James Hampton. The offer of Christ in the gospel was lovingly explained; but for some time the man, who really wished to repent, committed the common mistake of supposing himself too great a sinner to be saved. "I was as bad as you, and He has saved *me*," was the answer of the evangelist to the objections of awakened conscience; and, being unable to say anything further, the prodigal ceased his word-fencing to find that peace and pardon which he has now uninterruptedly enjoyed during four years. Finally, through meeting with Mr. Hampton, Bryant found his wife, to whom he has long since been reunited. The poor creatures were really overjoyed when they were thus remarkably once more brought together. Each had given up the other as dead until their reappearance on the scenes of earth, face to face, came with all the novelty of an actual resurrection from the grave. The kind-hearted wife immediately resigned her situation, hired a room for her new home, and now with her own hands at washing and charing she is able to support the little household.

Mr. Hutchings, our third guest, is in some respects a contrast to his compeers in misfortune. He is more elderly, he was never able either to read or write, and wanting the nerve of More, and the faith of Bryant, he cannot walk a hundred yards unless he holds the hand of a human guide, or is led by a dog. He would shudder at the very idea of walking alone up Cheapside, and so far as he is concerned personally, he believes in "dawgs" for blind people. He is a full-faced, fatherly looking man with dark hair; and to judge from the shape of his head he looks like a subject who might have cut some small figure in the world had a proper advantage been taken of the opportunities of youth. He is now able to do nothing beyond selling matches and laces in the streets.

The native town of Mr. Hutchings is Norwich, he is sixty years of age, and with the exception of a short time spent at a Sunday-school he never received any book education of any kind. In boyhood he was

apprenticed to a boot-closer of Norwich, a man who was both a tyrant and a cheat, so that the mayor was appealed to and the indentures cancelled. On relinquishing the shoemaking our friend found nothing to do better than common labour, and he came to London to try his fortune at the age of twenty. After roughing the world in the metropolis for eighteen years he went to the Crimea as a store-keeper in 1854, on the breaking out of the Russian war. The remuneration received in the Government service—three shillings a day and rations—was sufficiently liberal to provoke the jealousy of the common soldiers; but the advantages of the appointment were more than counterbalanced by a severe sun-stroke, which resulted in blindness after nine years. When he lost his sight the unfortunate man could still turn a mangle; but when his wife became paralyzed their last hope of independence vanished, and they retired into the workhouse, where Mrs. Hutchings died after lying bedridden for several years. Hutchings himself first heard of Mr. Hampton from a gentleman in the Kennington-road nearly five years ago, and he has attended at the mission services ever since. He does not profess to have found peace in Christ, though not without hope of eventually doing so; and while finding it impossible to learn to read, he can listen with pleasure to the preaching of the Word. He has attempted to master the art of reading as taught by means of raised characters; but his brain aches and swims while making the effort, and a feeling of despair—a mad, dinning kind of sensation—steals over him. It appears that Mr. Hutchings and his dog are regular attendants on Mr. Spurgeon's ministry. In a truly docile manner the sagacious animal sleeps away the hour of service, curled up in a small compass beneath the seat; and if, on any Sabbath morning, a stranger was found in possession, we are assured that the "dawg" would request him to move away in unmistakable *caninese*. This knowing dog was not always so accomplished a leader; and some considerable educational discipline was required ere he could accommodate his action to the novel circumstances of his situation. He once howled during the singing of the hymn; he also bit a friend's leg who happened to tread on his tail; but these were mere passing indiscretions committed in days of ignorance and inexperience.

Having partaken of our entertainment *ad libitum*, besides coming to the end of their tether in relating their life experience, our afflicted friends are now ready to return to their homes. Our object in calling them together will be answered if readers, near and far away, are moved to befriend the indigent blind of London. Mr. Hampton is in want of means for present necessaries; he also stands in need of funds wherewith to provide a new hall for general purposes, and this last is indispensable, if his mission is to be an increasingly aggressive one.

In order that the reader may run no risk of misapprehending the nature of the work in progress, we borrow an extract from Mr. Hampton's last report, to which subscribers are referred for further information:—

"This work among the indigent blind was begun in 1872, by Mr. Hampton, in a locality where drink and vice abounded, so that from its commencement it has been surrounded with difficulties; scanty means and the want of a suitable meeting-place being the chief hindrances. Still, the class which began with

two persons, has grown to over a hundred, and these are gathered together at the hall, No. 38, Kennington Road, every Friday evening, where the Bible is read in raised type, and on Sundays a free tea is provided, after which the gospel is preached. To encourage the blind to attend, a small sum is allowed for the payment of guides. The work during the past year causes the weakest hearts to overflow with gratitude to God for the blessing which has rested on the effort to promote his glory. On Sunday, at half-past two, the Sunday-school is held at the Hall, when the blind and ragged children assemble to hear of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." A gratuitous tea is then provided, which is a real boon to the recipients, who know nought of comfort at their own homes. They are only too glad to meet around the social table, and to feel that they are with those who seek their bodily and spiritual welfare. Divine service, which follows, is much enjoyed. Mr. Sankey's hymns are used, and the hearts of the workers are gladdened when they hear the people sing those well-known tunes, and see them join in worshipping the true and living God. There is also a children's service at No. 15, Miller's Lane, Lambeth, at which brethren from the Mission preside. Thirty to forty young people attend, and are even found eagerly waiting for the door to be opened. One little girl of eight years of age became convinced of the sin of marketing on Sunday, and she resolved to do so no more. She went to her mother's, who keeps a greengrocer's shop, to say it was wrong to buy or sell on the Sabbath; but the mother answered by forbidding her child to come again to the school. The child at last prevailed, however, and she has now succeeded in bringing her sister also to school. On Tuesday evening a prayer meeting for adults is held, when the neighbours are invited to attend; and the blind also come from different parts to meet with God's people for a blessing. On Wednesday, at six o'clock, a Band of Hope is held at the Hall, when a class of forty or fifty are taught to sing and recite sacred pieces. Many come forward to sign the temperance pledge. A prayer meeting was also held at eight o'clock, at Mr. Hampton's house, but in consequence of there being insufficient accommodation for the people, it was removed to the Hall. Many have been convicted of sin. On Friday a Bible class for the blind is held, when between forty and fifty persons attend to read for one hour, during which time the guides are also taught reading, writing, and spelling. A sermon is then read to them, and the meeting is closed with prayer. A short prayer-meeting is held afterwards to ask a blessing on the work. There are thus about eight thousand attendances upon the means of grace during the year; five thousand meals are given; coal tickets and soup tickets are also distributed among the necessitous."

Our readers can now judge for themselves of the success of Mr. Hampton's efforts among the blind and maimed. According to the amount of encouragement accorded the work seems likely to grow, and the future will bring its harvest of souls. Shall the work stay?

Disturbers of Churches often Cowards.

THE man who uses the boring rod and inserts the powder takes good care to be out of the way when the match is applied and the fragments of rock are flying in all directions, and in the same manner the principal fomenter of discord usually keeps out of the trouble himself. This is one of the great trials of church differences, and must be carried to the Lord. He can track the criminal, and frustrate his devices.

A Fragment about Rowland Hill.

BY V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

FEW names are more widely known throughout Christendom than that of Rowland Hill, who was called to be a preacher when evangelical religion was but little prized by the ordained ministers of the National Church. Many of them were grossly negligent of their sacred duties, and the immorality of others was a standing disgrace. The people were kept in gross ignorance of the vital doctrines of Christianity, and their conduct was scarcely influenced for good by the teachers appointed by the State; their social condition was deplorable to the last degree. Mr. Hill's advent was thus most opportune, and the Great Head of the church made him the instrument of accomplishing a most important mission.

A man of simple faith and unaffected piety, despising cant on the one hand, and guarding against that questionable pietism on the other which shrinks from revealing itself by a frank avowal, Mr. Hill found the fields "white unto harvest," and brought all the energies of his redeemed manhood to bear upon the work to which he had received an indisputable call. He was a living man, and living men must speak; he was intensely earnest, and earnestness is never dumb. From the moment of his conversion to the latest hour of his life he despised that coward reticence by which many Christians, otherwise estimable, hide their light under a bushel and weaken the testimony to the grace of God. Not that he obtruded his piety by pharisaic boasting or the glib use of an unctuous phraseology. The language of his lips had full commerce with the emotions of his heart, and the testimony of his ministry was the faithful index to his saintly character.

He stated the range within which his own teaching was confined when, on examining a young man for the ministry, he said, "Well, the gospel is a good milch cow, she gives plenty of milk. I never write my sermons. I first give a pull at justification, then a plug at adoption, and afterwards a bit at sanctification; and so, in one way or the other, I fill my pail with the gospel milk."

The success of his ministry is sufficient evidence, we think, that such preaching commands the divine approval. Ministers may moralize till they are dumb, but casuistry never saved a soul from death; they may philosophise till the "crack of doom," but theory never won a soul to Christ. The people may be beguiled into the profession of religion by the subtle sophistries of a rationalistic theology, the fascinating enchantments of an ornate ritual, and the beauties of an artistic symbolism; but a profession is of no value unless it be the exponent of an inner life. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

He was an extemporaneous preacher, and delivered, on an average, three hundred and fifty sermons a year for a period of sixty-six years. In speaking of the custom of reading sermons, he once said, "If a minister, after having duly considered the leading truth of his text, would but venture, under the divine blessing, to enforce the subject from the natural ability which God may have given him, he would find

his heart animated by the subject, and preaching would soon be his daily delight."

Doubtless his sermons often lacked method, but this must not be attributed to his inability to arrange his thoughts in logical order. He knew that no sinner was ever savingly impressed by a sermon, considered as a whole, but by some striking thought, or pointed appeal, unpremeditated, perhaps, by the preacher, and not forming a necessary part of the discourse. "Some of you may think," he said to his audience at Surrey chapel on one occasion, "that I am preaching a rambling sermon; but oh, if I should be able to reach the heart of a poor rambling sinner, I'm sure you'll forgive me." And then he went on to say, "Sinner, you may ramble from Christ, but we will ramble after you and try to bring you back into his fold."

At the moment these words were being uttered a pickpocket entered the chapel, and his conversion was traced to the impression then produced. When one of his congregation remarked to him, "Mr. Hill, you have taken us from Dan to Beersheba in your sermon to-day," he very coolly replied, "Never mind, my friend, it's all holy ground."

There is no doubt Mr. Hill describes himself in his "Village Dialogues," when depicting Mr. Lovegood. "If by the sprightliness of his imagination he excited a smile of approbation without the least degree of levity, he knew how very soon afterwards to excite a tear. His preaching was, at times, like the sun, brilliant, and even if intervening clouds intercepted its bright rays, yet still the warmth was felt, and its fertilizing effects were evident. His sentiments were elevated and pure. If he descended, it was like the swallow, just to dip the tip of his wing in the stream and again ascend. After he had taken his text he would, for a time, stick to it, and give it a just and correct interpretation; though afterwards, from the warmth and animated frame of his mind, he would branch out so as to surprise his hearers by a brilliancy of thought peculiar to himself. His severer hearers would blame him for his eccentricities, and call him a rambling preacher, though still he was correct in his divinity, and well-intentioned in his design; and in all his ramblings he was ever sure to keep upon holy ground."

All his talents were consecrated at the throne of grace, and he maintained the vigour of his spiritual life by prayer. It was the potent factor in the success of his grand life-work, as it is the secret of all true success in the work and warfare of the kingdom. The men who have revolutionized society by their heroic deeds in the cause of God have been mighty through the inspiration of prayer. Paul and Luther, Wesley and Whitefield, and the noble army of martyrs became bold to dare and strong to do because they were men of prayer.

Rowland Hill became so familiar with the art of prayer that he was only conscious of a few intervals during the day when his heart was not drawn up to God in its exercise. He said on one occasion, "I like ejaculatory prayer; it reaches heaven before the devil can get a shot at it." He was a living embodiment of Montgomery's charming hymn, and had, indeed, proved that

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath."

Charged with a divine commission, he "went everywhere preaching the gospel." He wanted no episcopal sanction for the limits of his ministry when his Master had prescribed "all the world" as his sphere of service. The system which confines the preaching of the gospel to consecrated walls, and sacrifices usefulness to propriety, is not according to the mind of Christ. He was not like a parish water-cart, which may spend itself within well-defined limits; he must rather be compared to those aërial reservoirs, the clouds, which recognise no parochial boundary in their beneficent mission. He used to say, "I always conceived that in preaching through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, I stuck close to my parish."

As his preaching engagements necessarily caused him to travel extensively in various directions, he availed himself in his earlier days of his carriage. A rigid Sabbatarian once resorted to a very questionable expedient of rebuking Mr. Hill, and sent in a request for prayer. According to his usual custom Mr. Hill took up this request to read aloud before offering prayer. He began, "The prayers of this congregation are desired———" Having proceeded thus far, he exclaimed, "Umph! 'for—' umph! well I suppose I must finish what I have begun, 'for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday!'" Any ordinary man would have been disconcerted, but he looked up very coolly and said, "If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into the vestry after the service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage." When his nephew asked him if this story were true, he replied, "Aye, that it is, true enough. You know I could not call him a donkey in plain terms."

With a soul fired with zeal, he brought his natural talent for wit and humour to bear upon his work. An intimate friend of Cowper, he felt with him—

> "'Tis pitiful
> To court a grin when you should woo a soul;
> To break a jest when pity should inspire
> Pathetic inspiration; and to address
> The skittish fancy with facetious tales
> When sent with God's commission to the heart."

It is true that he resorted to many novel artifices to catch the popular ear; but it was done with such consummate skill that they never diverted attention from his grand aim. He once commenced a sermon by shouting "Matches! matches! matches!" and then he went on to say, "You wonder at my text, but this morning, while I was engaged in my study, the devil whispered to me, 'Ah, Rowland, your zeal is indeed noble, and how indefatigably you labour for the salvation of souls.' At that very moment a man passed under my window, crying matches very lustily, and conscience said to me, 'Rowland, you never laboured to save souls with half the zeal this man does to sell matches.'" With this introduction, he proceeded with his sermon, and the attention, gained at the commencement, was held to the close.

Sheridan once remarked, "I go to hear Rowland Hill because his ideas come red-hot from the heart;" and it was the opinion of Robert

Hall "that no man has ever drawn, since the days of our Saviour, such sublime images from nature."

In writing to his nephew, Mr. Hill said, "It is better to feed the appetite of the hungry, than to tickle the fancies of the whimsical. This breed of preachers are apt soon to preach themselves out of breath, and come to nothing. May you and I never be the retailers of such whipt-syllabub divinity; better keep a cook-shop to satisfy the *craving* appetite, than a confectioner's shop to regale the *depraved* appetite of the dainty. Good brown bread preaching is the best after all."

Many of the stories told of Mr. Hill lacked the one essential element of truth. The inventive faculty of his enemies was very largely exercised, but their inventions only increased his popularity, and left his good name untarnished. The traditional reputation which he acquired never touched the integrity of his character, and his sincerity was so apparent that few, if any, really believed him capable of saying and doing many things with which he was charged. The story of his eventful career cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader.

Court Life.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

YOUR first and most natural reflection as you pass through a narrow court in the great metropolis and glance at some of its numerous residents is—how came these heterogeneous specimens of lower humanity together? They seem to have as little affinity as those lively atoms which, according to Lucretius and his latter-day disciple, Professor Tyndall, found themselves, after centuries of separation, related by force of circumstances; and the surprise of those separate particles in being thus brought into conjunction for the formation of the world, could scarcely be greater than that felt by these neighbours when the story of their lives is told. A certain English king who was less daintily fastidious about his morals than his "gentle blood," once described Dorsetshire as the only county fit to be the home of a gentleman, for he who was best pleased with painted courtesans and low company generally could not endure the society of the plebeian middle classes, of which Dorset at that time was most innocent, only gentlemen and their serfs dwelling on the soil. With the denizens of these packed courts there seems to be a common feeling that there is no other place more adapted for their residence than the slums hidden behind a main thoroughfare. Here they may live in comparative seclusion, away from the critical eyes of the reputable, the honest, and the industrious. For their free and shiftless habits to be under the observation of those who studiously avoid rubbing their elbows against them in the open streets is irritating; and contiguity with such as are more observant of ordinary proprieties is felt to be an infringement upon their liberty to do ill. They are in no mood for a closer acquaintance with the restrictions of society than the policeman imperatively imposes. To escape the scrutinizing gaze of the better-to-do, and to feel more free to indulge in habits of which they would be ashamed in open

thoroughfares, they resort to these rookeries, and find neighbours as little disposed as themselves to heed the decencies and restraints of life. It is, therefore, not due so much to a feeling of shame as to a disposition not to be troubled with such a feeling, that the ill-conditioned love to herd thus together. Perhaps the majority of those who dwell in Harmony Court or Paradise Row were born, or "raised," there; and have known no other home comforts than those supplied in such close quarters. To rise above the circumstances in which they were placed through the dissipation of their progenitors, has not occurred to them. That court life was good enough for their parents is, they would reason, satisfactory proof that it is not ill-fitted for them; and since from the earliest years the habits illustrated by the fathers, and the vicious propensities indulged in by the mothers, have been acquired by their heirs, administrators, and assigns, their conclusions have a show of correctness. The aspirations of the classes above them are as remote from theirs as the steps by which such aspirations could be reached are foreign to their tastes. An effectual nip would be given to the first bud of ambition in any young mind by the jeers and scoffs of the society by which he is surrounded; and so it comes to pass that no healthy ambition is possible, and no earnest effort is ever made to escape from the slough into which they have fallen.

But this will not explain all. In those courts from which the criminal poor are excluded, and where the professionally immoral do not largely find their way, there are hundreds who have been brought into the vicinity through the wholesale demolition of more respectable thoroughfares. These persons once tenanted houses that belonged originally to the middle-classes; but the stern demand for metropolitan improvements made it necessary they should remove, and the lack of suitable dwellings near, and the indisposition to quit a neighbourhood where they had lived so long, and which they knew so well, forced them to seek shelter in one of the courts of squalid poverty. It may be that the intention was to secure only a temporary abode there; but, once the decline has begun, the worse associations and temptations have sealed their social doom. They sink into a deplorable condition, of which, in moments of calm reflection, they are honestly ashamed. In some cases, there are peculiar conveniences for street traders, where the costermonger may deposit for awhile his heap of cabbages and fruit—such as small squares; and also where street markets are within a few minutes' walk—these things attract poor traders in selecting a residence. But in most instances, the aggregation of the poor arises from what may be widely designated as "forced circumstances." The pressure of poverty and misfortune has brought into connection representatives from almost every county in England,—not to say Ireland. Here are broken-down tradesmen, men of education but of woefully bankrupt character, artizans who once lived in comfort and respectability, of whom it is not uncharitable to say that habits of drinking, acquired in the hours of vexation and loss, have been their greater misfortune and disgrace. It would be interesting to learn the individual histories of the whole of the inhabitants of one of these courts—about which, let it be remembered, they are mostly reticent, and concerning which questions would be rightly regarded as impertinent. Their stories would constitute a sad chapter,

revealing much of human weakness and wickedness, of wrong done and suffered, and of the close and sure connection between sin and retribution.

If your visit is paid on a summer's evening, after the unwinking sun has gently paled his fires and begun to decline into his rosy bed, you will see court life in its public aspect. On every door-step, and around every open door, are women and children—the latter playing to the tune of vociferous cries, and the former but languidly interested in their amusements and scrambles, and oblivious of their unmusical calls and contentions. The gossip of the courts is but rarely on matters reported in newspapers, unless it be the last magisterial reference to some hardened wife-beater, who is likely to gain more sympathy here than in a court of justice; for with those habituated to kicks and cuffs, there is an unreasonable tenderness felt towards the wretches who administer them. Questions that affect the public interest have no charm for these loungers: the story of the last drunken bout of the husband, or of the man who stands in that relation, and of how effectually his pockets were relieved of the coin that enabled his devoted wife to follow his example the same evening; the last piquant scandal that involves his feminine belongings, and that brings a couple of discoloured eyes and gives wing to a termagant's tongue, that excites all the interest of the court, and fills it with noises strong and loud enough to justify the fearful expectations of murder being done, are topics of commanding interest. That "the public" should have charms which the house (that is public enough, judging from the number of lodgers in it) does not supply or counteract, is obvious; and yet of all the pitiably wretched places on earth, the neighbouring bar or tap-room is the least attractive. The gas, of which there is abundance, only makes the filthiness of the odious and odorous den the more conspicuous; and yet the hard boards and seats are filled with a motley assembly of frowsy heads with unkempt beards, and bonnetless, hair-bedraggled faces, from which all traces of the glory of womanhood has departed. And yet the drink is not the only thing around which these hosts of tatterdemalions rally—for "the company" attracts their vagabond sympathies. The Babel of conflicting sounds that would madden you, fascinates them; they are never happier than when joining in the general hubbub, flinging at each other the profuse epithets of the pit, and indulging in profane philippics. Sometimes the theatre and the music-hall are patronized, but these are of the lowest kind, and the excitement afforded is in character scarcely above that of the vulgarest tap-room. As for the lads that infest the neighbourhood of these courts day and night—and they manage to make night hideous with their screams, cat-calls, and signal cries—they are as daring as they are rollicking, and as dangerous as they are wily, strong, and adventurous. A policeman receiving a complaint one day, drily remarked of some of them, "Lor bless yer, sir, they'd steal the teeth out of yer head, and then come back for the gums." This mild exaggeration represents rather picturesquely the demoralized condition of most of these lads—if indeed they ever had any morals. It reminds you of the rascals in the American war who are said to have milked the farmer's cows at night and borrowed his churns the next morning.

