THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1877.

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

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PREFACE.

IN this magazine the reader has not only the history of those religious and charitable agencies which have found their centre at the Tabernacle, but an outline of the religious condition and activity of the period. This we would now summarize. At no time was so much being done in so many ways for the spread of religion of one kind or another; the reign of stagnation has ended, and everywhere things are on the move as to spiritual matters. This is so far good, for anything is better than lethargy; but we are naturally anxious to discover the result of all this stir: does error flourish, or does truth prevail? This, then, is our judgment, formed from observing our part of the spiritual world. Rome compasses sea and land to make one proselyte, and she snatches up here and there a pauper or a peer, but we do not believe that she gains so many as she loses. Our own observation can readily be corrected by that of others, but it leads us to the opinion that Popery pure and simple is not making much headway in England. We once lost a member to the Church of Rome, and we are informed that he has now deserted it: we cannot remember another instance, but we have baptized many Catholics who have not only escaped from the errors of their former creed, but are most decided and established believers in the great doctrines of grace. In fact, before the steady preaching of the gospel, and in the neighbourhood of an earnest church, the hold of Popery upon the mind is in many cases relaxing, and in not a few it is gone for ever. There is far more reason to fear the Ritualistic party in the Anglican Establishment: these double-faced gentlemen are making good their ground in the English Church, and are becoming more firmly planted every day. They gain both by their defeats and their successes, and advance none the less surely in places where apparently they are repressed. It is their connection with the National Church which is their strength, allowing them, under the prestige of authority, to lead men astray. Our Episcopalian neighbours at first disliked the Popish revival, then they tolerated it, next they excused it, and now to a large extent they admire it. It seems incredible that in so short a space a body of daring men should have set up the old idols, and brought back the entire Romish paraphernalia; if within the next ten years the church should reunite with that of Rome we should not be one whit astonished—nothing but the secular interests involved therein, and the dread of disestablishment, appear to us to prevent it. The National Church is drunken with the wine of Rome's abominations, and reels towards the confessional and other filthinesses.

Where are the Evangelicals? Where are the Evangelicals? Fraternizing with the High Church. What more can be hoped for from

them? They capitulated at Croydon, and the enemy exult in the surrender.

What of the Dissenters? The morning cometh and also the night. To our view there is a predominating faithfulness to the gospel among our brethren, but there are spots of rationalism which should cause great searchings of heart. We cannot be made to believe that Scotch Presbyterianism is largely affected. but we know a denomination in England which is sadly gangrened with a pseudo-intellectualism which counts it manly to doubt, and reckons the believer in the orthodox faith to be a weak-minded creature, worthy of their sublime pity. If this thing goes on, the prospect for those who indulge therein is none of the brightest; their fine notions will alienate the people and make many feel that even superstition is better than cold negations and the chill of perpetual questioning. Where this modern thought comes, it is the hand of death, and all things which are worth preserving wither before it. However, the truth lives and influences millions, and we believe that its profession is more vital and more extensive than ever it was. It cannot be frowned down or sneered down; never did it more prevail than now. Never had we a firmer hope or a brighter expectancy.

Concerning our own work, we render thanks that we have had a year of great mercy in connection with every department of it. Both in men and means the College has grown; the Orphanage has been blest with sufficient supplies, and the orphans have enjoyed remarkable health; the Colportage, though greatly crippled and straitened for money, has made progress; Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund has scattered happiness among the poor pastors more plentifully than before, and the church has steadily increased and all its agencies have been strengthened: in fact, all things have prospered with the increase of God. Blessed be his holy name for evermore.

One word only. Old and faithful friends have gone home, and we need new helpers. Our donors have decreased in numbers lately, and had it not been that the amounts given have been larger, we should have had a deficiency. We do not like losing the love and the prayers of the small givers. Where are they? Is this the work of the Lord? May he not, therefore, design that the reader whose eye now glances over the page should become a helper in our labour of love? It is a great enterprise—read our shilling "History of the Tabernacle" and see for yourself—and it needs many helpers. The Lord will direct them to us. Is he now directing you?

Dear reader, we have done our best for another year, and now beg a continuance of your patience and good will for the time to come.

C. H. SPURGEON.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1877.

A New Year's Wish.

"But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Philippians iv. 19.

THE Philippians had several times sent presents to Paul, to supply his necessities. Though they were not rich themselves, yet they made a contribution, and sent Epaphroditus with it, "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing unto God." Paul felt very grateful: he thanked God, but he did not forget also to thank the donors; he wished them every blessing, and he did as good as say, "You have supplied my need, and my God shall supply yours. You have supplied my need of temporal food and raiment out of your poverty: my God shall supply *all* your need out of his riches in glory." As he says in the eighteenth verse, "I have all and abound. I am full," so, he adds, "my God shall supply all your need." You have sent what you gave me by the hand of a beloved brother, but God will send a better messenger to you, for he will supply all your need "by Christ Jesus." Every single word sounds as if he had thought it over, and the Spirit of God had guided him in his meditation, so that he should to the fullest extent wish them back a blessing similar to that which they had sent to him, only of a richer and more enduring kind.

Now, on this New Year's day I would desire, somewhat in the spirit of Paul, to bless those of you who have supplied according to your abilities the wants of God's work in my hands, and have given, even out of your poverty, to the cause of God, according as there has been need. I count myself to be personally your debtor though your gifts have been for the students, and the orphans, and the colporteurs, and not for

myself. In return for your kindness, after the manner of his gracious love, "my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

This verse is particularly sweet to me, for when we were building the Orphanage, I foresaw that, if we had no voting, and no collecting of annual subscriptions, but depended upon the goodness of God, and the voluntary offerings of his people, we should have times of trial, and therefore I ordered the masons to place upon the first columns of the Orphanage entrance these words, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The text therefore is cut in stone upon the right hand and upon the left of the great archway. There stands this declaration of our confidence in God, and as long as God lives we shall never need to remove it, for he will certainly supply the needs of his own work. While we serve him he will furnish our tables for us.

The text might suggest to us a field of gloomy thought, if we wished to indulge the melancholy vein, for it speaks of "all your need." Behold A GREAT NECESSITY,—*all your need.* What a gulf! What an abyss! "*All your need.*" I do not know how many believers made up the church at Philippi, but the need of one saint is great enough: what must many need? It would not be possible to tell the number of God's children on earth, but the text comprehends the need of the whole chosen family—"*All your need.*" We will not ask you to reckon up the wonderful draught upon the divine exchequer which must be made by all the needs of all the saints who are yet on earth: but please think of your own need; that will be more within the compass of your experience and the range of your meditation. May the Lord supply your need and *all* your need.

There is your *temporal need*, and that is no little matter. If we have food and raiment we should be therewith content, but there are many of God's people to whom the mere getting of food and raiment is a wearisome toil; and what with household cares, family trials, sickness of body, losses in business, and sometimes the impossibility of obtaining suitable labour, many of God's saints are as hard put to it as Elijah was when he sat by the brook Cherith. If God did not send them their bread and meat in a remarkable manner, they would surely starve; but their bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure. "My God shall supply all your need." You have, perhaps, a large family, and your needs are therefore greatly increased, but the declaration of the text includes the whole of your needs personal and relative.

After all, our temporal needs are very small compared with *our spiritual needs.* A man may, with the blessing of God, pretty readily provide for the wants of the body, but who shall provide for the requirements of the soul? There is need of perpetual pardon, for we are always sinning; and Jesus Christ's blood is always pleading and cleansing us from sin. Every day there is need of fresh strength to battle against inward sin; and, blessed be God, it is daily supplied, so that our youth is renewed like the eagle's. As soldiers we need armour from head to foot, and even then we do not know how to wear the armour, or how to wield the sword, unless he who gave us these

sacred implements shall be always with us. Warring saint, God will supply all your need by his presence and Spirit. But we are not merely warriors, we are also workers. We are called, many of us, to important spheres of labour, (and, indeed, let no man think his sphere unimportant,) but here also our hands shall be sufficient for us, and we shall accomplish our life-work. You have need to be helped to do the right thing at the right time in the right spirit and in the right manner; your need as a Sunday-school teacher, as an open-air preacher, and especially as a minister of the gospel will be very great: but the text meets all requirements—"My God shall supply all your need." Then comes our need in suffering, for many of us are called to take our turn in the Lord's prison-house. Here we need patience under pain, and hope under depression of spirit. Who is sufficient for furnace work? Our God will supply us with those choice graces and consolations which shall strengthen us to glorify his name in the fires. He will either make the burden lighter, or the back stronger; he will diminish the need, or increase the supply.

Beloved, it were impossible for me to mention all the forms of our spiritual need. We need to be daily converted from some sin or other, which, perhaps, we have scarcely known to be sin. We need to be instructed in the things of God, we need to be illuminated as to the mind of Christ, we need to be comforted by the promises, we need to be quickened by the precepts, we need to be strengthened by the doctrines. We need, oh, what do we not need? We are just a bag of wants, and a heap of infirmities. If any one of us were to keep a *want-book*, as I have seen tradesmen do, what a huge folio it would need to be; and it might be written within, and without, and crossed and re-crossed, for we are full of wants from the first of January to the end of December: but here is the mercy, "My God will supply all your need." Are you put in high places? Have you many comforts? Do you enjoy wealth? What need you have to be kept from loving the world, to be kept from wantonness, and pride, and the follies and fashions of this present evil world. My God will supply your need in that respect. Are you very poor? Then the temptation is to envy, to bitterness of spirit, to rebellion against God. My God shall supply your needs. Are you alone in the world? Then you need the Lord Jesus to be your companion: your companion he will be. Have you many around you? Then you have need of grace to set them a good example, to bring up your children and manage your household in the fear of God: "My God shall supply your need." You have need in times of joy to be kept sober and steady: you have need in times of sorrow to be strong and quit yourselves like men; you have needs in living, and you will have needs in dying, but your last need shall be supplied as surely as your first. "My God shall supply *all* your need."

Come, then, brethren, and look down into this great gulf of need and exultingly say, "O Lord, we thank thee that our needs are great, for there is the more room for thy love, thy tenderness, thy power, thy faithfulness, to fill the chasm."

That first thought, which I said might be a gloomy one, has all the dreariness taken out of it by four others equally true, but each of them full of good cheer. The text not only mentions great want, but it

mentions also *a great helper*—"My God;" next, *a great gift*—he "shall supply all your need;" thirdly, *an abundant store* out of which to draw the gift,—"according to his riches in glory;" and lastly, *a glorious channel* through which the supply shall come—"by Christ Jesus."

First, then, for our enormous wants here is A GREAT HELPER: "*My God* shall supply all your need." Whose God is that? Why, Paul's God. That is one of the matters in which the greatest saints are no better off than the very least, for though Paul called the Lord "My God," he is my God too. My dear old friend who sits yonder, and has nothing but a few pence in all the world, can also say, "and he is my God too." He is my God, and he is as much my God if I am the meanest, most obscure, and weakest of his people, as he would be my God if I were able, like Paul, to evangelize the nations. Is it not delightful to think that my God is Paul's God, because, you see, Paul intended this; he meant to say, "You see, dear brethren, my God has supplied all my wants, and as he is your God he will supply yours." I have been in the dungeon in which Paul is said to have been confined, and a comfortless prison indeed it is. First of all you descend into a vaulted chamber, into which no light ever comes except through a little round hole in the roof; and then in the middle of the floor of that den there is another opening, through which the prisoner was let down into a second and lower dungeon, in which no fresh air or light could possibly come to him. Paul was probably confined there. The dungeon of the Prætorium in which he was certainly immured is not much better. Paul would have been left well nigh to starve there, but for those good people at Philippi. I should not wonder but what Lydia was at the bottom of this kind movement, or else the jailer. They said, "We must not let the good apostle starve;" and so they made up a contribution, and send him what he wanted; and when Paul received it he said, "My God has taken care of me. I cannot make tents here in this dark place so as to earn my own living; but still my Master supplies my need, and even so when you are in straits will he supply you." "*My* God." Now, it has often been sweet to me when I have thought of my orphan children and money has not come in, to remember Mr. Müller's God and how he always supplies the children at Bristol. That God is my God, and I rest upon him. When you turn over the pages of Scripture, and read of men who were in sore trouble, and were helped, you may say, "Here is Abraham, he was blessed in all things, and Abraham's God will supply all my need, for he is *my* God. I read of Elijah, that the ravens fed him: I have Elijah's God, and he can command the ravens still if he pleases." The God of the prophets, the God of the apostles, the God of all the saints that have gone before us, this God is our God for ever and ever. It seems to be thought that God will not work now as he used to do. "Oh, if we had lived in miraculous times," say some, "then we could have trusted him. Then there was a manifest declaration of God's existence, for he pushed aside the laws of nature, and wrought for the fulfilment of his promises to his people." Yet that was a rather coarser mode of working than the present one, for now the Lord produces the same results without the violation of the laws of nature. It is a great fact that without the disturbance of a single law of nature prayer becomes

effectual with God, and God being enquired of by his people to do it for them does fulfil his promise and supply their needs. Using means of various kinds he still gives his people all things necessary for this life and godliness. Without a miracle he works great wonders of loving care, and he will continue so to do.

Beloved, is the God of Paul your God? Do you regard him as such? It is not every man that worships Paul's God. It is not every professing Christian that really knows the Lord at all, for some invent a deity such as they fancy God ought to be. The God of Paul is the God of the Old and New Testament—such a God as we find there. Do you trust such a God? Can you rest upon him? "There are such severe judgments mentioned in Scripture." Yes, do you quarrel with them? Then you cast him off; but if, instead thereof, you feel, "I cannot understand thee, O my God, nor do I think I ever shall, but it is not for me, a child, to measure the infinite God, or to arraign thee at my bar, and say to thee, 'Thus shouldest thou have done, and thus oughtest thou not to have done.' Thou sayest 'Such am I,' and I answer 'Such as thou art, I love thee, and I cast myself upon thee, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of thy servant Paul. Thou art my God, and I will rest upon thee.'" Very well, then, he will supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Just think of that for a minute. If *he* will supply you, you will be supplied indeed, for God is infinite in capacity. He is infinitely wise as to the manner of his actions; and infinitely powerful as to the acts themselves. He never sleeps or tires; he is never absent from any place, but is always ready to help. Your needs come, perhaps, at very unexpected times; they may occur in the midnight of despondency or in the noonday of delight, but God is ever near to supply the surprising need. He is everywhere present and everywhere omnipotent, and he can supply all your need, in every place, at every time to the fullest degree. Remember that omnipotence has servants everywhere, and whenever God wishes to send you aid he can do it without pausing to ask, "How shall it be done?" He has but to will it, and all the powers of heaven and earth are subservient to your necessity. With such a helper what cause have you to doubt?

The next point in the text is, A GREAT SUPPLY. "My God will *supply* all your need." Sometimes we lose a good deal of the meaning of Scripture through the translation, in fact, nothing ever does gain by translation except a bishop. The present passage might be rendered thus, —"My God will fill to the full all your need." The illustration which will best explain the meaning is that of the woman whose children were to be sold by her creditor to pay the debts of her late husband. She had nothing to call her own except some empty oil-jars, and the prophet bade her set these in order and bring the little oil which still remained in the cruse. She did so, and he then said to her "Go among your neighbours and borrow empty vessels not a few." She went from one to another till she had filled her room full of these empty vessels, and then the prophet said, "Pour out." She began to pour out from her almost empty cruse, and, to her surprise, it filled her largest oil-jar. She went to another, and filled that, and then another and another. She kept on filling all the oil-jars, till at last

she said to the prophet, "there is not a vessel more." Then the oil stayed, and not till then. So will it be with your needs. You were frightened at having so many needs just now, were you not? But now be pleased to think you have them, for they are just so many empty vessels to be filled. If the woman had borrowed only a few jars, she could not have received much oil, but the more empty vessels she had the more oil she obtained. So the more wants and the more needs you have, if you bring them to God, so much the better, for he will fill them all to the brim, and you may be thankful that there are so many to be filled. When you have no more wants (but oh, when will that be?) then the supply will be stayed, but not till then. My God will fill up to the brim all your needs, according to the riches of his glory by Christ Jesus. How gloriously God gives to his people! We wanted pardon once: he washed us, and he made us whiter than snow. We wanted clothing, for we were naked. What did he do? Give us some rough dress or other? Oh no, but he said, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him." It was a fortunate thing for the prodigal that his clothes were all in rags, for then he needed raiment, and the best robe was brought forth. It is a grand thing to be sensible of spiritual needs, for they will be supplied. A conscious want in the sight of God—what is it but a prevalent request for a new mercy? We have sometimes asked him to comfort us, for we were very low, but when the Lord has comforted us, he has so filled us with delight that we have been inclined to cry with the old Scotch divine, "Hold, Lord, hold! It is enough. I cannot bear more joy. Remember I am only an earthen vessel." We, in relieving the poor, generally give no more than we can help, but our God does not stop to count his favours, he gives like a king. He pours water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground.

We must pass on to the next thought, and consider for a minute or two THE GREAT RESOURCES out of which this supply is to come. "He will supply all your needs, *according to his riches in glory*."

There, the preacher may sit down now, for he cannot compass this part of the text. God's riches in glory are beyond all thought. Consider the riches of God in nature? Who shall count his treasures? Get away into the forests: travel on league after league among the trees which cast their ample shade for no man's pleasure, but only for the Lord. Mark on lone mountain and far reaching plain the myriads of flowers whose perfume is for God alone. What wealth each spring and summer is created in the boundless estates of the great King. Observe the vast amount of animal and insect life which crowds the land with the riches of divine wisdom, for the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. Look towards the sea: think of those shoals of fish, so countless that when only the fringe of them is touched by our fishermen they find enough of food to supply a nation. Mark, too, the sunken treasures of the ocean, which no hand gathereth, but that of the Eternal. If you would see the wealth of the Creator, cast your eye to the stars: tell ye their numbers if ye can. Astronomy has enlarged our vision, and made us look upon this world as a mere speck compared with innumerable other worlds that God has made; and it has told us that probably all the myriads of worlds that we can see with the telescope are a mere fraction of the countless orbs which tenant infinite space. Vast are God's riches in

nature. It needs a Milton to sing as he sang in "Paradise Lost," the riches of the creating God. The riches of God in providence are equally without bound. He saith to this creature "Go," and he goeth, and to another "Do this, and he doeth it," for all things serve his bidding. Think of the wealth of God in grace. There nature and providence stand eclipsed, for we have the fountain of eternal love, the gift of an infinite sacrifice, the pouring out of the blood of his own dear Son, and the covenant of grace in which the smallest blessing is infinite in value. The riches of his grace! "God is rich in mercy,"—rich in patience, love, power, kindness, rich beyond all conception.

Now, you shall be supplied according to the riches of nature and the riches of providence and the riches of grace: but this is not all; the apostle chooses a higher style, and writes "according to his riches *in glory*." Ah, we have never seen God in glory. That were a sight our eyes could not behold. Christ in his glory when transfigured was too resplendent a spectacle even for the tutored eyes of Peter, and James, and John. At the too transporting light darkness rushed upon them, and they were as men that slept. What God is in his glory do ye know, ye angels? Does he not veil his face even from you, lest in the excessive brightness of his essence even you should be consumed? Who amongst all his creatures can tell the riches of his glory, when even the heavens are not pure in his sight, and he charged his angels with folly?

"Riches in glory." It means not only the riches of what he has done, but the riches of what he could do: for if he has made hosts of worlds he could make as many myriads more, and then have but begun. The possibilities of God omnipotent who shall reckon? But the Lord shall supply all your need according to such glorious possibilities. When a great king gives according to his riches, then he does not measure out stinted alms to beggars, but he gives *like a king*, as we say; and if it be some grand festival day, and the king is in his state array, his largesses are on a noble scale. Now, when God is in his glory, bethink you, if you can, what must be the largesse that he distributes—what the treasures that he brings forth for his own beloved! Now, according to his riches in glory, he will supply all your needs. After that, dare you despond? Oh, soul, what insanity is unbelief! What flagrant blasphemy is doubt of the love of God! He must bless us; and, blessed by him, we must be blest indeed. If he is to supply our needs according to his riches in glory, they will be supplied to the full.

Now, let us shut up our meditation with the fourth remark, and that is—THE GLORIOUS CHANNEL by which these needs are to be supplied. "According to his riches in glory *by Christ Jesus*."

You shall have all your soul's wants satisfied, but you must go to Christ for everything. "By Christ Jesus." That is the fountain head where the living waters well up. You are not to keep your wants supplied by your own care and fretfulness,—"Consider the lilies, how they grow." You are to be enriched "by Christ Jesus." You are not to have your spiritual wants supplied by going to Moses, and working and toiling, as if you were your own Saviour, but by faith in Christ Jesus. Those who will not go to Christ Jesus must go without, for God will give them nothing in the way of grace except through his Son. Those

who go to Jesus the most shall oftenest taste of his abundance, for through him all blessings come. My advice to myself and to you is that we abide in him, for since that is the way by which the blessing comes we had better abide in it. We read of Ishmael, that he was sent into the wilderness with a bottle, but Isaac dwelt by the well Lahai-roi, and it is wise for us to dwell by the well Christ Jesus, and never trust to the bottles of our own strength. If you wander from Christ Jesus, brother, you depart from the centre of bliss.

All this year I pray that you may abide by the well of this text. Draw from it. Are you very thirsty? Draw from it, for it is full, and when it is pleaded the Lord will supply all your need. Do not cease receiving for a minute. Let not your unbelief hinder the Lord's bounty, but cling to this promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." I know not how to wish you a greater blessing. If you are enabled by the Holy Spirit to realize it, you will enjoy what I earnestly wish for you, namely—

A Happy New Year.

It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven.

A NUMBER of intimate friends being at dinner together, on the Lord's-day, one of the company, in order to prevent improper discourse, said, "*It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not.*" This plain hint occasioned a general seriousness and self-examination. One thought, "If any of this company go to hell, it must be myself"; and so thought another and another; even the servants who waited at table were affected in the same manner. In short, it was afterwards found that this one sentence proved, by the special blessing of God upon it, instrumental to their conversion. What an encouragement is this to Christians, to give a serious turn to the conversation, when in company! It should be observed, however, that the Lord's-day was not instituted for the visiting and entertainment even of Christians. How is their conduct, who make a point of meeting and feasting on the Sabbath, to be distinguished from the Sunday parties of the profane? Our place of meeting, on that day, is the house of God; and our feast, the rich provisions of the everlasting gospel. How we wish that all professors would remember this!

Grace should permeate the entire man.

IN the camphor tree every part is impregnated with the precious perfume; from the highest twig to the lowest root the powerful gum will exude. Thus grace should permeate our whole nature, and be seen in every faculty, every word, every act, and even every desire. If it be "in us and abound" it will be so. An unsanctified part of our frame must surely be like a dead branch, deforming and injuring the tree. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and *all that is within me* bless his holy name"—when praise is truly spiritual it pervades the whole man.

The Work of the Pastors' College.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part IV.

PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, "C. H. SPURGEON'S FIRST STUDENT," AT PORTSMOUTH.

THOUGH he is Number One in order of time in that ever growing army which has been disciplined for its aggressive action in the Pastors' College, Thomas William Medhurst is only about four months younger than the President of the College, having been born in busy Bermondsey on the last day of October, 1834. From his earliest childhood the lot of Mr. Medhurst was cast among nonconformists, and, strictly speaking, his training to the date of conversion was thoroughly religious. Old Bermondsey had many nooks and corners where sites of historical interest could be found, and Bethesda Chapel, Jamaica-row, might have claimed some distinction as one of these. The church which worshipped there under the pastorate of Mr. Dovey, was of ancient date and of the Baptist denomination, but having fallen into decay the sanctuary was some years ago taken down, when its pastor removed to Stoke Newington, where he died. Bethesda Chapel was Mr. Medhurst's first Christian home; there he received instruction in the Sabbath-school, year after year, but though good seed may have been sown in his heart, he remained unconverted till twenty years of age.

Having received an education suited to his social condition, the time arrived when a life occupation had to be chosen, and the youth who manifested a liking for work, as well as a fondness for reading, was fortunate as regards his first master, Mr. John Porter, a well-known rope maker of South London, and a deacon of the church meeting at East-street Chapel, Walworth. In the manufactory of this Christian tradesman the apprentice became perfected in his useful calling, and was looked upon by his fellows as a steady-going youth who was likely to prosper in the world.

In the meantime he honestly desired to avoid vicious tendencies, but he supposed that he displayed a refined taste when his leisure hours were devoted to such recreations as could be found in theology and the drama. He read religious periodicals with avidity, while his passion for the theatre was so unusually strong that at last he attended the plays on four or more nights of the week. After leaving Bethesda Chapel he became a seatholder at the Surrey Tabernacle, and an enthusiastic admirer of the late Mr. James Wells, whose oratory was the only attraction which could successfully compete with the elocution and sensuous scenery of the stage in winning the young man's attention. The good man's sermons exercised an influence over the inexperienced hearer amounting to fascination, and not even a novelty at a favourite playhouse would then have kept young Medhurst away from the Surrey Tabernacle week-night service. All this time conscience remained easy, he was not unhappy while trying to serve God

and Mammon, and making toys of things sacred as well as of things profane. He felt secure and self-satisfied in his unyielding Antinomian profession, but while nothing heard from the pulpit led the admiring youth to suspect the faultiness of his inconsistent procedure, we feel quite sure that Mr. Wells, had he been directly appealed to, would not for a moment have sanctioned such a singular course of life.

One wintry night, early in the year 1854, a missionary meeting was advertised to take place at Maze Pond Chapel; Mr. Medhurst attended, and he was there struck with the speech of a very young man who had recently arrived from Waterbeach, and was preaching weekly at New Park Street Chapel, not far away. That stranger was Mr. Spurgeon, who attracted an extra share of attention on account of being a new comer, reckoned to be exceedingly eccentric, and a violator of all the rules of decorum. To New Park-street Chapel Medhurst resolved to go for the purpose of hearing for himself what the new pastor had to say when actually in the pulpit. The resolution to act thus was not made lightly and suddenly. To leave Mr. Wells for a stranger, and on a regular service night, moreover, was not only something new in our friend's experience, it was something so wildly daring that for the moment he hesitated and trembled. He was wending his steps away from home! He was forsaking the assembly of the saints! He was going to hear an Arminian! On his arrival at the chapel he felt somewhat as Bunyan felt when he leaned against Elstow tower to watch the ringers—as though the building would fall and crush so notorious an offender out of existence! The sermon was founded on Hosea vi. 3, "Then shall we know *if* we follow on to know the Lord." The discourse is not remembered beyond the fact that the "if" was "thrown overboard," as a supplementary word inserted by the translators, and "*as*" substituted in its place. Mr. Medhurst was so far gratified that he admitted the preacher to be no Arminian, and what had been spoken lodged in his heart until he ceased frequenting theatres, severed his connection with the extreme party, and removed to New Park-street, where he was just in time to obtain a seat. But though now convicted of sin he found no peace in attending the public worship of God. He went to the chapel sorely depressed, listened in despair to what was said, and continued for six months in the most wretched condition imaginable.

"Well, how are you to-day, Medhurst?" the pastor would ask, halting on the pulpit stairs while the people were leaving, and thinking of what he could say or do to lighten the woes of the penitent.

"Oh, worse and worse," was still the doleful reply. The case was a peculiarly trying one; again and again the gospel was explained, but the sinner failed to see that Christ pardoned without money and without price.

Just at this crisis Mr. Medhurst framed the following note, and sent it to his new found-friend:

Dear Sir,—Would you be kind enough candidly to inform me whether there is any hope that I belong to the elect family of God; whether Jesus Christ His Son has ever died for me, while my affections are in the world. I try to pray, but cannot. I make resolutions only to break them. I listen from time to time when you speak of the glory set apart for the saints, when you describe their feelings, their joys, but I have nothing to do with these things. Oh, sir,

that Sunday morning you spoke of the hypocrite, I felt you were describing me. I go to chapel, hear the Word preached; go home, make resolutions, go to work, out in the world, and forget all, till the time of preaching comes again. I read the Bible, but with no interest; it seems no more to me than any other work that I have read before; it is to me dry and insipid. Christ has said that of all who come to Him He will send none away. How am I to come? I would if I could, but I cannot. At times I think I will give all up, and not go to chapel any more; but when the time comes I cannot stay away, but feel compelled to go once more. Do, dear sir, tell me how I am to find Jesus? how can I know he died for me? and that I belong to his family? Dear sir, tell me, am I a hypocrite?

I remain, yours to serve in anxiety,
THOMAS WILLIAM MEDHURST.

This cry of anguish called forth the following reply:

Dear Sir,—I am glad that you have been able to write to me, and state your feelings. Though my hands are always full, it will always give me joy to receive such notes as yours. You ask me a very important question, "Are you one of God's elect?" Now this is a question neither you nor I can answer at present, and therefore let it drop. I will ask you an easier one, "Are you a sinner?" Can you say "Yes"? All say yes; but then they do not know what the word *sinner* means. A sinner is a creature who has broken all his Maker's commands, despised His name, and run into rebellion against the Most High. A sinner deserves hell, yea the hottest place in hell; and if he be saved, it must be entirely by unmerited mercy. Now if you are such a sinner I am glad to be able to tell you the only way of salvation—"Believe on the Lord Jesus." I think you have not really yet understood what believing means. You are, I trust, really awakened, but you do not see the door yet. I advise you seriously to be much alone; I mean as much as you can. Let your groans go up if you cannot pray; attend as many services as possible, and if you go with an earnest desire for a blessing it will come very soon. But why not believe now? You have only to believe that Jesus is able and willing to save and then trust yourself to Him. Harbour not that dark suggestion to forsake the house of God. Remember you turn your back to heaven and your face to hell when you do that: I pray God that He will keep you from doing so. If the Lord had meant to destroy you he would not have shown you these things. If you are but a smoking flax there is hope; touch the hem of His garment, look to the brazen serpent.

My dear fellow sinner, slight not this season of awakening. Up, and be in earnest. 'Tis your soul—your own soul—your eternal welfare—your heaven or your hell—which is at stake. There is the cross, and the bleeding God-man upon it—look to him and be saved. And there is the Holy Spirit, able to give you every grace. Look in prayer to the sacred Three-one-God, and then you will be delivered.

I am, your anxious friend,
CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

This letter afforded no relief, and the man to whom it was addressed appeared to be lapsing into despair. At length, on a memorable Sunday evening, he went to the chapel in New Park Street, in a condition of mind more miserable than ever. He thought he was perhaps going for the last time; for if he received no relief *then* he decided that he would give up religion altogether. If he was destined to be lost he would be lost, and that was the end of the matter. He sat down in his old place not knowing what to do, not daring to raise his head in hope. He had read and prayed without receiving the longed-for light; he had

secured about a dozen interviews with the pastor; he had written a letter and received good advice, and all in vain. Now he was about to hear what was likely to be his last sermon. Still somewhat listlessly he opened his Bible to find the text—John vi. 37. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Quicker than lightning, almost before a word had left the preacher's lips the chain of bondage was broken, and the abiding peace of Christ flowed into the penitent's soul. It was difficult to sit still during the delivery of the sermon; it would have been a relief could he have stood up to have vented his joy in songs of praise. Hitherto he had committed the mistake of trying to answer the question "Am I one of the elect?" He now perceived that they are the elect who trust wholly in Christ.

Having found liberty Mr. Medhurst at once became a Christian worker. He manifested considerable interest in tract distribution, in Sunday-school teaching, and in open-air preaching. His maiden sermon was delivered in Billingsgate fish-market; but he also erected a street pulpit on Tower-hill as well as at Bankside, where hearers were converted and added to the church. This evangelistic activity did not escape the notice of Mr. Spurgeon; and soon after the young Christian was called into the vestry, when the proposal was made that he should relinquish trade to undergo a course of study with the view of entering the Christian ministry. Mr. Medhurst had just then completed his term of apprenticeship; the world with its promises was opening before him, so that he naturally asked for time before coming to a decision. In a fortnight the offer was accepted; but just then difficulties arose such as had not been anticipated. Mr. Spurgeon experienced some kind of disappointment in pecuniary matters, on which account the education scheme had to be for the present laid aside, though at this date Mr. Medhurst was preaching at Crosby-row chapel, hired for the purpose by Deacon Cook. Soon after, however, the way became opened in an unexpected manner. Mr. Spurgeon obtained available funds, and the young man was taken from business and placed in the household of Mr. C. H. Hosken, at Bexley-heath, who is now settled in a pastorate at Cossey, Norfolk. The young man's aspirations were gratified, and he had opportunities of working hard at the business of preparation for future usefulness.

Mr. Medhurst lived for nine months with the pastor at Bexley-heath, and during the latter portion of that time he preached here and there in the neighbourhood, chiefly in the open air. Every now and then he would call upon Mr. Spurgeon, at 75, Dover-road, to report progress, as well as to take counsel; and it was on one of these occasions that a dialogue was held which has been given to the public, but without its original setting.

"Well, Medhurst, how are you getting on?" asked Mr. Spurgeon.

"Well, I don't know, sir, I'm afraid I have made a mistake," was the reply.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I've been preaching for six or seven months and have not heard of any conversions."

"You don't expect conversions *every* time you preach, do you?" asked the pastor.

"No, I don't expect them every time."

"Then be it unto you according to your faith," answered Mr. Spurgeon. "If you expect great things from God you'll get them; if you don't you won't."

These words left an indelible impression on the mind of the student. He is able to say at the present time that he has never since that day preached without expecting a blessing; and the blessing has come according to his faith.

Soon after this he went to preach at Kingston-on-Thames, and before the completion of his prescribed course of study he accepted the pastorate of that church. Because the distance between Bexley-heath and Kingston was too great to be travelled with convenience every week, a lodging in London became indispensable. Mr. Medhurst accordingly ceased to reside with Mr. Hosken, and was placed under the admirable tuition of the Rev. G. Rogers, who has ever since been the pillar of the Pastors' College. His first student remained in the house for fifteen months, and settled at Kingston-on-Thames in September, 1856.

This first pastorate must be pronounced a successful one. It extended through four years; two hundred persons were baptised; the chapel was improved as well as enlarged; a sum of £450 was collected for a new place of meeting; and the pastor was summoned before the local magistrates for presuming to attempt the reformation of the town by preaching in the open air. After leaving Kingston Mr. Medhurst laboured at Coleraine, where he remained for two years, and then settled at Glasgow in November, 1862. His pastorate at North Frederick-street church showed an increasing popularity; and while there he published two volumes, *Streams from Lebanon*, and *Rays of Light in the Dark Valley*.

About this time Dr. Smith, of the *Glasgow Examiner*, published a number of sketches of preachers in Scotland, and in one of these Mr. Medhurst is thus portrayed:—

"In appearance he looks very youthful—almost boyish. He is rather above the average height, with clear complexion, light hair, and well developed brow. His countenance is pleasing—beaming with benevolence, and yet wearing an aspect of firmness and determination unusual in one so young. He has a good deal of the attitude and gesture of Mr. Spurgeon, and is a very animated and energetic speaker. His voice is soft and occasionally husky (caused, we presume, by too much speaking). There is a great deal of ease in his manner. He looks round quite composed on the crowds around him, and directs them to seats, and tells the gentlemen that in Ireland the gentlemen are too gallant to sit while ladies are standing beside them. In expounding the chapter, his remarks were excellent, but being expository, it struck us that he spoke in too loud a voice. In preaching, expounding, and praying, he at least avoids the common and condemning sin of the pulpit—that of dulness. He speaks with notes before him, with great fervour, force, and fluency. He has the tongue of a ready speaker, and seems never at a loss what to say. There is a great deal of direct appeal to his hearers. After explaining the ability and willingness of Christ to forgive, he stopped, and looking around on his audience, he said emphatically, "What say you to this forgiveness? Do you wish for it?" A great part of his power lies in his ready utterance and homely appeals. The discourse, of which we have given an outline, was above the average of sermons, in thought and expression. The hypercritical might allege that there was a

lack of logical precision in the illustrations, and that there was a good deal said that might be equally suitable for many texts. Even the divisions might be assailed, as pardon is a part of justification. Pardon and acceptance as righteous are the constituent parts of justification. There is probably a design in these occasional sermons. He evidently wishes to give in every discourse a complete view of the way of salvation, of man's lost state, of the atonement and grace of Christ, and of regeneration and sanctification through the Spirit. In his stated ministrations we have no doubt his discourses are more textual, more logical, more precise in outline and filling-up; but for an occasional discourse there is much truly admirable in the above. It will be observed, for instance, that he completely and clearly determined between the objective and subjective in the matter of assurance of salvation. Believers may have the assurance of the completeness of Christ's work, the freeness of Christ's grace and love, while they have many doubts and fears as to their acceptance and appreciation of the provisions of the Gospel, and their personal evidence of being united to Jesus."

Mr. Medhurst continued at Glasgow for about seven years, and his removal to Lake-road, Portsmouth, took place in the autumn of 1869. What fruit came of his labours in the largest city of Scotland may be inferred from the words of a deacon of the church, spoken at a farewell soirée.

"If ever there was one thrust into our work, to all human appearance, by the providence of God, we have reason to believe that Mr. Medhurst was thrust in here. We have great reason to bless God that he came amongst us. When he came there were about 200 members, now there are about 500. The debt on the chapel has also been greatly reduced, and, as your Treasurer, I may say we stand financially in a nice, comfortable way. When we first heard whisperings that our pastor would be removing, we felt dismayed, and when he wrote the letter stating he had accepted the call, we felt for a time paralysed. We seemed to hear a voice from heaven saying, 'Stand still and see what the Lord will do for you now.' We stood still, but that voice said, 'Arise, and prepare to go forward,' and that voice says now, 'Go forward, thy way will be made plain.' We begin now to realise the fact that God himself is calling him there. As he said himself, he is going to a larger field of labour. I would take the opportunity of saying what may have been misunderstood. There is not the same number of inhabitants in Portsmouth as in Glasgow, but the building where the congregation meets is larger than here. The congregation there numbers about 1400 souls, and we pray that the Lord will go with him, and make him instrumental in winning many souls to the Saviour, and of building up God's people in the holy faith."

"At Portsmouth Mr. Medhurst continues to command respect and to enjoy a considerable measure of success in preaching the word, between three and four hundred persons having been added to the church by baptism since his acceptance of the pastorate. The chapel is commodious and convenient; as a Nonconformist meeting-house it is the finest in the town, or perhaps in the county. The previous labours of Mr. Gange, now of Bristol, had caused the erection of this noble edifice, and it is a great blessing that the successor of such a man has been able to maintain a flourishing interest, for too often it happens that the removal of a successful preacher causes shipwreck to the church which he gathered.

The earnest pastor finds in Portsmouth a fine field for evangelistic operation. Being a great military and dockyard town, it is cursed by

all the sins which seem to dwell in such places as in their native home. Drink and licentiousness are the parents of countless crimes; could they be repressed, and the soldiers have profitable labour given them to do, our arsenals would become orderly communities. Still, though Portsmouth continues to be a wicked place, the town is far better than it was; it is improving; it is not the worst town to be found in the British empire. Miss Robinson has been an immense benefactor to the garrison by means of her Soldiers' Home. Although in the opinion of certain residents that earnest Christian lady has given too dark a picture of the abounding iniquity, there is cause enough for anxious prayer, and increasing effort. There are two sides to the question of the comparative wickedness of certain towns, and Mr. Medhurst is able to testify that he has witnessed more drunkenness in seven weeks at Glasgow than he has seen at Portsmouth during as many years.

We have now explained how Mr. Medhurst became "C. H. Spurgeon's first student," and the first-fruits of the Pastors' College. When his education was first undertaken there was no likelihood, as far as appearances went, of a college being formed, but one thing led to another, until Mr. Spurgeon entertained the design in earnest, and was enabled by divine assistance to carry it out. When Mr. Medhurst preached as a student at Kingston-on-Thames the friends there gave him a sovereign every Sunday for his expenses and services. Mr. Spurgeon suggested that this remuneration was not all that could be given, as the congregation was increasing; the friends adopted the suggestion very cheerfully, and promised to contribute another £50 a year. When the first quarterly instalment was paid it was offered to Mr. Medhurst, but with a right generous spirit he desired that the money might be given to help some other brother as he had been helped. This was accordingly done, and the President has never forgotten this augury of the free-hearted spirit which to this day has characterized the students in reference to their Alma Mater and himself.

Our readers have now some idea of the early days of the College, and will see how from small beginnings great results may flow.

Truth cannot be bound.

WHEN the daughter of the mayor of Baune had lost her canary bird, her wise parent gave strict orders that all the gates of the town should be shut, that the creature might not escape. The bird was soon over the hills and far away despite the locking of the gates. When a truth is once known no human power can prevent its spreading; attempts to hinder its progress will be as ineffectual as the mayor's proclamation. As a bird of the air, truth flies abroad on swift wings; as a ray of light it enters palaces and cottages; as the unfettered wind it laughs at laws and prohibitions. Walls cannot confine it nor iron bars imprison it; it is free and maketh free. Let every freeman be upon its side, and being so let him never allow a doubt of its ultimate success to darken his soul.

How the Book Fund prospers.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"A RECORD OF COMBAT WITH SIN, AND LABOUR FOR THE LORD." These words on the cover of our magazine startled me the other day as I sat thinking over my work and what I should say about it. I felt almost ashamed of my audacity in presuming to ask a place again amidst these pages, seeing that I am not strong enough to bear a "sword," and my "trowel" is such a very little one that it can only hope to gather enough mortar to supply some few of the labourers who build up the living stones. But I remembered with exceeding comfort that, when the wall of Jerusalem was repaired, in Nehemiah's time, the work of the daughters of Shallum was as faithfully recorded as the labour of the princes and the priests.

So I take courage to tell again of the Lord's great goodness to me, and how marvellously he has continued to help and bless the "Book Fund." As certainly as if he had stretched forth his hand from the heavens and given me a written commission for the service, so surely do I know that this work came to me through his indulgent love, and from the first moment of its existence to the present, he has guided and supported and blessed it, and every atom of the glory shall be his. *He* sent me the needful funds to carry it on, by moving the hearts of his people to help me, for *not one penny* of that £926 was solicited except from him. And he has heard and answered the prayer that a great blessing might follow the books into the homes of his dear servants, comforting their hearts and refreshing their spirits, as well as aiding them in their preparation for the pulpit. I have *two great heaps* of letters from them, so heavy that I lift them with difficulty, and if all the joy and gratitude to God therein expressed could be written out it would fill some volumes. Knowing how deeply interested in these letters the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* have hitherto been, I propose in this paper to give a series of extracts from them,* a set of word pictures as it were, which I shall call

A GLIMPSE AT SOME ENGLISH INTERIORS.

Years ago, when I had the felicity of sharing my dear husband's annual holiday, one of our chief pleasures consisted in visiting the picture gallery of every continental town we entered. There, "walking circumspectly" over the shining, treacherous floors, we spent many happy hours, and enjoyed to the full the works of the grand old masters, but I am not ashamed to confess that I at least used to linger longer and more lovingly over a "Dutch Interior" by Teniers or Ostade, than I cared to do over any "Madonna and child" that Raphael or Rubens ever painted. These latter never stirred any *devotional* feelings within my soul, and failing this, they ceased to interest, and even grew tiresome by constant repetition. But it was charming to be absorbed in the "little beautiful works" (as an authority on painting calls them),

* When the writers of these letters recognise their own compositions they need have no fear of betrayed confidence, for with my own hands I have prepared all the copy for the printer, so that their names might be unknown.

which the Dutch masters loved to draw with such wonderful and tender minuteness of detail. The interior of a fisherman's hut, with its quaint wooden cradle, and its basket of freshly-caught fish, would on close inspection reveal unsuspected objects of interest, and the picturesque farm kitchens with their glittering array of bright pans, their wealth of delf ware, their chubby children, and their comely Vrows, were so home-like and so natural that the more one gazed at them the more vividly real they became, and it was an easy task to weave a tale of family joy or sorrow around each glowing canvas.