The Christian visiting such scenes of poverty and dissoluteness cannot but ask whether any, and what, efforts are made, by regular or irregular agencies, to bring into the subjection of Christ the fallen classes. Within easy walk of the court in which he may be standing, there are many churches, High and Low, rich and poor; chapels small and great, mission-rooms and halls, and, in addition, societies that gain support for their professed labours among the poor of London. Do any or all of these really touch the evil? As for the churches, those that are evangelical and that boast a great deal of the beautiful parish system, are inconsistent with their professions—for their "parish" idealism breaks down lamentably; and those that are High are content with affording temporal relief, given, in most cases, with much self-denying sympathy. As for the churches of the various denominations, it is feared there is not much effort made on their behalf, for about the most difficult task a minister has to perform is to secure that individual exertion which involves incurring hardship and obloquy, for the upraising of the degraded poor. We look naturally to those mission-halls which are planted in the very heart of the poorest districts for direct work in this direction; and these are undoubtedly abundantly useful when the members engage in house visitation. Some good might be expected from those nondescript rooms which in some places are almost as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, where "the gospel of the grace of God" is announced to be preached (D.V.) every Sunday evening; but alas, the services are, in too many cases, conducted by some well meaning "dear brother" who, discontented with every other form of preaching, airs his own little crotchets about the Lord's coming, and the best portion of whose gospel consists in the singing of Sankey's hymns and tunes. The truth is, these means do not reach the core of the want. Scripture readers have their place in creation and their regular rounds of daily toil; and they may serve the needs of a higher strata, but do not touch those of this deeper depth; while City missionaries are, not unnaturally, more given to pay pleasant visits where they are received with decent respect, than to those houses where at the very front door an obstructive man, with a short cutty pipe in his mouth and a stick in his hand, may alarm any human being that wears a black cloth coat. We may fairly accept many excuses for such want of courage; it is not agreeable to hazard comfort and nerve power to reach a class that neither cares for you nor your testimony. He who would try to do better—and the writer does not mean to assert that there are none capable or willing so to do—must be prepared at the outset to confront unusual difficulties, greater than most that stand in the way of the missionary in some heathen lands. Thus, it is no uncommon thing to be faced at the doorstep by a brawling, drunken man and a couple of cantankerous disciples of Bacchus, who, suspecting your intentions, and forming their own, and those the worst, conclusions as to your sincerity, proceed without provocation to swear and curse at your respectability, and to offer to test your strength in a fair stand-up fight in the yard, which, considering you have the New Testament of the Prince of Peace in one hand and a bundle of innocent tracts in the other, is rather an awkward invitation. Or, suppose you secure an entrance; out of the half-dozen rooms in which you may gain your way, five may contain

men and women lying about in a state of helpless intoxication. The picture is not overdrawn: it is painted from the life, as more than one reputable evangelist the writer has consulted can attest. Those few who do gain ingress are favoured persons who have won the rough gratitude of the in-dwellers by some special assistance rendered in a time of starvation or loss. In one court in the City there is only one person who can gain admittance into any of the houses; and this favour has been thus graciously extended because a few years ago our friend helped them to refurnish their rooms after a great fire. Such furniture as it is! In no case do you see an iron bedstead, and the Irish poor are content with a straw pallet hidden in the corner, lodged against a wall from which the plaster has fallen long ago. The furniture ordinarily consists of valueless "remnants"—old, ugly, dilapidated, and revealing here and there the smallest evidences of innumerable coats of paint. And yet it must not be imagined that these houses, though so ramshackle, do not bring a remunerative profit to their owners. One of them in St. Giles' consists of ten rooms, and the various lodgings bring in upwards of £100; another, of eight rooms, £85; while none produce less than £60 per annum. The charges are exorbitant, but the poor are quite willing to submit to them for the sake of herding together; and the losses of the landlord are very nominal, and the cost of repairs still less. Whatever may be their feelings towards society at large, they manifest no small consideration for each other in distress; and their friendship and mutual help stave off the interference of the landlord. Sometimes opportunities are presented them of obtaining more reasonable accommodation at a cheaper rate, and urgent representations are made to them in favour of such a change, but they are rarely seized. "They like to be together," their acquaintances are formed, and their habits settled. And yet, let the gospel change the latter, and their old friends are no longer retained, and a visible improvement in their outward lives follows their removal into less disreputable quarters. In most cases the converts who attend religious services in the mission-chapel have left the wretched rooms and cellars, in which they once entombed themselves, for clean apartments in a neighbouring but more creditable thoroughfare.

If ever the denizens of the courts thus described are to be dealt with by the Christian church, it must be largely by those who have been redeemed from among them. It is easier to visit lodging-houses and tramps' kitchens, for they are under police supervision, and the landlords rarely object; and missionaries agree in testifying to the pleasing character of the reception usually accorded them in these dark, and often underground, cellars. But it is not so with these homes into which no one has a right to enter, and where visitors are plainly told they are not wanted. So far as I can learn, wherever a visiting society has been formed of the class who once shared the discomforts and miseries of such a life, systematic visitation has been possible and successful. Lying before me is as good an evidence of this as could be secured: it is furnished by nine annual reports of a work among the very poor, in which are instances of good done almost entirely by those who once lived where they now labour for God. Fifteen working-men, twelve married and nearly as many unmarried women, are at present

banded together for Sunday afternoon visitation; and although their work is discouraging in many of its details, and a sore tax upon patience and Christian endurance, they seem to be true to it. This band of believers meets at half-past two for prayer, and forthwith they proceed in pairs to make a raid upon the contiguous courts. They cannot gain admittance into every house, but in some they are permitted to hold conversations and read a portion of the Word of God, and extend an invitation to the evening services. Those who persistently refuse to attend the hall are often prevailed upon to hear what Mr. —— has to say at the corner of one of the streets, and the hearty singing of lively tunes attracts others. In such a neighbourhood as this, open-air preaching is most useful, and is a means of spreading the knowledge of the Saviour's love not to be neglected. One visitor engaged the attention of a man whose drunken habits seemed incurable, and his words of counsel and entreaty were the means of his reformation and profession of Christ. Another speaks of a man—"one of the vilest" in the district, whose language caused the visitor "to tremble from head to foot," who has been "clearly brought to God." "I was led specially and earnestly to pray for him and his family, and have had the joy of seeing them all decide for God; and they are now rejoicing in the light and liberty of the gospel." In other cases we find the bed-ridden and consumptive visited, and directed to Christ, as their only hope, with results which have gladdened the hearts of the brethren and encouraged them to go on, in spite of opposition, though they may perhaps encounter that in the very next house. The reading and expounding of a few passages of Scripture, and open conversation thereupon, is the usual method of creating an interest in divine truth. Sometimes the questions asked are suggested by an unbelieving disposition, at others by a scornful one; and in not a few cases, there is a manifestation of self-righteousness, which is not only the outcome of ignorance, but of a hardened nature. There is crass materialism that has to be fought against on every hand; and since that materialism is the adopted covering for every sinful indulgence, the acutest visitor has occasionally a "hard time of it." And a lively one too, judging from some of the records. One case may be quoted, with sundry condensations, of a man of a rather literary turn of mind, and a little given to poetic touches: He was lying in bed on a Sunday afternoon, in a state of semi-intoxication, which he regrets to say was his usual custom—"when a gentle, but firm knock, came to the door, and I, with a reckless voice, made bold by the effects of the drink I had taken, called out, 'Come in.' But had I known at the time who was outside, it would have been the last of my thoughts to give such an invitation. I thought it was some of my neighbours bringing me a glass of beer, as they were in the habit of doing sometimes. But, imagine my surprise and disappointment, when I beheld two young men with their hands full of tracts, etc. I sat upright in bed, with the intention of rudely dismissing them, but there was something passed from them to me, like an electric spark, which awed me, and I felt subdued in their presence. They spoke to me, and left me some tracts, but their visit had left a deep impression on me, and I felt ashamed of myself (it was their youth

that particularly drew my attention); and I thought what a *vile old wretch* I was, and wished in my heart I was like them. But I went out the next day and got some *drink*, and tried to banish it from my mind, but, do what I would, they were ever present to my mind's eye, and so I spent the week in such a state of mind as I cannot well describe. On the following Sunday they found me in the same state as on the first. But it would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered the following week; I was afraid to walk the streets, or to lie down to sleep lest I should awake in *hell*." His first step was to take the pledge, and his next to attend the religious services, and three Sundays afterwards he says "I saw, as plain as daylight, that Jesus had died on the cross for my individual sins, and I felt a great weight taken off my soul, and the tears rolled down my face, but they were not tears of sorrow, grief, or despair, but those of love, gratitude, and joy, for what my blessed Saviour had done for me." Sometimes, too, a case like the following most affecting one, comes to light:—

"DEAR SIR,—Will you offer up a prayer for a poor lost sinner. I am the worst of sinners. I met a person coming from your chapel; I was crying, and she told me if I came to you, you would speak comforting words to me. I only want you to pray for me. I am a stranger in London. O sir, I am burdened with sin—What shall I do to be saved? I am lost, lost. The person told me she lived in the Strand, and on Sunday she would bring me to you if she saw me. O sir, do pray for me, a country girl—no father or mother. I think death in the water must be my end. Do pray for me. O sir, pray forgive me for writing to you. I am a lost sinner. From a poor girl,—M. A. S."

Doubtless there are many unrecorded works of mercy that equal this one; but the question naturally arises, ought not more to be undertaken? The peculiar difficulties should be incentives to the work. All honour to the societies that aim at the moral and religious regeneration of the lapsed masses, but they had better cease to be, than that the Christian church should so completely rely upon them as to neglect these fields of labour entirely. Societies should supplement, but never supersede, any department of work that belongs to the church of Jesus Christ. In every church situated within reasonable range of "court life" there should be an efficient house visitation enterprise for the ministration of the gospel that can alone renovate these moral wastes.

Preaching—Jesus must be seen.

HAVE you ever sat at table at a public dinner when a fine vase of flowers has stood between you and a dear friend with whom you wished to converse? What a nuisance it is! Its beauty is of no consequence, for it is in the way. Even the flowers are so many impertinences and intrusions. Perhaps you have not seen your friend for years, and would give anything to catch every movement of his countenance; but that troublesome vase hides him from you. Is not the case worse when flowery language and rhetorical periods in a sermon conceal the lovely face of our dear Redeemer? What matters the perfection of the eloquence if it acts as a veil to hide his loveliness? Take away those obstructive elegances, those impertinent accuracies, those distracting attractions. That sermon is best which lets Christ be best seen. May all preaching become like the floor of heaven—"pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

Sunday in the Backwoods.

BY FREDERICK HASTINGS.

AFTER a long journey through the woods you will, perhaps, come upon a settlement where there is a chapel, or school-house, or temperance-hall, in which service is irregularly held. At one place where I preached, they had a sermon once a month. Any one coming at any other time, belonging to any of the evangelical denominations, would easily gain the use of the building, but would have to do his best to let the people know of the service. Owing to this facility of gaining a building, and the readiness of the people to come and listen, there are many itinerant preachers of a very indifferent stamp, who go about and manage to live on the amounts they can collect from the settlers. One of this class, a few Sundays before I preached at Lepreaux, had held a service, and afterwards told the people that they must try and collect enough to buy him a new coat, as the present one was worn out. He held up his arms, exhibiting at once the repairs and the rents. When there is no other building in a settlement suitable for a service, you chose either a house or log hut. When there are lumber mills there is generally a boarding-house, with one large room, that can be used for service, and in one such I have frequently enjoyed the preaching of the Truth to a number of rough "lumberers" and mill men. And how warmly they thank those who take interest enough in them to go and speak a few words to them about Christ and heaven.

The hardest and most trying work is where the service is held in a log hut. It may be so low that you may have to stand with head touching the ceiling. A friend of mine once had to preach with his head almost wedged in between two rafters, and where, if he became a little too energetic, a severe blow at one side or other of his head would speedily have checked his demonstrativeness. The men sit on half-kegs, or small pieces of board, "turned endways." The air becomes speedily most polluted, and yet the people are sometimes so hungry for the Word that they will sit still when you have finished the service, and wait until you are prepared to begin another. You may have to preach three sermons, one after the other, with only a brief interval for swallowing a cup of tea, sweetened with molasses, stirred in with a fork, and for eating a piece of hard, home-made bread, and a rasher of bacon. The people will not move until you have done eating, nor will they spend the interval in useless gossip. They think of religion as something—as one expressed it to me—"to be got;" and while they are in a service, will bend all their attention upon that, even as when on their clearings they are all ardour in getting rid of the stumps and rocks, and raising their buckwheat or maize. They like "to get the business settled quickly." They like a style of preaching that makes them, as one said to me,—"creep all over," and then they trust in Christ. Some of them quickly lose the effect of a revivalistic style of preaching, and only wait for some one else to come, who, "making them feel awful bad, shall at the same time make them feel religiously much better."

I have once or twice had occasion to go into the backwoods, about 130 miles from the sea-board. Taking the steamer at Indian-Town, I went, with my wife, up that noble river—the St. John—the "Rhine of North America." At Fredericton I landed, and was met by a farmer, who had brought two vehicles from Keswick to convey us back. The vehicles are called "wagons," but are a sort of four-wheeled gig, and very light. There is plenty of room also to fasten a barrel of flour or packages of grocery behind. The farmer, on my landing, singled me out, and enquired first whether I could drive. On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Then perhaps, you and your woman will ride in this wagon, and me and my woman will go in the other." Rather amused at this style of salutation, I readily assented, and was soon handling the "ribbons" and seeking to keep up with my guide. He went ahead at a rapid pace. The

roughness of the road disconcerted him not in the least, but I confess that the boulders and huge stones that were left here and there, together with patches of swamp or "corduroy," put my driving powers to the test. The backwoodsmen think nothing of a "spill," but my wife and myself had not, as yet, become accustomed thereto.

At length we reach Keswick Ridge, and, owing to my slowness in driving—(or, may I say, carefulness)—we had arrived so late that I had to go direct to a service, unrefreshed. The people had already assembled, and I hastened to go and do my duty. My wife, who was very weary, went into the house of the good backwoods farmer, and was provided with tea. She amused me afterwards with her description of her reception. The "help," who prepared for her some refreshment, sat down afterwards and watched her eat, asking ever and anon questions of the most remarkable character. That which touched the risible faculty most, in my wife, was when she was asked questions about myself; for the "help," instead of speaking of me by my name, or as the minister, spoke of me as the "man" and "your man."

But let us look inside the little church at the congregation. Here are a number of hard-handed, brawny sons of toil, with such a stamp of intelligence on their countenances as would not be seen in an equal number of people gathered from any of the villages of Old England. Talk with them afterwards, and you find in them not only intelligence, but a manly outspokenness, such as could only be induced by their independent style of life. These men work hard, but they reap the rewards themselves. They have no rent to pay, and if they have been content to creep before they could walk, and not go borrowing money, they are without interest to make up at regular intervals. These men have not much money to give, but they have plenty of goods or produce. They do not subscribe a certain amount to build their little, pretty, wooden, white-painted house of prayer, but they give labour and material, bringing willing hearts and hands to the effort. A sweet little spiritual resting-place they had made right on the top of the ridge, with the pine forest behind it. They had also built a manse close to it for their pastor, whom they called, both on account of his venerable appearance and gentle character, *Father* Stirling. It was he who had stimulated them to the effort, and directed the building. I well remember his account of his difficulties. He told me how, years ago, he had come to that settlement to seek the welfare of the "lost sheep of the wilderness," and how he had to get some to cut wood, others to "haul" it, and then, when all was ready, to call a "bee." This was a gathering of all the settlers in the neighbourhood, and speedily the timbers went up, the roof was placed in position, and the boarding and "shingles" put on. For pews they had at first short logs, with planking stretching from one to the other; but, at the time I visited them, they had a number of pews already placed, and a very comfortable pulpit elevated. Two hundred would crowd inside, and many more who could not get inside sat in their vehicles round the building, content if only they could catch here and there sentences of the prayer or sermon. Even when it has rained hard I have known them thus to wait, heedless of the weather, listening to the Truth.

The way in which Father Stirling was supported was one that would not quite suit the taste of most college-trained English ministers. The contributions came in goods—a barrel of flour, of apples, of sugar, pieces of homespun, loads of hay for his pony and cow, or of cords of wood for the stove. The people had a method in their giving. They generally ascertained what the good old man needed most, and took care, as far as possible, not to bring him too much of one thing while he had too little of another. If such a thing happened, he would make exchanges with them. He kept account of all in a ledger, so that he knew how much each had brought, and what was owing to him, from one and another, in the way of barter. He gave me a sight of that ledger, and its pages had very peculiar entries.

As I was leaving, the venerable man asked me to accept an old copy of

"Christmas Evans," which he had read and re-read, and which he thought would be interesting to me. "I want some new books," he said, "my mind gets rusty, and I have so little here to refresh it." That kindly old man has now passed from his toil in his backwood sphere to that place where thought is ever new and love ever warm, and where there is the keeping of an eternal Sabbath. Peace to his memory.

Garden Thoughts.

Watered by the soft dews and cooling rain of Spring, we have seen the plants arise from their dark chambers, and shake off the dust, and unfold their bright bosoms to the sun—always to the sun. Called into existence by his vivifying power, and ripened in its pod by his steady rays, the seed, in its earliest state and most shrouded form, was altogether his work. It never would have been, independent of his influence, and under that influence it was preserved, until, having been placed where it should become fruitful, the germinating process had brought it forth into open day—no longer a seed, but a plant. And when its beautiful garments are put on, when it stands so clothed that Solomon in all his glory could not compare with it, what does the flower in this watered garden? It turns to him whose creating power and preserving care have led it to its new state of being—it turns to bask in the full glow of transforming LOVE; it looks upward; and upwards it sends that rich fragrance which never dwelt in the original seed, or in the mass of polluted earth, where its first habitation was fixed; a fragrance that belongs only to its expanded state. Thomson has very elegantly expressed this:—

> "Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
> In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
> Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints."

I am shamed by every weed that grows, when I bring myself to this test—when I compare the diligence with which each tiny blossom seeks the beams of the summer's sun, with my sad unheedfulness in striving to catch the far brighter beams of that Eternal Sun, without whose life-giving light my soul cannot be sustained. The favourite edging of my flower-beds is singularly eloquent upon this point. Heartsease composes it; and while the border that faces the south exhibits its beautiful little flowers on short stems, basking tranquilly in the ray, displaying a broad, uniform sheet of gold and silver and purple—the strips that run from south to north appear as with their heads turned, by an effort, out of the natural posture, that they too may gaze and shine. To complete the picture, where a little hedge throws the shadow over another bank of my heartsease, I see them rising on stems thrice the length of their opposite neighbours', perfectly erect, and stretching upwards as if to overtop the barrier, that they too may rejoice in the sunshine which gladdens the earth. . . . .

"Thou shalt be like a watered garden," says the Lord to the believing soul, whose graces shall spring up and flourish, and be fruitful, to the praise of the glory of his grace, who visits it with the small, quiet rain of his life-giving Spirit. "Thou shalt be like a watered garden," he says to his Church, as one sleeper after another awakes, and arises from spiritual death, and receives light from Christ, growing up among the trees of his planting, that he may be glorified in the abundant accession to his vineyard on its very fruitful hill. "Thou shalt be like a watered garden," the Lord says to this wide earth, destined in the appointed day to see her dead men live—they that dwell in the dust of many ages, awake and sing—a dew as the dew of herbs falling upon her graves, and the bodies of the saints that slept issuing forth in the brilliancy of celestial beauty.

Then that which was sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption: that which was sown in dishonour shall be raised in glory: that which was

sown in weakness shall be raised in power: that which was sown a poor, vile, natural body, shall be raised a spiritual body, like to the glorious body of Christ, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things—yea, even death, and the grave, and destruction, unto himself. Has he not given us an earnest of this in the vivid forms that spring on every hand, as we tread the garden and the grove? Shall we look upon this annual resurrection, and not give thanks unto him for his great power? Shall we disdain to acknowledge the benevolence of that Divine skill which has taken of the common elements and spread them out into such lovely forms, and tinted them with such resplendent hues, and finished the delicate pencilling with such exquisite art, and planted them in our daily, hourly path, breathing delicious fragrance; and, to crown all, bade us consider them how they grow, as an earnest of that tender care that he is pledged to take of us, his obdurate, unthankful children?

Lord of all power and might! all thy other works do naturally praise thee; but such is the darkness of man's heart, that it is only by the application of that spiritual gift purchased by the blood of Christ, that even thy saints can be impelled to give due thanks unto thee for thy great love, while thou clothest the grass that makes pleasant their footpath over this magnificent wreck of a glorious world!—From "*The Months, Illustrated by Pen and Pencil.*"

Notices of Books.

Sea Birds, and the Lessons of their Lives. By Elizabeth Surr. T. Nelson and Sons.

Having lately been sailing among the bird haunts of Scotland, we have read this children's book with real eagerness, and have been delighted with its simple information about dobchicks, and cormorants, and kittywakes and divers. Those who wish their children to be interested in all living creatures, should buy them this very beautifully illuminated book, and before they hand it over to the youngsters they will do well to read it themselves.

Arrows and Anecdotes, by Dwight L. Moody; with a Sketch of his early Life, and the Story of the Great Revival. By John Lobb. "Christian Age" Offices, 89, Farringdon Street.

Some of these illustrations are original, and others have been borrowed from well known sources and modified, we had almost said *Moody-fied*. Mr. Moody never scrupled to declare that whatever he found that was good he appropriated, and he was quite right in so doing. Now that Mr. Lobb has picked out the plums from the pudding we see some of our own among them, and are glad they were so well used: but we see a great many of Mr. Moody's own growth, which the ministers of the gospel must take care to preserve for future use. This is a wise selection of pithy bits, and live stories, such as wake men up, and keep them awake too. God be thanked that Moody and Sankey ever came among our churches; it is well to gather up the fragments which remain after the feast.

Our Home Work: a Manual of Domestic Economy. By Mrs. W. H. Wigley. Jarrold and Sons.

When our beloved wife had read this manual she handed it to us for review, with a very earnest request that she might have it to keep, for she thought most highly of it. It is a wise book and yet very simple. You may "enquire within" upon everything about yourself, your clothes, your house, and indeed upon all matters of domestic economy. Every mother should read it herself, and then read selections to her husband, her servants, and her children. It must do good. Conductors of mother's meetings should impart to their poor friends the exceedingly useful information with which Mrs. Wigley's pages are stored.

The Story of Palissy, the Potter: John Smeaton and the Eddystone Lighthouse: Cyrus Field: John Howard: Dr. Scoresby; and Audubon, the Naturalist. T. Nelson and Sons.

Here are six brief biographies of eminent men. Delightful books for one shilling each! Wonders will never cease! The binding and the coloured frontispiece are most attractive, while the reading within is pleasant and stimulating. Nelson and Sons deserve a circulation for these books of a million at least.

The Whole Armour of God. By Lieutenant-General H. Goodwyn. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

Not the whole of that armour, we think, but a very small part of it is here; and what is here is so peculiar to the author that it may be hoped it will remain so. The pre-eminence of Gurnall upon this subject will certainly not be affected by the Lieutenant-General; nor has he made any attempt at the hopeless task of competing with the great divine on the same ground. The object here is to draw a parallel between the conflict of the church for its millennial rest on the earth and the conflict of ancient Israel for the possession of Canaan. It is a conflict of the church rather than of individual believers, and of the outer rather than of the inner man. It has afforded, without doubt, satisfaction and profit to the author's own mind, but needs to be more clearly stated and defended to produce the same effect upon others. The title is misleading rather than explanatory of the design.

The Life of Christ. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Farrar's "Life of Christ" is to be issued in twenty-four sevenpenny parts. We have received Part I. in advance of publication, and it is certainly a boon to the public to have this standard work in so accessible a form. Hitherto this deservedly popular book has been beyond the reach of the many, but in the present form thousands can obtain it. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Twelve Motto Cards. Religious Tract Society.

Ministers who issue motto cards will find these to be far more handsome than those which ordinary printers can produce. There is a small ring to hang up the card. The colours are pretty, and the texts fairly well selected. The cards can be had by the hundred at reduced rates.