But now I want to show my friends, by pen in lieu of pencil, some scenes of English home-life where the tale of gladness or of suffering is even more plainly pictured, and needs no effort of the imagination to unfold it. A hasty glance into a parlour, at the moment when a gift from the "Book Fund" has arrived; a peep into a study where the four portly volumes of the "Treasury of David" have just enriched the scanty store of books; a glimpse of a figure with bowed head and clasped hands, pouring out a heartful of gratitude before his God,—these, and such as these, tell their own story, and as we pass from one picture to another will only need a word or two from me to introduce them. I could show some where tearful faces gather, and a little coffin occupies the foreground, but these are *veiled*, and my hand dares not withdraw the covering.

The first "Interior" which I point out to you is shining with the brightness of domestic love. The little room may be poorly furnished, and the bookshelves *I know* are sadly bare, (how can they be otherwise when the minister's income has the very uncomfortable habit of oscillating between £40 and £60 a year?) but you can see with what intense delight that kind and happy wife is assisting to unpack the treasure of new books which will cheer her husband's heart and make him feel a richer man for some time to come. There is a "Sword and Trowel" lying on the table, and . . . . but you shall look for yourselves—

"The receipt of your communication this morning was a surprise. A pleasing and agreeable surprise; for I had no idea that my kind, good wife had written to you. Often have I seen the 'Treasury of David' advertised, and have secretly desired to have it. But in order to be happy I am compelled to nip my desires in the bud, lest they should grow to be troublesome. My soul's desire for books has to be slain, which is wearisome work, so that some passages of Scripture, in an improper sense, have a secret meaning to my soul. 'My soul is weary because of murderers.' 'Happy is he that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones'; but in this case I have to thank you and my dear wife that my desire for the 'Treasury of David' has not perished with the rest; a little Moses saved, and I trust will prove a blessing. Please accept my *hearty thanks*. May the Lord abundantly bless you in your mission, and move the hearts of his children to contribute. Much pleased to see a sketch of your lemon plant, and to find it flourishing: I have often thought and wondered whether the little thing was still alive. . . . No one but the Lord, and the partner of our joys and sorrows, knows the struggles of a minister. Thank God for a good wife. Minster churchyard, in Kent, has a monument to the wife of a minister, of whom it is recorded, 'She cheered him with her smile, sustained him with her counsel, and aided him in his ministry for thirty-six years.' And she is not the only one. . . . After examining the work, I am constrained to write again and express my high appreciation of it. I am impressed with the immense amount of labour which must have been expended

in its production—the mines of truth it contains. It is indeed a treasury of things new and old—to me a treasure indeed. Others have laboured, and I am favoured to enter into their labours. It is the most valuable work I have, the Bible, of course, excepted. The whole church owes Mr. Spurgeon a debt of gratitude, not only for his own thoughts, but also for bringing up from the past the thoughts of the thoughtful of other ages. It will, it must, be a lasting benefit to thousands, and ought to be on the shelf of every minister. Yours is a noble work, to distribute to those who cannot afford to purchase. Pardon me for writing a second time. If I were to hold my peace the stones would cry out."

There is so much homely yet pathetic grace in the next picture, that it must attract all eyes, and hearts also, I hope. How true to nature, and how touching is the chief incident—the evening stroll down the brightly-lighted streets of the town, the unmistakable *gravitation* of the poor minister's mind and body towards the fatal bookstall, and the overwhelming anxiety of the tender wife to avert the threatened peril to her scantily-filled purse!

"Being the wife of one of those ministers whom God has put it into your heart to help, I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude, and as my heart is too full to hold all it feels, I pour it out before God and you whom he has chosen to carry out a work so noble. A thousand thanks for your timely aid. . . . I am the mother of seven children—six are yet with us—the eldest is fifteen, the youngest just over eight. While rearing these children up to now, mine has been a life of hard work and self-sacrifice. Our salary in the past has been much lower than it is now, but still we have to struggle to make ends meet as family wants increase year by year. My husband is a great lover of books, and I am almost ashamed to confess that when walking in town with him I have very carefully avoided going into the streets where the book stores were kept, *knowing it would be hard work for him to pass them by*. Many times after receiving our quarter's salary it has puzzled me to know how to divide it—the quarter's school bills nearly due, one must have a new suit of clothes, another a dress, the twin boys must have new boots, caps, etc. I assure you that to spare a little for my husband's library I have had to be servant, tailor, and dressmaker, and very frequently have my hands been in the dye-pot in order to send my family out respectable."

We cannot help saying "Well done! good wife, good mother, the Lord reward thee 'in that day'!"

Now we come to a small but choice picture. The minister sits in his study (a cosy one), and we rejoice to see his shelves moderately stocked with books; he has just had the pleasure of adding the "Treasury of David," and "Watson's Body of Divinity" to his store; he is writing rapidly, and this is what he says:—

"This evening I have received the four much-desired vols. Heartily I thank you, and unfeignedly bless the Lord, joining in the prayer so kindly recorded in Vol. I. that the precious contents may avail me. Here is a mine of gold—I hope to dig up nuggets for my people. How the cream of the gospel stands thickly on this unadulterated milk! Prayer and meditation shall churn it into butter; nay, shall I not give them butter and honey till they *all* know how to refuse the evil flesh-pots of Egypt, and choose the good things of the land where David dwelt, where milk and honey flow? Your noble efforts for ministers will be a blessing to both mind and body. It *is* rather trying to the nerves to be clearing the ground with a borrowed axe, carving wood with one's fingers, and working at the pump when the sucker is dry. But now, through

Mrs. Spurgeon's loving work, poor men whose thoughts stand still for want of gear-oil will have heart and mind set spinning like the 'Chariots of Amminadib'!"

There is one difficulty I experience in arranging this little gallery of home scenes, which arises from the loving gratitude of the sketchers themselves. Some of the most interesting and touching letters I receive contain so many gentle and gracious *personalities* that I am obliged to conceal them from public view, and for this reason many a bright picture enshrined in the privacy of my "sanctum" can never leave it to touch other hearts as it has touched mine. I hope, however, that those I am able to present to my friends will interest them greatly, and next in order I place two stereoscopic views which need no comment.

"For nine full years I have toiled along as pastor here, my salary having generally been £80. I married soon after settling in this place, and have now five children besides one who is gone to the "better land." I have been obliged to eke out my scanty means by taking a few pupils. My library I need scarcely say is, for a minister, ridiculously small. It is impossible for me to purchase books which I should greatly value, and the possession of which would be a benefit not to myself alone, but also to the people to whom I minister.

* * * * * * * * *

"It is indeed kind of you to send me so munificent a present. I wish to express my very best thanks, and to assure you that I shall value your generous gift very highly. Nor shall I alone reap the benefit; those to whom I minister are sure to participate in the blessing. I must tell you that yesterday was my birth-day, and to-day is the birth-day of my eldest little girl—six years old—so that your kind gift comes as a most seasonable present."

"It is several long years since I have been able to replenish my small library with a new volume. With the strictest economy we find it is all that we can do to keep up an appearance suitable to our station and pay everyone twenty shillings in the pound, which, thanks to our heavenly Father, we have done. My stipend is £52 a year, with a house. I have had a great deal of affliction in my house—five have passed away by death, and now my wife is ill and has been under medical care for eighteen months, so that, what with doctors' bills and extra expenses, *new books* appear to be among the last things I can find money for. A grant ever so small will be thankfully received.

* * * * * * * * *

"When opening the parcel and beholding its precious contents I cannot express to you the emotions of my soul, nor will words convey to you the thanks I wish to express. I can only say that I hastened to my study, and on bended knee poured out my gratitude to my heavenly Father, who has supplied my need. Nor did I forget to invoke the benediction of heaven upon the kind donor."

The next picture has two aspects—winter and summer—for thanks to the kindness of dear friends, I was able, for a time at least, to make the sun shine on the hitherto cheerless prospect. Would to God I could do more, not only for this "good wife," but for the many others who I know have terrible reason to be "afraid of the snow for their households." Just think of the dear little children patiently lying in bed while their scanty clothing was being washed!

"Forgive me for troubling you with a statement of our poverty. Many times I have felt prompted to ask if you have a fund for supplying poor ministers' wives and children with clothes. If so, I sincerely trust you will have

compassion on us, for we are in great need. My husband has been in the ministry more than twenty-six years, and has never received more than £5 per month. We are seven in family, and I am such a sufferer from rheumatics that I cannot do the housework, and as we cannot pay for hired help, our eldest girl, who was in a situation, is obliged to come home again. If you can help us in any way, it will be very, very acceptable, for the winter is near, and firing and house-rent are high, and my dear husband's clothes are getting as bare as our own.

"I am going to try to drop you a few lines, but do not know how sufficiently to thank you and dear friends for your great kindness to us. We were all of us overjoyed; it is an old saying that it is always darkest before the dawn, and we found it so, for when your present came to hand the dear little ones *were in bed, that we might wash their clothes*, as we had not change of raiment for them. But you may depend there was no more sleep for that day when they were told that Mr. Spurgeon had sent money to buy them new warm clothes. Since then we have received a cheque from Mr. ———, and a box of very valuable clothing from Mr. ——, which we feel sure is through your sympathy. . . . We sincerely hope that none of the kind friends who have helped us will ever know one-tenth of the trouble that we have had, yet we never had so much joy as this week has brought us!"

One more picture I must give which has just come into my hands. This time not an "English Interior," but a French one. A night-scene evidently, for the midnight-oil is in full flow and the earnest student becomes so fascinated by his studies that the early dawn finds him still intent upon his treasure. There is a great dearth of theological literature in France, and this good pastor having acquired somewhat of the English language, ardently desired to enrich his mind and feast his soul on the fat things of English divinity. He wrote to Mr. Spurgeon asking for the "Treasury of David" at a reduced price, and of course I gladly sent it as a gift from the Fund. His gratitude is intense, but he is far from being satisfied. His appetite is whetted, and he hungers for more of such substantial food. In the latter part of the following letter, which I have translated for my readers, he not only announces his determination to obtain the two volumes of "Treasury" (which alas! do not yet exist) but also begs to be informed what would be the cost of the twenty-one volumes of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," which he thinks a necessary part of the equipment of every Christian pastor. I wish I could give them to him.

TRANSLATION.

"I must tell you that I felt utterly amazed when I found that those precious and valuable volumes were actually a *present* to me, a perfect stranger! It is impossible for me to express my gratitude; but I do thank you with *all my heart*, and I wish I could see my greatly revered brother, to tell him with my own lips how much I owe him. Assure your dear husband, madam, that his books will be a real 'treasure' to me, and not to me only, but also to the people whom the Lord has confided to my care. I received the parcel at eight o'clock in the evening, and I spent the *whole night* in devouring the contents! I shall pray earnestly that Mr. Spurgeon may soon accomplish the work so successfully commenced, and that then every English-speaking Christian may be the happy possessor of the 'Treasury of David.' I dare not ask you to think of me when the work is completed, that would be abusing your kindness, but I shall not fail (though I am very poor) to procure the other vols. for myself as soon as they appear, and appear they will I am certain, for the Lord would not allow so precious and useful a work to remain unfinished."

Although I have *scores* more of such letters, I am afraid I must close

my collection here, lest I tire my reader's patience, and trespass too far on my Editor's precious pages. It has been a joy inexpressible to minister even in the least degree to the crying needs of the pastors who have sought the aid of the "Book Fund," but I cannot forget that there are hundreds still unsupplied, and if the Lord permit and spare me, I hope to do more this year than was accomplished in the past. I depend *wholly* on the Lord to move the hearts of his people to help me, and I know he "will not fail me," nor "forsake the work of his own hands." The amount of work already done stands thus—

4,967 volumes distributed. Of these
1,950 were "Lectures to My Students."
1,346 volumes "Treasury of David."
820 volumes of "Sermons."

And the remaining 851 volumes comprised works by other authors, some valuable secondhand books presented to me by friends, and the lesser writings of Mr. Spurgeon. 701 ministers have received grants of books (varying from 4 to 8 volumes each) and as I am *corresponding secretary*, as well as treasurer, manager, *etc.*, my friends can imagine I have had full employment. The only part of the work delegated to another is the *packing* of the parcels, and this service is always performed as a "labour of love" by the willing hands of the dear friend to whose devoted affection I already owe so much. Who should be my "director in chief" and my "referee" in all perplexities but my dear Mr. Editor? To him I run in search of counsel, comfort, or wise advice, and need I say I always find it?

I now submit to my readers' inspection the balance sheet, and hope it will be "approved" by all my friends as well as by the kind auditor.

BALANCE SHEET,

Dr. *From August 11th, 1875, to December 9th, 1876.* Cr.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	926	3	5	By Books	856	11	6
				„ Carriage of Parcels ...	47	18	1
				„ Postage of Books and Letters	21	13	5
				„ Balance in hand ...	0	0	5
	£926	3	5		£926	3	5

Audited and approved,

December 9th, 1876. THOS. GREENWOOD, *Auditor.*

I must confess to a little disappointment that I had not the good *round* sum of £1,000 to record, but yet I find that nine hundred and twenty-six pounds is enough to make me very thankful, and some of my poor pastors very happy, and I prayerfully wait for more. Already, since the balance sheet was audited, that meek little balance of *fivepence* has been supplemented by the promise of fifteen pounds, and faith keeps sweetly whispering, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

Let me direct the attention of contributors to the fact that the *only expenses incurred in this work* are the carriage of books and the postage of "Lectures" (at 3d. each). These two items are heavy, but fully justified, for I consider the prepayment of parcels and books as part of the present, and think the gifts would be robbed of half their grace if they did not reach the recipients franked and free! The postage of the many letters written is more than covered by a donation of £10 from my beloved husband.

Dear friends, farewell. As on former occasions, so now I must beg that the effort to place before you some details of my work may be viewed with lenient and indulgent eyes. "John Ploughman's Wife" may well be forgiven when she humbly acknowledges that the "pen of a ready writer" is not to be wielded by her feeble fingers; yet, notwithstanding conscious inability and weakness, she confidently hopes that some "honour, and glory, and blessing" will be laid at the Lord's feet by this tribute to his wonderful lovingkindness, shown so manifestly in the continued prosperity and vigour of the "Book Fund."

"REMEMBER ME, O LORD, FOR GOOD."

The Gospel in Mexico.*

MISS RANKIN is a successful Christian worker, who in consequence of failing health has retired from active service, but still serves her Master by means of the pen. Feminine modesty would have prescribed silence in regard to her singularly interesting and manifold labours; but the better advice of judicious friends prevailed, the result being that the world is favoured with a narrative of adventures remarkable, if not unique, when it is considered that an "unprotected" woman is the subject of them.

The author is a native of New England, and though she loved her home and its many endeared associations, she was early led to make sacrifices for the sake of Christ and perishing men, and therefore in 1840 she bade adieu to the paternal homestead and the friends of youth to begin her mission of mercy. For some years she laboured in the then remote regions of Kentucky and the State of Mississippi; but in the meantime her eyes were turned towards a territory still further removed from gospel privileges. At the close of the war between Mexico and the United States news came to Miss Rankin's ears which prompted her to undertake the heroic enterprise of carrying the gospel into Mexico, that iron-bound land of superstition, where Popery imposed its degrading curse on soil and people. "I learned through returned soldiers and officers much about the moral destitution prevailing among the people of Mexico. Here, I learned, was a country right upon our border from which the light of the Bible had been excluded for centuries. Indeed, a pure Christianity had never penetrated these dark regions, as all the previous history of Mexico clearly

* "Twenty Years among the Mexicans." By Melinda Rankin. (Cincinnati, 1876).

proved. Upon the advent of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico, Roman Catholicism, with all its idolatrous rites, was substituted for Paganism. Notwithstanding the assumptions of the Roman system of religion, it proved fully as demoralising as the old idolatry, and, besides its corrupting tendencies, it ground down the poor inoffensive people under the most despotic bondage. This system reigned supreme, under a tyrannical priesthood, for more than three hundred years, and its legitimate fruits were fully apparent in the moral degradation prevailing throughout one of the fairest countries upon the globe."

In May, 1852, Miss Rankin left Jefferson, in Eastern Texas, and embarked at New Orleans for Brownsville, a town on the Rio Grande River, and lying opposite to Matamoras. In this station she would not only be overlooking the country she wished to evangelise, she would be in the midst of a Mexican population, while enjoying the protection of the United States government. Then came unexpected trials, which reminded her of John Bunyan's Pilgrim who met with lions, and was advised to keep the middle of the road where the enemy could not inflict harm. It was reported that the Indians had risen, and were threatening Brownsville to the danger of all white people's lives and properties. The alarm may have been more in imagination than in reality; but Miss Rankin persevered, pressed forward in her journey, and was soon rewarded with a sight for the first time of a Mexican subject. "I did not feel, as many others have expressed, that the *sight* of a Mexican was enough to disgust one with the whole nation. A heartfelt sympathy was revived, not by the prepossessing exterior, surely, but because a priceless soul was incased in it for whom the Saviour* had died." On nearing Brownsville the traveller expected to find a lodging in some hotel; but as the town contained no such institution, temporary accommodation, proffered by a German woman, was gladly accepted. No comfortable lodging with board could be procured, and therefore as a solitary stranger in a strange land the adventurous lady had to set up a home on her own account. She did so, and resolved to serve her Lord by keeping a school. "The day before opening my school," she tells us, "I went to my rooms, but not under very auspicious circumstances. At dark I had no bed to sleep on, nor did I know how I was to obtain my breakfast, to say nothing of a supper. But before the hour of retiring came, a Mexican woman brought me a cot, an American woman sent me a pillow, and a German woman came and said she would cook my meals and bring them to me. Did I not feel rich that night as I retired to my humble cot."

A school was immediately opened, and there was no lack of pupils; about forty children attended whose parents were glad to welcome the services of an efficient teacher, while the lately proscribed Bible was read with interest in the classes. Miss Rankin experienced the satisfaction of feeling that she was sowing the good seed of the kingdom, even though her work might be but a grain of mustard seed. Her situation was critical; and to a solitary woman who had no sense of

* "Savior," Miss Rankin writes, in accordance with the bad orthography of Noah Webster. These mutilations of our mother tongue offend good taste, and it is hard to believe that they serve any other purpose.

security in God the alarms by day and the fearful watchings by night would have been intolerable. There were Indians scouring the country ready to commit any outrage which promised plunder; and there were villainous wretches among the Mexican population who would murder a man for the clothes he wore. At one time it seemed questionable whether duty would not oblige the teacher to retire from a country so utterly lawless and hopelessly wicked; but Miss Rankin persevered, and she found a reward in realizing that *The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.* The school grew in interest and influence; the children became the teachers of their parents and the reformers of those who had been put down as incorrigible. Straws upon the surface indicated the course of the stream. "A mother of one of the little girls of my school came to my door one day, bringing her 'saint,' as she called it; she said she had prayed to it all her life, and it had never done her any good, and asked me if I would take the 'saint' and give her a Bible for it. I very readily made the exchange. Indeed, I was well enough pleased to give her *two* Bibles, as she said she had a friend over in Matamoras who wanted the good book also." The only hope of benefiting the people was based upon God's word. Bibles were distributed up and down the country, and though they were forbidden articles of traffic they were carried across the water into the territory of Mexico proper.

While this was in progress, and while the endeavours of the evangelist promised a fair measure of success, a body of priests and nuns, new imports from France, appeared suddenly on the scene. Coming as they did with all the paraphernalia of priestcraft, and with the determination to rear a convent and so regain the ground already lost, they were as unwelcome as those armies of grasshoppers, which in the Western States, devour in a day the fruits of a season's industry. It was seen at once that a force like this must be fought with its own weapons. If they erected a school-house, the Protestant Mission must follow the example by building also. With prompt decision Miss Rankin marked out her course. She closed her school and returned to her own kindred and friends for the purpose of collecting such funds as would be necessary for the enlargement of her plans.

A traveller whose object is to collect money for the cause of God undertakes a difficult and not always pleasant duty; but to collect funds for Mexico was thought to be the most Utopian of all philanthropic schemes. A Mexican was thought of with abhorrence; for, besides being a cut-throat, he naturally inherited the worst traits of Paganism and Popery. "You will receive rebuffs and insults which will kill all the finer instincts of your soul," said one gentleman when asked for a contribution. Judicious professors and far-sighted preachers decried the enterprise as wild and uncalled-for. Some thought that such people were "just fit to be exterminated from the earth"; others declared that powder and bullets would suit them better than Bibles. Dr. Chester, of the Presbyterian Board of Education, seemed as though he purposely placed obstructions in the way; but, as it afterwards proved, his object was to test the faith of the agent. Still, the money was collected in time, and in connection with this part of the subject we have the following striking story:—

"I was, while in Natchery, directed to call upon a very wealthy lady. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and although somewhat peculiar, it was thought that the proper presentation of my cause might elicit a liberal donation. I called and was taken into her presence by the servant. I introduced myself in my usual way, and presented the object of my visit with becoming propriety; but it seemed she was in a most ungracious mood, for she replied with great vehemence, 'I have nothing to give you, besides I know nothing about you. You may be an impostor, as there are many going about under like pretences.' I was stung to the quick by her unjust allusion, and hastened to produce my papers, some of which were recommendations from members of her own church. I said, 'I do not care for your money, but I do wish to convince you that I am not an impostor.' But she paid no heed to what I said, and with most angry demonstrations ordered her servant to open the door, and bade me go out. I walked out, of course, but with the deepest humiliation I ever experienced in my life. With flushed face, and falling tears, I went on my way until I came to another stately mansion to which I was also directed. I hesitated entering, as from my recent experience I would gladly have avoided exposing myself again to heartless and bitter cruelty. But, I reflected, benevolence and humanity are not banished from the earth because of the conduct of this woman; her spirit is the exception, not the rule. I entered, although with a trembling heart; but upon my first introduction I saw I had a different person with whom to deal from the one I had just encountered. The lady of the house received me with the utmost kindness, made me a liberal donation, and when I left accompanied me to her gate, and pointed to the house I had just left, saying, 'There lives my sister, go there; I know she will give you something for your cause!' I did not tell her I had already been there. I would not wound her feelings by the recital of her sister's conduct toward me. Some two or three years after I was travelling on business connected with my work, and stopped in one of the northern cities, where I was informed of a shocking railway accident, which had just occurred near by. A lady who had visited the scene of the disaster, told me of one of the sufferers, a lady from Natchery. By the description, I was confident it was the person from whom I had received such ungracious treatment. The poor woman, with broken limbs and lacerated flesh, was bewailing her great affliction, and the painful deprivation of the contents of her palatial home in Mississippi. A little shanty, from which she could not be removed, was all she could have for her accommodation. My heart was moved at the recital of her distresses, and could I possibly have gone to her, would most gladly have tried to minister to her comfort. I could only put up the prayer that God would comfort her, and forgive her for so misjudging me. But I soon parted and never heard of her more."

On her return to Brownsville after an absence of fourteen months, Miss Rankin found the papal emigrants housed in their convent with all the machinery of priestcraft in full working order. The building of her own schoolhouse was at once commenced, and in the autumn of 1854 the institution was opened avowedly to counteract the influence of the Romish zealots who were enslaving the people. The natives

showed an extraordinary desire to possess the Scriptures; and as the Protestant school taught English far more efficiently than it was taught elsewhere, the classes continued to be well attended. The American and Foreign Christian Union was applied to for a colporteur, but as no Christian man, who understood Spanish, could be found, an assistant in the school was provided, and Miss Rankin herself visited every house in Brownsville, to leave copies of the Bible where they were likely to be either useful or acceptable. Only in rare instances were the Scriptures rejected; the Book was rather treated with superstitious reverence, as for instance, when it was buried in a coffin with a late possessor. What was better, the oracles of truth had more than a local circulation; they crossed the Rio Grande, penetrated far into the interior of Mexico, and were gladly paid for by the natives. A godly German even lost his life in this noble service. "This man was a travelling portrait painter, and the nature of his business gave him access to Mexican families who gladly received the Word of God, and paid him for it. As this was before the prohibition was removed, he often encountered violent opposition, yet he felt so deeply the spiritual deprivations of Mexico, that he was willing sometimes to run great risks, not only of losing his personal effects, but also his life. At one time his hat was taken from him, and he was obliged to travel some ten miles or more without any covering for his head; which, under the scorching rays of a Mexican sun, was no small deprivation. He finally lost his life in Mexico: whether he was killed on account of the dissemination of the Bible, or for purposes of robbery, we never ascertained. It was known that he stopped for the night at a town named Comer, half-way between Monterey and Matamoras, but nothing more was ever heard of him by his friends. He was eminently a man of God, and we felt assured, that, like the martyr Stephen, he had fallen asleep in Jesus, although a violent death was permitted to be his." In course of time a combatant of the opposite camp lost his life, but under far different circumstances. As the "Father Superior" of the Romish party, this man succeeded in raising a temporary storm of opposition against the Protestant school, and Miss Rankin lost half her scholars. A violent storm in the Gulf of Mexico became the means of restoring the peace on shore. The man was drowned while on a voyage to New Orleans; and as a consequence of his removal, the school again filled, and the persecution was not renewed.

The years 1858-9 are most memorable on account of trials, both of a domestic and public kind, as severe as they were unexpected. For three years previously Miss Rankin was assisted by one of her sisters; but this beloved helper was carried off by yellow fever; and Miss Rankin herself was stricken down, though she providentially recovered. The town was next troubled by Cortinas and his murderous comrades, who wantonly put to death many leading inhabitants. This was an alarming situation for a Protestant schoolmistress to be placed in. "For two weeks after the assault of Cortinas I remained in my house and continued my school, as I knew his murderous designs were only directed against his enemies," she tells us. "As long as he had his own band of men, who were fully instructed upon whom to commit violence, I felt no apprehensions that any harm would befall me: but when he was reinforced by desperadoes from all parts I became con-

vinced that I should be in danger in case they succeeded in getting into the town. I went to Matamoras and remained three or four weeks." But even this brief interval of comparative rest was turned to good account, and much useful knowledge was gained respecting the needs of the country. Soon after came the civil war, resulting in the defeat of Miramon and the priestly party, and the triumph of Juarez and the liberals. The events which followed are matters of history which need not be recapitulated at length. Neither the intervention of Napoleon nor that of the Pope was able to restore to the church that power which had been so shamefully abused; and the reign of liberty meant the dissemination of God's Book in which men could read of a remedy for every evil, whether national or personal.

On the breaking out of the American civil war, Miss Rankin found that her sympathy for freedom and the North would seriously interfere with evangelistic work at Brownsville. At the instigation of a Presbyterian fanatic, who called himself a preacher of the gospel, she was actually compelled to vacate her school-house and leave the territory. Through the activity of the aforesaid Presbyterian she narrowly escaped having her goods confiscated, while the *chivalrous* Southerners would have hindered this Christian lady procuring either food or lodging had not two friendly shipmasters at Bagdad supplied accommodation. Being thus driven from her sphere of labour Miss Rankin returned to New Orleans; and still diligent in her Master's service, she ministered to the necessities of the wounded in the military hospitals. This was a new and trying kind of self-denial, for the memory of what was seen and heard by day made it impossible at times to sleep at night.

At a later date, when schools were first established for the freedmen, further experience was gained in the uses and needs of human life. The eagerness of the liberated slaves to become possessed of that knowledge which had been tyranically denied them was singularly intense; and some of the confessions made, if collected, would make a telling chapter on the romance of slavery. What would our kid-gloved ecclesiastics say to a man, sixty years of age, who, without knowing a letter of his alphabet, had preached the gospel for forty years? Such, however, was one of the pupils in the first school, and the poor fellow was able to make a good confession. "When I thought myself sinking down into eternal woe, due to my sins," he remarked, "there appeared One before my eyes who showed me His pierced hands and side, and said 'All this I suffered that you might be saved from the punishment of your sins.' Oh, I fell down at the feet of this loving Saviour, and he raised me up saying, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' I went to others and told them of this loving Jesus, and I cannot tell you of the great numbers who have been brought to feel themselves sinners, and made to rejoice in the same forgiving love. I still tell the wonderful story, and though it was forty years ago since I first learned the Saviour's love, it is still new."

When the town was taken by the Federal troops, Miss Rankin returned to Brownsville and re-opened her school after expending about two hundred dollars for necessary repairs. In their hasty retreat the Confederates had endeavoured to destroy what they could no longer hold, and though they did not succeed, their fire and powder left its

marks. Some happy days now followed. "That the presence of an army should cause an increase of moral and religious influences is quite an uncommon circumstance," remarks the author. "Several of the officers were Christian men, and with the chaplains and agents of the Christian communion, quite a religious community was constituted. During the spring of 1864 a hopeful revival of religion prevailed, and many conversions took place among the soldiers." This happy condition of affairs was rudely terminated when the Federal troops were recalled, and the town once more degenerated into a southern pro-slavery stronghold.

Though compelled to leave her school, and the pupils she loved, Miss Rankin still felt that she must spend and be spent for Mexico. Just at this conjuncture the star of freedom was in the ascendant, for Maximilian declared himself to be on the side of religious liberty, so that the road into the interior was not only open, but invitingly clear. The adventurous lady started on what was a daring journey, if viewed apart from the faith that sustained her. Monterey was reached in safety, a city correctly described as being Satan's seat, and the centre of priestly influence. This was a spot suitable for the head-quarters of the mission it was proposed to establish; but it became necessary to return to the States to collect such funds as were necessary to provide schools and other suitable buildings, for without these they fought the priests at an obvious disadvantage.

It was no light thing to reside in such an unsettled country as Mexico, where one might retire to rest under a Republic and awake in the morning under an Imperial government. The dangers of the road were also notorious, for Cortinas, with his robber band, set all law at defiance, and was the terror of the country. The journey had to be made through the dreaded chieftain's territory. It was Miss Rankin's fortune to fall into the hands of the enemy, and Cortinas himself is described as "the complete personification of a guerilla chief." His Indian face and evil eye revealed the desperate character he had for many years sustained upon the frontier; and "she felt anything but comfortable while he sat on his horse in silent contemplation, evidently considering what he should do with us." The armed robber soon showed that he knew more about chivalry than did the pro-slavery citizens of the Southern States. He accepted some of their provisions, and bade his captives go peacefully on their way; but on that very night he attacked another richly laden stage with which Miss Ranken had been pressed to travel—murdering several of its armed defenders.

After an absence of nine months in the United States, Miss Rankin returned to Monterey, in May, 1866, amply provided with funds for building purposes. Soon after she was saddened by the unexpected death of Mr. Hickey, the indefatigable agent of the American Bible Union; but another agent was appointed, and the work was aided by native converts. Convenient buildings were provided, and, could funds be provided to supply them with daily necessaries, there were Mexican Christians ready to take up their cross and preach Christ to the priest-ridden crowd. Again did the lady evangelist hasten back to the States with the good news, and she found her requests for aid liberally responded to. The ladies of Hartford and New Haven undertook to raise two thousand

dollars annually, while other friends were equally generous. "Need I enlarge upon the emotions of gratitude which sprang up in my heart at this demonstration of woman's love for the work of her Divine Master?" Says the missionary, "I felt like applying the precious words which our Saviour used in regard to the services of one of old: 'Wheresoever the gospel is preached throughout the whole world, this that these women have done shall be spoken of as a memorial of them.' Truly, I thanked God and took courage, believing I should yet see the gospel preached in Mexico, *by the Mexicans themselves.*"

In due time a band of native preachers was organized; and though some of the younger found themselves surrounded by fearful difficulties, they nevertheless went bravely forth, and they did not lose their reward. They preached about the country for a hundred miles around the town of Monterey, and were constantly privileged to see fruits of their ministry. The converts appear to have been of all grades—both educated and illiterate. Two gentlemen of education embraced the gospel and "started a periodical called 'The Evangelical Torch,' a paper which circulated quite extensively, enlightening public sentiment generally, and valiantly defending the truth against the most violent opposers." A man who had become notorious on account of his savage conduct at home, listened as a conscience-stricken sinner to the first Bible-reading he had ever heard. "We have been taught to worship devils instead of God," he cried, after becoming completely changed. "The Church of Rome is as different from the Church of Christ as hell is from heaven." Everywhere the people were found anxious to hear about Bible truth; and rarely did the itinerants encounter opposition except from the Romish priests.

The Protestant mission was extended to the City of Mexico in a strikingly providential manner. Mr. Riley, the pastor of a Spanish congregation at New York, expressed his surprise that Miss Rankin should remain in Monterey, with its forty thousand souls, when she might have a constituency of five times the number in the larger city. "Mr. Riley, why do not you go?" asked the lady. Mr. Riley cast his eyes towards the floor, and stood without speaking for several minutes, then looking up with a cheerful face said, "Miss Rankin, I *will go!* Next August you will hear from me." August came, and it brought the promised letter. "There is a perfect hurricane of Protestant feeling raging against the Roman Church," said the writer, "I feel much as if I had suddenly found myself in the time of the Reformation."

The question of baptism occasioned some differences of opinion; and some complaints are made against the Baptists for having been too active in the business of promulgating their views; but as only one side of the dispute is given, we pass on without giving judgment. There were doubtless faults on both sides.

More exciting than denominational controversies was the destruction by night of a huge image of the Virgin which the priests of Monterey presumed to set up. Great was the rage of that lesser sect in the city—the fanatical Romanists—and not only were the windows of the mission-house pelted and broken, there was some danger of the entire premises being destroyed by gunpowder. Affairs arrived at such a pass that application had to be made to the American consul, and through

him protection was obtained from the government at head quarters. The rage in Old Babylon, consequent on the indignities offered to Nebuchadnezzar's golden image by the Hebrew youths, was not a whit more fiendish than the outbreak of fanatical fury at Monterey when the priests found that their woman-god was hurled to the ground. "The authors of the destruction of the image have never been ascertained," remarks Miss Rankin. "I do not believe any of the Protestants were accessory to it, although the populace was made to believe it. Many believed that the priests instigated the whole affair for the purpose of raising a storm of persecution against us, so that we should be compelled to leave the country, if not put to death by the mob."

Miss Rankin passed through the revolution of 1871-2 unharmed, though for the first time Monterey became a scene of military outrage extending to robbery and murder. The work of the mission was again checked by these national troubles, until the "death of Juarez opened the way for Serdo de Tejada to come into power, who, happily, was a favourite with all parties . . . . Serdo immediately issued an amnesty proclamation, and in less than two months all parties became satisfied, and peace reigned once more in Mexico."

A greater trial even than civil war and Romish threats now befell the devoted missionary. She had entertained the hope that she would end her life on Mexican soil among those she had pointed to the cross; but the Lord willed otherwise. Health failed, and the devoted labourer was compelled to quit the field, which, however, was at once occupied by the agents of the American Board of Missions. In this separation from those she loved Miss Rankin experienced a bitter trial, though the cloud had, as usual, its silver lining. She says, "I was thankful that God had given me health and strength to labour for Mexico when no others would condescend to notice such a hopeless field, I thought of the times I had turned and wept, because no one appeared to care for the souls of the poor Mexicans. But now evangelical Christians, with one heart and one mind, say by their actions, 'We *will* take Mexico for Christ. What a happy contrast! Missionaries of all Protestant denominations are hastening to spread the gospel among the long neglected people."

The truth is that the enormities of Romanism in the country have disgusted the people; and thus the way to something better has been opened. By their very violence the priests have provoked a reaction against themselves, and everything is favourable to the triumph of the gospel.

G. H. P.

The Preaching of Mr. Theophilus Jones, Rowland Hill's Curate.

WE thought it would interest our readers if we gave them a specimen of the discourses with which the Surrey Chapel audiences were edified in Rowland Hill's days. The following extract from Mr. Charlesworth's Memoir will show how good old Rowly looked at the matter:—"In selecting an assistant for the chapel at Wotton, towards the close of his life, Mr. Hill thus describes the man on whom his heart was set, and the preacher the people wanted to hear. He says: 'They don't 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.' For fifteen years the Rev. Theophilus Jones was a faithful servant of the Church, a successful soul-winner, and an acceptable supply at Surrey Chapel. His voice was so powerful that he could be heard some distance from the chapel on a summer's evening when the windows were open. The following letter from the pen of Rowland Hill describes the man:—'If you were to continue the same plain bawling Welshman you are now, in your present situation, I might observe, go on; never mind breaking grammar, if the Lord enables you to break hearts, and bring souls to Christ; but if you could acquire a little more culture, without losing any of your zeal and holy simplicity of heart, your usefulness might be more extended. I would not give you a single sixpence to have your tongue dressed at any of our modern academies; they are, in general, sad soul-starvation places. Only take the hint, and work on, and blunder on as hard and as fast as you can.'"

Here is the sermon which bears date Oct. 20, 1823:

A SERMON PREACHED AT SURREY CHAPEL BY THEOPHILUS JONES.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."—Psalm cx. 3.

This psalm appears to have been penned by David with a particular reference to Jesus Christ, as the God-man Mediator. "THE LORD said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Here Jehovah the Father is represented as addressing Jehovah the Son, in prophetic language, with an eye to the period of the gospel dispensation. The offering of the Son was then made manifest under the old dispensation, which took place in the fulness of time. "The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion." The rod of God's strength I humbly conceive to be the gospel, in its power unto salvation to perishing sinners, enabling them to believe. It is not a rod of *iron* to be used in a way of judgment, but the rod out of Zion to subdue his people in a gracious way. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." In the first verse a conquest is mentioned, in the second, the means by which it is to be gained, and the result in the third. From these words I intend to make a few observations in a plain and usual way; the vain and curious, who are come merely for amusement or curiosity's sake, will be disappointed therefore, for my

aim will be to preach the plain and solid truths of the gospel, which was appointed to be preached to the poor and to the rich, that they might be converted and become heirs of glory. Three things are implied in the text. Firstly, that God has a people in the world. Secondly, that there is a day of his power that shall pass on them. Thirdly, the result; that they shall be brought to him, made willing to part with all things, and to be his voluntary subjects and followers in the world. And hear, my *curious** hearers, ask yourselves this important question, Are you among them that are willing? If not, you are among the enemies of God, who shall be made his footstool; and what will be the way of them, when the way of the wrath of an incensed God shall rest upon such characters eternally?

I. GOD HAS A PEOPLE IN THE WORLD; and there never was a period when he had not. They are the people of Jesus Christ—first, by the gift of the Father; secondly, by the price paid for them; thirdly, by fair conquest; fourthly, by possession; fifthly, by resignation and submission.

1stly. They are his by the Father's *gift*. The Father elected them in the eternal counsels, and gave them to the Son. "Thine they were, and *thou gavest* them me," as enemies to be reconciled, as filthy to be justified, as polluted to be sanctified, as poor to be made rich for time and eternity. This is a doctrine objected to by many; but the creed of others is not our rule, but the Word of God. This people are thus connected with the Father, as his children, subjects, followers, and warriors.

2ndly. They are Christ's by *purchase*. They were born slaves to sin and Satan; the law built their prison; justice erected the walls; but Jesus Christ paid their ransom; not to the devil—no, he had no right to it, though their gaoler; his authority over them was usurped; but it was paid to divine justice. "He gave *himself* for us." This price, believer, was given for thy soul—for thine, sinner! in order to ransom thee from the eternal pit of misery.

3rdly. They are his by *conquest*. Jesus Christ made his appearance in the world—"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," or, as some critics read, "*tabernacled* among us," as a watchman, as a shepherd, as a warrior. It would be tedious and foreign to the purpose to go over the whole conflict; suffice it that he fought against sin, Satan, and all the enemies of his church, and overcame. Let us, however, take a view of him in his last great battle. Behold him approaching the Mount, with his cross upon his shoulder! Hell was empty on the memorable day; its spirits, like a cloud of black infernal birds, covered the mountain. Jesus comes alone to face them all: how dreadful the scene becomes as he ascends; the heavens grow dark, the disciples flee, the Father frowns! Had any asked, when the temple clock struck twelve, "How of the battle to-day?" "Earth is not on my side; my beloved disciples have forsaken me; my Father, he and only he stands by me!" One o'clock strikes—two—fear is out of the battle; the deliverer is almost victorious, but the Father has forsaken him; he is

* The preacher appeared to apply this digressive sentence to several immediately beneath him, who were prepared to take notes of the sermon.

in agony, and there is none to support him: save us, Mercy, from eternal confusion! The fatal third hour is proclaimed; the infernal serpent aimed a blow to bruise his heel, but his own head went under, and he received a wound which never can be healed! "It is finished!" The battle is won, God is magnified, justice is satisfied, hell is discomfited, and Death, who then struck "his noblest victim, lost his sting for ever in the wound."

But divine Justice sent him to the grave. What! had he not, then, finished his work? Yes; but I must *try the work*, said Justice; therefore he shall remain in the grave for three days. With the holy law of God in one hand, and the pains of hell in the other, does Justice think it will do? Do or not, said Justice, I have no more to ask; this is the end: none have reached this before. "He is *the end* of the law for justification to all them that believe." The work thoroughly examined, he comes up from the grave; but does he, like a champion, hasten home with the trophies of his victory? No; he remained thirty days upon earth, that he might see if there were any more enemies of God and his church to contend with; he kept the field, and dared them to renew the attack. Come on Justice. "Nay, I am satisfied." Law, at him again. "No, I am fulfilled; my end is accomplished." Devil, try him once more. "No, woe is me, I am bruised already, and my scar will remain to my eternal disgrace." Death, make another effort. "Nay, I have lost my sting." Thus, justice is satisfied, the law magnified, Satan conquered, and death unstung. Blessed be God, we are his by fair conquest.

Fourthly. We are his by *possession*. The Holy Spirit of God takes possession of the guilty rebel's heart, and forms in it "Jesus Christ, the hope of glory." It is not Jesus Christ in the sermon, the Bible, or the parlour, but IN YOU! Do not miss the mark, professors; be not satisfied with Christ in the sermon, the Bible, or the parlour, but seek for Christ in *the heart:* it is little to have him in the head; there is many a light head in hell; none but a *gracious heart* can go to heaven. "Blessed are the pure *in heart*, for *they* shall see God." "They are mine," says Jesus, "I have purchased them." The Spirit arrests them in their mad career, gives his own earnest to the soul, and stamps it with the broad seal of heaven. They are his, then, by possession, not partially, but fully and entirely.

Fifthly. They are his by *resignation*. They hear his voice: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me:" they say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; take me, body and soul, and all I have." "My son," he says, "give me thine heart." Does he ask you for your head, your *tongue*, your hands, your feet, your riches? No; and why? Because he knows he shall have all along with your *heart*, and he cannot accept the others without it. How awful the state of those who reject Christ, and will not make room for him in their hearts! "Here, devil," he will one day say, "take eternal possession of these, they are none of mine: they would not that I should reign over them."

II. THERE IS A DAY, a period of time, WHICH SHALL PASS ON THE PEOPLE OF GOD FOR THEIR REGENERATION AND CONVERSION. And

God has many *days*—a day of creation, a day of revelation, of regeneration, of judgment, of glorification, and of damnation to the sinner who is hardened in his rebellion and tramples the doctrines of God under his feet. But the day in our text is "the day of *his power*"; not of joy, not of pleasure, but of *power*.