The Turkish Empire: the Sultans, the Territory, and the People. By Rev. T. Milner, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A timely publication. Our readers, we doubt not, have been much puzzled as to the relative position of Bosnia, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and so on: here they have just what they want—a full account of the Turks and their goings on. We shall obtain thanks from those of our readers who take our advice and purchase this book; for the history which is day by day being fashioned before our eyes will be all the better comprehended. We only hope that the Turkish Empire may soon be a thing of the past—a memory of sorrow for ever gone from the face of God's earth. The Turk may make a good subject, let him be tried; as a ruler he has failed beyond endurance.

Sundays Spent About the World. By Frederick Hastings. Book Society.

Without making his leisure Sabbaths occasions for indulging worldly curiosity our author has availed himself of his travels to observe the order, and, in some cases, the disorder, of various kinds of religionists in their gatherings for worship. The sum total of his jottings makes up a readable book, and any one of its papers may serve to beguile a weary half-hour. Here we have a Sunday in Mid-Atlantic, in Geneva, in Rome, in Egypt, and in Gethsemane; varied with Sunday at the Edinboro' Castle, under the Dome of St. Paul's, and under the shadow of the American Capitol. We think we have given Mr. Hastings the fairest review by having placed one of his chapters in this month's *Sword and Trowel.*

Rowland Hill: his Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings. By V. J. Charlesworth. With an Introduction by C. H. Spurgeon. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Charlesworth has come forth from the region of Rowland Hill, and has a *hilly* aroma about him. Hence he naturally took to the task of writing the good man's life; and we think he has done it so respectably that he will command a large circulation for his book. The various "lives" of Mr. Hill are all out of print, and as we know no reason why Rowland Hill and Surrey Chapel should ever be forgot, we are glad to see this memorial. To the younger members of a new generation, who know not Rowland Hill, Mr. Charlesworth's little book will convey enough information to keep the good man's memory green.

Jehovah Jesus. By Alexander Macleod Symington, B.A. George Philip and Son, 32, Fleet Street.

A more extended title is "Scripture Studies of Seven Sayings of our Lord in the gospel according to St. John." These seven sayings are, "I am the light of the world"; "I am the bread of life"; "I am the door"; "I am the way, the truth, and the life"; "I am the resurrection and the life"; "I am the good Shepherd"; and "I am the true vine." Explanations of these are given with much simplicity both of style and thought. There is nothing in the work but what may be met with in hundreds of instances elsewhere, but the truths cannot be too deeply impressed upon the minds of men.

A Pocket Concordance of the Holy Scriptures. Hodder and Stoughton.

In size and cheapness this surpasses "Cruden's Concordance," but in these respects only. Its aim is not to give every word, but one word at least in every verse, of the Bible. This must not be too strictly interpreted, and much less in reference to the separate parts of a verse in which a single text or entire proposition is contained. The "Pocket Concordance" is, however, excellent of its kind, and for its own particular purpose it is without a rival in its own sphere.

Lights of the World; or, Illustrations of Character Drawn from the Records of Christian Life. By Rev. John Stoughton. Religious Tract Society.

The lives selected are those of well known worthies, but Dr. Stoughton's pen invests its subjects with a peculiar charm, so that you think you are reading something new, though you have known the facts long before. The reflections and lessons are exceedingly well put, and there does not seem to us to be a feeble sketch in the series. This is a new edition of a work written many years ago, and Dr. Stoughton in his riper years need not be ashamed of his early production. Probably the following notes about *the judicious* Hooker are known to the reader. Surely he was a little *simple* as well as judicious, or his wife would have found it unadvisable to be quite such a shrew:—

"Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer took a journey to see their tutor, when they found him with a book in his hands—it was the "Odes of Horace"—he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his home, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was like this, that they stayed but till the next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition. 'Good tutor,' said Mr. Cranmer, 'I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage, and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies.' To whom the worthy man replied, 'If saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and fear.'"

Illuminated Text Cards. Last month we commended those of the Tract Society, but we are bound to admit that those just forwarded by *Messrs. Nelson* are a superior article altogether. This firm produces coloured pictures, cards, etc., in the highest style of beauty, and at wonderfully cheap prices.

Zoology of the Bible. By HARLAND COULTAS. 66, Paternoster Row.

ONE of the most tasteful books of the season. It gives a mint of information, carefully condensed, by a gentleman who has spent his life in studying this and kindred subjects. The index of texts greatly increases its usefulness to the student.

The Months, Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. Edited by the Rev. S. MANNING, LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS has been done several times, but never with better taste. The selections are well made, and the illustrations are of the best kind: in all respects the book is a gem. Poets, divines, philosophers, and naturalists all unite with the artist in forming a garland for the year, whose perpetually changing seasons do but reveal the various attributes of God. We have inserted one of the extracts in another part of the magazine.

The Ministry of the Word. By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., New York. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is a thoroughly live book. If our young ministers do not preach better than their fathers it will not be for want of treatises on Homiletics, and lectures on preaching. Dr. Taylor has a right to be heard, and we are not afraid but what he will be. In almost all his exhortations and directions we fully coincide, but we do not believe in written discourses any the more, because he apologizes for them. We cannot resist the temptation to quote Dr. Taylor's estimate of our largest work. He says, "To comment well you must make as careful preparation for it as for a more formal exposition; studying attentively not only the original Scriptures, but also everything that the best expositors at your command have said upon the section. A good model for such work is furnished in Mr. Spurgeon's 'Treasury of David,' which, over and above its value, from its references to the works of others, is beyond all price for the illustrations which it gives of the best mode of turning the utterances of David to practical and devotional account."

Sacred Heroes and Martyrs: Biographical Sketches of Illustrious Men of the Bible. By J. T. HEADLEY. Revised and Edited by J. W. KERTON. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

OUR author has placed our Lord Jesus among his heroes and martyrs, and he rightly says, "the first feeling at the suggestion to place Christ among the list of human, earthly heroes is one of repugnance." We confess this "first feeling" abides with us, and we think the reverent spirit of every believer will cause him to be of the same mind. Apart from this, these sketches of good men, from Abraham to Paul, are very fairly written. They do not strike us as anything off the common, nor do we suppose that they will carry any one off his legs with enthusiasm; but we have no fault to find, perhaps they would be better *if we could* find some fault with them.

Notes.

COLLEGE. We are working on with a large body of students, and God is with us. During the week commencing October 30th the students will conduct services at the Tabernacle for the ingathering of souls to Christ, and the revival of true religion. We ask our readers' prayers. It seems most comely that our young brethren should make a special effort for the work of the Lord at the Tabernacle, seeing that the College owes so much to the weekly offerings of the church. This source of supply aids us from week to week, and is specially valuable when outside friends forget us, as we fear many have done of late.

To our great joy our beloved brother, John Collins, of Penge, has accepted the

pastorate of Bedford Row Chapel, and Alfred Bax, of Battersea, has been unanimously invited to Salters' Hall. These are both most important spheres, and we invite prayer that these two most estimable brethren may be sustained and prospered.

Mr. Dykes, of Parliament-street, Toronto, has also removed to College-street. During his five years' pastorate at Parliament-street the church has increased from 33 to 213.

Mr. Tarrant, of our College, has settled at Romney Street, Westminster. He is worthy of the help of all our friends in that region.

COLPORTAGE. Last month we mentioned our great need, not only of means for meeting current expenses, but of capital with which to work the concern. Our hope was that there were persons who would sufficiently appreciate this form of Christian labour, and put us in possession of the necessary funds: such is not the case. However, one gentleman has sent £100 to serve as a challenge to nine others to make up the £1,000 required for capital. If it please the Lord, he will move others to follow this good example. Meanwhile our heart is cheered by this timely and generous act, and we pray that every blessing may rest on the anonymous friend who has thus encouraged us at a time when the stream of expenditure is at flood and every source of income at the ebb. The Lord liveth and will not fail us or forsake us. The Monday Prayer-meeting, September the 25th, was mainly directed towards Colportage, and very deep was the interest felt. At the close of the meeting the Pastor, in the name of the Committee and other friends, presented Mr. Frederick Jones with some forty or more volumes of books in testimony of the high regard felt for him, and in recognition of his eminent services to the Society. Mr. Jones is now studying in the College; happy will the church be which in due time obtains, as its pastor, a man with the gifts and graces which we have observed in him for these many years.

ORPHANAGE. We are still greatly in need of an under-schoolmaster. There is such a scarcity of school-teachers now that we scarcely know where to look. Apply to Mr. Charlesworth, The Orphanage, Stockwell. The meeting for the Collectors is fixed for Friday, November 10th, at Five o'clock. Our son, Thomas, will then give a lecture. We look for a good muster and substantial aid.

We have received, with thankfulness, the donations and presents so kindly sent by the "Widow Chesterman," and if we had but known her address we would gladly have acknowledged them. The 10s. for Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund have come safely, as also the parcel for the orphans, and the personal gifts—but as only goods for the orphans are mentioned in the magazine we had no means of communicating with our kind friend. Will friends, in sending parcels, be so good as to put their names upon or in the package itself as well as in the letter of advice.

Sept. 26.—A meeting of the pastors, delegates, and officers of the Baptist churches forming the London Association was held in the Lecture Hall of the Tabernacle. During tea there was much Christian intercourse, and afterwards the meeting was full of life and earnestness. A cloud hung over all in the absence of Mr. Archibald Brown, by whom the meeting was suggested, but who on that day went to the grave with his beloved wife. Mr. Wigner, the president, conducted the meeting admirably, and from the lips of such brethren as Charles Stanford, Dr. Culross, and W. G. Lewis, we received much stimulus, but somehow we missed practical results, except, indeed, that it is a grand result in itself to bring some 500 earnest men into fellowship with each other. The very sight of so many representative men made us feel that the Lord has work and blessing in store for the Baptists of London. May they only prove worthy of their high calling, and continue in hearty unity, and the arm of the Lord will be made bare among them. Evangelistic services are to be held all through November and December in the various chapels, and it is also proposed to start colporteurs for London, but this last matter hangs fire until good Mr. Brown is able to step forward and urge it on. We pray that he may be comforted and restored to his people and to us all.

Sept. 28.—The President gave a lecture to the members of the College Evening Classes. It was a fine sight to see some 250 men of good build and intellectual form, met together to improve themselves in knowledge that they might the better serve the Lord. Our evening classes are the training ground for our College, Sabbath schools, open-air preaching, and evangelist societies, and indeed for all Christian organizations. Young men engaged in business here get an education for nothing, and nearly three hundred avail themselves of the privilege. This is a Working Men's College of the Christian order, and will, we trust, prevent many.

from seeking mental culture in regions where modern doubt and masked infidelity mingle with the instruction.

Oct. 3.—The memorial stone of a new building for Ned Wright was laid in George Street, Camberwell, hard by the spot where Messrs. Moody and Sankey had their great hall. Mr. Wright has to our knowledge been the means of leading many to the Saviour; he shows marvellous vigour and tact, and has great power to attract and impress an audience. We wish him God speed. Although his work is not actually connected with any one denomination, Mr. Wright is a Baptist, and a large number of those converted under him are baptized upon profession of their faith.

Oct. 3–5.—The Baptist Union met at Birmingham, under the presidency of Dr. Landels. The meetings were enthusiastic and the only regret appeared to be that they were too short for practical discussion. Our brethren like to have ample room and verge enough for talk, and they evidently missed this, principally because too many subjects were brought forward. Are we every year to discuss total abstinence and the Contagious Diseases Acts? A deliverance once for all, or say every three years, might, we should think, be sufficient for a body which only meets twice in the year, and then only for a few hours. The subjects are worthy of zealous advocacy, but enough is as good as a feast. The union meetings increase in importance, and the subjects, which are really their own, are pressingly urgent, and therefore we suggest to the committee that next year they put nothing on the *agenda* paper but the Union's own work.

Here is the place to express our deep obligation to our admirable chairman, Dr. Landels. He has served his denomination well and faithfully, and we can assure him that his brethren admire and love him. A Pædobaptist paper has dared to say that Dr. Landels does not represent us. Nothing could be more false. We have never heard a whisper or a complaint against him from any one of the thousands of Baptists among whom we move. If there be among us any cravens who would court the favour of the wealthy by concealing their sentiments, we do not know them, and these only are the persons who would dissent from the doctor's outspoken address. Has it come to this, that the only answer to his arguments is a vilification of his character by calling him "the apostle of discord," and such like pretty names? If so, the cause is very weak which resorts to such weapons. We usually find that the gentlemen who most loudly boast their broadness and liberality of soul, are the first to wince when unpleasant truth is vigorously spoken. True manliness delights to meet an honest opponent; and there lives not a man beneath God's heaven who can doubt our chairman's honesty. He pricks too near the heart of the matter, he has not the manners of the carpet knights, who care not a penny for any doctrine whatever, he has convictions and yields himself to them, therefore the word is passed round, "Call him the Apostle of Discord, and say that the best of the Baptists are not with him; never mind the falsehood, it may serve for the occasion, and silence discussion, for if men once begin to think and search, much evil will come to our cause." All honour to Wm. Landels, brave as a lion and true as steel. We are not accustomed to magnify any man, but we must and will give our champion a word of hearty cheer now that his antagonists would make men believe that he stands alone. Such dastardly tactics arouse our spirit. Fight with fair arguments, gentlemen, but do not abuse the man. Do not represent him as deserted by his brethren, for they bless God at every remembrance of him.

Oct. 6.—A number of leading Baptist ministers breakfasted with the Mayor of Birmingham, who happens to be a member of the Society of Friends. All the speeches went to show how near akin are the Baptists and the Quakers. One common fear of priestcraft, sacramentarianism, and ecclesiastical domination over the conscience possesses both bodies; and though herein others are partakers, none are so sensitive upon these points. Several ministers said, "If I were not a Baptist I must become a Quaker," and we believe this to be the general feeling; certainly it is ours. We maintain the two outward ordinances because they appear to us to be plainly taught in Scripture, and because when used only by believers they cannot be perverted into means of salvation: but when we see them regarded as saving ordinances, or as in any way contributing to salvation, we lament the perversion and marvel not that brethren are driven by honest, but erring impulses, to reject the outward symbol altogether.

Birmingham, from its mayor downward, entertained our brotherhood most hospitably, and made the visit of the Union a most pleasant one.

Oct. 16.—The memorial stone of a new house of prayer for the ancient church in Maze Pond, Southwark, was laid at the corner of Albany Road, Old Kent Road.

The building will be a fine commodious structure, but a great deal of help will be needed to prevent its being heavily in debt. All over the world there are Old Mazo Pond people, and they are mostly of a thriving class: we suggest to them that now is the time to remember the love of their espousals, and the haunt of their early days, and pour a horn of oil upon the top of the stone. We suggest golden oil, and shall be happy to pass the flask to Mr. Cope, the pastor of the church.

Oct. 22.—In the evening the regular attendants at the Tabernacle absented themselves, and a fresh host of hearers filled the house. How they poured in! Fustian and satin, corduroy and sealskin,—the dress showed the variety of the classes. Long before time the Tabernacle was crowded, and numbers sufficient to fill the place again and again had to be shut out. Much prayer has been offered about this service, and we are sure of happy results.

A friend suggests that we should imitate Mr. Aitken and Mr. Muller, and visit all the large towns in a long preaching tour. We are much obliged, but we can assure our friend that we do a good share of such work even now, and we could not hearken to advice which would lead to the scattering of our church and all its organizations. Our congregation is larger through the printed sermons than if we wandered hither and thither, much as we should like such work.

We rejoice to mention that during the last few months we have met with more converts from Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings than in all the time before. Some of our brethren have also made the same observation. It is probable that many held back till they saw where it was best for them to join, and if so, they are to be commended. We expressed our disappointment very plainly some time ago, because we met with so few decided conversions, and it is therefore with the utmost pleasure that we intimate more pleasing tidings. We could not believe that such earnest gospel preaching could be without saving result, but we feared that the converts would remain separate, and not unite with the churches. For awhile it seemed to be so, but we are delighted to have seen and conversed with many who make good disciples and hearty workers. God be thanked for this evermore.

The church at New Park Road, Brixton Hill (Rev. D. Jones, B.A., pastor), opened their new Lecture Hall October 18th by a public meeting, which was very largely attended. Edward Rawlings, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Angus, Dr. Green, the Pastor, and other friends. The total cost, exclusive of site, which was given by one of the members, is £1,300, of which £800 is subscribed. It is hoped to clear off the balance by a bazaar, which will be held Nov. 7, 8, 9. The attendance of all readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* residing in the vicinity is earnestly requested.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September 28th, twenty-two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Smallheath	0	10	0
S. (Hackney)	0	10	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0
A Ross Highlander	0	4	0
L. C. W. and J. W.	1	1	0
A Friend (Annan)	20	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	6	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Lawson	1	0	0
Mr. D. Evans	0	4	6
Mr. S. Goodheart	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Sleddare	2	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. J. Troup	5	8	4
Mr. A. Murray	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Grimes	1	5	0
Mrs. Vernell	5	0	0
Larbert	1	0	0
Mrs. Teversham	5	0	0
Mrs. Cozens	0	10	0
Mrs. Aikman	5	0	0
Mr. Lardner...	1	0	0
Mrs. Adam	2	0	0
Mr. A. McDonald	1	0	0
Mr. T. Marsh	1	0	0
Mr. C. Allard	0	10	0
Mr. Macfarlane	50	0	0
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0
Colonel Griffin	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hull	2	0	0
Mr. Foxwell	1	0	0
Service of Song at Histon	4	0	0
Mr. T. Crocker	1	0	0
Legacy, late J. W. Lake	45	0	0
A Mite	1	0	0
Mrs. Clayton	40	0	0
Mr. G. White	0	10	0
Esperance	0	1	0
Mr. J. Watson	1	0	0
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
Mr. Hearn	0	8	0
A Scotch Collie	0	10	0
Mrs. Robinson	2	0	0
Mrs. Janet James...	1	0	0
Mr. Sprague	3	0	0
J. W. P.	0	10	0
Mr. Pettifer	1	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. Hinton	0	10	0
G. E. W.	0	10	0
A Thankoffering for recovery from illness	1	0	0
Mr. E. David	0	10	0
An Outcast	0	10	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
B. H.	5	0	0
Mr. E. Ingle	0	5	0
M.	2	0	0
Mr. J. Bester	5	0	0
A Friend	2	10	0
Mr. R. I. Sisson	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Sept. 21	21	16	0
" " " Oct. 1	32	2	3
" " " " 8	50	0	0
" " " " 15	45	13	4
	£391	2	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Lamont	2	0	0
Mr. Knight	52	10	0
Stirling	3	0	0
A Poor Clerk	0	2	6
A Friend	0	10	0
Box at Metropolitan Store	0	19	2
Mrs. Hodge	2	0	0
Friends at Kingussie	0	15	0
Mr. A. Murray	0	10	0
One who loves the Master	0	2	0
Mrs. Teversham	5	0	0
Messrs. R. and W. Salmond	5	0	0
Z. Z.	1	0	0
Mr. G. James	2	0	0
Eizzil	0	10	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Mr. J. Deverell	1	19	11
Mr. G. Cowan	1	0	0
Weekly Offering from C. M. X.	0	15	3
Mr. Ives	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Fry	1	8	1
Collected by Mrs. Maria Gooding	3	6	0
Mr. Barrett	0	10	0
X. Y. Z.	5	0	0
W. A. M.	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	2	0	0
Per Mr. S. Wigney	0	10	0
Mrs. Crane	1	0	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	6
Miss Janet Ward	0	10	0
W. B.	1	0	0
Legacy, late J. W. Lake	45	0	0
Mr. W. Cook	2	0	0
A Mite	1	0	0
Miss Smithies	1	0	0
H. S., St. Leonards	2	0	0
Mrs. Davies	1	0	0
One who knows the Blessing of having Kind and Loving Parents	0	2	6
Mrs. Near	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Horton	2	2	0
Miss Stevenson	0	2	6
Mr. R. Lewis	1	0	0
M. S.	1	0	0
A Scotch Collie	0	10	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Robinson	1	0	0
Rutherglen	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. R. E. Sears	0	5	0
Every Little Helps	0	1	6
H. E.	0	3	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
A Farm Servant	0	2	6
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Bursledon	5	0	0
Mrs. Way	2	3	6
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Rev. W. Norris	2	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
A. H.	0	4	0
Miss Sargeant	0	11	0
Miss Tutcher	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	7	3	11
Mr. Baber	0	10	0
Mr. Murphy	0	13	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Mrs. Williamson	0	4	0
Mrs. Goodchild	0	12	0
John	0	2	2
Mr. C. Mackinnon	2	0	0
Sermon Reader, West Haddon	0	5	0
G. K.	0	2	0
A. L.	0	1	0
E. B.	0	2	0
Miss Janet Mortion	6	0	0
Per Miss Jesson—			
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Pickard	0	10	0
Mr. Rupert Carryer	0	10	0
Misses Bennett	0	5	0
Mrs. Conyers Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Eames	0	5	0
Miss Eames	0	3	0
Miss Cooper	0	2	6
Miss Raynes	0	2	6
Mr. Barrow	0	2	6
Mr. Scarbro, Market Harbro'	1	0	0
Mrs. Nunnerly, Market Harbro'	0	10	0
Mrs. Hill, Melton Mowbray	0	10	0
C. Jesson	1	0	0
	5	15	6
Mr. J. Dobie	1	0	0
E. Silvey	0	1	0
Per Mr. J. Tizzard	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	10	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	5	0	0
E. T. C. Wincanton	0	6	0
A Friend	2	10	0
Mr. F. Gamman	0	10	0
Mrs. Lahee	1	1	0
A Friend in Edinburgh	5	0	0
Per Mrs. Glanvill	0	10	0
Mrs. White	0	5	0
Mr. J. White	1	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
A Friend in Railway	1	0	0
Richmond Street, Walworth, Mission School	4	0	2
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Skinner	1	1	0
Mr. D. Hulas	3	0	0
Mr. Park	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Romford	1	0	0
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. C. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Miss Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Master Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Miss Winkworth	0	5	0
Mr. Gibson	0	5	0
Mr. Underwood	0	5	0
	1	15	0
The Baroness de Rothschild	2	2	0
	£234	8	8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS:—Three Sacks of Flour and 3 Tons of Potatoes, the yield of the Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach, Mr. Toller; a quantity of Pears, Mrs Burwash; a quantity of Pears, Anon.; some Vegetables, Mr. Parker; some Rhubarb, Mrs. Bath; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; some Walnuts and Pears, the Girls of the Training School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter.

CLOTHING.—Three Pairs Boys' Boots, Mr. Smith; 2 Quilts, E. Davies.

SUNDRIES.—Some Lead Pencils, Pens, etc., for school use and sale room, Mr. Edgley.

DONATIONS, ETC.—The Girls of the Training School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, £1 6s 6d; I will mention the lovingkindness of the Lord, £1; "J. E. F.," Cape Town, per W. R. Guy, £5; "An afflicted Widow," 10s; Mrs. Winter, £2; G. and M. Moffatt, 2s 6d; 90 Coins in the Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates, 19s 5d.—Total, £10 18s 5d.

BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS.—Abbey, J., 2s; Andrews, F., 10s 6d; Blakelock, J., 3s; Bligh, F., 2s; Buttfield, G., 2s 6d; Campbell, C., 2s; Cockerton, T., 5s 3d; Conquest, W., 6s; Dangerfield, W., 12s; Davies, C. H. S., 10s; Ellis, H. C., 1s 6d; Emmett, G., 3s 3d; Eves, G., 14s 6d; Farley, F., 11s 6d; Fleming, G., 2s 6d; Fulton, H., 3s; Gardner, J., 5s; Goodman, W., 6s; Glaysher, 5s; Gubbins, S., 2s 6d; Hardman, T., 5s 7d; Hewitt, W., £1 9s 1d; Johnson, G., 4s; Jones, A., 7s; Kitchen, T., £1 15s; Lake, A., 6s; Machin, S., 5s 6d; McKenzie, W., 5s 6d; Mitchell, J., 12s; Morley, H., 3s 5d; Parry, L., 6s; Richards, G., 5s; Scott, G., 10s; Semark, A., £2 19s; Simmonds, F., 11s 7d; Tatum, T., 5s; Taylor, D., 3s 3d; Thornewell, F., 2s; Walters, H., 5s; Wilkinson, W., 4s 7d; Webb, C., 5s; Tickets for Tea, 16s.—Total, £17 16s 11d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions for Districts:—			
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., Fritham ...	10	0	0
Leamington, per Rev. F. S. Attenborough	10	0	0
Mr. Charlesworth's Young Ladies' Bible Class, London	5	0	0
Skipsea, per Miss Angas	10	0	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	20	0	0
Melton Mowbray, per Mr. Garner ...	10	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Worcester Colportage Association, per Mr. Wagstaff	5	0	0
Yarm, per T. Walker, Esq.	10	0	0
Wellington, Salop, per T. Greene, Esq.	10	0	0
Eye horne, per S. Clark, Esq.	7	10	0
F. A. Homer, Esq., for Sedgley ...	10	0	0
Wrexham, per Mr. S. Jones	10	0	0
James Milward, Esq., Cardiff	10	0	0
Messrs Evans and Co., Haydock ...	40	0	0
Lymington, per Rev. J. J. Fitch ...	10	0	0
Leicester Baptist Association, per T. D. Paul, Esq.	10	0	0
Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund.			
Mr. Alabaster	5	0	0
T. E. Davies, Esq....	2	2	0
Band Boys, Stockwell Orphanage ...	0	5	3
Andrew Dunn, Esq.	2	2	0
R. W. Carr, Esq.	0	10	0
Miss Gairdener	5	0	0
S. O. Habershon, Esq., M.D.	1	1	0
Per Mr. J. Hughes...	0	1	0
Mr. G. Shepherd	0	5	0
— Ferris, Esq.	0	5	0
E. B.	25	0	0
A Friend, Sheppey...	0	10	0
Mr. Monteith Cadnam	0	5	0
Mrs. Norman, Aldreth	0	2	6
Mrs. Camps, Aldreth	0	2	6
Mrs. Prime, Aldreth	0	1	0
Mr. Ward, Wilburton	0	2	6
Mrs. Camps, Wilburton	0	2	6
Mr. Camps, Wilburton	0	2	6
Mr. Ellis, Ely	0	2	6
Messrs. Bricher and Bard	0	5	0
Mrs. Porter	0	2	6
Mr. D. C. Camps, Haddenham	0	2	6
Mr. O. Setchelell	0	5	0
Mr. W. G. McGregor	1	1	0
Mr. W. E——	0	5	0
C. E. E——	0	5	0
Collection after Harvest Thanksgiving, Wilburton	1	6	6
G. Shepherd, Senior, Esq., Bacup ...	5	0	0
Mr. D. Helass	2	0	0
Mr. C. Wagstaff	5	0	0
Mr. S. Hobill	2	0	0
Messrs. R. & W. Salmond	10	0	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Mrs. Dods	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs...	0	5	0
Mr. Fuller	100	0	0
Mrs. Newman	1	0	0
Mr. Hooper	0	10	0
Mr. Davies	1	0	0
X.	0	5	0
	£372	11	9

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, 1876.

Christmas Evening in Calcutta.

FROM A CHRISTIAN SISTER IN THE MISSION FIELD.

CHRISTMAS evening—just the time for thinking of home and friends far away, and yet there is very little in this country to remind one of Christmas. To begin with, the weather is warm and bright, more like an English June than December, and then there is none of the bustle in the city which always marks this season at home. Then, too, there can be no family gatherings; although the Suez Canal has brought the two countries practically so much nearer to each other, it has not yet enabled the scattered members of families to spend Christmas together and then return and resume their duties in their distant homes. Still, wherever you find English people they will think something of Christmas, and wherever you find Christians they will in some way or other keep up the day. We are to spend Christmas-day in 1875 in Calcutta, and, if you will join us, you will find yourself one of a very happy family party; we may call it a "*family*" party, although those who compose it do not all even belong to the same nationality. We have some from each of the sister-kingdoms, but all are united by ties which are closer than those of mere earthly relationship. About six o'clock all are assembled, and after the interchange of pleasant Christmas greetings and social conversation, we are all seated at tea together, and the room well filled. Most of the visitors wear the uniform of her Majesty's service, and from their happy countenances and conversation we soon find that they are serving under the banner of their heavenly Sovereign as well. It gives one a home feeling to meet thus together,

and each begins to talk of home and friends, and past Christmas-days, some pleasant and some painful. After tea we have sacred music; all soldiers are fond of hearty, stirring singing; of course we have many of Mr. Sankey's hymns, they are favourites in India as much as in England. One of the friends then gives a few words of welcome and of counsel for the New Year, now so close at hand. As we think of the past year, one after another speaks of the love and care of God in watching over him through the trials and temptations of a soldier's life, through many a danger and wayward wandering, and in leading him at last to himself. The *end* is the same in all cases, but how different are the paths by which it has been reached! Let us recall some of these accounts of the old yet ever new story of the change "from death unto life."

The first who spoke was from the north of Ireland, and he began by saying, "I can remember Christmas-days that I have spent under very different circumstances from these. A soldier's life is very changeable. How well I remember being under orders to leave England in December, 1861, with my regiment for North America. In consequence of a difference between England and America war was expected, and ten regiments were sent out. It was a cold, damp day in December when we were marched down to the ships awaiting us; and just as we were on our way, with the band playing some inspiriting tune, a message was received by our commanding officer, and the band ceased directly. We all grumbled very much at this, for soldiers are never very cheerful at leaving home, especially with war before us, and it was dull work marching on without music. We soon found out the reason; news of the sudden death of the Prince Consort had just arrived, so we went on board sad and depressed. How different it is to-day! *Then* the country was full of sadness at the death of a Prince, now we are here to welcome the arrival of a royal Prince, and the city is full of rejoicing! The weather was bitterly cold on board, and there was much grumbling at our fare—only hard biscuit even on Christmas Day! The complaints at last reached the ears of our commanding officer, and he came and said to us, 'I should be very glad to get you white bread, but I have only biscuit myself, just the same as you have. Never mind, there's plenty of white bread in America, and if you are kept hungry now you will be all the more anxious to break through their line and get at it.' When we landed we were sent to billet in various houses belonging to the French Canadians. We could not understand a word of French, and were obliged to use signs to make them understand what we wanted. There were three houses not far from each other where the men were sent. The cold was intense, and several had their hands and feet frost-bitten. We each had a dram of rum served out, and as soon as my comrades were settled in for the night I went out to visit the other two parties. The snow was thick on the ground, and the roads could not be seen, so that I was only guided by the lights from the houses. I called at the first place, and had another dram given me. I called at the next house, and had a third, and by-and-by had great difficulty in getting back to my quarters. After floundering about in the cold for a long time I found myself suddenly precipitated into a *well*. The water was frozen over, and in my fall I

broke the ice, but as it was tolerably strong I managed to keep my arms resting upon it. Here I was in a wretched condition, almost frozen. How long I continued there, or how I scrambled out, I do not know to this day; but I did get out somehow, and managed to get as far as a shed at the side of a house, where I threw myself down. The intense cold, however, compelled me to drag myself away again, and I found the door of the very house I had started from, against which I knocked and kicked with all my might, till at last I woke the man and his wife, who came and opened it. No sooner did I see this than, without a word, I pushed past them, and in so doing fell full length over some saucepans, making a great uproar. The man soon helped me up, and opened the door of an inner room, where I saw my comrades heaped together asleep on the floor, like so many herrings. I just plunged in right upon them, and slept until morning. The next day we continued our march. On our return voyage all the valuables were sent off in a steamer named the *City of Boston*, as it was thought safer than the troop ship in which we went. Our voyage was very stormy, and I grieve to say I heard more cursing and swearing than ever before in my life. At last a hurricane overtook us, the ship was almost on her beam ends, and our condition indeed miserable. Those who cursed loudest before began to pray loudest when death threatened us. I must say, however, I heard but little bad language for the rest of the voyage. However, we were spared, and on reaching home found the *City of Boston* had gone down in that very storm. Although outwardly a little altered, I went back to the old life again, and it would take too long to tell you more of my escapes from death by God's sovereign grace. In spite of all my sinfulness he kept me for something better—even to lead me to the knowledge of my dear Saviour, in whom I am now rejoicing."

This account seemed to warm the heart of the brother sitting next, who came from Yorkshire, and he began—"I want to say a few words, friends; my comrades here can bear witness to the truth of what I say. I have had sixteen years in the service, and I am afraid there is not a man in it who has lived a more wicked life than mine. My sister was praying seventeen years for my conversion, and would not give me up. You have heard of Joshua Poole; well, we ran a race for wickedness, and I beat him by eight days. I was the greatest drunkard in the regiment. I say it to my shame and sorrow. I was drunk when I enlisted, I was drunk when we embarked for India, having spent my last penny and even made away with my sea kit for drink. I was taken on board, and when I came to myself I was almost without anything. So the voyage passed, and in this state of mind I continued in India, always drunk when I had a single pice to spend, just abandoned to sin. Many are the narrow escapes I had. Once when engaged in sports I tried the lion's leap, and I alighted on my head, so much hurting my skull that I was obliged to go home to England. At another time when watching my comrades I went backward too far and fell down forty feet, but God watched over me and spared my unworthy life. My old father had been longing to see me, but when I went home I was in such a condition that it was three days before I was allowed to see him. My poor sister still wept and prayed for me, but I came back to this country as hardened as ever. One day going to the canteen for drink

with only four pice in my pocket (1½d.), the canteen sergeant refused to let me have it. 'Put it down to me,' I said, but he would not do it. That hurt me greatly, because there were men from other regiments there too. I went away thoroughly enraged and said, if I could only get four pice more I would go and have my revenge. A comrade gave me the money, so I went back for a dram. As I expected, it was short measure and much watered. This I knew would be severely punished, so I called out, 'I'll get you six months for this.' He was dreadfully frightened, and begged me to come in and have some more and say nothing about it; but I kept shouting 'Police, police!' but as usual, when wanted, no police could be found. At last I dashed the rum down and went off, threatening vengeance and vowing I would never go there again. About this time I began to think a little more seriously about things and of my own condition; and one day as I was going on some duty I passed a place where I heard singing. I stayed to listen, and found it was some of my comrades holding a prayer-meeting. I felt much out of place there, but still I went again; I was soon convicted of sin, and after many hard struggles I was able to feel that God had forgiven even *my* sins, and had 'plucked me as a brand from the burning.' O how happy I am now, serving Him! This year and nine months has been the happiest time in my life. In fact, I never was happy before, but went about like a criminal guilty of some crime, afraid to look a man in the face; but now, thank God, I find friends everywhere. I never can thank Him enough."

The next was a Scotchman: he, too, had a wonderful story to tell. "I was brought up," he said, "in Scotland, by a Christian mother, and well I remember *now* the verses she taught me when a little child. I learned especially the Paraphrase of the Psalms of David in metre, and part of Luke. These verses haunted me all through my wild life; I never could get rid of them wherever I went, especially the version of the First Psalm:—

'That man hath perfect blessedness,
Who walketh not astray,
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way;

'Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair,
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night.'

After I lost my mother, home became unhappy, and I ran away to sea. There I was a good deal knocked about, and did not remain very long a sailor, but returned to work on land, but my life continued much the same. At last I felt inclined to enlist, but I didn't know whether to do that or go back to the sea. I thought I would pray to God to guide me what course to take. There was a heap of planks in a yard close by, and going behind them I knelt down and asked God to show me what it was best to do. This was, I think, *the first time I ever prayed* really. Then I thought, how shall I know what God means me to do? So I took out my knife, and after I had prayed, I threw it down and made up my mind that if it fell with the point *towards* me I was to

enlist, and if the point was turned away, I was to go back to sea. The point was towards me, so I enlisted and came out to India. I cannot but believe that God was guiding me, in my ignorant prayer. In this country I followed my old life, till my countryman here joined the station, and one day he asked me to go to chapel with him. I did so, and that night the Lord convicted me of sin, but I was a long time struggling in darkness and despair. I was wicked enough to say I wanted to be saved and God would not save me. But still I went again and again, till one night light came into my soul and I saw my sins forgiven for Jesus' sake, and I've been a happy man ever since. The Lord knows how much I dreaded coming down here as guard of honour for the prince, for I knew the temptations we should meet with in camp and away from our regular habits and meetings, knocking about in a city like this; but thank the Lord he has prepared Christian friends and privileges for us among strangers—we have been taken by the hand, and found a home here. Never have I found the Saviour more near and precious than since I came here."

A Christian brother from another regiment followed, to testify of God's goodness. "I was brought up by a Christian mother, but early chose the path of the ungodly, and afterwards enlisted. I came out to India with my regiment, and while at a station up country was led one evening into a prayer-meeting. Here I saw what a sinner I was, but false shame long hindered me from coming out boldly on the Lord's side. I felt as if I could not kneel down by the side of my cot before my comrades. This hindered me for a time, but the grace of God at last overcame the obstacle. After a time of happy service, want of watchfulness and self-confidence caused me to backslide, but I soon found the bitterness of that path, and the Lord in mercy brought me back to himself."

The next who spoke was from the artillery. He said, "I entered the service, like so many young men, careless and ungodly, and continued so until sickness took me to the hospital. Here the chaplain used to come and sit and talk to me, and his words made some impression on me. As soon as I got better I began to attend the meetings and decided in future to serve the Lord."

There was also a young brother from another regiment. He had only been a year in the country, but it had been a year of grace to him. "I early lost my father," he said, "and when mother married again, my step-father was very cruel to me and my little brothers. My life was spent amidst drink and blows. Often would he turn us out into the street to get what we could to eat; often would he send me out miles to fetch home the work he was too idle to bring for himself. One day, when I was only seven years old, he told me to go off to a place a good distance away for some work, and because I said I did not know the way, he knocked me down and kicked me. At last I ran away to my aunt, and after a time she put me into the union, to be out of his reach. When I was old enough I got a place on board a coasting vessel, where I met with much rough handling, until I knew my work. All this while I continued very careless and ignorant. When I got tired of the sea, I enlisted and came out to India with my regiment. I used to try and do better sometimes and go to church, but as soon as

ever I got outside again it was all gone, and I was as bad as ever. One Sunday evening I was out with a comrade for a walk, and we went into a chapel. The sermon was from the text, 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' and it cut me to the heart. A Christian comrade who was there asked me to go with him to the minister's house, and from that time I attended regularly. I often wanted to open my mind to the friends, but I felt afraid, but during some special services I felt myself to be a sinner as I had never done before. I never saw sin as I did then, and the Lord by his mercy brought me to the Saviour. I shall ever bless God for that time. If it had not been for his word and the kindness of Christian friends, I should still have been running down the broad road that leads to destruction."

This young disciple has been since his conversion, except during one period of backsliding, a happy, earnest Christian. It is remarkable to notice that the very comrade who was with him on the first occasion of their going to chapel, no sooner found his friend was becoming religious than he did all he could to hinder him and trouble him. How true even in this sense are the words, "One shall be taken and the other left."

Thus the Christmas evening passed quickly away in happy Christian intercourse and prayer and praise, and when the time came for us to part, all felt it was good to be there. But while we had been enjoying such happy communion, we remembered and spoke of other dear friends who had been accustomed to join us in such gatherings, who were now obeying the call of duty in active service for their country in the Perak expedition. Many earnest prayers were offered for them in the trials and temptations to which they were now exposed. Deprived of the outward means of grace and fellowship with God's people, they were spending Christmas-day in the solitude of the jungle or stockade, or in camp with ungodly companions. Yet we rejoiced to know they were happy even there, enjoying the peace and happiness that spring from God's presence and blessing. The first letters and sermons which we sent to them, as we heard afterwards, reached them on this very day, thus giving them a share in our Christian joy.

We add, in closing, a few short extracts from letters received from them:—

"Port Penang, Nov. 27, 1875. I am thankful to say the Lord has led us in safety, and we have felt it good to be here. We found a nice quiet spot on the bulwarks of the ship, where I and Brother P—— met for prayer and praise every evening, and helped one another on in sweet communion and spiritual songs. You cannot imagine how pleasant and profitable it has been to call on his great and holy name. I can say for my part it has been a happy journey to me, for I have felt in a more especial way my need of my dear Redeemer—felt as it were alone in the world, yet the everlasting arms of love surrounded me. We have found those little books and tracts of great value, especially the little Testaments."

"Perak Expedition, Qualla Kangsa, Jan. 6, '76. I received your kind and cheering letters on Christmas-day, which made me quite merry, for, had it not been for the mail, it would have been a very dull day, but with your letters and parcel of papers and sermons, I had a

joyful afternoon's reading. I sent some to Brother P—— the next day. On the 26th I was taken ill, and was sent here to be nursed. This little sickness has only been the means of making me think more of my latter end—to sit looser to the world, so that if it should please the Lord to call me, I should have nothing to cling to save *Christ*. In my last halting-place I spent some precious hours with this same Jesus; here all is strange, but thanks be to God there is the same Jesus everywhere."

"Jan. 24. Since my last there have been many changes; sickness has carried off two of our men very suddenly, and many others are wasting away. I have had much of the Spirit's presence with me, taking away all fear and trouble about this life amid the dangers surrounding us. We have been living in the midst of rebels lately; on the 14th they attacked the stockade here."

"8th February. I have just received notice that the mail leaves to-day. I cannot let it go without a few lines to thank you for your kind letter and packet of tracts and sermons, which have been a blessing to me, and many others, I trust. The sermons must have been sent expressly for these trying times, for they are so good—*precious gospel!* That sermon, '*How a man's conduct comes home to himself*,' is worn out by reading it."

"15th Dec. I take this opportunity of writing to you, hoping, by the grace of God, you are all well, as I am happy to say we are at present. The Lord is all goodness and gives us strength to do all we are required to do, and to overcome all our temptations. I often think of those words which you wrote to Brother H——, '*God is able.*' We are all clinging close to Christ, and I often snatch an opportunity of reading those little books—many, many thanks for them."

"You wanted to know more about the man that died at Perak, his name was William Smith; I am glad to tell you the truth that he died happy in the Lord. It was from the tracts and books you sent me and Brother W——. He used to come to us for tracts and Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and talk to us about our blessed Lord and Saviour. How thankful he was that the Lord had brought him to see different. He used to say, 'I love the name of our blessed Saviour; he is my great friend, I will stick close to him, and I know he will never leave me, nor forsake me if I put my trust in him.' I saw him the night before he left, and he told me and Captain Kelly that he was still putting his trust in Jesus. He said, 'If I do not meet you on earth I hope to meet you in heaven.' He did not die here, but in a place about eighty miles further down the river. The men that were with him said he was very happy, and told them he was going to heaven to be with Jesus. O what a blessed thing to hear of a comrade going to heaven, where we shall part no more."

No one surely can read these simple and faithful records without experiencing a feeling of gratitude and confidence in tracing the mercy and watchful care of God over his wandering children. *His* eye was upon them when far from him they trod the broad road of destruction; while exposed to danger on the lonely ocean, or amidst the temptations of a soldier's life, his hand unseen was stretched out to save them, and thus they were preserved in safety until in various ways they were led to

himself. And should not this give us great encouragement and hope for others? Are there not many more like *these*, over whom the same watchful care is being exercised, on whom the same loving eye is *now* resting? Yes, it is so; some of those poor wanderers now so reckless and apparently hardened, for whom our anxious prayers are constantly ascending, are being led unknown and unseen by *us* right into the fold of the Good Shepherd who came to seek and to save the *lost*. Seventeen years the prayers may seem to be unanswered, but when the answer comes it will be worth waiting for, because the blessing will extend through all eternity. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psalm cxxvi.

Carrying their own brimstone.

AFTER a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me, and said in a canting voice: "Bishop, do you believe in a hell?" I said: "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?" He said: "Yes." "Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this wilful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room:

"Aunty, aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell, I just wants to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place; dat's what I'd like to know!'

"The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and, with a tear on her cheek, said: 'Ah! honey darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey *all takes dere own brimstone wid 'um.*' "

I said: "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?" He said: "No;" and he went home,—I hope, with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "*their own brimstone*" even in this world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

False Teachers and their Mischief.

THE man who uses the boring rod, and inserts the powder, takes good care to be out of the way when the match is applied and the fragments of rock are flying in all directions; and in the same manner the principal fomentor of discord usually keeps out of the trouble himself. This is one of the great trials of church differences, and must be carried to the Lord. He can track the criminal, and frustrate his designs

Watching the ebb.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TO an active mind bent on going forward it is most pleasant to observe the incoming tide, to see wave overleaping wave, the sand covered by degrees, and the heads of the rocks gradually submerged. It is the emblem of progress and success, in which there is always something to stimulate and exhilarate. To succeed and to go on succeeding, to prosper and enlarge the prosperity—this is, when the Lord vouchsafes it, a joyous passage in one's life. But, reader, did you ever watch the ebb? Have you seen old ocean retreat, giving up foot by foot the shingle, the sand, the mud, the rocks, till perhaps it has ebbed out a mile or more, and left a dreary expanse where once all was alive with leaping waters? This is the emblem of reverses, failure of resources, and decline. Who can quietly survey such a scene, his own work being the subject of it? This has been our lot, in one point of view only, for the last few weeks. We have been watching the ebb, so far as our funds go for the various enterprises. For months all that was needed came when required and left even a surplus beyond immediate demands; we grew accustomed to plenty, as children to their daily meals. Then came a pause, we know not why, and as this continued we had to live upon stores in hand; as it continues still with the Orphanage and most other matters, those stores are well-nigh spent, if not quite. What then? Ebb! ebb! ebb! What will come of it?

We pen our thoughts for the good of others whose personal trials may be of much the same kind; it is not for orphans, students, colporteurs, &c. that they are anxious, but for their own households, yet the trial is the same: that long, sad, trying ebb. What then are our thoughts upon the matter?