First. It is *a day*, not a natural day of twenty-four hours that is interrupted by night; but I conceive it means three things—1st. A period destined for the conversion of his people; 2nd. A period perfectly clear to God; 3rd. A period limited to time. God works not in the night, like the filthy sinner, but accomplishes all his work in the day. A particular period is destined to his work; the meeting is appointed, the text taken, the sermon and the very sentence known that shall effect the work. The work of grace at its commencement is sometimes a dark period: the sinner fears that God is about to kill him, when he only means to save; and that which appears to him destruction is only the commencement of salvation. Poor Jacob formed a wrong judgment when Joseph was sold into Egypt; he said, "All these things are against me." How delightfully was he undeceived when he heard the joyful intelligence, "Joseph is yet alive!" My hearers, Jesus is yet alive; do you desire to see him before you die? Remember that "*to-day*" includes only this life; you must be called in *time*, sanctified in *time;* if not, farewell to Christ and happiness for ever! On this your eternal all depends. "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Every moment of life a seed is dropped; see, then, *how ye live*, for you shall by-and-by reap the fruit of what you have sown. Nothing can be done for you in eternity; it is a doctrine not preached in hell; not for want of preachers, for all who have entered rashly upon the priestly office, without being called, and having their hearts renewed, are there, where there is no calling, no repentance, no gospel: *this is your time.* I remember hearing of a young man who had lived a notoriously wicked life: being on his death-bed, some of his pious neighbours came to see him, and they exhorted him to repent. "Oh no," said he, "*it is too soon;* I shall soon get well again." At a week's end they came again, and urged the necessity of repentance. "No, it is still *too soon;* when I recover my friends and companions will laugh at me. How shall I endure their scoffs and sneers? I shall never hear the last of it." They came a third time; they still besought him to have mercy on himself, and to repent in time; but now, poor youth, his tone was altered. "*It is now too late;* my damnation is sealed!" Thus, by "too soon" or "too late" the devil drives men to despair. *Now*, "*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation;" *now* "let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto God, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Secondly, it is the day of *his power.* This refers in a general way to the gospel dispensation, and in particular to the period of conversion. To the perishing sinner the gospel comes, not in word only, but also *in power,* and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. It is an *arresting* power; it meets the sinner, and stays his mad career, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus. It is a *convincing* power; it teaches the sinner that

he is ruined in every respect, and leads him to cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Many are exclaiming, "What shall I do to get wealth?—to settle in life?" but the conviction of ruin will stare every man in the face by-and-by, and then, Heaven grant it be not too late, they will be constrained to cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" It is a *life-giving* power; it quickens dead souls, and will eventually bring the dead bodies from their graves; "all that are in the graves *shall hear* the voice of the Son of God, and *shall live*." This is the style of Jehovah, "I WILL, THEY SHALL"; none other dare speak thus. It is also a *liberating* power: "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Man is the subject of a broken covenant—sin dominates in his heart; Satan tyrannizes over all his faculties; he is bound with cords of guilt and fear; he is a vagabond on earth, and a wandering damnation. The fear of God pursues him—of man—of death—of eternal punishment! but when the Holy Ghost comes in power, he knocks off his shackles, sets him at liberty, and he draws nigh to God in filial fear: the sting of death is removed, the love of God is in his heart, the fear of man is banished, and of eternal punishment; for "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

III. The power of the Spirit of God produces THE RESULT: "they are *made willing*." They have freedom to serve Christ—none so free as those who are under his yoke. The will is defined to be that power or faculty of the soul by which a man chooses what he loves, and rejects what he hates. When man was created, there was but one will between God and him; but sin entered, and the will became changed, and every faculty of the soul perverted. The will being perverse, the choice became contrary to nature, and diametrically opposite to the will of God; therefore, in order to counteract the fatal tendency of this state of things, an exercise of divine power on the soul became necessary. How sweetly this truth is developed in the passage before us! No violence is offered to the will, but they are MADE *willing*. The power of God is connected with the freedom of man's will. The power of God does not do away with the liberty of the will, nor does the liberty of the will render unnecessary the exercise of the power of God. "It is God who worketh in you, both *to will* and to do of his good pleasure"—1st, By enlightening the mind to see its natural state of corruption and pollution; 2ndly, By inducing the mind to seek the remedy offered in the gospel; 3rdly, By inclining the will, infusing holy principles, and inducing a correct choice. Thus the believer is *made willing* to choose that which pleases God, to be saved according to his method, to become the servant of Christ, following him and bearing his cross, and, lastly, he is made to contribute all in his power to the relief of suffering distress, to the help of religion, and to the cause of the poor.

"Mr. Jones's style," remarks the reporter of the sermon, "is remarkable for its eccentricity: the reader will smile at the idea of 'the Temple *clock*,' and many others to be met with in this discourse; but what would be absurdity in some men is only simplicity in others."

The School Board Victory.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN we saw the polling lists for the London School Board we confess that we were as much astonished as delighted. The victory for the undenominational party was so complete, so universal, so far beyond the most sanguine expectations, that we could only look at the list again and again, and then thank God and take courage. We have from the first differed from the Birmingham platform, for we feel that if Government may educate at all it ought not to leave out the essential element of religion. The reading of the Scriptures from day to day we hold to be of the utmost importance if teaching is to have any moral influence whatever, and it is mainly upon the ground of moral influence that the nation educates at all. Moral teaching apart from the Bible we have no faith in, and education without moral teaching will not answer the design which the State aims at, namely, the production of intelligent and orderly citizens. In London we have no question about the use of the Bible in the schools; that is regarded as settled, not only by the authority of the Board, but by the practically unanimous consent of the parents. The contest therefore was not between the Church party and the secular party, but between the Church with the Prayer-book, and the Old School Board with the Bible: the issue is to us all the more pleasant, and to true Christians in the Establishment it ought to be all the less disagreeable. The people have decided that the truly National System, which knows nothing of sects, should not be held in fetters in order to leave space for the sham National System, which is in truth only the adjunct of the Episcopal denomination. This decision has been given, not in London alone, but in almost every constituency, and it will be wise on the part of our opponents to accept the verdict, and never raise the question again; but we fear such wisdom can hardly be expected of them.

The Nonconformists of London did not desire to make the School Board the arena of controversy. Upon this last occasion the conflict was forced upon them, and they entered upon it with the resolve to do their best, but with grave fears as to the result. The common opinion among the voters in Lambeth was that we should be defeated, and there was some talk of accepting the situation and allowing the Anglican candidates to walk over the course. A compromise which would have divided the representation would have been cheerfully accepted; indeed, that was the only result aimed at or desired. But no, the opposition felt itself to be exceedingly strong, and must have four out of six representatives at the very least, and so they marched on with heads aloft to a defeat so overwhelming that the mere naming of it grieves some of them as much as the mention of a rope vexed the man whose father was hanged. They find to their amazement that their despised antagonists could easily have returned four members, and might possibly have even secured five. We do not care to "sound the loud timbrel," but we do wish to gather up the lesson: let us know our strength and never give way to discouragement. Better far to fight well when things look dismal, and so gain an unexpected victory, than to glory before the event and meet with defeat; but it is best of all to be hopeful and daring from the very first. The fact is that Nonconformists do not know their own political strength, and consequently do not put it forth as they might; they will do well henceforth to feel their feet and take up their position without hesitation. We can do more if we will. In Parliament, as well as upon the School Board, if we have candidates who truly represent us, we can return them in scores of places where mere *Liberals* will fail, because they excite no enthusiasm, and have at present no essential principles to maintain.

It has been said since this late election that the contest was not between Church and Dissent: it may be that it was not altogether and purely so, but had the event been different the Established Church would have claimed it as a victory peculiarly her own. We do not care to claim it, because we have it; still it was made very distinctly an ecclesiastical conflict. Else why did even

our evangelical brethren hang out the boards of the denominational candidates upon the railings of their churches? And what was the meaning of the hand-bill, "CHURCHMEN, VOTE FOR ———"? Why did a bishop and several canons go off so loudly at public meetings? They knew what they were at; they saw the education of the people slipping out of their hands, and they meant to stop the evil, for otherwise the masses might grow up unbiassed to their peculiar views. This was their one concern, and the talk about economy was only a means to an end. The election did not declare for Dissent. God forbid that any election ever should be asked so to declare; *we* want no political favours, we only want equality; but it did thunder out the verdict of Englishmen that they do not intend to leave the education of their children in the hands of any sect, nor to allow a great national system to be hindered and thwarted by the partizans of a favoured denomination. We never asked to have the children, we are content to see them read the Bible, and have no wish to intrude a book which would teach our special views. All we have ever asked is equality, not preference; our Episcopal friends must have favours, and the public have told them once for all that they do not intend to yield to their demands.

More than this, the polling lists of the School Board are in some districts not very far from the truth as a census of Church and Dissent. We are not in the minority, as we feared. So many churches have been erected, and the Establishment assumed such airs of greatness that we almost believed ourselves to be going back, though we could hardly tell how it was. High churchism boasted of its revival, and of the numbers crowding its churches, and we thought—surely the current has set in towards Rome, and pure religion will soon be hard to find. Our own churches are multiplied, enlarged, and greatly encouraged, but an undefined fear was upon us that after all we were not making headway. This did not dishearten us in the least, for it makes no difference to the truth of a cause whether its adherents are few or many, but we felt that we lived in "the day of small things," and must be content to plod on and hold our own as best we could. *Our view of matters is now altering.* Upon enquiry we find that it is far easier to build a new church than to get a congregation, far easier to hold daily service than to secure more than the parson's family, the sexton, and two ladies as a regular audience. We hear of huge churches in London, not in the city, where such things are general, but on our own side of the water, where, instead of a thousand hearers, there are not fifty. By means of endowments places are kept open long after they are resorted to, and thus the apparent strength of the Anglican system is far in excess of the reality. We have been informed by many witnesses that numbers of the edifices which were for a short time crowded by means of the scenic displays of the Ritualists are now miserably attended. We do not wonder at it, for what can there be in mere ceremonialism to retain a congregation; but we confess we are glad to hear that the decadence of the system has come so soon. Evangelical churches, where the preacher has any ability, are still full, and we have no doubt will remain so, a feature of the case which gives us unfeigned satisfaction; but there are plenty of parochial edifices in which a heartless service has by degrees alienated the people, and made them forget that such a building exists, except as the right place for being married in. We do not wonder that Episcopalians object to a census of attendance at places of worship. It is the fairest test of the religious character of the people, but it would reveal too fully the nakedness of the land, and therefore it is not to be borne with. Let us also have an account of the *communicants* if the attendance at worship is not thought to be a sufficient index. In either way, we believe that the numbers will be such as to show that the favoured denomination does not occupy the position which it thinks it does.

If Nonconformists will but look well to the spiritual condition of the churches, maintain earnest piety, and proclaim sound doctrine, they need not be under any apprehension as to their ultimately gaining their full civil rights. "Seek

ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." If we have the divine blessing resting upon us, we may look forward with confidence to the future. Among an educated, reading people our principles will have a fairer hope of success: the increase of light is in our favour. The more free the masses become to inspect and examine for themselves the better for us, for we court the most rigid enquiry. The eddies of public thought may tend every now and again towards the maintenance of superstition, but the set of the main current is in the right direction. God is abroad among men, the influence of truth and justice is being more and more felt, and, by God's grace, if we are but true to our convictions the times of victory for the right shall be hastened on.

Charles H. Spurgeon and his Work.*

(From "The Friend.")

WE know hardly any record of Christian work more worthy of perusal than that furnished in a shilling pamphlet, entitled "The Metropolitan Tabernacle, its History and Work, by C. H. Spurgeon." The history of the Baptist congregation now represented by that worshipping in the Tabernacle is traced in the earlier chapters, from the time of the first Stuart kings of England, to a period, now twenty-three years ago, when Charles H. Spurgeon first preached in New Park Street Chapel. Soon after his settlement there as pastor it was found necessary to enlarge and improve the building, to accommodate the crowds who thronged to hear the young preacher. Whilst these alterations were in progress Exeter Hall was used as the place of worship, and the preacher's fame was yet more spread abroad by the caricatures published about him. Some of these are transferred to the volume before us. After various changes the Tabernacle was erected, and entered upon as a place for public worship in the spring of 1861. It cost £31,332 4s. 10d., and was opened free from debt. It accommodates about 6,000 people without excessive crowding.

The membership of Charles Spurgeon's congregation was at the close of

1854	...	...	313	1869	...	...	4,047
1859	...	...	1,332	1875	...	...	4,813
1864	...	...	2,937				

Around the Metropolitan Tabernacle have sprung up an important group of auxiliary institutions. The Pastors' College receives men who are believed to have received a call from the Holy Ghost for preaching the Gospel, and gives them a training to equip them better for the work. Upwards of £5,000 annually is expended on the Pastors' College. The Stockwell Orphanage is another outcome of the Christian zeal of the Metropolitan Tabernacle congregation. Two hundred and forty boys are clothed, fed, and instructed, at a charge of £5,000 per annum. The Colportage Association was started under the conviction that the sale of bad books is most effectually counteracted by the diffusion of good ones. Forty-five men, under the direction of a secretary, are engaged in carrying literature—cheap, popular, and healthy in tone—from house to house in various districts of England and Wales. The colporteur is often missionary and preacher as well as hawker. Three hundred thousand visits annually, chiefly amongst our rural peasantry, must be an evangelistic agency of great power, irrespective of the permeating influence of the literature that is sold.

Bible classes, book funds, missions to the Jews, missions in various parts of London; services specially for the blind, for mothers, for ladies; Sunday-schools,

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* We do not often trouble our readers with articles about ourselves, but we take so much pleasure in the Society of Friends that we cannot refain from reprinting the kindly notice given us in their paper.

with 1,000 children in regular attendance; benefit societies, loan tract societies, are but a selection from the long list of affiliated agencies that cluster round the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

In the seventeenth century the Friends and the Baptists said many bitter things of each other. Yet their acts were often better than words. It is a beautiful episode in the dreary story of Nonconformist persecution, that John Bunyan owed his release from Bedford Jail to the kind offices of George Whitehead and other Friends. As time has passed the two denominations have often found it wiser to dwell on the many points in which they agree than on those in which they differ. Our last number contained an interesting notice of a breakfast given by the Mayor of Birmingham (George Baker) to some of the Baptist ministers who had been attending the autumn meeting of their Union. The catholic tone of the meeting is echoed in last month's *Sword and Trowel*. C. H. Spurgeon says:—

"*Oct. 6th.*—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."

In view of the priestcraft and sacramentarianism rife on every hand, it is impossible to regard without deep thankfulness the work carried on by Charles H. Spurgeon, and not to desire that grace, strength, and wisdom may continue to be largely bestowed upon him.

It is, too, a question of the highest interest—Wherein doth his great strength lie? In the volume before us we read the following words:—

"We remark at once that at the Tabernacle *we have no written code of law but the Book of Inspiration*, and we unhesitatingly assert that all such printe rules, as some have desired and others adopted, are only fetters at the best o times, and snares and traps in periods of dispute and difficulty. We have faith in sanctified common-sense, resulting from an application to the source of all wisdom by prayer and reading the Scriptures. Acting in things temporal after a truly business principle, and in things spiritual as God's word and Spirit dictate, no formal system of rules, in our opinion, will ever be required. Certain recognised courses of procedure, from which, without cause assigned, no deviation shall be made, are certainly necessary for mutual co-operation and peace in any Church; but for emergencies, special action should be adopted to suit the exigencies of the case, and no rules or traditions must forbid the course which wisdom suggests, even though it should be contrary to all the precedents of the previous history of the Church. A general understanding of leading principles, and an elastic interpretation of them as cases may require, will be all the rule outside of the Scripture required in churches where confidence abounds between pastors, officers, and members; if this be wanting, no rules, human or divine, can make them work harmoniously together. We must have faith in each other's intentions and integrity, or we shall loosen the pins of church action, and all will lapse into confusion and conflict."

In this passage we have the clue to much of Charles H. Spurgeon's strength. His sermons* (of which more than a thousand have been printed, and millions

* Since this article was in type a correspondent asks us to draw attention to No. 1,317 of the printed sermons. It was preached six weeks ago, in view of the danger of a European war, on the words, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," and is an admirable plea for the cultivation and exercise of the Christ-like spirit that overcomes evil with good. We rejoice to hear the address is having a wide circulation, as well as that which succeeded it and is its companion—on "Lord, increase our faith." Did space permit, there is much in both addresses we should like to transfer to these columns.

of copies sold) tell the old, old story, much as Paul of Tarsus told it. He tells it with deep earnestness; he tells it with living faith in its power; he tells it in words ever seasoned with the grain of salt that prevents insipidity. He uses homely English speech. He has a voice that, without straining, makes itself heard through every part of the Tabernacle. His addresses possess that indescribable authority that arises from spiritual unction. It is not often that these qualifications are combined in one man, who also possesses the faculty for organisation, and a homely practical sense, which would have made him successful as a railway manager or as the Home Secretary of State. He handles the trowel as deftly as the sword.

In the phraseology of Friends, the purpose of this article is not "the exaltation of the creature." It were an easy task to prove that the treasure is in an earthen vessel. It were easy to find, in the teachings of C. H. Spurgeon, views that do not commend themselves to our apprehension of Divine truth. It is easy to urge that he has nothing to say on some of the perplexing problems of nineteenth-century thought. So be it; and yet we repeat with confidence that few phenomena in the Christian life of our day are more teaching than the career of C. H. Spurgeon. The order of his mind is, in the best sense of the word, Friendly. His special talents are of a class that have been common amongst Friends, and are so at the present time, but which almost always find spheres of action other than that of Congregational edification and development. Why this should be so, it is simply impossible now to discuss.

The present writer once found himself in the Metropolitan Tabernacle instead of his wonted seat at meeting. The day was wild and stormy; the building was comfortably full; two-thirds of the congregation were men. The preacher's text was, "Ye serve the Lord Christ." His discourse—admirably fitted for any congregation in England—was a powerful appeal for a spiritual, a practical, an every-day religion. As we wended our homeward way through the streets of Southwark, where there are now but few Friends to testify to these great truths, we could not but rejoice that so powerful a teacher had been raised up, in an age that is too prone to forget them. "The true way to serve the Lord in the common acts of life," said Charles Spurgeon on the occasion referred to, "is to *perform them as unto Himself;* and this can be done with everything which it is lawful to do. God forbid we should maintain, as some do, a broad, unbending distinction between things secular and religious. This wicked age must, forsooth, have its holy place and its holy days. What is this but a confession that most of its buildings are unholy, and its days unholy too? Of heaven it is written, 'I saw no temple therein,' and we get nearest to the heavenly state when all superstitious notions about sacred places and sacred substances shall be swept away once for all. To a man who lives unto God nothing is secular, everything is sacred. He puts on his work-day garment, and it is a vestment to him; he sits down to his meal, and it is a sacrament; he goes forth to his labour, and therein exercises the office of the priesthood: his breath is incense and his life a sacrifice. He sleeps on the bosom of God, and lives and moves in the Divine presence."

False Conversions.

GETTING into a hammock is an art. I have seen a stranger attempt it and succeed so well that in getting in on one side he has fallen out at the other. It is an amusing sight to see how simultaneous are the getting in and the tumbling out, but the sight suggested to us a sad parallel. Conversions are thought to be easy things by a certain enthusiastic school, and truly they ought to be, for they are soon over. We have known men converted just long enough to become apostates,—a week sooner and they could not have so dishonoured the church, for they had not then been found in the enquiry room. Conversion is something more than this. It is a divine work. "Turn us, O God, and we shall be turned."

Notices of Books.

ALMANACKS, &c. We hope our friends have placed *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack* upon their kitchen walls. It costs us a deal of labour, and from many a friendly note which we have received about it, we are quite sure it is read. It is a lively pennyworth. *Old Jonathan's Almanack, Collingridge*, is a good textual sheet almanack, and gives much useful information. *The Fireside Almanack* by *Rev. Charles Bullock*, is an attractive Church sheet. The same author issues *The Day of Days Tablet Almanack*, which is an ingenious device, being made up of illustrated leaves strung together with a ribbon, so that they can be turned over, and a fresh page exhibited every month. This may be had for threepence. We prefer, for practical purposes, *Bemrose's Scripture Calendar*, which we have long used in our study. It hangs upon the wall, and as you tear off a paper day by day the new date is visible. It is, in our judgment, one of the handiest arrangements possible. We believe it costs a shilling, and it is worth the price.

Among book almanacks *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*, Passmore and Alabaster, price one penny, is still a favourite, as the sale sufficiently proves. *Our Own Almanack*, by *W. J. Mayers* of Bristol, is also an exceedingly good one, and very well edited. *The London Almanack*, by *C. R. Hurditch*, Shaw and Co., is up to Mr. Hurditch's usual mark, and will be valued by many. *The General Baptist Almanack, Marlborough*, will be a helpful directory to our *general* Baptist friends. They are indebted for it to their indefatigable editor Mr. Clifford. *The Baptist Almanack, Robert Banks*, is for twopence a very cheap, full, and well edited compendium of Baptist information: each year's issue is better than its predecessor. *Whitaker's Almanack* at a shilling is, in our judgment, *the* almanack for practical use. It is a mine of facts, a book of reference upon a great range of subjects, and as accurate as it is cheap.

The Religious Tract Society issues its two usual *Pocketbooks*, and those who wish to select presents for friends will find either of them very suitable.

Minor Characters of the New Testament. By WILLIAM BROCK. Elliot Stock.

WE have the advanced sheets of this volume, and are right glad to introduce the worthy son of a worthy sire to our readers as an author. Always faithful to the great doctrines of the gospel, and always clear, and finished in style, Mr. Brock is sure to command an admiring circle of readers. We hope to return to these sermons in a future number.