This withdrawal of resources for a time *teaches us gratitude.* How thankful we ought to be for the abundant supplies which have been so long awarded us! And what a mercy that there is no absolute pinching need as yet, nor will there be. A fast now and then only teaches us how much we owe for the long feasts of love with which our Lord has indulged us. If the table is a little longer in being prepared it is intended by the delay to call our attention to the marvellous kindness which has for so many years furnished our table in the wilderness in the presence of our enemies.

> "The fulness and continuance of a blessing,
> Doth make us to be senseless of the good;
> And if sometimes it fly not our possessing
> The sweetness of it is not understood.
> Had we no winter, summer would be thought
> Not half so pleasing; and if tempests were not,
> Such comforts by a calm could not be brought;
> For things save by their opposites appear not."

The ebb of our visible supplies is meant also to *try our faith*, whether it be faith or not. When all goes well we think ourselves mighty believers and wonder how our brethren can be so unbelieving, but short commons soon change our tune and we discover that about nine parts

out of ten of our supposed faith were only a pretence. We believe more in our balances than in our promises, and yet we compliment ourselves that we are manifesting great trust in God. Bring us to push of bayonet and our courage evaporates; or at least, if it do not so, we are then truly brave. It is of great benefit to know exactly how we do stand towards God, whether we really believe in him or not; and hence the decline of manifest supplies has a most salutary effect upon our spiritual condition. Brother, do you now believe? When the brook Cherith dries up? When the children are needing new garments and the last tailor's bill is not yet paid? When even necessary food is not visibly on the way: do you now believe? Is it quite so easy a matter to trust in God as you once thought it was?

Here we are with a weekly demand for not less than £250, and it does not come in. We think of Elijah at the brook Cherith when in process of time the brook dried up. How did he feel? He was only one man. There was no orphanage with a quarter of a thousand orphans to be fed and clothed, nor a hundred sons of the prophets in like case, nor a band of colporteurs needing support, nor a company of blind people wanting help: how would he have felt if all these, as well as himself, were watching the failure of the stream? Would the iron man have had no anxiety? Would the prophet of fire have known no damps of care? As one big stone after another grew dry, and the pools which had been so many cisterns gradually leaked into mere cups, and the water dwindled into a mere driblet, would he never have heaved a sigh? We cannot tell, but this we know, the devil has risen up from among the sand of the failing brook and hissed in our face such words as these—"The Lord has forsaken you. God's people have grown tired of helping, and you have ventured too far. Now there will come a collapse." Have we agreed with the foul fiend? No, not for a moment, for we know whom we have believed. Yet the struggle has been severe in the soul, and the battle has pressed sore. We have no faith to boast of. Such as it is we would not give it up for all the world, but we have none to spare, and none to exhibit as a wonder. God is good, and his mercy is unfailing, but our faith is a poor starveling thing, which would utterly die if it were not kept alive by omnipotence.

The trial of faith by the decrease of supplies is also meant to *make us give all glory to God.* When things go too smoothly self is apt to ride on the fore horse. Continuance without change breeds carnal security, and that is the mother of self-conceit. It is a very beneficial thing to be made to see how dependent we are every moment, how readily we may be emptied out, and how impossible it would be for us to continue in prosperity if the Lord's hand were withdrawn. The best established work for the Master has no more endurance in it than a bubble unless he daily smiles upon it. To be laid absolutely at the Lord's feet, and to be made to stay there, is a most needful thing for us. Our conscious needs chase out our carnal rejoicings. We see that the Lord alone is our all-sufficient helper, and we give him the more hearty and undivided praise. Will such results come to us and to those in like case? If so they will be "comfortable fruits of righteousness."

Many a time, also, *trial has preceded great mercy, and prepared* us to enjoy it. The long and terrible ebb has been connected with an extraordinary flood. As we have learned to fear and tremble when we have perceived too much delight, because the calm is so often the prelude of the storm, so on the other hand we have learned to rejoice in deep distress as the herald of enlarged blessing. Adversity acts as a tonic: it braces our manhood, and fits us for something higher and greater than our previous attempts. Watching the ebb, we have wondered what the Lord was preparing us for! Instead of contemplating the abridgment of our enterprises we have said unto our soul, "See what emptiness God is making, and how low he is bringing us. Now do we see that all things are of him, and therefore all things shall be to his glory. The tide will soon turn, and rise all the higher because of this present grievous outflow. God has great things in store if we can only believe."

So, turning from our bare exchequer to the bottomless mines of eternal wealth, we are not dismayed. Why should we be? Yet, brother, in similar case we will pray for thee, for we know thy sorrow, thy weariness, and long-expecting hope. Pray thou for us also, for the prayer of a son of sorrow is unfeigned, and the petition of a daughter of grief is very prevalent with the Lord. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness. He will turn again and have compassion upon us.

Uncle Tom's Buzzards.

UNCLE Tom was a good, pious old negro, who was loved by all the neighbourhood, and though he was often teased and worried by some of the heedless, thoughtless young men of the place, his good sense and piety brought him out of all their traps and pitfalls which they set for him in word or deed. There was one thing Uncle Tom hated particularly, and that was to hear church members abused, and many a time was his heart pained by the light remarks made against Christians, by those who knew how sensitive Tom was about them, and who said them merely to hear Tom defend his brethren.

One day some of the young men were unusually hard in their strictures, and brought forward as an argument the case of a man who had just been exposed in some fraud, and who had run away. Old Tom heard their tirade till he could stand it no longer, so when they paused, purposely to give him a chance to answer them, he cried out, "Young masters, you makes me think of a flock of buzzards." "How so, Uncle Tom?" asked the young men. "Well," said Tom solemnly, "when der is a big pastur full of great fat cattle, de buzzards fly way off, up high; but let a little, lean, sickly calf fall into de ditch and de buzzards is ready to pick out he eyes befor he's dead."

So keen and true was the rebuke, that the young men could utter no reply, and they felt it so deeply that they never troubled Uncle Tom any more by abusing lame Christians. Two of the three most active in calling forth the above rebuke have since become consistent members of the church.

Unnatural, Peculiar, and Narrow.

"I DON'T like so much talk about religion," said a rude stranger in a city boarding-house, to a lady opposite, who had been answering some questions with regard to a sermon to which she had been listening. "I don't like it. It's something that nobody likes. It's opposed to everything pleasant in the world. It ties a man up hand and foot. It takes away his liberty, *and it isn't natural.*"

"Oh no!" answered the lady, "it isn't natural. We have the best of authority for saying so. 'The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them, for they are *spiritually discerned.*' We are all by nature children of wrath even as others, and nothing but grace can make us to differ. True religion is rowing up stream; it is sailing against wind and tide."

A pause for a few moments followed; then the stranger began again, "People who speak and think so much about religion are queer, anyhow. They are always out of the fashion, and seem set upon being odd, and particular. I wish they could only know how people speak and think about them: nobody likes them, for they are like nobody, they are so very *peculiar.*"

"Allow me to interrupt you again, sir," said the lady; "but I am so impressed with the manner in which your language accords with Bible language, that I shall have to introduce another quotation from that blessed book. 'Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a *peculiar* people.'"

"Does the Bible say they are peculiar, then? That's odd. That book, somehow, has got a dose for everybody. Yet, ma'am, you must allow that the commands that book lays on us poor sinners are hard. It is 'thou shalt not,' and 'thou shalt not,' all the time. Why, its precepts and views of things are not only systematic tyranny, but they are *narrow*, very narrow."

"Yes," replied the lady, "they are narrow, for the Bible says they are. 'Strait is the gate, and *narrow* is the way that leads to life.' We have to struggle hard to keep in this narrow way, if we once get in it. It is too narrow for pride, worldliness, selfishness, and sloth. It is too narrow for the service of two masters. It is too *narrow* for covetousness, envy, and all other evil passions. Hatred can find no place, for so much as the sole of its foot, in the narrow way. Good deeds, kind words, faith, hope, and charity, occupy all the ground and will continue to hold it to the end."

The stranger listened, surprised and annoyed, and at last arose and left the room, apparently a more thoughtful, if not a better man. There are many around us who raise these objections, to whom the truths referred to need to be mentioned very plainly: and yet it is wonderful that they do not see them for themselves.—*American Messenger.*

Memorial of William Bull.

THE latter half of the last century and the beginning of the present may be said to form an epoch in the religious life of the country. Names, now well known throughout Christendom, were then worn by men who for piety, zeal, learning, and *bonhommie* have had few equals and no superiors. The cool self-possession and the restfulness of disposition by which they were characterised render the study of their lives a profitable exercise in these days of ferment and rush. Whether the contemplative side of their Christian character was out of proportion to the active may be open to question, but no manner of doubt can be entertained as to their success in impressing their age for good. We of to-day are, perhaps, too much disposed to run to the other extreme, and sacrifice retirement to publicity. We are in danger of crowding on the canvas without regard to the amount of ballast necessary to carry it steadily. The demands upon the time and energies of a Christian worker are such that, if he be inclined to yield an easy compliance, he may as well lock his study door at once, or turn that apartment into a bedroom.

To what extent Moses was qualified to be the leader of Israel from the fact that he spent forty years at the back of the desert—a period exactly corresponding with the years of his active service—is a profitable subject for consideration. It is certainly very significant, and points a lesson which needs to be impressed upon the present age.

The period to which their term of service was prolonged shows that what the good men of the last century lost in intensity they gained in space. Doubtless their movements were deliberate, if not slow, but then time was in their favour. Moreover, they retained the vigour of their early manhood long after they had passed the meridian of life, and they grew old before they felt the infirmities of age. The average age attained by five of these men, taken almost at random, namely, John Wesley, William Jay, John Newton, John Bull, and Rowland Hill, was exactly eighty-four years. Although they cultivated the contemplative side of Christian character to a rare degree, not one of them could be called in any sense a recluse, for their years were filled with good deeds in the cause of God and humanity. The fire of their heroism was fed with the fuel of their devotion, and personal soul culture was never forgotten while they tended the vineyards of others. They never overtaxed their powers by yielding to demands which, if complied with, would have withdrawn them of necessity from the base of their supplies.

We have selected William Bull, of Newport Pagnel, as a typical man of this class, and while tracing his history we shall show that his success was achieved by maintaining active service and devout meditation in equilibrium.

He came of a good old Puritan stock in Northamptonshire, and ultimately settled over the church at Newport Pagnel, where he died in 1814, and was succeeded by his son, who was his co-pastor for a time, and afterwards by his grandson, the Rev. Josiah Bull. It very rarely happens that a pastorate is held by three generations of the same family for such a protracted period.

William Bull's grandfather, Francis, often entertained the dissenting worthies of the day, among whom were Dr. Doddridge and John Heywood. The last was the quaint old divine of Potter's Pury, a man of anything but a clerical appearance, for he wore leather breeches, enormous jack boots, and a large wig with a well-worn coat to match. The horse on which he rode was entitled to be reckoned as a lineal descendant of the famous Rosinante of Don Quixote. It is said of Heywood that, riding into Cambridge, he was met by three collegians, who had resolved to make sport of the old man. They first saluted him with, "Well, Father Abraham;" the second, "Well, Father Isaac;" and the third, "Well, Father Jacob." Upon which he bade them stop while he administered the just rebuke which their folly had provoked: —"Young men, I am neither Father Abraham, nor Father Isaac, nor Father Jacob, but if you would liken me unto any Scripture character, I think I may be compared to Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo here I have found them."

John Bull, the father of William, departed from the Puritan custom of the family, and married a person who had little or no sympathy with religion. Business failed, and William was taken into the family of his grandfather, where he enjoyed the advantages of godly example and teaching. There he began to manifest a desire for knowledge, and, being possessed of a prodigious memory, he made rapid progress in his studies. When he was fourteen years of age he was taken to Weston Flavel, on condition that he would repeat the whole of Mr. Hervey's sermon on his return, a task which he accomplished without difficulty. With a copy of the Hebrew Bible, and without the aid of tutor, grammar, or lexicon, he soon acquired the skill necessary to enable him to read the Scriptures in the original language.

For several years he was passing through an experience in which doubt often eclipsed faith, and hope was frequently quenched in despair. The issue came at length. He writes, "Walking disconsolately in the fields, and pouring out my heart before God, these lines of Young came into my mind:—

> 'Believe, and show the reason of a man;
> Believe, and taste the pleasures of a God;
> Believe, and look with triumph on a tomb.'

This simple idea led me to cast myself more entirely upon Christ, and my soul was filled with peace and joy." The ministry of Mr. Saunderson at Bedford, whither he subsequently removed, was greatly blessed to him, and he became established in grace.

In 1759 he entered the academy at Daventry, of which Dr. Doddridge was formerly the tutor. Notwithstanding the rigid orthodoxy and severe discipline of Dr. Ashworth, the principal, great laxity of thought was winked at, we fear, until it culminated in Dr. Priestley's Socinianism and in the Arianism of one of the tutors, the Rev. T. Taylor.

Young Bull was not, however, influenced by the errors of these men, but held on his way and grew stronger and stronger—a proof, according to Solomon, that he was a righteous man.

> "He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them; thus he came at length

"To find a stronger faith his own;
And power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone."

The battle with doubt, honestly undertaken, never ends amiss; but a mimic warfare with the foe ends in defeat and disgrace. If doubt be "devil-born" victory crowns manful resistance.

The natural wit and playfulness of the young student were now asserted, and he was the life of the little family at Daventry. He was the hero of a little episode which would have gladdened the heart of Sir Wilfred Lawson. Growing tired of the beer with which they were supplied, the students affirmed that it was not only *small* but DEAD, and accordingly they resolved to give it a decent funeral. "A large can of the liquor was obtained, and carried at the head of a procession of all the students, wearing the tokens of mourning, preceded by Mr. Bull, arrayed in a surplice of sheets of white paper; and when the BEER was solemnly poured upon the ground a funeral oration was pronounced by him with all the wit and cleverness for which he was so distinguished."

His first sermon was preached in the pulpit at Newport, which he afterwards occupied for a period of fifty years. Being called upon unexpectedly to perform this office, before he had entered the preaching class, a privilege limited to the fourth-year students, he favoured the congregation with a sermon of Dr. Watts', and enforced its doctrines with an extemporaneous appeal. He entered upon his duties as pastor of this church in 1764. The income from the church being small Mr. Bull endeavoured to supplement it by the proceeds of a small school, but his enemies threatened to set the law in motion against him, as the Act was still in existence which rendered it illegal for a Dissenting minister to keep a school without a license from the bishop. This tyrannical law was repealed in 1779, and Mr. Bull held on his way without further fear of molestation.

On the settlement of John Newton, as curate of Olney, a friendship sprung up between the two men, only severed by death. A letter from Mr. Newton, in which he says, "I know not how it is, I think my sentiments and experience are as orthodox and Calvinistical as need be, and yet I am a sort of *speckled bird* amongst my Calvinistical brethren;" drew from Mr. Bull the following reply:—

"One speckled bird to another speckled bird, whom he loves most dearly, sendeth greeting:

"Dear brother,—Through the great goodness of the blessed Lord of all the feathery tribes, I yesterday morning took my flight from the great wilderness, and winged my way most safely to this quiet retreat, where I am comfortably seated in my own old nest again. 'Home is home, though ever so homely.' Here I found my dam quite well, and Tommy and Polly chirping, and Billy very indifferent indeed, with the hooping-cough; but I know that our dear Lord will order it for the best. Oh, help me to bless his holy name! You know, brother, that those of our fraternity which are called birds of passage, before their flight, hold a kind of national assembly for several weeks, to consult about the coast to which they shall direct their flight, to try their pinions, and adjust

their plumage. Exactly for the same reasons I long to see you; for I think we are not only speckled birds, but birds of passage too, and I long to hear and speak about that glorious shore to which we are bound. It is true we shall not cross a briny deep, but our singular circumstances require us to pass (not over, but through) a sea of *precious blood*, and our only strength will be, not a pine plank, but a *glorious cross*. You know, brother, it belongs to our nation to chirp, to whistle, to sing; and though I cannot (like you) sing the songs of Zion, yet I can brokenly chirp the short sweet note, 'Precious Jesus! precious Jesus! He is my Lord and my God.'" . . . .

Newton's testimony to the piety of his newly-found friend is worthy of quotation:—"When you are with the King, and getting good for yourself, speak a word for me and mine. I have reason to think you see him oftener and have nearer access to him than myself. Indeed I am unworthy to look at him or speak to him at all, much more that he should speak tenderly to me. Yet I am not wholly without his notice."

Having dined together, they were one day enjoying familiar intercourse in the "things which accompany salvation" when they were startled by the advent of that quaint old worthy, John Ryland, of Northampton, who came to announce that poor Toplady was halting at the Swan Inn, *en route* for London to die. They were soon in attendance upon the sick man, and while engaged in conversation, the noise of a bull-baiting scene in the street disturbed them. Toplady, who was a firm believer in the immortality of animals, exclaimed, "Who could bear to see that sight if there were not to be some compensation for these poor suffering animals in a future state?" Not sympathizing with the belief of their friend Mr. Bull remarked, "I certainly hope that all the BULLS will go to heaven," and then asked Toplady whether he thought it would be the case with all the animal creation. On being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Weston broke in with the *reductio ad absurdum*, "What, do you suppose, sir, there will be *fleas* in heaven? for I have a special aversion to them!" Toplady ventured no reply, but betrayed by his emotion that his feelings were wounded. After this temporary interruption the good men were soon engaged on a subject in which they were all agreed.

The poet Cowper became an intimate friend of William Bull, of whom he thus writes to Mr. Unwin: "You are not acquainted with him; perhaps it is as well for you that you are not. You would regret still more than you do that there are so many miles interposed between us. He spends part of the day with us to-morrow. A Dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; a master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it—an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation as amuse and enliven every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party. At other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such a temperament. Every scene of life has two sides—a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for

the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity, and passive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull. But he smokes tobacco! Nothing is perfect. '*Nihil est ab omni parte beatum.*'"

Mr. Bull was one of the most acceptable supplies at Surrey chapel during the summer vacation of Rowland Hill, and frequently preached there on special occasions. In 1793, when the new organ was opened, it was arranged for Dr. Duprèe, the king's organist, to officiate. Mr. Bull writes, "I had ten minutes to pray in, and fifteen minutes for my sermon. To be sure the music was delightful, but everybody that belongs to the chapel was annoyed, and poor Mr. Hill was in such a taking that I thought he would have gone mad." On Mr. Bull's return home Rowland Hill addressed him a letter, in which he says—"How you must think of my treatment last Tuesday evening, when His Majesty's tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum man interrupted our worship; and that after such a serious introduction of singing with our organ, which we enjoyed the Sabbath before. Pride must have its fall, and for the future all the tweedle-dums that kings love they shall keep among themselves. Their fine airs will never do for a Methodist meeting-house."

This is a confession which we are glad to find endorsed with the name of Rowland Hill. Notwithstanding his love of music he saw that it was highly impolitic to make the worship of God the occasion for musical display. The silent adoration in a Quaker's meeting must, surely, be more acceptable to God than the most brilliant performance of gifted musicians, whose sole ambition is to display their own abilities.

It would appear that Mr. Bull's services were more useful abroad than at home, and that Newport proved a difficult place to work. At Surrey Chapel and at the Tottenham-court-road and Moorfields Tabernacles he commanded crowded audiences. Speaking of his inability to please everybody, he said, "I don't care a straw what they call me. I only want to live Christ—*to* him, *for* him, *in* him, and always *with* him." Writing to his son, he bases some sound advice upon his own practice—"The more retirement you have before you preach, the better in general, will you preach. I like to read, before I preach, some good book, and the more spiritual it is the better. Then I like to preach my sermon over to myself for at least two hours. When I do this I am sure to feel liberty. In all your praying and preaching never lose sight of the divine unction." There is a sound ring about the following passage: "Often am I bound down and overwhelmed with a sense of the infinite evil of sin and of the hidden plague of my own heart, and often do I write bitter things against myself, and for the moment believe my salvation is impossible, and I feel the bitter anguish of despair. Then I look to Jesus, and believe the glory of his person, and the riches, the unsearchable riches, of his grace, the infinite merits of his precious blood, his perfect righteousness, the sweet promises of his Holy Spirit, and the infinite heights and depths, the length and breadth of his distinguishing love to the vilest of sinners. I think of his unfailing faithfulness to his word, and behold I run away from self, quite away, as far as possible, and weep and groan, and sigh after Christ, and behold I am set at liberty and am full of comfort." Again he writes, "I daily and hourly strive and pray to walk with God, and have my

conversation in heaven; and so far as I look to the secret exercises of my mind from morning till night, it is so in a very comfortable degree." "Oh pray incessantly," he wrote to his son, "to be more and more like Christ, and then I'll tell you how far you will be perfect, viz., just so far as Christ dwelleth in you, and no further. You may go a great way further in following Christ before you will be in danger of breaking your head against the wall of sinless perfection."

Mr. Bull earned the reputation of being eccentric in the pulpit, and certainly he said and did some strange things, which justified the verdict. "Thus," says his grandson, "On one occasion, just as he was concluding his sermon in the afternoon, and in the midst of an eloquent appeal, which commanded the silent attention of the congregation, a female servant, regardless of anything else but getting her mistress's tea ready immediately on her return home, rose up from her seat to pass through the length of the crowded gallery. My grandfather was annoyed at the unseemly disturbance thus created, and said to her in a tone of authority, "Sit down, my good woman, sit down, it's no matter if Mrs. Arthur's tea kettle does not boil. I have not done yet." Mrs. Arthur sat just beneath, and, being a short-tempered woman, was not a little offended at the unexpected reference to her name.

Want of punctuality and drowsiness during the sermon afforded the old man opportunities for administering rebukes, which had their desired effect. Observing some of the congregation turning to look at the clock when he had exceeded the usual time for closing the sermon, he paused and remarked, "Ah, I see you are looking at the clock; but some of you have got into the habit of coming in late, and I am resolved you shall not cheat God Almighty out of his time, and so I shall go on a few minutes longer, and make up at the end of the service what has been lost at the beginning."

Observing some of his congregation to be sleeping on one occasion, he exclaimed loud enough for them to hear, "My chest aches very much, and I will sit down and rest till you are all awake, and then I will proceed." On another occasion he resorted to the following expedient. Taking up his Greek Testament, he began to read aloud. Having gained the attention of the entire congregation, he remarked, "Well, I thought you would understand Greek as well as English when you were asleep. Now I will put this aside and go on with my sermon."

His own servant was often guilty of sleeping during the sermon, and was cured of the habit in the following way. Being soundly asleep at the close of the service, Mr. Bull said to the congregation that he wished the usual hymn after the service to be omitted, and begged the people to retire as quietly as possible, adding, "I see my servant asleep, and I don't want you to wake him." On discovering the predicament he was in when he awoke, he was so thoroughly ashamed of his conduct that he never slept again during service.

It must not be thought that Mr. Bull's sermons were soporific. Few men, we suppose, could uniformly succeed in keeping a semi-rustic congregation awake during the entire service on a sultry afternoon in July. A great deal must also be set down to the account of the vitiated atmosphere and the heavy dinners. However, we think the habit so bad, that we justify any lawful expedient adopted to check it.

The last time he preached from his pulpit he took for his text Psalm xxvii. 9, "Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." Thus his life-long wish was realized that he might be useful to the last. When he lay a-dying, his utterances bespoke the confidence and the peace of his soul. "I am upon the rock! I am upon the rock!" was his repeated exclamation. "Death is but stepping out of the kitchen into the parlour." As his head fell upon his pillow for the last time he faintly uttered the words, "Bless the Lord," and thus passed away a man whose holy character, Christian friendship, extensive usefulness, and fidelity to the doctrines of grace drew from the poet Cowper the endearing epithet, "CHARISSIME TAURORUM."

V. J. C.

Street Preaching.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I AM persuaded that the more of open air preaching there is in London the better. If it should become a nuisance to some it will be a blessing to others, if properly conducted. If it be the gospel which is spoken, and if the spirit of the preacher be one of love and truth, the results cannot be doubted: the bread cast upon the waters must be found after many days. At the same time it must be *the gospel*, and be preached in a manner worth the hearing, for mere noise-making is an evil rather than a benefit. I know a family almost driven out of their senses by the hideous shouting of monotonous exhortations, and the howling of "Safe in the arms of Jesus" near their door every Sabbath afternoon by the year together. They are zealous Christians, and would willingly help their tormentors if they saw the slightest probability of usefulness from the violent bawling; but as they seldom see a hearer, and do not think that what is spoken would do any good, even if it were heard, they complain that they are compelled to lose their few hours of Sabbath quiet because two good men think it their duty to perform a noisy but perfectly useless service. I once saw a man preaching with no hearer but a dog, who sat upon his tail and looked up very reverently while his master orated. There were no people at the windows nor passing by, but the brother and his dog were at their post whether the people would hear or whether they would forbear. Once also I passed an earnest declaimer, whose hat was on the ground before him, filled with papers, and there was not even a dog for an audience, nor anyone within hearing, yet did he "waste his sweetness on the desert air." I hope it relieved his own mind. Really it must be viewed as an essential part of a sermon that somebody should hear it: it cannot be a great benefit to the world to have sermons preached *in vacuo*.

As to *style in preaching out of doors*, it should certainly be very different from much of that which prevails within, and perhaps if a speaker were to acquire a style fully adapted to a street audience he

would be wise to bring it indoors with him. A great deal of sermonizing may be defined as saying nothing at extreme length; but out of doors verbosity is not admired, you must say something and have done with it, and go on and say something more, or your hearers will let you know. "Now then," cries a street critic, "let us have it, old fellow." Or else the observation is made, "What are you driving at? You'd better go home and learn your lesson." "Cut it short, old boy," is a very common admonition, and I wish the presenters of this advice gratis could let it be heard inside Bethel and Zoar and some other places sacred to long-winded orations. Where these outspoken criticisms are not employed, the hearers rebuke prosiness by quietly walking away. Very unpleasant this, to find your congregation dispersing, but a very plain intimation that your ideas are also much dispersed.

In the street, a man must keep himself alive, and use many illustrations and anecdotes, and sprinkle a quaint remark here and there. To dwell long on a point will never do. Reasoning must be brief, clear, and soon done with. The discourse must not be laboured or involved, neither must the second head depend upon the first, for the audience is a changing one, and each point must be complete in itself. The chain of thought must be taken to pieces, and each link melted down and turned into bullets: you will need not so much Saladin's sabre to cut through a muslin handkerchief as Cœur de Lion's battle-axe to break a bar of iron. Come to the point at once, and come there with all your might.

Short sentences of words and short passages of thought are needed for out of doors. Long paragraphs and long arguments had better be reserved for other occasions. In quiet country crowds there is much force in an eloquent silence, now and then interjected; it gives people time to breathe, and also to reflect. A solemn pause prepares for that which is coming and has a great power over an audience. Do not however, attempt this in a London street, there you must go ahead, or someone else may run off with your congregation. In a regular field sermon pauses are very effective, and are useful in several ways both to speaker and listeners, but to a passing company who are not inclined for anything like worship, quick, short, sharp address is most adapted.

In the streets a man must from beginning to end be intense, and for that very reason he must be condensed and concentrated in his thought and utterance. It would never do to begin by saying, "My text, dear friends, is a passage from the inspired word containing doctrines of the utmost importance, and bringing before us in the clearest manner the most valuable practical instruction. I invite your careful attention and the exercise of your most candid judgment while we consider it under various aspects and place it in different lights, in order that we may be able to perceive its position in the analogy of the faith. In its exegesis we shall find an arena for the cultured intellect and the refined sensibilities. As the purling brook meanders among the meads and fertilizes the pastures, so a stream of sacred truth flows through the remarkable words which now lie before us. It will be well for us to divert the crystal current to the reservoir of our meditation, that we may quaff the cup of wisdom with the lips of satisfaction." There, brethren, is not

that rather above the average of word-spinning, and is not the art very generally in vogue in these days? If you go out to the obelisk in Blackfriars Road, and talk in that fashion, you will be saluted with "Go on, old buffer," or "*Ain't he fine!* MY EYE!" A very vulgar youth will cry, "What a mouth for a tater!" and another will shout in a tone of mock solemnity, "AMEN!" If you give them chaff they will cheerfully return it into your own bosom. Good measure, pressed down and running over will they mete out to you. Shams and shows will have no mercy from a street gathering; but have something to say, look them in the face, say what you mean, put it plainly, boldly, earnestly, courteously, and they will hear you. Never speak against time or for the sake of hearing your own voice, or you will obtain some information about your personal appearance or manner of oratory which will probably be more true than pleasing. "Crikey," says one, "wouldn't he do for an undertaker! He'd make 'em weep": this was a compliment paid to a melancholy brother whose tone is peculiarly funereal. "There, old fellow," said a critic on another occasion, "you go and wet your whistle. You must feel awfully dry after jawing away at that rate about nothing at all." This also was specially appropriate to a very heavy brother of whom we had aforetime remarked that he would make a good martyr, for there was no fear of his burning well, he was so dry. It is sad, very sad, that such rude remarks should be made, but there is a wicked vein in some of us, which makes us take note that the vulgar observations are often very true, and "hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature." As a caricature often gives you a more vivid idea of a man than a photograph would afford you, so do these rough mob critics hit off an orator to the life by their exaggerated censures. The very best speaker must be prepared to take his share of street wit, and to return it if need be; but primness, demureness, formality, sanctimonious long-windedness, and the affectation of superiority actually invite offensive pleasantries, and to a considerable extent deserve them. Chadband or Stiggins in rusty black, with plastered hair and huge choker, is as natural an object of derision as Mr. Guido Fawkes himself. A very great man in his own esteem will provoke immediate opposition, and the affectation of supernatural saintliness will have the same effect. The less you are like a parson the more likely you are to be heard; and if you are known to be a minister the more you show yourself to be a man the better. "What do you get for that, governor?" is sure to be asked, if you appear to be a cleric, and it will be well to tell them at once that this is extra, that you are doing overtime, and that there is to be no collection. "You'd do more good if you gave us some bread or a drop of beer, instead of those tracts," is constantly remarked, but a manly manner, and the outspoken declaration that you seek no wages but their good, will silence that stale objection.

The *action* of the street preacher should be of the very best. It should be purely natural and unconstrained. No speaker should stand up in the street in a grotesque manner, or he will weaken himself and invite attack. The street preacher should not imitate his own minister, or the crowd will spy out the imitation very speedily, if the brother is anywhere near home. Neither should he strike an attitude as little

boys do who say, "My name is Norval." The stiff straight posture with the regular up and down motion of arm and hand is too commonly adopted, but it is not worthy of imitation: and I would even more condemn the wild raving maniac posture which some are so fond of, which seems to be a cross between Whitefield with both his arms in the air, and Saint George with both his feet violently engaged in trampling on the dragon. Some good men are grotesque by nature, and others take great pains to make themselves so. Clumsy, heavy, jerky, cranky legs and arms appear to be liberally dispensed. Many speakers don't know what upon earth to do with these limbs, and so they stick them out, or make them revolve in the queerest manner. The wicked Londoners say, "What a cure!" I only wish I knew of a cure for the evil.

All mannerisms should be avoided. Just now I observe that nothing can be done without a very large Bagster's Bible with a limp cover. There seems to be some special charm about the large size, though it almost needs a little perambulator in which to push it about. With such a Bible, full of ribbons, select a standing in Seven Dials, after the pattern of a divine so graphically described by Mr. McCree. Take off your hat, put your Bible in it, and place it on the ground. Let the kind friend who approaches you on the right hold your umbrella. See how eager the dear man is to do so! Is it not pleasing? He assures you he is never so happy as when he is helping good men to preach to the poor sinners in these wicked places. Now close your eyes in prayer. When your devotions are over, *somebody will have profited by the occasion.* Where is your affectionate friend who held your umbrella and your hymn-book? Where is that well-brushed hat and that orthodox Bagster? Where? Oh where? Echo answers, "Where?"

The catastrophe which I have thus described suggests that a brother had better attend you in your earlier ministries, that one may watch while the other prays. If a number of friends will go with you and make a ring around you it will be a great acquisition; and if these can sing it will be still further helpful. The friendly company will attract others, will help to secure order, and will do good service by sounding forth sermons in song.

It will be very desirable to speak so as to be heard, but there is no use in incessant bawling. The best street preaching is not that which is done at the top of your voice, for it must be impossible to lay the proper emphasis upon telling passages when all along you are shouting with all your might. When there are no hearers near you, and yet people stand over the other side of the road and listen, would it not be as well to cross over and so save a little of the strength which is now wasted? A quiet, penetrating, conversational style would seem to be the most telling. Men do not bawl and halloa when they are pleading in deepest earnestness; they have generally at such times less wind and a little more rain; less rant and a few more tears. On, on with one monstrous shout and you will weary everybody and wear yourself out. Be wise now, therefore, O ye who would succeed in declaring your Master's message among the multitude, and use your voices as common sense would dictate.

The Bottom of the Sea.*

BY W. R. SELWAY.

FEW persons can have floated on the surface of the sea without gazing down into its dark depths and wondering where the bottom may be and what is its nature. If of an imaginative turn of mind, scenes of beauty may have been conjured up, groves of coral of rosy pink or snowy white, amid whose branches gaily coloured fish disport themselves, or perhaps mermaids warble, luring to an unhappy fate mortals who may listen to their fascinating notes: but such pictures are no more real than those which the disturbed brain of Clarence presented to his gaze when in his dream he "Saw a thousand fearful wrecks:

> "Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,
> Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

Perhaps few have realized the extreme difficulties which beset the enquiries, Where and what is the bottom of the sea? Man's strength will only permit of his diving to a comparatively slight depth, and his ability to remain under water is limited to so short a time that it is entirely out of the question that direct personal examination should be made of the sea bottom, and resort must be had to apparatus for testing the depth of the water and to means of bringing up from the bottom specimens of its soil and of the plants and animals, if any, which may there find a home: but this work is very laborious, necessitating the employment of a good ship with all appliances of modern navigation, together with apparatus of delicate and costly description, and it is not surprising that but little had been done towards unravelling the problems in the history of the bottom of the sea, until the Government lent the advantage of its aid to the work, although the late Professor Edward Forbes, Dr. Wallich, and others, had by their labours added largely to our stores of knowledge and stimulated scientific naturalists to desire still more acquaintance with the deep sea. It reflected the highest credit upon the Government of the day when, upon the important results to be anticipated from an investigation by able men of the deep sea being pointed out to the Lords of the Admiralty, a small steam surveying ship *Lightning* was placed at the disposal of the Royal Society, and Doctors Carpenter and Wyville Thomson proceeded, in August, 1868, to survey the bed of the ocean! In the following year the *Porcupine* was employed on a similar service, with the same eminent naturalists, to whom Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys was added; and the same ship went again to sea in the next year, 1870. The results of the cruises during the summer season of these three years were so important and encouraging as to lead the Government to fit out and despatch the *Challenger* upon a much more extended cruise. Public money was never better spent, nor one of her Majesty's ships ever better

* "The Depths of the Sea," by G. Wyville Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. Hamilton and Co., 1873.

employed than in gathering materials by which knowledge of the conditions of the sea bottom may be rendered accurate, and our acquaintance with the several forms of life inhabiting the depths of the sea very largely extended. We shall doubtless greedily devour the reports of the work done on board the *Challenger* when Dr. Thomson and his coadjutors shall have completed their labours, but much time must probably yet elapse before these can be published, and meantime it may not be without interest to review some of that which was done in the earlier cruises of the *Lightning* and *Porcupine*. The greatest depth to which the sounding line descended on these occasions was 2,435 fathoms. This memorable event occurred on the 22nd of July, 1869, at the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, about 200 miles to the west of Ushant. It is difficult to realize this extraordinary depth, 4,870 yards, 14,610 feet, or a vertical depth of more than two miles and three quarters! It is not surprising that some should feel doubts as to the accuracy of the record which professes to reveal an abyss so far beyond our expectations, but the care and skill exercised warrant a full dependence upon the result. Yet it is by no means a simple matter in the investigation and involves much more than casting out a line and letting it fall gently to the bottom. If the line be light, it may be carried away by currents flowing beneath the surface, and more consequently will be given out than would suffice to reach the bottom if it were vertical. The vessel must be kept steady and not allowed to drift, or of course the line would descend at an angle, greater or less, dependent upon the speed of the motion of the ship. Again, unless the line be stopped the instant the bottom is reached, it will form a tangled coil, and the result will be falsified. The apparatus used on board the *Porcupine* was a brass tube, designed to plunge into the muddy bottom, a portion of which is brought up, being prevented by a valve from being washed out as the instrument is lifted through the water. Before it is let down, masses of iron (in order to weight it) are passed over the cylinder, and are held in their position by an iron wire sling, suspended to a spring held down by their own weight. As soon as the bottom is reached the weight is of course relieved by the pressure of the soil, the spring is released, and the iron weights slip off, leaving the cylinder to be brought up alone. The weight used was no less than 336 lbs., the line about 4,000 fathoms in length composed of the best Italian hemp, having 18 threads with a circumference of nearly three quarters of an inch, was wound on a large, strong reel in connection with a small steam engine placed on the deck. To prevent accident to the line, as the friction of the water upon so great a length prevents its yielding to a sudden jerk, a number of vulcanized india-rubber springs were interposed between the block through which the line passed and the engine. Captain Calver conducted the operation himself on each of from 150 to 160 soundings made during the two years 1869 and 1870. Dr. Thomson says, "Captain Calver told me that on every occasion, even at the greatest depths, he felt distinctly the shock of the arrest of the weight upon the bottom communicated to his hand." All the preliminaries being carefully adjusted, the weather being clear and fine, the sea moderate with a slight swell, the line with its tube and weight was cast

off: in 9m. 40s. it had descended 1,000 fathoms, in 25m. 20s. it had reached 2,000 fathoms, and at 33m. 35s. after leaving the deck of the ship the commander distinctly felt the shock of the arrest of the weight, and the line marked a depth of 2,435 fathoms, which is probably the deepest reliable sounding which had been taken up to that time. The little steam engine then proceeded to wind in the line, a task which occupied it no less than 2 hours and 2 minutes before the sounding tube was received on the deck of the ship.

Previous to casting the line from the deck two thermometers were attached, one a little above the other, about a fathom and a fathom and half above the sounding machine, as it was desirable to ascertain the temperature of the water at that great depth. It is an easy enough business to take the temperature of the water at the surface of the sea, or that of the air at the sea level, or on the mountain top, by means of the ordinary thermometer with which everyone is familiar; but it is altogether a different matter at a depth so great that the pressure of the water upon the glass tube of the thermometer would necessarily compress it, and of course prevent the column of mercury from falling so far as it would if the pressure were prevented; moreover, the extent of the compression will depend upon the thickness and the quality of the glass, so that probably no two ordinary instruments would afford the same result. The thermometers sent down on the occasion referred to were of the self-registering kind, with the important addition of an outer covering of glass, containing sufficient alcohol to nearly fill the space between the two, thus leaving a film of air and vapour of alcohol to yield to the pressure caused by the weight of water against the outer glass, entirely relieving the bulb within; the whole was mounted in ebonite and enclosed in a copper casing, perforated at the top and bottom to allow of the free passage of water over the instrument as it descends into the sea. Before these instruments were taken on board they were subject to some interesting experiments, to test the effect of great pressure by means of a hydraulic press, and it was found that the amount of error, under a weight equal to 2,500 fathoms of water, was much less than three-fourths of a degree, and therefore the thermometer was for all ordinary purposes a perfect instrument; which, however, registered only the *lowest* temperature, so that should it in descending pass through a cold current or stratum of water into a warmer one this latter would not be discovered by a single testing, but the thermometer must be lowered and raised several times at or near the same spot the index being carefully adjusted and the result of each testing duly noted; in this way the varying temperature will be discovered. The result of the investigation on the occasion referred to was, that while the surface temperature stood at 69·8° Fahrenheit the bottom water indicated only 32·92° Fahrenheit.

It was not, however, merely to ascertain the depth of the sea and the temperature of the water lying upon the earth's surface at these great depths that these expeditions were undertaken, although to successfully accomplish these was no small result, but to reveal if possible the nature of the life, should there prove to be any living thing capable of enduring the great pressure, and adapted to live, in the darkness of the deep sea. A very general idea had prevailed that life, which is

undoubtedly very abundant where the sea washes the shores, gradually became less prolific as the seeker receded from the surface, until in the profound depths a complete sterility of organic existences prevailed; and though a few instances of animals brought up entangled in the sounding line, or attached to submarine telegraph cables recovered for the purposes of reparation, had led to the supposition that this opinion might after all be incorrect, yet there was room to doubt the correctness of the assumed depths from which some of such specimens had come, and it was not until Drs. Carpenter and Thomson succeeded in bringing up from the bottom of the sea in no less than upwards of seventy instances specimens of the sea bottom, and of the animals dwelling there, and that from depths varying from 3,000 feet down to nearly three miles, that the question became entirely set at rest, and it is now proved that the bed of the deep sea, extending as it does over no less a space than 140,000,000 of square miles, is not a barren waste. "It is inhabited by a fauna more rich and varied on account of the enormous extent of the area, and with the organisms in many cases apparently even more elaborately and delicately formed, and more exquisitely beautiful in their soft shades of colouring and in the rainbow tints of their wonderful phosphorescence, than the fauna of the well known belt of shallow water teeming with innumerable forms which fringes the land."

It has been intimated that the tube attached to the line used to ascertain the depths of the water is so contrived as to bring up a portion of the muddy bottom upon which it falls, but although this is of the greatest importance, as revealing the nature of the deposit now constantly but slowly accumulating to become the rock of the future, it is manifest that the quantity is not sufficiently great, and the area of the apparatus is too small to render it likely that many forms of animal life should be thus brought to the surface; it was necessary to *scrape* the bottom of the sea, and not only was this done, but, by a very happy inspiration, Captain Calver hit upon a method of *sweeping* it! A frame of the best iron was forged, 4 feet 6 inches long and 6 inches wide, each side having a scraper-like edge, and on the lower side a number of rings to which was fastened a bag made of two thicknesses of netting and canvas; this dredge was let down attached to a rope partly $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches and partly 2 inches in circumference, having attached at 3000 feet from the dredge iron sinkers weighing 2 cwt., in order that when they fell to the bottom the dredge should be also compelled to lie upon its side on the sea floor. On the same day that the depth was ascertained the dredge was cast off, and in little more than an hour 18,000 feet of rope had been run out, the ship being slowly steamed backwards to ensure the scraping edge of the dredge frame passing over the muddy bottom, and of course gathering until it is filled whatever may lie in its course. After a short interval the steam-engine proceeded to haul in the rope, and it seems to us a striking illustration of the vastness of the depth to which it had descended that no less than four hours were occupied in bringing the dredge from the bottom to the surface of the sea! The weight of the rope, dredge, and attached iron with its contents weighed in water was not less than 2000 lbs., of which the mud from the bottom weighed only 168 lbs. The sweeping

process was accomplished by fixing to a bar at the bottom of the dredge-bag a few large bunches of teased out hemp (swabs used for washing the decks); these being drawn over the sea bottom literally swept it of thousands of smaller specimens of animal life, which being entangled in the hemp were brought with it to the surface. One can, perhaps, imagine, although but with a faint approximation to the reality, the intense excitement with which the naturalists awaited on the deck of their vessel at midnight, and on until one o'clock, the arrival of the dredge, and the emptying of its contents upon a piece of old tarpaulin, when their astonished gaze is regaled by beholding the forms of strange denizens of the deep which have never before been seen by human eyes. Such a moment, when the soul is brought for the first time into the presence of new and heretofore unknown works of the Master hand, is an abundant reward for the toils and the dangers incident to such a cruise.

A new meaning of the word "Humbug."

WE had always thought that the somewhat slang word *humbug* meant a sham, a mere deceit, which made a deal of noise, in fact a piece of trickery which made "much ado about nothing." But we have to live and learn. The world has a way of using words which it takes time to understand. A true story comes to us which shows that to one person at least a *humbug* has quite a different meaning from what we formerly reckoned, and indicates a character which no minister need blush to wear. A worthy Christian man, very eager to lead his friends to the Saviour, persuaded a relative, a man of large business, to attend a certain place of worship to give the minister a hearing. The request was granted, the sermon was heard, and, eager to know the result, the good man called on his relation, and asked him what he thought of the preacher. To his intense disappointment the answer was, "*He is a great humbug;* that's what I think of him." But how was that; in what sense could the preacher deserve such a description? The answer was somewhat as follows. "You see, our parson is a very good man, and preaches good sermons, and all the while he is going on I am casting up my accounts for last week, and arranging in my mind for the next week: but your man carried me right along with him from beginning to end. Not a bit of reckoning could I do. I was far away from my business, and taken up with what *he* was talking about. He will never do for me: he is a regular humbug." Well, thought we, this is a new fault to find with a minister, and one into which we shall labour to fail. One who will not be put off with his hearer's bodily presence but must have his heart, one who wins attention whether men will or not, is no doubt a great nuisance to those who had rather not be disturbed and made to think upon the unattractive themes of eternity. If this be to be a *humbug*, may our Lord make us all such. This is a fault to be guilty of to the utmost degree.

"If this be vile,
I purpose to be viler still."

The Disciples,—Philip.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

PHILIP'S life has a peculiar interest as the biography of the disciple who did not know his Lord. Even the three years of his personal connection with Christ had not revealed the Master to his cautious, long-pondering mind. The key to his history is furnished in the question addressed to him by Christ in the upper room. "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" It will be seen that every incident recorded of him betrays the incompleteness of his knowledge of Christ. He was the opposite of Peter. He never leaped to conclusions: on the contrary, it took him an exaggerated length of time to arrive at them. He had not the quick faculty of building inferences on past data. He was not the man of action, but rather the man of reflection; and his reflectiveness held his conclusions long in solution and prevented their crystallizing into articles of faith except by a long and tedious process. The story of such a discipleship may be widely useful as an example of the way in which a hesitating, slow-minded man is yet owned by Christ as a disciple, and enabled to perform good service in his cause.