The Vision of God, and other Sermons. Preached on Special Occasions. By HENRY ALLON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE can hardly imagine that Dr. Allon preaches like this; our impression is that these are highly wrought special efforts. We hope that he does much better and far worse than this: for instance, we trust that he is not so stiff and stilted in his actual preaching as in these sermons, and that he does not perpetually talk of "*moral*" this, and "*moral*" that. We consider it to be a "*moral*" certainty that our highly esteemed friend is more free, more real, more hearty in his usual ministry, than he seems to be in this volume. When our friends have their photographs taken, they generally look so awfully proper that the result is not a bit like them, though we know who it is meant for; Dr. Allon is seen under much the same constraint in these elaborate pulpit essays. If he feeds his people with such intellectual meat as these sermons contain, they will die of dyspepsia; it is not done, and cannot be done. The volume contains Dr. Henry Allon's shirt-studs, gown, white tie, and so on, but the man is not there.

Old Jonathan. The yearly volume is prettily got up and full of the gospel, put in such a manner that it woos the attention. We are right glad to praise it. Messrs. Collingridge are the publishers.

The Pilgrim's Progress, as originally published by JOHN BUNYAN. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a cheap form of the first part of the *facsimile* which was brought out a few months ago. The price will enable many to purchase it who felt that they could not afford the complete copy; at the same time we miss the queer old wood blocks, which to our eyes were the charm of the book: like the lady's skye terrier, their ugliness gave them great beauty, and they were well worth the extra price. These *facsimiles* are very pleasing, and we hope Mr. Stock will be encouraged to produce more; he has already issued "The Temple," "Paradise Lost," and "The Complete Angler." Although we have these works in a variety of forms we must confess our preference for these dear old curiosities, so odd fashioned and so homely. They make good New Year's gifts.

Scenes beyond the Grave. By J. W. STANFORD, of Minster, Kent. Robert Banks.

WE thought we had before us a work by our beloved friend *Charles* Stanford, but we soon saw that it was not after the style and manner of that most delectable of authors. The writer appears to be a Calvinistic Baptist Minister, and by no means a man to be despised in the matter of ability to express himself. The book is written in the form of a dream, and is highly fanciful, but there are passages in which there is considerable power of imagination. Poetry abounds in the book, and it is far above the average of the rhymes we are worried with, indeed there are couplets of great promise. Honestly we do not care for the book itself, but we have conceived a high idea of the author's capacity. He has done well and will do better. Dreams are not to our liking unless a man can see such visions as charmed the prisoner in Bedford gaol: *he* has monopolized the whole business of dreaming by having done it as no other man can. We should like to see something from Mr. J. W. Stanford when he is not dreaming: we are persuaded that the pen which promises to write so well will not long be idle.

The House at Bethany: its Joys, its Sorrows, and its Divine Guest. By JAMES CULROSS, A.M., D.D. Religious Tract Society.

OUR friend Dr. Culross neither speaks nor writes without having something to say. In him we find depth without obscurity, breadth without laxity, unction without affectation, and orthodoxy without bigotry. Perhaps Matthew Arnold might not find "sweetness and light" in him, but to us he is the embodiment of both. The theme of the present book is congenial, and the handling of it such as one expects from Dr. Culross.

The Priesthood of Christ: a Re-statement of Vital Truth. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

WE trust there will be found in Dr. Parker's own denomination at least one or two believers in the gospel who will have the courage to expose the mischievous tendencies of this book. They will of course be denounced as bigots, and hounded down by the freethinkers who find among the Independents a temporary refuge: but it is possible that the courage of some one orthodox brother would call forth others, and those not a few, who are, we hope, deploring the degeneracy of their leading men, and desirous to see the old doctrines brought to the front again. Dr. Parker's chapter, entitled "Ultimate Aspects of Christ's Priesthood," is the most evil piece of writing it was ever our misery to read. It is so put that there is no quoting from it, nor is it possible to fix any one of its statements upon the writer, but it is unutterably bad. We should hope that no honest infidel would approve of it any more than a Christian would. The underlying idea of preaching one thing when you mean another, disguise it how you please, and justify it how you may, is simply detestable.

Clare Avery: a Story of the Spanish Armada. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. John F. Shaw and Co.

A RESPECTABLE story as stories go; written in a devout spirit, with a sound historical basis, and an admirable moral.

The Veil Lifted from Israel; What Israel Ought to Do; and Hymns and Hebrew Melodies for Israel. By T. K. De Vernon. S. W. Partridge.

Based upon the insane theory of the English people being the descendants of the ten lost tribes: there is quite as much evidence to prove that we are descended from the man in the moon and the woman on the halfpenny.

The author of "Popular Delusions" is, we fear, no longer in the land of the living, but if he were still among us he would find it by no means difficult to continue his work, for fresh illustrations continually arise. In our boyhood everybody believed in brandy and salt as a cure for all mortal ills, and delusions have come and gone ever since till we find extant among us believers in Dr. Slade, and men who pretend to tell the fortune of the nations. According to the author before us, Russia and Austria will descend upon Palestine and "be challenged by England and kept in bay by the young lions." He informs us also that probably America and the colonies of England will assist. *Probably our author knows no more about it than the rest of us.*

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin still outstrip all purveyors of periodical literature for the young, for *Little Folks* remains altogether unapproachable in wealth of illustration and absorbing interest. It is not devoted to the advocacy of religion, but its moral tone is high, and there are many articles in which the youthful mind is led to consider the beauties of holiness, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

The Expositor (Vol. IV). Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. Hodder and Stoughton.

This high class serial holds on its way vigorously. It is always fresh and full of interest, and though we do not always agree with the writers—and in fact sometimes differ *in toto*—we are always glad to know their opinions, for they are thoughtful and weighty. The work will be of most service to men of cultured minds whose discriminating faculties are in healthy exercise.

Many Moods in Many Measures. Poems in fifty varieties of verse. By J. K. Christie. Glasgow: Lochhead Brothers.

We have read many worse rhymes than these. They are most of them mere trifles, but they indicate an ability which we hope will be developed with care, and then exercised upon more important matters. The lines upon "The Doctor" amused us: we add a verse or two.

The Doctor.

Who often called when we were young,
And asked to see our little tongue,
While on his lips our mother hung?
The Doctor.

Who gave us salts, and senna, too,
And sent us bottles, green and blue,
With drugs of every shade and hue?
The Doctor.

Who often calls upon us still,
And makes us swallow many a pill,
And once a year his little bill?
The Doctor.

Who lives *pro bono publico*,
And better than ourselves doth know
What kind of pills can cure our woe?
The Doctor.

Biblical Outlines. By B. B. Wale. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row; Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

"Suggestions" would be a more correct title than "Outlines." Outlines are boundaries to be filled in; what we have here are thoughts to be carried out. As such, they are worthy of studious research, although on account of their originality they must not be accepted with implicit trust. The author professes to have given the result of independent studies of the original Scriptures, and certainly he has brought to his task a considerable amount of biblical erudition, and, what is still more valuable, of evangelical fervour. He sees Christ everywhere where others see him nowhere, which is certainly the less evil of the two. It compels him, however, in some things to be too literal and in others too allegorical. "Should the volume," he says, "be kindly received by the Christian church, it will (D.V.) in due time be followed by another." This encouragement, we trust, will not be withheld.

The Best Wish, and Other Sunday Readings for the Home. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. London: "Hand and Heart" Office, 175, Shoe Lane.

Mr. Bullock writes pleasantly and piously. There is nothing very striking or profound in these readings, but much that is "good to the use of edifying."

St. George's, Edinburgh. A History of St. George's Church, 1814 to 1843, and of St. George's Free Church 1843 to 1873. By David Maclagan, F.R.S.E. T. Nelson and Sons.

This history after a few years runs parallel with the progress of the Free Church and that eminent divine Dr. Candlish. It is hardly so full of moving incident as we should have expected, and will be principally valued by our Free Church friends; but still a record in which such names as Moncrieff, Chalmers, James Hamilton, Cunningham, Thomas Alexander of Chelsea, and Dr. Guthrie occur, cannot but be worth preserving, publishing, and reading. For the memory of Dr. Candlish we entertain feelings of profound reverence. He was a great, good, energetic, noble man. We do not believe that in all respects he was equalled by any man of his day in the ranks of his church. His true position and extraordinary worth have never been so fully recognized in England as they should have been. The record before us has a few notable anecdotes; here is one. "I was once walking," says Lord Cockburn, "with Sir Henry Moncrieff, in Queen Street, within the last three years of his life. A person approached who had long been an illiberal opponent of his, and for whom I understood that he had no great regard. I expected them to pass without recognition on either side; but, instead of this, Sir Harry, apparently to the man's own surprise, stopped and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him. When they separated, I said to Sir Harry that I thought he had not liked that person. 'Oh no,' he said, 'he is a foolish, intemperate creature. But to tell you the truth, I dislike a man fewer every day that I live now.'"

Notes.

We have been most savagely assailed for praying the Lord to preserve peace, and if our rulers would not learn wisdom, to remove them. We fail to see any reason for altering the prayer, and only trust that it may be heard. To us mere party politics are nothing; but when we see war threatened on behalf of a detestable tyranny, contrary to all the dictates of humanity and religion, we cannot do otherwise than implore the Judge of all the earth to save us from such an astounding wickedness, and to remove from office the man whose rash bravados give rise to our fears. It is ours to pray, but it is ever with the deep feeling that the Lord of Hosts will accomplish his own purposes in his own way, and if the form of his servant's prayers should not be answered yet the spirit of them will be acceptable with him. Many of the persons who have written us abusively have not signed their names, and we are glad that they did not, for there is hope that some sense of shame remains in them. Did they know how little their fierce language annoys us they would save their paper and postage. One such note as the following from Slavonia makes amends for a thousand scurrilous epistles; we do not give the writer's name, because we have not asked his permission, but he is engaged in relieving distress among the fugitives from Bosnia. We suppose he alludes to our former prayer, that the Lord would break the power of the oppressor—

"Palcratz, Slavonia, Austria.

"Dear Sir,—I think it will interest you to know that the little quotation from your prayer which has appeared in the English papers has been translated into German and Serbian, and has been in most of the newspapers in those languages. While to the persecuted Christians of Turkey, and their brethren in race, language and faith, of other countries, the attitude of the English *Government* is so incomprehensibly hostile, a token of sympathy and pity, and the evidence that they are not despised and forgotten by the

English people, is doubly precious. I write that you may have the pleasure of knowing that your words have cheered and comforted many sorrowful hearts. Oh, may they but be heard! and the thousands now groaning in slavery and exile, the victims of Turkish barbarism, be delivered from the hand and power of the wicked. I am sure I need not ask you to be unceasing in your supplications for them."

Funds.—Thanks be to God, we have no longer to watch the ebb. The Lord has stirred up a host of kind friends, and the Orphanage exchequer, which was more and more closely nearing a condition of vacuum, has now been replenished. We have seldom had such a number of donations in so short a time. Our heart is full of gratitude to God and to the donors. We have a wish, and we take leave to express it to those who take a loving interest in our work. We hope to go to the South of Europe in a few days, and we shall, if the Lord will, be absent for six Sabbaths. We should like to leave enough bread and butter in all the cupboards for orphans, students, colporteurs, and the poor blind, so that we need not even think about them while we are among the olive groves of the Mediterranean Sea. Our rest under such circumstances would then do us the maximum of service. The Colportage, the Blind, and the Orphans are the most in need.

We go to press before Christmas-day, but already we see tokens that the orphans will not be forgotten. Not by any means enough has come in as yet, but there is a beginning made. We intend next month, if all be well, to get Mr. Pike to describe our Christmas festivities. The poor boys are merry indeed on that day.

Colportage. With the new year additional districts will be started at Sittingbourne, Cardiff, Coseley, Dudley West, Cradley, also Hadleigh in Suffolk. Several other districts promise fairly, and we expect to send colporteurs soon. Increased attention is being manifested towards the work, not only in fresh places, but also in existing districts. The General Secretary has visited Bacup during the past month, where he addressed several hundreds of the colporteurs' friends, who had previously taken tea together. The owner of a cotton mill who presided said that he had sought the services of a colporteur because of the large number of injurious publications he observed in the hands of his employés, and much good had been done during the past year through the agent's work. Our balance at the bank is very low, and we have heavy publishers' accounts to meet in a few days. In this department the "*ebb*" continues, but must soon have reached the worst, for there will be nothing left.

Tuesday Dec. 12th. We preached twice in Mr. Silverton's new place in Nottingham, called Exeter Hall. Of all places we have ever preached in it is at once the most compact, easy for speaking and comfortable. We recommend all who are building to see it. The cost was the lowest we have ever heard of for a building of such capacity, so substantial, and so elegant. It seats two thousand, and cost £4,700, apart from the site. Common sense is the characteristic of Mr. Silverton, and he has shown it in this case. The amount raised during the day was £500, and the giving and hearing were of the most enthusiastic order.

Friday, Dec. 15th. The men of the Pastors' College accepted the fraternal invitation of their brethren of Regent's Park College to spend the afternoon and evening with them. There was very hearty intercourse between the students and tutors of the two Colleges, and much enjoyment in consequence. Mr. Spurgeon spoke upon *culture*, and Dr. Angus upon *go*. With prayers, hymns, addresses, and speeches the time passed away very pleasantly. The words of wisdom of Mr. Rogers, "the old man eloquent," will probably abide in the memories of all present for many a year to come. May the two Colleges prosper with the rich blessing of God, and may the men while in training, and when actually in the field, never forget that "all we are brethren."

From our College the following brethren have gone forth to pastorates. Mr. G. Dunnett, to Newcastle-under-Lyne, Mr. N. T. Miller to Hursley, Wotton-under-Edge, Mr. T. H. Smith to Shefford, Mr. C. Joseph to Small Heath, Birmingham, where a new interest is in process of formation. Mr. Davis to Ottery St. Mary, Mr. Blaikie to Irwine, Mr. Bloy to Forncett, in Norfolk, Mr. Sumner to Brentford.

Mr. Hamilton, who left us to form a Baptist church at Cape Town, has been well received, for we have met with the following paragraph in the Cape Times:

"The Rev. Mr. Hamilton has preached for the last two Sundays, at Temperance Hall, to the Baptist congregation which is now forming in this city. The building is not large enough for the number of attendants, and it is now the object of the congregation to obtain a more commodious place of meeting. Mr. Hamilton is said to be an able and earnest preacher,

and it would appear that, as a student in Spurgeon's College, he has caught something of the master's tact and power. The Baptists consider themselves very happy in having Mr. Hamilton's ministrations, and we hope that they will succeed in procuring a more suitable tabernacle."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth :—Nov. 27th, seven. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon :—Nov. 30th, sixteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 18th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Gough	0	10	0
Mr. A. Jackson	5	0	0
Instead of a day's pleasure	1	1	0
Mrs. A.	0	8	3
Mr. Read	0	5	0
Mr. Whitehorn	0	5	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
B. S. B.	2	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	2	0	0
Mr. Coe	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Graham...	25	0	0
Per Mrs. Withers, Reading :—			
Mr. A. Richardson... ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. J. Leach 0 10 0			
Messrs. Helass and Co. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. J. W. Fuller 0 5 0			
Profit on Sale of Books ... 2 14 0			
Mr. S. Gostage 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Withers 0 5 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
	6	10	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Rump	0	2	6
Mrs. Gibson	1	0	0
A. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. N. Blair...	1	0	0
Mr. T. McEwing	1	0	0
Silver Wedding Day	20	0	0
Mr. Ball	1	0	0
T. E. S.	1	0	0
Mr. M. P. Townesend	1	0	0
Mr. Pool	1	0	0
Miss Bowley	1	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend in Scotland	15	0	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	5	0	0
Mr. F. J. Feltham	20	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. E. Few	0	10	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. J. Pullen	1	1	0
Grosvenor Street, Manchester	5	0	0
King Street, Bristol	10	0	0
Rev. S. T. Williams	5	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. W. Knight	1	0	0
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Parr	1	0	0
Mr. G. Medley	5	0	0
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
H. E.	1	0	0
A Sister at Wimbledon	0	6	0
S. H.	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
Miss R. Smith	2	10	0
Miss Culver	1	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
A Friend, Per Mr. F. J. Feltham ...	2	2	0
C. Alasman	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Nov. 19	23	3	6
" " " " 29	37	2	10
" " " Dec. 3	50	0	0
" " " " 10	40	0	3
" " " " 17	20	0	0
	£342	14	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 18th, 1876.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Brown	2	0	0
Mrs. Armstrong	0	10	0
M. A.	0	2	6
Mrs. Gough	0	10	0
Mr. H. Hughes	2	2	0
Miss Kemp	2	0	0
Mr. James Houston	5	0	0
Mr. A. Jackson	5	0	0
Mr. A. B. Todd	0	5	0
Instead of a day's pleasure	1	1	0
Metropolitan Store...	1	2	0
X. O., Balham	2	0	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0
Mrs. Morley...	0	6	0
E. D. S. N.	0	10	0
B. S. B.	3	0	0
Mrs. Boden	1	1	0
Mrs. Aldred	1	0	0
Mrs. Bright	0	10	0
Dr. Maxwell	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Henry	0	5	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	2	0	0
Mr. J. F. Yeates	5	0	0
H. W., Edinburgh	0	4	0
Mr. D. McGregor	1	0	0
Mr. W. Simson and Mr. S. Foster ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ward	0	2	6
A. B. C.	0	10	6
Jacob and Sarah	0	5	0
A. B. C. D.	0	5	0
A Thankful Heart	2	0	0
Mr. J. Leison	0	10	0
A Friend, Stirling	5	0	0
Mr. T. McEwing	1	1	0
Almshouse Sunday Schools	1	11	6
Almshouse Schools, Mr. Montague's Class	1	11	6
Miss Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Carter	0	10	0
Mr. Thompson	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
C. Bell...	0	2	6
Caroline Brown	0	2	0
Silver Wedding Day	20	0	0
Service of Song, Lambeth Sunday School Union	20	0	0
Mr. Hogg	0	5	0
G.	1	0	0
E. M.	0	5	0
J. P. C.	5	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
C. E.	0	12	0
J. F. C.	0	10	0
A Thankoffering from a Friend in Belfast	50	0	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0
A Beloved Sister	0	5	0
T. E. S.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Fortune	1	0	0
Mr. J. Reynolds	1	0	0
Mr. M. P. Townesend	1	0	0
Mr. Pool	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cubey	3	2	6
Miss Bowley and Friends	2	1	0
Mr. Charnley	1	0	0
Per Mr. J. M. Fergusson			
A Young Lady 0 5 0			
J. K. 0 5 0			
J. W. M. 0 2 0			
J. M. F. 1 1 0			
	1	13	0
Mr. J. Clark	0	10	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Mrs. S. Coggins	0	5	0
Mr. Chetham	10	0	0
Bingham	0	2	6
Kettering	5	0	0
A Poor Weaver	0	1	0
A Thankoffering from Hackney ...	2	0	0
Mr. T. Paterson	1	0	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	5	0	0
D. A. J.	4	0	0
Mr. W. Smellie	2	2	0
In Memory of Dear Willie	1	1	0
C. D.	2	0	0
Mr. Medhurst's Bible Class	20	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mrs. Owen	1	1	0
Collected by Minnie Maxwell Bayley ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Elias	20	0	0
A Baptized Methodist	0	2	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Martha	5	0	0
Mr. E. Few	0	10	0
Wellington Hall Sunday School Door, per Rev. J. F. Frewin	1	4	6
Proceeds of Lecture at Paradise Row Chapel, Waltham, per Rev. W. Jackson	3	3	0
P. Taunton	10	0	0
Lectures by Rev. W. Norris			
Uffculme 1 3 4			
Exeter 2 5 0			
	3	8	4
Mr. J. Pullen	1	1	0
A Friend	0	5	6
Miss Day	0	3	6
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
Mrs. Green	2	2	0
Mr. Tickle	0	2	6
A Friend from Bulwell	1	10	0
A Friend at the Communion	0	6	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier ...	1	1	4
Mr. H. Arnold	1	10	1
Mrs. Thursby	0	12	0
M. C.	0	10	0
M. F. D.	5	0	0
Cranford Baptist Sunday School ...	1	12	2
Mr. Hendry	1	0	0
Mrs. Hendry	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ryrie	0	5	0
J.	0	5	0
Collection at Camden Road, after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon	51	13	4
Mr. G. Medley	5	0	0
T. R., Silver Wedding	0	5	0
L. A. S.	0	19	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Barrat	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
S. H.	1	0	0
Mr. S. Joiner	1	1	0
J. J. S. N.	0	2	6
D. J. H. C.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Dyson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Gloag	5	0	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	1	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	5	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker	3	0	0
A. M. J.	2	0	0
Mrs. Peaple	1	0	0
Mr. J. Nutsey	0	10	0
W. M.	0	5	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
Mr. A. Patrick	0	5	0
E. K.	1	0	0
Part of a tenth from the Country ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. Lamb	0	1	0
Jeursha	5	0	0
A Servant	0	1	0
Willington	1	0	0
Mrs. Dix	10	0	0
A Mite	2	0	0
Miss R. Smith	2	10	0
Mr. Hollis	1	0	0
G. M. R.	2	0	0
A Country Reader	0	10	0
Eizzil	1	0	0
A Sinner's Mite	0	1	0
Mr. C. Clark	4	0	0
Mrs. Steer	0	10	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
Mr. W. Moir	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per Mrs. Withers—			
Mr. M. H. Sutton 2 2 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ... 1 1 0			
J. M. 1 1 0			
Mr. James Boorne 0 10 0			
Miss Withers 0 11 6			
Mr. J. Withers 0 11 6			
Mr. J. H. Fuller 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman 0 1 1			
	6	2	1
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	6	5	2
	£190	3	2

Christmas Festival at the Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
A. B. C.	1	1	0
Miss McClellan	2	0	0
Mrs. T.	10	0	0
Miss Hobbs	0	5	0
Maggie, Bertie, and Alfie Richards ...	0	3	0
A Thankoffering from Hackney ...	0	5	0
D. A. J.	1	0	0
Mrs. Goosey	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	10	0
Mr. J. Toller	1	0	0
Mr. R. Dalton	0	10	0
Little Rosa	0	6	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Fearson	0	3	0
T. H. M.	0	9	0
Mr. T. Barlow	1	0	0
A. J.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
J. A. E. W.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Berry	0	5	0
Ebenezer	0	1	0
Charlie, Willie, Fred, and Harry Blackshaw	0	12	6
Mrs. Matthews	0	2	6
J. E. C. (Wisbech)	0	2	6
A Country Minister	0	2	0
Mrs. Dix	1	10	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	5	0
Mr. Culver	0	5	0
Mrs. Jurney...	0	5	0
Lizzie...	0	5	0
Odd Pennyworths	0	7	6
A. W. Howard	0	2	0
	£25	0	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—A Sack of Flour, Mr. T. Collins; a Sheep, Mr. P. Cowell; 4 Half-boxes Valencias and 7lbs. Peel, Mr. Austin; 4 Cwt. Plum and Apple Preserve, Mr. Chivers; Fruit, etc., for Christmas Puddings, Mr. J. T. Daintree; Case of Oranges and half-box Valencias, Mr. Cantell; 1lb. Coffee, Anon.; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; a quantity of Sweets, Girls of Training School, Stockwell.