The first three gospels merely mention his name in the lists of the twelve; his quiet, meditative and perhaps somewhat sad manner would not furnish much incident for those gospels of action. What little we possess of his history is derived from the reflective John, who could better understand his mood, and who gives four anecdotes of him from which we gather the salient points of his character.

1. First comes the story of his call to the discipleship (John i. 43). He was the fourth disciple in the order of time, John and Andrew being the first two, Peter introduced by Andrew the third, and then "Jesus findeth Philip." Without intervening instrumentality he was summoned directly by Christ's own word, "Follow me." The immediateness of the effect of this call may have sprung from previous information about Christ communicated by his three fellow-townsmen who had already joined the Master, but we cannot help attributing it mainly to the majesty which attended the utterance of him who spake as never man spake disarming all resistance and ensuring obedience. The young disciple had studied Scripture on the subject of the coming Messiah, and it is in that character he follows Christ. "We have found him," he says, "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write;" adding (and it is an example of his imperfect knowledge) "Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Three errors lurk in even this short statement. Jesus was not the son of Joseph, nor was he strictly speaking of Nazareth, and Philip had not found Jesus, but Jesus had found Philip, yea, and, as the sequel shewed, Nathaniel too ("Before that Philip called thee when thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee"). With this news, however, he hastened to his friend Nathaniel. His words did certainly reveal Christ, though not in the convincing light of unmingled truth. His views—

> "Were indistinct and dim,
> But yet successful, being aimed at him."

Notwithstanding that the testimony was clouded with error, the sun looked forth from behind the clouds. Nathaniel at first saw the clouds rather than the light. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The mention of Bethlehem might have carried conviction to his mind, but error in the teacher raised prejudice in the hearer. Philip employed the best antidote to his error when he said "Come and see;" for prejudice dies at the sight of Christ; at his bright presence darkness flies away. As the warm rays of the sun disperse the mists, so the Master's own words quickly scattered Nathaniel's doubts; and Philip's mission, though hindered by his mistakes, was made successful. This

first incident exhibits Philip's ignorance concerning the *person* of Christ. He had not traced him to Bethlehem, he had not recognised his divine parentage. In a new disciple this ignorance is not surprising; it becomes blameworthy only when opportunities of knowledge have been enjoyed in vain.

2. The scene of the next anecdote is laid on the shore of the lake of Galilee, in the midst of the vast wearied crowd, which had followed Christ into the open country there. The Lord intends for them a miraculous meal before they are dismissed, but meanwhile he proposes a testing question to Philip: an opportunity shall be given for a proof of the growth of his knowledge. "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" The question was naturally enough addressed to him as a native of Bethsaida, in this very neighbourhood, as knowing therefore the resources of the district in the matter of provision, and having probably a special interest in some of the crowd. But Christ, discerning his unprogressive temperament, put the question to him "to prove him," and the test revealed the slowness of Philip's growth in knowledge, and therefore in faith; for true knowledge is the handmaid of faith. Philip had been a disciple from the earliest days of Christ's ministry; he had witnessed that first miracle at Cana, so suggestively applicable to the present emergency. How well it would have become him to answer, "Thou didst turn water into wine, thou canst convert these stones into bread." At the outset he had acknowledged Christ to be the Messiah of whom Moses wrote; how admirable, had he possessed skill to hint the inference—"Moses gave them bread from heaven, and thou art greater than he." But what was his answer? "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that every one of them may take a little." Is there not a disappointing blindness here? If it is not positive, it is negative, unbelief. If it is not exactly a repetition of the old story of Israel in the wilderness—"He smote the rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed; can he give bread also? can he provide flesh for his people?" It is yet a lamentable failure to rise to the heroism of faith. That was murmuring distrust, this is mole-eyed obtuseness. Inferential faith, which makes every past experience of divine power and grace a basis on which to build loftier expectations of good, is a noble and rare attainment. He who has reached it has achieved an honourable degree in the knowledge of Christ. Philip is tried and found wanting. He talks of pennyworths when Christ is present. His soul grovels in the purse and the shop, and cannot see the Son of God. The wonder-working arm has been repeatedly made bare before him, but he has no memory for a past miracle, no quick expectation of a new one; he has only faculty to guess at the sum in the bag Judas carries, or the probable limit of provision the district can afford. "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" He was yet ignorant of Christ's *power*, notwithstanding the miraculous proofs of it which had been so lavishly given. Dull minds require emphatic teachings, and the lesson he received that day on this very point was the more impressive because intentionally introduced with this personal preface.

3. Our next glimpse of Philip is on a day in the week of the crucifixion. Certain Greek proselytes who had come to Jerusalem to observe the paschal festival came to Philip and desired him, saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip cometh and telleth Andrew, and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus." But why does he not conduct these enquirers straight to his master? Probably because though proselytes they were Gentiles. But has he forgotten how Christ went out of his way to bless one who was a Syrophenician by nation; how, to the amazement of his disciples, he conversed with a Samaritan woman of ill character, abiding for two days in the Samaritan villages; how he afterwards forbade his disciples to imprecate vengeance on those very Samaritans who, oblivious of former favour, flatly refused to receive him because his face was toward Jerusalem? Can he not bring these Greeks to Jesus without first insulting a fellow disciple? Is he so suspicious of Christ's grace? Did he regard the Saviour as having a bolted door towards any seeker?

Had the Lord ever refused an interview to any that sought it? The question is appropriate. "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" It is the *grace* of the Lord this time that he does not rightly know. He had impressively learnt his power; but associating with power the idea of exclusiveness, he did not recognise the expansive largeness of heart of his Lord.

4. The next scene reveals the secret of all this shortness of apprehension: he had not grasped the awful, glorious mystery that Christ was the Son of God, which would have set right his ideas of that Master's person, power, grace. It is the night before the agony. The disciples have partaken with Christ of the paschal feast. He has instituted his own memorial supper, and now they sit and, with an oppressive sense of imminent calamity, listen sadly to their Master's valedictory discourse. He speaks to them of his Father's house, of mansions there which he is going away to prepare for them, of his coming again to receive them unto himself. He speaks of the Father as one whom they might have known had they known himself, adding, as a pointed declaration of his oneness with the Father, "From henceforth ye know him and have seen him." In the silence that follows Philip seems to look round to see the Father, of whom Christ thus mysteriously speaks, enter the room. He had begun by regarding his Master as the son of Joseph. By this time he has learned his mistake; he has heard of the voice from heaven at Christ's baptism, and again at the transfiguration. "This is my beloved Son"; but as yet no idea has entered his mind of the Fatherhood thus indicated. He is unable to grasp a new spiritual truth except through the senses; accordingly he breaks the silence with the request, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." The reply is infinitely touching: "Have I been so long time with you," Christ says, addressing them all, then turning personally to Philip continues, "and yet hast *thou* not known me, Philip?" Christ had been to him the great Incognito, but not rightfully so. He had manifested forth his glory in such a way that another disciple had been able to confess, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Might not Philip have known him? "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, shew us the Father?" He had plainly declared himself on former occasions, as well as on the present, to his disciples; did Philip deem his word untrustworthy? "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?" Then he will appeal to his teachings, to his miracles: "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." Then, appealing once more to Philip's faith in his declarations, he says, "Believe me, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me"; or if this fail he points finally to the miracles—"or else believe me for the very works' sake." Philip had been familiar with the man Christ Jesus, he had gradually risen to some conception of his superhuman power, his mind had slowly opened to the sweet magnitude of his friendship to the despised and outcast; but he had never discerned under the human veil God manifest in the flesh. The external revelation is not the effectual. The letter killeth, it is the spirit that quickeneth. To the other disciple Christ had said, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." But this lesson in the upper room lifted Philip to a more adequate view of Christ. His knowledge had grown slowly; it was found, we may be sure, supremely precious as it matured. Those who with great advantages for increasing in the knowledge of God, yet remain in the elementary forms of Christ's school may here see how Christ gently draws them on, giving lesson on lesson as they are able to bear it. We need not wonder at Philip's obtuseness; we all live in daily contact with spiritual truths which yet we perceive not. It is our joy to recognise in his history the assurance that he who has begun to know Christ, however inapt at learning, will be led on by that gracious Master from truth to truth, till the last lesson is learned, and he "understands all knowledge and all mysteries."

We have reached the close of the Scripture record of Philip's history when

we have read his name in the enumeration of the company forming the prayer-meeting that followed the Ascension and heralded Pentecost. We bid him farewell as he departs from our view to his work of proclaiming the Saviour he had thus gradually come to know. Tradition says he preached the gospel in Phrygia, and met his death at Hierapolis in Syria: thus from Hierapolis on earth he mounted to the "Holy City" above, where, as he looks back on his earthly career we may imagine him reversing the words of Paul: "Then I saw through a glass darkly, but now face to face; then I know in part, but now I know even as also I am known."

Notices of Books.

A Present to Boys, Youths, and Young Men. With Thirty-five Illustrations. Birmingham: W. R. King, Great Queen Street.

A curious collection of all sorts of things, narrative, poem, address, and so on: yet we do not wonder to see a second edition, for there is a charm about the book for lads who are of a reading turn. We have been enticed from page to page, and have picked up anecdotes which are quite new to us. From the appearance and general form of the book it would be passed by as a specimen of heavy literature; but it deserves better treatment and will get it. Here is one of the stories, and there are plenty of them. The advice to youths is admirable.

"The Bitter Melon."

"Lokman—who afterwards became the celebrated philosopher—when a youth, was a slave. His master, however, was kind to him; but one day, after dinner, being merry with his friends at table, he thought to play a trick upon the youth, and presented the boy with a bad and bitter melon, which none of them could eat. To his surprise, the youth, after tasting it, did not change countenance in the least, but eat it all up! 'How is it possible,' said his master, 'for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?' 'My dear master,' replied the youth with a look of affection, 'I have received so many favours from you, is it a wonder that I should for once, without complaining, eat a bitter melon from your hand?' All present were greatly struck with the boy's generous answer; none, however, so much so as his master, who shortly after gave him his liberty, and Lokman became the famous Oriental philosopher. When misfortune and adversity come to us, and we do not meet with the success and happiness we could desire, we should remember the many favours, blessings, and pleasures we have all of us received from God, from childhood: and, like this youth, surely we should be willing sometimes to receive without complaint or repining some disappointment from his all-wise and loving hand."

The Religious Tract Society issue a budget of religious stories, for which we suppose readers will be found, though really there seems to us to be too many of such things. The Society deserves our commendation for making these books safe as well as amusing. We can only give a word or two on each as a guide to purchasers. *Heart Service: or, St. Hilary's Workmen's Home*, shows how an aged man can be useful, and encourages all believers to be at work for their Lord. *Mackerell Will*, and its companion, *The Herring Boat*, are pleasant little tales for the seaside. *Little Blind Mary*, very pathetic, of the same class as "Jessica's First Prayer." Is it true? If not, why make people cry about nothing? *The Fortunes of Fenborne.* An ambitious title, and a pleasing story, which comes to an end too soon. *Stephen Grallan's Faith*, and *Soldier Sam:* two average children's books. *The Hive and its Wonders:* Worth all the others put together. Condensed and simplified natural history forms the very best material for pleasant reading. Everybody should read this little book about bees.

Remarkable Providences and Proofs of a Divine Revelation; with Thoughts, Facts and Anecdotes for the Weak in Faith, the Doubter, and the Infidel. By John Richardson Phillips. Second Edition. Partridge.

A collection of most remarkable facts gathered from all sources. Readers cannot fail to be borne along the stream of interest which flows through these pages. Here is a specimen of the many well-chosen incidents:—

"On one occasion, the Prince Condé and Admiral Coligny—the leaders of the Huguenot party—had been driven from their homes by their opponents who had attempted cruelly to massacre them; they took to flight accordingly, with their helpers and terrified families. 'The Prince of Condé set out silently,' says Mattheu, an eye-witness of the events he narrates, 'but his situation touched all hearts with pity when they saw the first prince of the blood setting forward in the intensest heat, with his wife on the point of giving birth to a child, and three little children borne after them, followed by the now motherless family of Coligny, of whom only one was able to walk. The wife of D'Antelot, too, was there with her little girl only two years old, and several other ladies. The only escort for this troop of helpless women and children was one hundred and fifty soldiers, headed by two brave and affectionate fathers.

"They journeyed on as rapidly as possible, for their only hope of safety lay in crossing the Loire before they could be overtaken, and then seeking shelter in Rochelle; but the whole country was filled with hostile troops, and the bridges over the Loire were already occupied. They therefore determined to attempt a ford not commonly known, and arrived at it when the river, usually broad and furious, was so far diminished by the long drought that they crossed without difficulty, the prince carrying his youngest infant on his arm, clasped to his bosom.

"Scarcely had they reached the southern bank, when, turning round, they discovered the cavalry of their enemies in full pursuit, crowding rapidly upon the opposite side.

"An event now happened certainly very remarkable. Without any apparent cause, a sudden swell of waters came foaming and rushing down the stream, and in an instant filling the channel, rendered the ford impassable, and the defenceless company were thus rescued from the jaws of their destroyer.

"Can we wonder that men taught to rest upon Providence, and to discern the Almighty hand in the events of their agitated lives, should have regarded this as a signal interposition in their favour, and an undoubted sign that his arm was extended for their protection?"

A Commentary on the Original Text of the Acts of the Apostles. By Horatio B. Hackett, D.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Hackett's Commentary needs no praise from us. It has long been before the public, and has by almost universal consent been placed in the first position among expositions of the Acts. As some former English editions have left out parts of the work we are glad to see it here in an unabridged form.

We have two pretty looking talebooks from William Oliphant, Edinburgh: *Carry Morgan*—showing the evils of capital punishment, and *The Cold Shoulder*—the story of a boy at school who overcomes the disdain of his companions. Mr. Oliphant also sends another story entitled *Sister Cora*, with a startling frontispiece of a priest and a nun. This shows up the evils of conventual life.

Kind Words for Young People. Sunday School Union.

The yearly volume of a magazine which boys *will* read. We hear of proposals to bring out sensational stories to drive out of the market the Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin literature, and we suggest to those who make the attempt that they should take counsel with the editor of this lively magazine. He and some of his contributors could render most efficient help in the direction needed. As a present for Jack, Tom, and Harry we don't know of a more readable book.

The Shadow of Calvary: Gethsemane—The Arrest—The Trial. By Hugh Martin, D.D. Edinburgh: Lyon & Gemmell.

A very gracious meditation upon that part of our Lord's passion which is comprised under the three heads—Gethsemane — the Arrest — the Trial. The theology of Boston and the Erskines is abundantly taught in these pages, and the true doctrine of substitution is unflinchingly set forth. May Scotland never lack an able body of ministers from whom sound doctrine shall flow forth as water from a fountain, not because their creed demands it and their office suggests it, but because it is in them, and they must pour it forth. The writer's style is hard and somewhat involved, but his line of thought is always instructive. Here is a passage which will show the man's quality:—

"It was a thoroughly official warrant which was now out for his arrest,—thoroughly competent, however unrighteous. Barabbas himself could not have been more duly apprehended than Jesus now was, and that by the determinate counsel of God. Now, what is the explanation? Why did the righteous God place his holy Messiah in such an attitude and destiny? Why did his determinate counsel arrange that the innocent Jesus should depart this life under all the forms of a criminal's punishment, preceded by all the steps of a criminal process or prosecution?

"The Socinian doctrine of Jesus dying as a holy martyr, sealing his doctrine with his blood,—will *that* remove the scandal? Nay, it blasphemes the character of God, and shocks the conscience of man. Was the righteous overruling God, the judge of all, evoking merely a martyr's testimony, when he awoke all legal and official powers in Jerusalem to serve the ends of his 'determinate counsel,' and put the case against Jesus into legal shape, and follow it out from first to last in all due legal form? God forbid.

"Or will the Arminian notion of Jesus dying in some sense, and in the same sense, for all men? that is, when rightly sifted and examined, merely in some sense for the good of men, so that now all men can make better terms with God, or have another chance of escaping hell,—an opportunity, through a released or softened covenant, to save themselves. That also is very far from removing this grievous scandal, or explaining this most offensive exhibition.

"There must be an explanation that will gloriously vindicate the justice of God in so pursuing and prosecuting the Man of sorrows. There must be an explanation which will not merely vindicate the character of God, in the sense of showing that this process or prosecution which the divine 'determinate counsel' carried on, is no impeachment of the divine justice, but that it involves an illustrious instance and forthgoing of this divine justice. There must be an explanation which will even swallow up the scandal in glory, and make the very offence of the cross a fountain and revelation of high moral excellence and triumph,—not only not the eclipse, but the victory of righteousness.

"The doctrine which thus at once vindicates the personal innocence of Jesus and the public righteousness of God, and transforms the scandal into glory, and the shame into moral loveliness, is the suretyship and substitution of Jesus in the room of his people, with the imputation to him, thereon, of his people's transgressions. Accordingly, for this very reason—the Holy Ghost signifying this very truth—both at the commencement and at the close of this criminal process, the imputation of sin to Jesus is announced as the satisfactory and sufficient explanation of the whole."

The Acts of the Apostles. With Notes, Comments, Maps, and Illustrations. By Rev. Lyman Abbot. Hodder and Stoughton.

We like this volume better than those which preceded it. It will be useful to lay-preachers and Sunday School teachers, and although there are certainly better books to be had, these and the companion volumes will be acceptable to many. We admire the exceedingly fair way in which Mr. Abbot treats the subject of baptism: he is not a Baptist, but he handles the matter as candidly as a man can do, who has any views at all. His picture of Oriental baptism is quite to our mind.

Memoirs of Rebecca Wakefield. By her brother, Robert Brewin. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Mrs. Wakefield was a missionary's wife in South Africa, and was associated with that excellent deceased hero of the cross, Mr. Charles New. We must save this book for an article, for it is too full of interest to be dismissed with a few words, but it is due to its author to mention it at once as a book of considerable interest.

Brethren in the Keelhowes; or, Brethrenism tested by the Word of God. By Rev. J. M. Porteous. Simpkin and Marshall.

We warmly commended this trenchant assault upon "the Brethren," when it came to us in that foreign language called "broad Scotch," and we are therefore glad to see it in the English tongue. We hope many will read it and be warned of the devices of those who creep into houses, rob our churches, and sow strife and heartburning in all directions.

Oxford Theology. By J. Harrison Kellaway and Co., 10, Warwick Lane.

We have here, in small compass, a full exposure of the Romanizing tendency of what is well known by the characteristic title of Oxford Theology. In many instances, in fact, it is shown not to be Romanizing merely, but Romanism itself. The evils which this work exposes may often have been exposed elsewhere, but seldom, we think, in so clear and spirited a manner. It is not, however, a wild and impassioned, but a calm and well-directed assault upon the main source of those evils; not from a political, or denominational, but from an evangelical point of view. It illustrates the wide difference between material and spiritual worship, and hints at a tendency to introduce materialism in the worship of the sanctuary where it might least have been expected. Here is a sentiment, for instance, which some who style themselves *Non*conformists would do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest: "In better days holy women made garments for the poor,—they clothed the widow and the fatherless and the orphan with the work of their hands; but now the clergy have got other work for them to do, in clothing naked stones, in making superstitious emblems and meretricious ornaments, things which false religion needs, but which the real and the true can very well afford to do without." The different authorities upon which material and spiritual worship rest are clearly distinguished. Scripture says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Oxford says, "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what I will give you." Though humour and sarcasm may prove nothing, they may have their use in enforcing what has been already proved, and in suggesting arguments that need not to be otherwise expressed. The following instance may suffice. It is a description of Gregory XVI., the immediate predecessor of the present occupant of the chair of Infallibility. Personally, his appearance was neither prepossessing nor imposing. Strongly addicted to wine, his nose had gradually enlarged till it covered the half of his face. After his elevation to the Papal chair it still continued to enlarge, till its size became portentous: a sign and a wonder to his generation. At last it came to be regarded as a scandal to the church, and some of the most celebrated physicians of Germany were called in to attempt its reduction, and to bring it within decent bounds. The verdict of the faculty was that he must abstain from wine altogether; "and that," he said, "is what I will never do." Unable to shake his resolution, he was limited to two bottles of champagne daily; and the German savants departed, leaving matters very little improved. This is the source from which thousands, directly or indirectly, have received what they call their consecration to the priestly office, and their power of absolution from sin. It is the system, moreover, of which this man was the supreme head, that Oxford endeavours to support in its decline. For decline it must, and all that adhere to it must share in its fall. If there be those who fear the return of Romanism, with all its dark deeds of oppression and crime, they may here see this to be logically and morally impossible under conditions the very reverse of those to which it formerly owed its power. Oxford is not even all Oxford, and much less all England, and less still the whole civilized world.

Songs in the Night; or Hymns of Hope and Trust for Weary Watchers. Selected and arranged by ANNA CLOWES. Hatchards.

WE are all so very busy now-a-days, or else we could not do better than have a few hymn-books always handy to read from: not the sort we sing from at chapel, but more fitted for quiet lonely reading. One has often flavoured the mouth all day with a verse of a hymn thus picked up. If you begin this habit, *Songs in the Night* should be one of your collection, and if you are ever ill, and want a thin book, light to hold in bed, with large print to be seen without trying the eyes—here's the very thing for you.

Helen Gray; or, Come and See. By J. W. M. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

A STORY of conversion under the ministry of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. We should think more of it if we knew it to be a fact; but though it is only a story it is a touching one. There are rather too many foreign words in it to suit our taste. Some writers are far too fond of drawing into their sentences such words as *pavanes*, *affaire de cœur*, *tertullia*, and the like: we fear the habit is growing, and by degrees our literature will become so mottled and speckled with strange jargon that the real English tongue will be rare to meet with.

Life's Emblems. A companion volume to "Across the Sea." By BENJAMIN CLARKE. Sunday School Union.

GOOD, good, very good. Dip into it where you may it is lively as well as instructive. Mr. Clarke writes in a clear and taking style, and his tone is high. Could not the engravings be improved? Some of them are very bad.

Found and Burnt. By Mrs. GLADSTONE.

A NICE present for young people.

The Child's Own Magazine by the same Society makes an exceedingly attractive volume, with its charming frontispiece and many illustrations. *Morning of Life*, Vol. III., is also a good boys' magazine, though not quite so much to our mind in its general get-up as the other two.

The Verity and Value of the Miracles of Christ. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton.

PLAIN and forcible. Thomas Cooper is a born reasoner. He is so honest as to be somewhat blunt and abrupt in his modes of speech, but for this we like him all the better. His works on the Evidences are far more likely to be read and to be useful than more elaborate and tedious volumes. Long may "the old man eloquent" be spared, but even when he is gone he will be speaking for his Lord by works such as that which lies before us; and by thousands he will be remembered as one of the best of popular defenders of the faith.

The Gospel Treasury and Expository Harmony of the four Evangelists. Compiled by ROBERT MIMPRISS. Partridge and Co.