Clothing, &c.—Cloth for six Overcoats and six pair Trousers, Mr. Heath; Ties and Bows for the boys, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; 3 pairs Stockings and 12 Shirts, "Anon."; 32 Cotton Shirts, Young Ladies' Working Association, Downs Chapel, Clapton.

General:—240 copies New Year's Address, The Author; 2 Boxes of Colours and 4 Pencils, "A Wave."

Donations, &c.:—57 Coins in Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates, £2 9s 7d; Girls of Practising School, Stockwell College, per Miss Potter, 8s 2d.—Total, £2 17s 9d.

For Christmas Dinners, &c.:—Mrs. Padgett and Mrs. Stoughton, £2 2s; Two Servants, Sevenoaks, 5s; Little Harry's Birthday Sixpence, 6d; Mrs. Virtue, 10s.—Total, £2 17s 6d.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Blyth, per Rev. J. Embleton	7	12	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	25	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup ...	10	0	0
South Wilts, per Rev. W. Burton ...	6	5	6
T. Worthington, Esq., for Hanley ...	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Cosely District, per Mrs. T. S. Buckingham	7	6	10
"A Friend"	25	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Rydo	10	0	0
Skipsea District, per Miss Angas ...	10	0	0
Messrs. Hine Bros., for Maryport ...	10	0	0
	£131	4	4

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per General Secretary ...	2	7	6
Per Mr. Israel Moody	0	1	0
Mrs. Hammond	0	5	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. A. Nisbet	0	10	0
Mr. Crow Netherton	0	2	6
W. A. Pierce, Esq....	0	10	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Rev. D. Kirkbride...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Walker	0	5	0
Mr. W. Leighton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Williamson...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Collins	0	1	0
Mrs. Robinson	0	1	0
A Friend	0	0	6
J. B. Hay, Esq., Newark, U.S.A. ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Gough	0	10	0
X.O. Balham	1	0	0
Instead of a day's pleasure	1	0	0
Mr. S. Hobill	2	0	0
Mr. Ryan	0	1	0
Mr. M. P. Townesend	1	0	0
Miss Snell	3	3	0
P.A.	5	0	0
Mr. Doggett...	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
	£35	6	0

Names of Subscribers for £25 17s. acknowledged last month as per Miss Wells.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. S. Wells	5	0	0
A Friend	3	0	0
Rev. M. J. Truman	2	2	0
Mr. R. W. Cooper	2	0	0
Mr. T. Elliott	1	0	0
Mr. Taylor	1	0	0
Mr. Armitage	1	0	0
Mr. G. Leigh	1	0	0
Mr. A. Wells	1	0	0
Mr. H. Ashwell	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Birch	1	0	0
Mr. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mrs. Thackeray	0	10	0
Mr. F. Burton	0	10	0
Mr. T. Keely	0	10	0
Mr. A. Bexon	0	10	0
Mr. Dable	0	10	0
Mr. J. Burton	0	10	0
Mr. W. Allen	0	7	6
In small sums	2	7	6
	£25	17	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.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

Vice-President's Address at the Conference of the Pastors' College, 1876.*

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

HAIL to our twelfth Conference! Twelve tribes made up the hosts of ancient Israel, so we reach our perfected number in the Conference of to-day. Twelve Apostles held fellowship with Jesus, shared his life, trusted to his death, witnessed to his resurrection, and preached him in the earth. May we as their true successors have conscious union with our risen Lord, and testify of him to each other, and the world. Twelve gates of pearl stand open, ever to welcome the glory of the nations and the sanctified amongst men. Have we not found in fellowship with each other a house of God and a gate of Heaven each time we have met? and we certainly hope to enjoy another such an experience, before we separate and go on our ways rejoicing.

From life's stream we select and erect in memory twelve stones on which we write our grateful hieroglyphs of Jesus' love, and, as we rear these in memorial of his grace, we rejoice to know that twelve precious stones bearing our names glitter in our High-priest's breast-plate, as he remembers us before our God within the veil. Of the twelve sessions of our Association which have now been welcomed by us, I affirm not one has been in vain. Like trees whose consecutive rings in the trunk,

* This comes rather late, but it is too good to lose. Our brother's severe domestic trials have prevented our pressing for this paper. He has had to rewrite it, for that caligraphy which he produces for his own use is not readable by others.

bear witness not only of growth but of diversity in each year's development, so we bear our record within us, and when the axe's edge and final stroke shall stay the progress and reveal the result, it shall be seen how far we have expanded in our inner powers, as also how much of leaf and blossom, fruit and shade, men have witnessed in our outer history; for certainly we have not been busy for all these years casting buckets into empty wells and growing old in drawing nothing up. But like the photographer's plate, which both retains and repeats the impressions which have been made upon it, so we have received and imparted influences which abide, an eternal record either for our glory or our shame. As the footprints of prehistoric animals locked up for centuries in stone supply geological and imperishable lessons for after generations to peruse, decipher, and explain, so shall the ages to come have made known to them by us the manifold wisdom of God, in the grace which has helped and guided, comforted and enlightened, restored and pardoned, stimulated and prospered us since first we gathered as we do to-day. By God's good hand we have been helped to do his will, and if some brother has to lament, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" "I have stretched out my hands all the day long to an evil and gainsaying generation"; many more can say, "So we preached and so ye believed, even in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Some have toiled hard and caught nothing; may they still at the Master's word let down the net for a draught. Others have filled a neighbour's boat and their own with fishes, let all such in deep humility feel what Peter meant when he said, "I am an unworthy man." It is our joy, at this time, to be in some points, however, unaffected by time's changes, our own experience, or even the Church's history. There are storms and currents which agitate the surface and move the ocean's face, but leave its deep bed unrippled and give no stir to its calm caverns, there the stillness of a noiseless life is unbroken by the vicissitudes which play merely upon the outer edge of their huge watery home. So there are depths of the infinite Helper, Consoler, Teacher, God, which change not, nor have the shadow of a turning, but yesterday, to-day, and for ever, they are eternally the same.

I am not here to advocate a monopoly, or plead the interests of a close corporation. We look back, each one of us, and rejoice over our own individual experience, but there is a unity of heart and brotherhood of soul which sheds a halo of glory, to our minds at least, over *all* that *any one* of our number has received or achieved in the past. We are many members, but one body; and if one member rejoice, all the members rejoice with it; nor less is it the fact that, if one of our number suffer we would all suffer with him. Long may this abide, for it is a goodly thing for brethren thus to dwell together in unity. Sweet as the scented sacred oil when flowing on priestly garment in the house of the Lord, and refreshing as the dew on Hermon's fertile slopes, making it as the garden of God. Our hearts are enlarged to-day to welcome our brethren beloved who are newly come to the service of the Lord God of our fathers. David was chided by his elder brethren who thought him come only to witness their exploits, whereas his scrip contained the sling and stone, which should do more for God's glory and Israel's deliverance, than Eliab's keen sword and martial bearing could

ever do. I hope we may have here to-day not a few younger brethren who have come in the name of the Lord of Hosts to do battle with every giant form of ill, and by the might of Jehovah to spoil our foes, who have dared to defy the armies of the living God. If so, I venture to promise to each David a Jonathan to love him as his own soul, to make a covenant with him in the Lord, and to aid him with counsel and care till life's last conflict shall be over, and the kingdom—the Father's kingdom—shall be our mutual reward. We are only anxious to have more of the brave and true-hearted by our side. Here there is no jostling each other for want of room, the field is the *world*. The harvest is truly great and the labourers are so few, that our fervent prayer is, Oh Lord of the harvest, thrust forth MANY more labourers into thy vineyard. It is in the spirit of these remarks that I would call your attention to the "doing," as I did to the "being" last year. "What manner of men ought ye to be?"

I now speak of men who have discernment of the times to know what Israel ought to do, and I connect it with the heading of the Epistle to the Hebrews. "God who in sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son," linked to this, "as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Mark well, then, there is but one revelation throughout all ages. It came from one God, though in different parts, and by different methods and men. Such is my conception of the present. God's fair Mosaic pattern is being wrought out in *varied* colours, but with *one* design; and our appointed section must be inserted in its place, and then the tesselated picture shall from many and minute parts be at last the fair and perfect whole. Some lives and service may to an untutored eye appear odd-shaped, strange coloured, even grotesque in form, because out of position and unplaced, yet when put to rest by the Master's hand, each shall dovetail into its niche and abide for ever, a monument of the Maker's faithfulness and the Designer's skill.

God's truth is ever unchangeable, but its revelation has been gradual, and therefore partial; nor is it yet complete. We know but in part, and we prophecy but in part, and can only see as in a glass darkly. This is the world of shadows reflected in a mirror, and the substance awaits our knowledge and enjoyment hereafter. I wish this thought for a moment to dwell upon your minds—the unfolding of the divine will in the Book of Truth. The scroll, more lasting than parchment, has been penned and illuminated by divine skill, to embody the high thoughts and purposes of the eternal mind; unrolled through the ages by a mystic power, moving the intellect of man to thought, his heart to emotion, and his powers to action, even as God willed it so to be. Age after age has seen in clearer light and fuller form the characters of perfect beauty which were traced by the finger of God.

> "Nor wit can guess nor reason prove
> Which of the letters best is writ,
> The power, the wisdom, or the love."

Angelic minds have bent over it in rapt study. Kings and prophets have desired to look into it. Sacred penmen have searched to know what

and what manner of things they were of which they wrote, and what they might mean. Wisdom has in due time been justified of all her children, and if these things have been hidden from the wise and prudent they have at last been revealed unto babes. The course of revelation has been progressive, shining brighter and brighter with the promise of a perfect day.

Dim, though gracious, was that first glint of heaven's splendour in the promise of a woman's seed whose bruised heel should mean the crushed serpent's head. A germ pregnant with the incarnation and the atonement, a life of fellow-suffering, closed with ultimate triumph won in pain and shame. Upon that text the Bible's gospel sermon has been preached and illustrated, and with unity of design and consecutiveness of thought it has grown up to its peroration and climax in the advent of Jesus, followed by its application in Pentecost, and the church's history from thence, till with unfading potency it appeals to our hearts to-day, and through us to ages yet to be. The heads of that sermon might be found in (1) Patriarchs, and (2) Priests, and (3) Prophets. (1). Patriarchs, I say, for was not Abraham called as God's elect to be the father of believers and the blesser of all nations? Was not Isaac miraculously conceived and marvellously rescued, so that he was in a figure received from the dead? Was not Jacob a prince with God, Israel, prefiguring that great head of another Israel, who is now our prevalent Advocate with the Father, even Christ the righteous.

2. Priests at the altar and in the holiest of all; with garments of beauty stained with blood; with sacred functions of praise and sacrifice, prayer and blessing, all, reflected as they embodied, those lofty conceptions of God, which were magnified and made yet more honourable in the person of his Son.

Each victim perishing for sin, each offering of consecrated love, each part of that sublimest of all rituals and most glorious of temples, had a finger to point "Go up higher," and a voice to speak, "He is not here." "Why seek ye the living amongst the dead?" "Come see the place where he lay" for centuries cradled in forms of beauty which now at the dawn of brighter truths are ready to vanish away.

3. *Prophets.* Rightly to understand the Scriptures will mean to find in Moses and all the prophets things concerning Christ. Wherever there is one exalted and chosen out of the people, a man mighty in words or deeds, *there* is a prophetic ray of the promised Sun of the gospel day; whether it be a Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness that onlookers might not perish though bitten by a deadly fang: or Jonah three days and nights in the whale's belly, ultimately delivered to proclaim his message of repentance to those doomed to die.

Whether it be the "root of Jesse," as sung by Isaiah, or "the Star" which brought wise men from their eastern home to worship Jesus, because of the words of one who longed to die the death of the righteous, while he received the wages of iniquity. Ezekiel with his roll and Amos with his oxgoad, Jeremiah in his lamentations and the "man greatly beloved" though tenanting a lion's den, a courtier with the king's cup dwelling in a palace, or that stern man by the brook Cherith, where food dropped from ravens' mouths as if bread came from heaven for him to eat. He who tuned his harp, and had a tongue like

the pen of a ready writer to speak and sing of things touching the King, and that wise fool his son, who searched out vanity with a zest that burnt out his powers and left life's ashes alone, with the precept, "Fear God, and keep his commandments," traced in the dust as the sole product of his search.

All these in solemn procession march by us, in unison chanting their one message of love from God to man, as revealed through them in parts, but *focussed* in the person of Jesus, who embodied the excellences, the truths and the glory of them all.

Such is the Bible sermon as preached by God, and the listeners are wider than this globe's inhabitants, and more numerous than those who claim kindred with our clay. There are principalities and powers in heavenly places who by these things learn lessons of him their common Ruler, though they cannot share our brotherhood in the household of faith, nor know the ennobling union with *him* who is our fellow man, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. *Spectators* only of the development of this earth's panorama, they are beloved as such, but we are *partakers* of that altar of which they have no right to eat. God so loved the *world* is the emphatic message of patriarch and priest, of each of the prophets, and last of all, and chiefest of all the declaration of the *Son*.

It is therefore, beloved, no cunningly devised novelty which we accept and preach as our gospel to-day. It is alike hoary with the rime of ages, and yet it bears the dew of its youth. I know not but that some jewel which sparkled in the brow of Solomon in all his glory, may yet flash its brilliance in some earthly diadem. Certain I am that precious jewels, those morning stars which sang together for joy at earth's advent, are still

> "Singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

Nor from the firmament of truth has one bright light been quenched. There truths rise, but never set, and its sun shall never go down. There is no night there. As we steer our bark across the sea of life, or flee for shelter from slavery to the land of perfect freedom, that pole-star on which the eyes of generations have been fixed, unchanged, sheds still its cheering ray to greet our upturned faces, and guide us in safety to the haven of God.

How long it may be that this fair earth shall endure I cannot tell. There are seals upon the book of its fate not yet broken, and its contents are a secret known only to God. But it is written that it hath an end,

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But amidst the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, there shall be no splintering of the Rock of Ages, no shaking of that throne which cannot be removed. The Lord shall sit upon the floods of desolation as the Spirit brooded on chaos at the beginning, and out of all the ruin, which shall be great, shall he rear the new heavens and the new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness and truth, a righteousness which shall

be perfect because divine, truth which shall be eternal because of God, "for the word of the Lord it liveth and abideth for ever."

Now, brethren, if these things be so, what then? Why—

I. Forward. Courage. Quit ye like men, be strong. Ye put your hand to no new standard, which now for the first time this morning floats on high, and may before the night lie in dishonoured dust, beneath the proud foeman's heel. To it shall be the gathering of the nations, as to it have been the song and service of Israel from the beginning. For more than a thousand years has it braved the battle and the breeze. Earth's best and bravest have rallied to it, rejoiced in its beauty, and died beneath its folds. It has sustained the prophets, inspirited apostles, comforted the martyrs, been strength to the feeble, and light to the benighted. It has opened up life to the young and piloted and smoothed for the aged the path to the grave. And now all that it *was*, it *is*, and it is for *you*. Take it, brethren, take it, there is none like to it. Hold it high, carry it far, plant it where Satan's seat is, and if any fortresses of sin, sorrow, and death are still uncaptured—and there are many such—storm each Jebusite stronghold, make there another Zion, and rear a palace for the King and a temple for our Lord. These are no times for changing our Monarch's name and titles by our speeches, resolutions, and parliaments, as our Queen's has been. Let us up and carve out an empire for our Lord till he shall be King over all, and blessed for evermore.

"Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumbered foes,
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose."

We want deeds of daring done, which shall add another page to the scroll of the church's fame. Say not "the former times were better than these," for earth's battle fields are still spheres, in which the Christian warrior may emulate the noblest actions, of heroes gone home to the rest of heaven, who did the exploits with which our ears tingle to-day. Brother, what man has done once man can do again. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," is the motto upon our shield, and our war cry is, "The world for Jesus through the grace of God." They called a German General in the late Franco-German war old "immer vorwärts," "always forward," because of his constant cry, "forward." Brethren, be young "immer vorwärts." Go ahead. Go on. Live going on. Die going on, as a spark ever ascends till it expires going up to its source in the sun.

II. Nor must we forget to preach the truth, which is the secret of our success now, as it has been ever aforetime. "In this sign alone we conquer", is as true of the cross now as in the time of the baptized pagan Constantine. 'Tis fabled that Medusa's head turned all that looked upon it into stone. There is another face which, if truly seen, would change back the stone and melt all hearts of adamant into penitence and love. Ever present that face in all its beauty that men may look and live. This is the "open sesame" of childish story brought into actual life. It casts its spell on men and makes them willing in the day

of God's power, and they are drawn by it as iron is attracted by the loadstone's charm.

They tell us that the age of bronze conquered the age of stone weapons because of its keener edge; and that the age of iron triumphed over the bronze because it was harder and keener still. Now, of all weapons God's truth is the most mighty, it is sharper than a two-edged sword. No armour of proof can withstand its assault. It cannot return to God void; it must accomplish that which he shall please and prosper in the the thing whereunto he hath sent it. Ye shall be made more than conquerors through him that hath loved you. The seven locks of strength grow out of this love of the truth, as it is in Jesus. No rod of Aaron has more power to consume serpents, divide seas, open fountains in rocks, and bear blossoms in the dark,—than has this man of our right hand, this staff on which we lean which will never break and pierce our hand, even though we rest on it the full weight of all our own and the church's care.

Many voices will seek to charm with their siren song. Suggestions about progress and modern times, demanding a newer and more developed creed will be made on every side. But

> "Should all the forms which men devise
> Assault our soul with treacherous art,
> We'll call them vanity and lies,
> And bind the gospel to our heart."

Never till thunder ceases to shake the rocks and the lightning's bolt to rend the oaks will we believe that, knowing the terrors of the Lord, we may cease to persuade men of Sinai's judgments, and warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

Never till water ceases to slake the thirst and bread to satisfy hunger, will we keep back from men ready to perish the provisions of the gospel feast. Never till the last man is delivered will we lay up to rest the life-boat, which alone can rescue the drowning men, wrecked on the rocks of ruin and close to the whirlpool of endless despair. We pray for nobler powers to do more justice to the message we proclaim. We would weave our fairest garlands and tune our sweetest notes to express its triumphs and lasting joys. We would allure by every charm and thrill with every warning cry which human voice can command, but we want no new truth upon our lips, believing that if men hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded, if in default of a novelty we repeated the folly of the would-be scientists of the day, and unearthed some exploded error from the regions of the dead. Brethren, preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as it is in Jesus. Go in this thy might, even that word of truth which is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth.

III. I have said go forward. I have bid you preach only the truth: I add, be constant in prayer. You send over the brook to meet and change your brother's heart all the wealth and love you possess; and then in secret wrestle till you get a princely honour and have it said by the side of your Jabok, "He blessed him there." We need the brow of brass to confront the enemies of truth; that face is brighter than gold which reflects the glory of divine communion enjoyed in the mount of God.

How many clouds, heralding rain for a thirsty land, have risen out of the infinite sea of the fulness of God, when the prophet has waited on some Carmel's height in the attitude of humble believing and outlooking prayer. Search out, as Daniel did, the promises which touch the future of God's church; and then with his importunity set yourselves to prayer, and soon on your lip shall be the living coal, in your ear the message borne by swift-winged ministrants of strength, and in your heart that sacred ecstacy of joy which is the portion of those who know they are "greatly beloved" "and shall have rest," and "stand in their lot at the end of the days." "Who is sufficient for these things?" may well be asked by all who speak for the living God to dying men. "I brought him to thy disciples and they could not cast him out" is at times the sad wail of unblessed demon-haunted souls at our feet. "Why could we not cast him out?" the question of our chagrin and defeat; and the answer may not be far to seek, for there are many kinds that go not out "save by prayer and fasting." With this secret of the Lord we can unbolt the iron gate, lead through every ward of the prison-house, shake off human shackles, arouse the slumberers, gird them for the fight, irradiate their dungeon, and deliver from the malice of the devil and all the expectation of our foes.