WE remember this treasury and the map which accompanied it when we were very young, and we found it mos instructive at that time, and most usefu in our early attempts to teach our clas the consecutive events of the gospel narrative. It was an expensive book then, but well worth the money, and now that it may be had in smaller type and in a cheap form it ought to be in the hands of all teachers. We need not praise it, it is its own advertisement. We know of no Harmony so thoroughly useful to teachers, nor upon the whole so correct, We only need to inform the new generation of teachers of its existence and of the seal which has been set upon its value by the favourable judgment of those best able to appreciate it.

The Gift of God. A Series of Addresses. By THEODORE MONOD. Morgan and Scott.

SWEET, spiritual, and simple. If all *Holiness* addresses had been like these there would have been more holiness and less boast about it. Their precious savour of Christ must have made these words of Mr. Monod very fragrant to those who heard them; and they will be refreshing to readers now that they are given to the press. Mr. Monod mentions an excellent prayer for a minister, which we commend to our readers. "O God, hold him up! O God, keep him down!"

Notes.

We wrote strongly last month upon the Baptismal Controversy in which our honoured friend Dr. Landels has been so assailed, and we have nothing to retract. We hope, however, that personalities will cease. The question itself is too weighty to be thrown into the background by personal attacks and replies. What has our Lord commanded? That is the question. Whatsoever he hath said unto us let us do. Jokes about "*the water*" are profane, and it is to be feared that in tolerating them, if not in repeating them, many of the Lord's servants have been verily guilty. A matter may be quite trivial in itself and yet assume very serious proportions when it becomes a question of reverential obedience to a divine command. Search and look. Let the New Testament decide whether the babe is to be sprinkled or the believer immersed: we have no other book to recommend, and shall not be afraid of the result as time rolls on, and the precept of Scripture drives out the prescription of custom. At the same time we trust that Christian fellowship, and the union of saints upon other matters, are not to be endangered in the mind of any man by an honest utterance of opinion. We can differ on that point surely (if we must) without exhibiting unkindly feeling.

We have been again ill, but were only laid aside for a fortnight. Mental labour of a very pressing kind has made us almost prostrate, but we hope to be able to keep on with home work, until we can take a rest abroad. We wish friends would allow us a pause from incessant work, by no longer compelling us to preach away from home. If they do not, we know that there must come an end.

Orphanage. The boys entreat us to say that Christmas is coming—"Please friends remember the orphans at Stockwell, who are as fond of plum pudding as your own Will and Harry. There are nearly 270 of us, including all the staff, and we like also to have our mothers or aunts to see us after Christmas-day, and so we want a good deal of help to spread the tables with good things. If we have more sent than we need we have some other holiday further on, and this is very nice for us. Mr. Spurgeon promises to spend the day with us, and we hope there will be a Christmas tree. Please send all sorts of things to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage. Don't forget us, kind people."

Bless the boys' hearts, we feel sure that friends will make them a merry Christmas. We wish they would be mindful of the expenses incurred all the other days of the year. Perhaps they will: at any rate, the Lord will remember us.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund. Our beloved wife placed the following letter on our blotting-pad, and as we cannot improve it, here it is.

"My very dear Mr. Editor.—The receipts of the Book Fund have now exceeded £900; don't you think I ought to show a balance sheet? My books are all 'posted up,' my accounts 'square,' the vouchers (I think you call them) are ready, and all that is wanted is some competent person to act as auditor. I have fixed upon *you* to do me this sweet service, because none can know so well as you the deep joy with which this work has filled my life, and no other eyes than yours could see so clearly the 'tender mercies' that lie 'manifold' between the pages of these little account books.

"Then I want you to tell your friends (and mine) that in the new year, if all's well, this 'balance sheet' shall be presented to them for their comfort and *encouragement* and the strengthening of their faith in our compassionate God, and that at the same time, if space be graciously granted to me in *The Sword and the Trowel*, I propose to give some more details of my work, and introduce to their notice a few 'English Interiors,' whose inmates have had cause to bless the Lord for the 'Book Fund.' Upwards of five thousand volumes distributed must have enriched *some* scantily furnished bookshelves; but, alas! this is but as a drop in the ocean of want. These 'five loaves and two fishes' are *not* enough to satisfy the multitude of ministers who are hungering and thirsting for mental food. We must cry mightily to the Lord that once again he may bless, and break, and divide, so that *all* may be filled!

"Now, my dear Mr. Editor, if these plans of mine meet your approval, please jot them down among the 'Notes' of the Magazine, in your own incomparable way, and oblige

"John Ploughman's Wife."

We are filled with joyful gratitude as we see the parcels of books going out to poor preachers. They must do good. The instances in which brethren have spoken to us of the profit they have derived from

these books have been many, and in each one the report has been enthusiastic. Of course it would need many thousand pounds to properly supply all poor ministers with books, but that which our beloved wife has accomplished must be a blessing. She has spent all her little strength upon the work, and the Lord has cheered her in it, and made us glad together. We will gladly give her space for the accounts, but we will invite some more impartial person to act as auditor. She knows how heartily we sympathise in this her peculiar service for the Lord, and how we rejoice in her success therein. Perhaps this work will become a permanent institution, and therefore its auditing must be done in the most orthodox and public fashion by some public business man, and not by us. Meanwhile, before the year closes we hope there may be more to audit.

COLPORTAGE. The Colportage Secretary sends us his monthly report as follows :—

"I have again the pleasure to report three additional colporteurs added to our list, Ludlow, Salop, Wellington, Salop, and Sedgley, Worcestershire. As two agents are constantly employed travelling from place to place for the express purpose of trying to start new colporteurs, we are anxious to enlist the co-operation of friends in the localities which they visit. This would greatly facilitate their efforts. Mr. T. S. Buckingham is in the midland counties, and Mr. J. Kettle is now in Suffolk. In addition to the £100 so generously given towards the £1,000 for stock, another friend has promised £50, but this is the only response to our appeal. The need of capital is seriously felt. The work grows, and its intrinsic value and importance necessitate a still larger increase, but this cannot be while the income is so small. Fifty-seven colporteurs are now at work 'sowing the seed.' Shall this encouraging progress be checked, and the harvest be limited?"

COLLEGE. From the brethren of the College we have cheering words. The students commenced a series of evangelistic services on Monday, 30th October, in the Tabernacle, intending to continue them for the week only; but at the unanimous desire of the brethren, they were prolonged to the 10th inst. All speak of the meetings as times of great blessing. Various means were used for gathering the people in to hear the word, and on more than one occasion a band of students resorted to "the highways," and by singing and preaching "compelled them to come in." Deep earnestness characterised both audiences and speakers, and on no evening did our brethren leave their work without being able to rejoice over some sinners brought to repentance.

On Thursday afternoon, Nov. 2, the students met together for fellowship and to seek a blessing on themselves. In the evening they took the Lord's supper together. Afterwards Mr. Spurgeon preached in connection with the services from John v. 40. It was a day of heart-melting to all. The Master was very near.

We rejoiced in Mr. W. Olney's presence on more than one occasion; his enthusiasm and loving counsel much helped us, and his pathetic appeals touched every heart. "Those meetings did us a world of good" is the general comment in the College. That they have done much good to the congregation is beyond all question.

Several students have lately settled, but our illness causes our reports to be imperfect this month.

REGENT STREET, LAMBETH. This chapel is not an aristocratic sanctuary as its name would seem to imply: on the contrary it stands in a poor locality and has fallen into a poor way itself. Our brother-in-law, Mr. Page, has been the means of greatly reviving the church, but the building is out of order, its fittings are uncomfortable and its outward appearance is repulsive. Moreover the ground can be made a freehold for a moderate sum, and the present tenure is unsatisfactory. For all this at least £500 will be required, and as the people are poor we ask help for them. It is our duty to maintain the poor churches which work among the crowded populations. A bazaar is to be held in George Street Schools, Regent Street, December 26, 27, 28. Articles for the bazaar can be sent to Mrs. Page, 92, Newington Butts, and cash to Mr. Page. This is a case in which no minister could have been supported, but Mr. Page, who is a solicitor, has added the gospel to the law, and thus supplied the deficiency. Many more business or professional men might do good service by imitating the example. Our impression is, that the alteration of the old structure will inaugurate an era of success for Regent Street.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—October 26th, twenty-two; November 2nd, twenty-six. By Mr. V. J. Charlesworth:—November 9th, eight. By Mr. W. J. Orsman:—November 16th, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 10th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Clark	20	0	0
Mr. G. Clark	1	0	0
Miss T. Clark	2	0	0
Miss Thurza Clark	2	0	0
Mr. E. W. Davies, per L. and C. Bank	5	0	0
Mr. C. Lovett	0	1	0
Luke x. 2	1	0	0
Mr. D. Deck	1	10	0
A Ross Highlander	0	3	0
Mr. R. Fergus	10	0	0
Miss Izzard	2	0	0
Per Rev. A. A. Rees	3	0	0
Mr. G. Meadows	0	5	0
Mr. F. Howard	1	1	0
Mrs. Sampson	1	0	0
Mr. C. Parsons	0	13	4
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Miss Drauefield	2	2	0
E. A. N. P.	0	3	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	5	0	0
Mr. A. P. Henson	1	0	0
Moiety of Collection at John Street, Bedford Row	10	1	4
Mr. McNab	1	0	0
Mr. G. Tomkins	2	10	0
Mr. G. Scivwright	0	15	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
T. A. / H. P. / W.	25	0	0
Mr. W. H. Burton	1	0	0
Mr. Pasfield	0	10	0
W. A. B.	1	0	0
Mr. Scivwright	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	0	10	0
A. K.	5	0	0
Mr. H. B. Pearson	5	0	0
Per Mr. G. Aubrey	1	4	0
Mr. A. R. Simpson	2	10	0
Mr. G. Walker	0	10	0
Mrs. Dawson	4	0	0
Per Mr. L. Eyres	0	10	0
Collection at East Hill, Wandsworth, per Rev. F. G. Marchant	5	5	2
Collection at Kingsgate Street, Holborn, per Rev. W. H. Burton	8	3	4
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Oct. 22	60	4	6
" " " 29	40	0	3
" " " Nov. 5	30	17	0
" " " " 12	26	10	6
	£297	0	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 20th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	500	0	0
Miss Copley	0	3	0
Friend, per Mr. Court	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Davies, per L. and C. Bank	5	0	0
Mrs. Harris	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Little	1	1	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
A Friend	10	0	0
H. M.	0	1	0
K. O. D.	1	1	0
Mrs. McArthur	0	2	6
Ebenezer	0	2	6
Mr. D. Deck	1	0	0
Bible Class, Albany Chapel, Brentford	0	5	3
Aylsham	0	12	6
J. R.	0	3	0
M. W.	0	2	0
M. P. Ramsey	0	10	0
Miss Izzard	1	0	0
Mr. Waller	0	5	0
Miss Hurmsworth	0	14	0
Per Rev. A. A. Rees	3	0	0
Mr. C. Clark	0	10	0
Mrs. Jones	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Merritt	3	3	8
Mrs. Hopwood	2	0	0
Metropolitan Store	1	0	2
Juvenile Society, Myrtle Street Sunday School, Liverpool	10	0	0
Mr. W. Fisk	1	1	0
Rev. W. L. Mayo	1	0	0
Mr. Battson	0	5	0
Miss Howard	0	10	0
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	10	0	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	10	0
Mr. C. Parsons	0	13	4
Moiety of Collection at John Street	10	1	4
Miss Marchant	0	10	0
Lecture at Stanley Baptist Chapel, per Rev. W. Norris	3	17	0
Mrs. Butler	0	14	2
W. A. B.	1	1	0
Mr. Scivwright	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	0	10	0
Miss Tapp and Miss Jenkins	0	10	6
Mrs. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. W. Muggeridge	1	1	0
Mr. T. Brimley	2	0	0
C. Mell.	3	0	0
Mr. S. Taylor	0	10	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Mr. A. P. Henson	0	19	11
Mr. G. Tomkins	2	15	0
Mr. J. Fuller	1	0	0
Mrs. Mack	0	5	0
Mrs. Patterson	0	2	6
Miss Anderson	0	2	0
Marthams Baptist Sunday School	0	16	0
Mrs. Couttie	0	10	0
R.	0	8	0
Mrs. Langley	0	5	0
Mr. Charnley	1	0	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
T. A. / H. P. / W.	25	0	0
Mr. J. Hart	1	0	
Mr. R. Hindle	1	0	
S. G.	0	1	
Mrs. Pasfield	0	10	
Mrs. Webb	0	2	
Mr. Daintree	1	0	
Per Rev. H. Winser—			
Mrs. Winser's Class	0 12 6		
Mrs. Winser's Box	0 7 8		
Sunday School	0 8 2		
Miss Grove's Box	0 7 0		
	1 1		
Betha	0		
Mr. Burrows	1		

	£	s.	d.
Miss Butler	0	19	0
Master H. Voss	0	12	3
Albany Chapel Bible Class	0	5	3
Miss Dalton	0	19	11
Miss Descroix	1	4	0
Mr. F. Blake	0	6	6
Miss Miles	1	17	6
Mr. North	0	5	3
Master Jago	0	4	6
Miss H. Cooksley	0	9	10
W. A. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. McGuffie	0	2	0
Rev. Cavan	0	10	0
Servant	0	2	0
Miss Powell	1	8	0
Mr. Reading	2	5	0
G. H. B., per Messrs. Passmore ...	2	0	0
A. K.	5	0	0
Mr. A. R. Simpson	2	10	0
A Thankoffering, per Mrs. Brockie ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Walker	0	10	6
A Working Man and his Friend ...	5	2	2
From Somersetshire	10	0	0
J. H.	0	2	6
Per Mr. L. Eyers	0	10	0
Anonymously	0	5	0
Pall Mall	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Stopford	3	10	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. James	1	1	0
Mr. F. Howard	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. Charlier... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Kaser 0 5 0			
Mr. Airey 0 5 0			
Mrs. Nelson... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. May 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Collecting Books and Boxes—			
Miss Bonsor 1 1 4			
Mrs. Tiddy 2 17 0			
Miss Jephs 3 1 0			
Miss Verrell 0 14 2			
Mrs. Samuel 1 5 0			
Miss J. A. Langton ... 0 11 0			
Miss Keys 4 0 0			
Mrs. Bantick 1 0 0			
Miss Smith 1 0 0			
Mrs. H. White 0 15 0			
Miss Round 0 9 9			
Mrs. Ryan 0 5 0			
Mr. G. Ely 1 4 0			
Miss Hickinbotham ... 0 16 0			
Mrs. Parker 3 12 0			
Miss Sargeant 0 17 6			
Miss Tutcher 0 13 1			
Mrs. Allum 0 19 6			
Mrs. White 1 10 0			
Mrs. Fisher 0 12 6			
Miss Wells 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. E. Knight 0 15 0			
Mrs. Pope 2 7 6			
Miss E. Hunt 0 13 7			
Mr. Luff 1 0 0			
Miss L. Lovegrove ... 0 11 6			
Mr. Turner 0 13 6			
Mrs. Conquest 1 0 0			
Mrs. Raybould 1 9 0			
Miss Leworthy 0 18 3			
Mrs. Woollard 2 17 0			
Miss E. Narraway ... 0 6 0			
Miss Narraway 0 13 6			
Mr. Crofts 1 13 0			
Miss Weeks 0 5 4			
Miss Gobey 0 8 6			
Mr. C. Howes 0 2 6			
Miss Anderson 0 13 6			
Miss M. Perry 0 5 3			
Miss Salter 0 10 0			
Miss Fryer 1 2 0			

	£	s.	d.
Miss Evans	0	15	6
Miss Alderson	0	6	0
Miss Viney	0	6	1
Miss Craig	0	7	6
Mrs. Lequeux	0	10	0
Mrs. Hill	1	2	0
Mrs. Marsh	2	0	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	14	0
Mrs. Bowles	1	7	0
Miss Lilly Chamberlain ...	0	10	0
Mr. Youngs	4	2	0
Miss Chilvers	2	1	0
Mr. L. Collins	0	10	0
Master Lawson	1	10	0
Mr. Murphy	0	5	0
Miss Maria Wade	3	0	0
A sick friend in Workhouse Infirmary	0	1	0
Mrs. Whitehead	0	17	0
Miss Hubbard	0	4	1
Master W. Hubbard ...	0	6	7
Miss Brown	0	18	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	4	4
Master S. Blackwell ...	0	9	0
Misses Higgs	1	9	6
Miss E. Heath	0	1	3
Master T. Westerman ...	0	5	11
Miss C. Hughes	0	11	6
Mrs. Baker...	0	12	0
Miss E. Hughes	0	16	7
Miss Hughes	0	6	6
Miss P. Law	0	5	9
Mrs. S. Smith	0	6	0
Miss E. Spratt	0	9	5
Mrs. Burrage	0	5	2
Mrs. Crowther	0	4	11
Master J. Romang ...	1	13	3
Mrs. Hertzel...	0	10	5
Mrs. Hurst	0	4	10
Mrs. Peck	0	3	7
Miss Johnson	0	2	1
Miss Perrett...	1	0	9
Miss Whillier	0	4	6
Miss Prust	0	4	6
Mrs. Luff	0	6	0
Mrs. Wheatley	0	12	5
Miss Richardson	0	3	0
Master Everett	0	5	6
Mrs. Clayton	0	5	6
Miss E. Balshaw	0	1	10
Miss Robertson	0	1	11
Miss Thomas	0	4	4
Miss Choat	2	2	4
Miss Mansfield	0	6	6
Miss Sherwood	0	13	6
Mr. Doddington	0	19	1
Miss Ross	1	6	2
Miss Underwood	0	7	1
Miss Alice Lines	0	3	0
Miss Durham	0	3	6
Master Wagner	0	2	0
Miss Howard	0	1	10
Miss Lizzie Chamberlain	0	4	5
Miss Emery	0	6	9
Mr. Hill	0	10	10
Miss Moon	0	13	4
Miss Augar	0	4	5
Miss Lillie Baulf	0	9	10
Miss A. Field	0	3	1
Robert Street Ragged School	0	13	3
Mrs. Gibbons	1	0	9
Miss Evans	0	1	6
Compositors and readers at 170, Strand, per Mr. Pickering	0	13	9
Miss Raybould	0	16	0
Miss Lydia Houlgate ...	0	15	2
Mr. E. Johnson	2	0	7
Master Blake	0	2	11
Mr. Geo. Steel	0	10	1
Master S. Delacourt ...	0	5	1
Mrs. Welsh	0	6	1

	£	s.	d.
Master W. Pugh ... —	0	2	0
Mrs. Ramang	2	3	2
Mrs. Mallison	0	10	5
Mrs. Lloyd	0	3	0
Miss Butler	0	4	2
Master H. Brightwell ...	0	3	3
Miss Mary E. Swan ...	0	4	3
Mrs. Farrar	1	8	5
Mrs. Smith	0	5	10
Miss Moulton	0	2	2
Miss Jones	1	1	0
Miss Cecilia Drew	0	6	3
Mr. Ashton	0	5	0
Master H. C. Hubbard ...	0	5	3
Miss Cunningham	0	9	10
Miss Dora Brown	0	10	0
Miss Patrick	0	2	0
Mrs. Frisby	0	7	0
Master Packins	0	3	0
Master Bates	1	13	9
Mrs. Conquest	0	4	4
Master E. J. Wheeler ...	0	1	7
Master Tobitt	0	0	3
Miss K. Everitt	0	5	8
Miss Westerman	0	5	2
Miss Gardiner	8	11	8
Miss Kiernan	0	11	11
Miss Robertson	0	1	11
Miss Lydia Field	1	8	0
Miss Louisa Stone... ...	0	12	7
Miss Larkman	0	4	2
Mr. Buckmaster	8	15	3
Miss Hitchings	1	5	9
Miss Stuart	0	3	7
Miss Dickens	0	1	6
Miss Badenoch	0	10	8
Master Warren Owen and Bertie Biddle	1	0	0
Mrs. Kerridge	0	5	2
Master Stoares	0	7	1
Mrs. Wainwright	1	3	11
Miss E. Craig	0	7	8
Miss Reed	0	2	8
Miss Swain	0	17	5
Miss Baker	0	3	9
No name	0	1	7
Miss Buck	0	7	7
Mr. Day	0	4	3
Miss Rose Hayball ...	0	2	6
Miss Liberty	0	16	1
Miss Jones	0	3	11
Miss Roan	2	14	1
Master B. Hayball ...	0	2	8
Miss Buswell	1	10	6
Miss Winslow	0	10	0
Miss Skinner	0	3	7
Miss Field	0	4	1
Miss Louisa Balshaw ...	0	1	4
Miss Coombes	0	3	1
Master A. Kemp	0	1	9
Miss Payne	0	4	10
Miss Price	1	3	7
			127 4 8
			£820 11 4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—Bag of Rice, Mr. Potter; Cask of Apples, Mr. Bowler; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 150 lbs. of Beef, Mr. Haydon; 12 Rabbits, Mr. Barton; a Sack of Flour, Mr. Russell; 20 Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Hogbin; 23 Jars Blackberry Jam, per T. Middleton.

Clothing—25 Woollen Comforters, Miss Winslow and Pupils; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield and Pupils; 25 Flannel Shirts, the Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Chapel, Brixton; a Piece of Sheeting, Anon.; a Quantity of Cloth, Mr. H. Fisher.

Fur Sale Room, and Sundries.—A French Bagatelle Board, Mr. Redgrave; a Load of Firewood, "K."; 12 Shirts, Miss Panter.

Donations, &c.—Mr. E. Waltham, £3; Mr. Slaughter, £1; Mr. Thompson, £2 2s; Mr. O. White, £1; "A Thankoffering for Charlie," £2 2s; The Girls of the Training School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, £1 5s 6d.—Total, £12 9s 6d.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Elders' Bible Class, for London Bible Carriage	5	0	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Ironbridge District, per T. White, Esq.	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. D. Wilkinson ...	1	15	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely District...	7	10	0
Minchinhampton District, per Rev. H. A. James	10	0	0
Forest of Dean, per Rev. T. Nicholson	7	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association, for Warminster	17	10	0
Oxfordshire Baptist Association, for Witney District	10	0	0
Maldon, per Rev. S. Spurgeon	2	0	0
North Wilts District, Swindon	7	10	0
Ludlow District, per Mr. James Evans	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association, for Stroud District	7	10	0
Oxford-hire Baptist Association, for Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Arnold District, per Miss Wells ...	25	17	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund.	£	s.	d.
W. Higgs, Esq.	5	0	0
J. P. Bacon, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. John Olney	1	1	0
G. Osborn, Esq.	10	0	0
A Friend (Dunstable)	0	5	0
Mrs. John Wright...	0	5	0
J. Reid, Esq., Croydon	1	0	0
Miss Izzard	1	0	0
Mr. C. Parsons	0	13	4
Mr. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier...	0	10	6
Mr. G. Medley	5	0	0
Miss Smith	5	0	0
Mr. Izard	1	1	0
Mr. G. Emery	5	0	0
	£194	8	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.