If innocence and wisdom embodied in Jesus left room for the "needs be" of prayer in the service of our salvation, how much more do we in ignorance and sin require to be upon our watch-tower looking to "the hills whence cometh all our help." If thus we march on, ever advancing in our proclamation of love, and ever seeking help from on high, what will be the end? Well, the immediate manifestation I cannot depict with certainty.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

I remember a cross of shame, and a borrowed tomb guarding a body treated as that of a doomed slave, a rock-hewn sepulchre sealed and watched as if a traitor couched there ready to spring, who must be kept safe from further deeds of ill, and I watch till he has "led captivity captive," and as the King of Glory through the uplifted gates and everlasting doors he has marched to take his throne and wait till his enemies shall be made his footstool. So it may be that your path shall slope for a while down to poverty and shame, your tears may fall in your Gethsemane, men may buffet you in mockery of all that is dearest to you in your life and work. Your sun may go down while yet it is day; no rag of reputation be left to shield you from the glare of pitiless and condemning eyes, heads may wag in scorn, and voices hoot in ribaldry perversions of your words and deeds; yet, yet as a dream when one awaketh shall you despise their image. From every lion that roared against you shall you gather the honey. Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall follow. Hark to the words of grace which herald those of glory: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of your Lord." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne." Amen and Amen.

Our Baptist Cousins across the Atlantic.

BY PASTOR G. D. EVANS, OF BRISTOL.

DURING a recent visit to the United States, it was our desire to gather as much knowledge as possible concerning the strength and the work of our religious body there. Unsatisfactory health prevented our interviewing all those brethren to whom we were kindly furnished with letters of introduction. Notwithstanding this, we did not return home devoid of information, for with the assistance of one or two pamphlets given to us by a respected minister in New York, we have become better acquainted with the position and prospects of the Baptists of the western world. Our readers who do not possess the same sources of information, may be glad to receive in a more compendious form some of the intelligence we have gathered together. The present flourishing condition of the churches in that vast country is well known ; indeed, the States may be regarded as the head quarters of our denomination; but it is not everybody who knows that the position of influence now held has only been gained by long struggles for religious liberty, in which many of the forefathers of the present generation relinquished their property and gave up their personal freedom, while some of them even lost their lives.

Amongst the Pilgrim Fathers who fled from our island home in 1620, was Roger Williams, who was what other Baptists have been before and since, a stern reformer. Indeed, he was so far before his age that his brother pilgrims could endorse but few of his notions concerning religious liberty. He soon became too much of a radical to be allowed to remain in their society, and was at length banished from their settlement as an incorrigible offender. After long and weary wanderings, friendless and forlorn, he settled at Rhode Island, on the border of Nanagansett Bay. His new home was called Providence, in recognition of the divine care that had for so long watched over him. He had by some means imbibed Baptist sentiments, and in the year 1639, as soon as his settlement became sufficiently populated, he formed the first Baptist church on the great continent. The growth of our principles was slow. There was much to retard their progress. The same spirit of intolerance that pervaded the laws of England ruled with a strong despotism across the Atlantic. The Episcopal Church, as usual, was animated with virulent hatred towards the simple followers of the will of Christ. The ecclesiastical machinery as well as that of the state was put in motion for their overthrow. We are not much surprised, therefore, that when more than half a century had passed away there were in America but fifteen churches of our faith.

The story of the persecution endured by our brethren might run in almost parallel lines as to its nature and virulence with that of the persecution of our English Puritans by Queen Elizabeth a century before. Fines, whippings, and imprisonments were very frequent.

In Virginia, the incarcerated ministers used to preach through the grating of the prisons to the crowds who came to look at them. They were made a spectacle to men, just as the wild beasts in a menagerie are exhibited for the delectation of the juveniles who stare at them; or as

of old those victims who were fastened in the stocks were gazed at by their curious and ill-mannered fellow townsmen.

Many remarkable laws against heresy have been passed by different states at various times. It is a question whether any could be found on any statute book more singular than the following very curious relic of a semi-barbarous age: "That all persons that in contempt of the divine sacrament of baptism shall refuse when they may carry their child to a lawful minister of that county to have them baptized, shall be amerced two thousand pounds of tobacco, half to the informer half to the public."

Persecution has never in the end wrought to the disadvantage of our people. Like the Israelites in Egypt, the more we have been oppressed the more rapidly we have grown. During a few years suppression has appeared to thin our numbers. But there has been a secret growth, the results of which have been manifested in those better times when the more genial temper of the moral atmosphere has tempted the hidden ones to come forth and show their strength.

Much of the weight of oppression was taken off all religious sects when the United States obtained their independence. Eight years after the yoke had been broken from the necks of the people—that is, in 1784—there were 424 Baptist ministers, and over 35,000 members.

But even the constitution of the United States, broad and liberal as it was, did not guarantee full religious liberty. It was soon amended to meet the wishes of the people who had so lately leaped into freedom and were enjoying its new-found pleasures. So the first amendment that was made provided that Congress should make no law respecting an Establishment of Religion, or prohibit the free exercise thereof, or abridge the freedom of speech, or of the press. This law was calculated to give a remarkable impetus to the spreading of our views. Freedom of speech has always been claimed as a great part of our noble heritage. To be tongue-tied is ever a weakness to us. To be able to declare our principles is always a means of increasing our strength. Dumb dogs are of no service in bringing home the wandering sheep of the Lord's flock; and men who believe and yet close their lips will restore very few who have strayed from the truth.

This freedom of speech proved a marvellous boon to our brethren. They made admirable use of their liberty. Their banner was lifted higher, and carried by willing hands further into the territory of their adversaries. It was given them to display because of the truth, and none of them shrank from the task of exalting it. God had set before them an open door, and they felt that it was woe unto them if they did not enter in. The results of their faith and action may be given in a few words. A very small collection of figures will show how mightily grew the word of God and prevailed. In 1784, when the population of the United States was 3,300,000, there were 471 churches of our faith, with 424 ministers and 35,101 members, being one Baptist to every 94 persons of the population. In less than one hundred years the population had run up to the amazing number of 38½ millions, and the Baptists could boast in 1871 of 17,745 churches, 10,818 ministers, and 1,419,493 members. The ratio of increase is worthy of notice. A little calculation will show us that these irrepressible people had increased

about three and a half times as fast as the population, and that now there was one Baptist to every 27 of the people. That ratio has certainly not decreased, so that if the distribution were equal all over the great continent we might shake hands with every twenty-seventh person that we met in Broadway, New York; or Arch Street, Philadelphia; or in the Western City of San Francisco; and greet him or her as a baptized believer. During the next three years a very remarkable expansion took place. In that time 3,765 new churches were formed; 2,536 new ministers were appointed; and 341,678 members were added to the churches.

Look at these facts in another way, for they are like the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope, and each way you turn them new interest is added to the view. By the statistics received for the last five years from the various associations, statistics which are by no means perfect, and do not give the whole number of baptisms, it appears that there have been at least 230 baptized every day. It is questionable whether any religious body has ever equalled this progress. The old, often quoted, words rise in our memories as we rehearse the story—"There is a future for you Baptists!" Older words still seem to have their fulfilment renewed to us—"The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." It would require but scanty mathematical knowledge to reckon how long it is likely to be before every other man we meet in that great country is a baptized believer.

Distinct denominational work is carried on to a very large extent. Perhaps the most widely influential of all the great societies sustained by the Baptists is The American Baptist Publication Society. A country so young cannot boast of an ancient literature such as our own. Massive folios in black letter do not adorn the libraries of America, except they have been imported from the old country; but the best use has been made of the limited time possessed for the cultivation of literary tastes, and there is a literature growing up amongst the people which bids fair to compete in very honourable rivalry with our own. The Baptists have taken large advantage of the rising tide of literary taste to disseminate their own views of divine truth, as well as to spread general religious literature.

The Society we have named has become an organization of almost unlimited resources. It was commenced fifty years ago as a Baptist Tract Society. Very soon its work was enlarged, and bound volumes and Sunday-school works furnished a part of its stock in trade. Then colporteurs were employed, and by them the page of truth was carried all over the country. The work has now become so large that the receipts of the Society were in 1875 over 420,000 dollars. As a result of the steady progress of this organization there are now in existence in the States 28 weekly religious papers, 7 fortnightly, 15 monthly, and 2 quarterly magazines, all more or less devoted to our interests. Every week 168,500 of these papers issue from the press. There is a Sunday-school secretary whose special business it is to look after the literature for the young. Two papers which we have had the pleasure of perusing, namely, *The Young Reaper* and *The Baptist Teacher*, are among the best Sunday-school periodicals we have ever seen. This branch of the Society constitutes a sort of Baptist Sunday-school Union. It enters

into no conflict with any other Union that may be engaged in a similar work. The authorized "International Lessons" are used, but each denomination issues special helps to its own teachers, who inculcate their own views of the word of God, feeling neither diffidence nor fear concerning other denominations. It is a great joy to learn that our American brethren have 12,000 Sunday-schools, containing 100,000 officers and teachers and 1,000,000 scholars.

In connection with the society a very peculiar form of home-mission work is carried on. A Sunday-school missionary is engaged to explore new fields of enterprise that may open up in districts where bands of settlers have pitched their tents. The ground being clear, schools are established, where otherwise the Romish missionary would be found teaching all the errors of the apostate church. From what we can gather it seems that the teaching in the Sunday-schools is more distinct than with us. In a school belonging to a Baptist church there can be no inconsistency in the inculcation of right views upon baptism. If we hold any particular truth our youth should understand it. Without giving to it undue prominence, we should assign to it that importance which its position in the word of God demands. This seems to be the aim of our Transatlantic friends. Upon one of the Sunday-school periodicals there is an engraving of the baptism of a youth. Such an illustration must excite enquiry in the minds of those who look at it. "What meaneth this?" would be the question, which would be answered by an explanation of the rite, and an earnest appeal to the child to decide for Christ, so that the rite might be claimed for himself. The million of scholars being brought under more direct teaching upon the question are more likely to grow up settled in the conviction of the divine appointment of the ordinance, and when they have become converted their union with a Baptist church will follow as a matter of course. Our future wider extension in England will depend in a great measure upon the way in which our young people are trained. Let our Sabbath-school teachers see to it that they are not frightened by the bugbear of sectarianism, but simply moved by a pure desire to make known the will of their Lord to the children of their charge, and soon we shall see growing up in our midst a band of youths and maidens who will do honour to the name of Baptist.

Perhaps the centralisation of the work of the Publication Society has done more to develope the literary resources of our denomination than anything else could have done. When a man desires to bring out a work which will be useful to his own body, or the church at large, he knows that in this central organization he will be saved from the fleecing which authors often suffer at the hands of their publishers. The question asked concerning his book is, we presume, not so much, "will it pay?" as, "will it do good?" although the facilities of the great establishment are more likely to make it pay than if any private publisher had been employed to give it to the world. We Baptists in England are certainly possessed of a literature; but, without desiring to speak in disparaging terms of our publications, I think it is evident that this literature is not worthy of us. We are much stronger than our papers or our books. It is a fact, which some of us deplore, that our best literary men are employed, not in the consolidation of the body

to which they belong, but in the interests of great literary corporations outside that body. For some reasons it is matter of thankfulness that the Religious Tract Society numbers amongst its most noted editors gentlemen who once occupied positions of eminence in our midst; but we think they must have been given up from our churches and colleges with a degree of reluctance, mingled with joy that they were called to such honourable posts in the world of letters, because there were no editorial positions in our body to command their valuable services. Probably we are not yet sufficiently consolidated to form in connection with our Baptist Union a board of literature which might engage the talents of those for whom this kind of work possesses signal charms, or who after many years of ripening fitness in other branches of our work, wish in their later years to occupy the wider sphere which the editorial chair commands. It will be a grand day for our body when the time arrives for us to consider this matter with the care and attention which it deserves. A strong, healthy, vigorous literature, impregnated with true catholicity of spirit, while it withholds nothing of the truth, is what we want in these days. The more men know of us the more likely will they be to understand our position and approach nearer to it.

The distinct evangelistic work of the Publication Society is supplemented by the work of the Home Mission Society itself, whose business it is to set up the banner of the Lord in each new settlement, and to stimulate the various churches and associations throughout the Union in their domestic missions.

The Foreign American Baptist Missionary Union is a vast organization for carrying the gospel into the remotest parts of the earth. From the days of Judson to the present time, the Americans have been distinguished for their zeal in missionary enterprise. In India, Africa, China, and Europe, the agents of their society will be found. At present they can point to 158 missionaries, 940 native preachers, 745 churches, and 57,883 members in connection with them. They work very heartily in association with all Christian missionaries, but there is no compromise in their special teaching.

It was our pleasure to attend a service in New York, after which there was a collection for the Missionary Society, and we were struck by the novel way in which the contributions of the members of the congregation were secured. It was taken for granted that some of the friends would forget that there was a collection for missionary purposes. In every pew there were some little pieces of card with a pencil stuck through a hole in each, so that any person who had come to chapel with his pocket empty might write his promise of payment upon the card, which would be handed to the collector, who would in due time get the promissory note changed for cash. If such a practice were usual in connection with our collection services, the probability is that the resources of our various agencies would be considerably increased.

The educational institutions of the Baptists of the United States are exceedingly efficient, and some of them very richly endowed. There appear to be nine theological seminaries, thirty-three colleges, and fifty academies specially devoted to the training of youth and the

preparation of men for the ministry of the word and the fields of mission service. Altogether the students number about 4,000, and the endowments amount to ten or eleven millions of dollars. These appliances, however, do not seem to be sufficient for the supply of the various spheres of Christian work that are continually opening in so wide a place. The cry still goes up to heaven for well equipped ministers of the gospel. Numerous churches are still waiting for efficient pastors, and are ready to welcome them from wherever they may come. It is thought by some despondent people that our home market is rapidly becoming overstocked with preachers. We do not share their fear. Even in England there are broad acres yet untilled, waiting for the sowers who are arising from the Pastors' College and other kindred institutions to till them. But should the market become plethoric, the outward bound vessels will not refuse to carry even such heavy cargo as Baptist ministers, and if the quality be good, there need be little fear of the article not being disposed of. But good quality is indispensable. There are traditions of very inferior men obtaining good positions in the States. Probably some are really better off than they were at home. But their position is not to be estimated by the number of dollars they receive per annum. It must be taken into account that the purchasing power of the dollar varies in different states and different parts of the same state, so that a man with a thousand dollars per annum roughly valued at £200 currency, may be much better off than a man with £200 per annum in England, or may be as badly off as a man with a salary of only £80. It is very questionable whether in a city like New York, a minister with a salary of five thousand dollars (nearly £1,000), where a tolerably good house costs from one thousand five hundred to two thousand dollars a year, and some other things are proportionately high, is really in a more favourable position for saving money than he who in London or a provincial town receives a stipend of £400 to £500. America wants good men just as much as England does. New York and Philadelphia are quite as difficult to please as London, Liverpool, or Manchester. There are men now in America who went forth from our colleges unfitted for the work, but who thought that it was easier work to obtain churches there than amongst their dissatisfied fellow Britons; and they would be almost glad to work their passage back to England. They are just as much waifs and strays upon the ocean of religious society as they would have been had they remained in their own land. In America they want good preachers, good pastors, and good organizers, and if any man has these three talents in tolerable proportions, he will succeed across the herring-pond just as he would upon this side of it. But let no young man think that any fool can do well amongst our acute Yankee brethren, who will criticise the points of a sermon with as much coolness as they would those of a horse, and point out the defects of a preacher in the morning's newspaper as carefully as they would the defects of a pair of birds that might be exhibiting at a poultry show. There is one point, however, in which the Baptist minister of the States is superior to his brother in this land of priestcraft. He stands upon a footing of perfect equality with his brethren of every denomination. There is no need for him to apologise for his existence. He is a free man amongst free men. The very meanest of his frater-

nity would not submit to a snubbing by a bishop. He is as independent as any man under heaven. The non-existence of the State church is a noble boon well worthy of being taken into consideration by any brother who thinks of becoming a Yankee.

It is well known that the practice of strict communion is almost as universal there as the practice of open communion is here. Considering the great blessing that has rested upon the churches, we do not wish to enter into any discussion upon this matter. It may be for the benefit of the churches of our denomination there that they should keep their doors closed. It is a very wide question. But it gives some of us pleasure to know that there is at work an under-current of more liberal opinion which seems likely in time to cause an upheaval of the old system. The principle of open communion we think would make head-way if a Robert Hall were to appear in the States and with his convincing arguments urge a more liberal discipline. Perhaps matters are not yet ripe for such a change. We would not hasten it. Certain we are of this, that nowhere in this world do our principles take faster hold upon the people.

We might have said more upon many matters closely connected with the subject of this paper :—ministers, chapels, chapel debts, doctrines, &c., &c., would have furnished ample scope for a longer article. But we have already filled sufficient space. We conclude by expressing our great joy that the superstitious practice of infant christening is falling into disrepute. The number of those who carry their children to the font is gradually lessening year by year. Adult baptism, or rather, baptism upon a profession of faith, is very usual in Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and other churches. The open baptisteries in so many chapels, apart from any verbal exposition of the great truth, preach their own sermons, and with marvellous effect. "These things are not done in a corner" over yonder. "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," is not simply the line of a hymn, but a veritable part of the creed of these representatives of Primitive Christianity. Thus their growth is, we think, a remarkable manifestation of God's faithfulness to his word, "Them that honour me I will honour." We clasp hands across the ocean and wish our dear friends God speed.

To an early Primrose.

IN this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.
So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms,
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;
While every bleaching breeze, that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life. KIRKE WHITE.

The Work of the Pastors' College.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part V.

THE PASTORS OF BRISTOL.

WE now come to the ancient city of Bristol, where five pastors who were educated at the Pastors' College, will be found engaged in active service. We begin at Broadmead Chapel, a classic spot in the annals of nonconformity, and a site around which glorious memories cluster such as give a charm to the local history of the picturesque western metropolis.

Mr. E. G. Gange was born in the city of London in 1844. Of his childhood and school-boy days there is nothing particularly interesting to relate; he much resembled other boys, having been fond of frolic, he was besides rather obstreperous when subjected to a discipline he did not approve. He attended Arthur-street Chapel, Camberwell, where his parents were members of the church, and at the age of seventeen he was himself converted. There did not, in those early days, appear to be any probability that he would ever preach the gospel. The youth was placed at business in the ordinary way, and at business he continued year after year. He was providentially led step by step from one thing to another, but without suspecting whither the pathway of duty and of privilege would lead.

Immediately after his conversion Mr. Gange found himself among associations that were not only congenial to the young man just starting on the Christian course, but such as really constituted a discipline such as would redound in benefit at a future day. When a wave of revival passed over the church at Arthur-street, and our friend with about half a dozen other youths was admitted, he established a prayer-meeting in his father's house, which in time became something more than a prayer-meeting—the young men secured to themselves the advantages of a good debating society by exercising their gifts in preaching before one another. The room was furnished with a desk and a Bible, as if for a public meeting, though none were admitted other than members. Several of the coterie were not able to shine very brilliantly after opening the book and announcing their text; some were too nervous or too incompetent to speak at all, so that both preacher and hearers were satisfied in common when Mr. Gange was able, as well as willing, to occupy the whole of the allotted time himself. This excellent practice was beneficial in many ways; it was an admirable exercise in the art of pulpit oratory, while it bred a desire in the heart of the convert to advance to nobler things by preaching the gospel in public, for which opportunities soon occurred. A Christian friend hired rooms at Blue Anchor-road, Bermondsey, and there a beginning—a very successful one—was made. All things appeared to be very encouraging, while the future promised something better.

On a certain auspicious day a gentleman attired in broadcloth, and also wearing a white neckerchief, appeared sitting among the little audience in Blue Anchor-road. This friend-in-need turned out to be no

other than Mr. T. N. Baker, a gentleman interested in Christian work, and one willing to assist a youth who could help himself. Mr. Baker listened attentively to the sermon; he was so pleased with what he heard that he afterwards said to the preacher, "I think God intends you to be a minister." No such notions, however, were entertained; on the contrary, Mr. Gange really shrank from the ambitious aspirations which influence some in the early beginnings of their Christian course. Still, he was able to appreciate the kind of assistance rendered by Mr. Baker, who obtained permission to hold Tuesday evening services at the workhouse on Walworth-common, where 400 poor inmates enjoyed an opportunity of hearing the gospel. These services were continued for months; they were a source of pleasure and profit to speaker and hearers, and, meanwhile, interested persons looked with admiration on what was in progress.

Among those friends who were interested was Mr. Jonathan George, the pastor of Arthur-street Chapel. Mr. George was a father in Israel who loved to extend the hand of patronage to deserving genius; he might have capacity to teach young ideas how to shoot, but he liked best to incline the already grown tender branch in the way in which they should grow. What he heard and what he saw filled Mr. George with admiration, until Mr. Gange was sent for to be kindly encouraged and judiciously advised. With a candid openness not always exercised, the elderly Christian spoke to the young beginner in tones of warning as well as in words of praise. There was not the slightest probability that his young friend would ever make a preacher in the conventional sense—it would be well for him not to be puffed up on that account—but he, nevertheless, inherited gifts such as enabled him to talk the gospel in a homely way to the poor of low districts. Then followed many valuable hints concerning texts, divisions, sermons, and things in general, which were doubtless accepted at their proper worth, and turned to good account in after days.

In the meantime the young evangelist manifested a sufficient liking for crowds and the excitement of special services to be found frequently following Mr. Spurgeon from place to place in and about London. This kind of recreation, his own services, and the necessary work of preparation occupied about the whole of his leisure time. It happened also that just about this time Mr. Spurgeon himself heard all about what was progressing at the workhouse and elsewhere, the informer being Mr. Baker, whose estimation of youthful talent had a tendency to be more liberal than that of Mr. George. As an immediate consequence Mr. Gange was summoned to the Tabernacle, and offered a place in the Pastors' College, but having only recently become established in business he did not clearly see that the path of duty would lead to the regular ministry. He loved labours of Christian enterprise, though he did not think that in his case such work needed to be paid labour. "Well, then," replied Mr. Spurgeon, "come to the evening classes—half a loaf is better than none." This advice was accepted, Mr. Gange devoted his leisure hours to the recreation of self-improvement, and after some months relinquished trade to become enrolled among the regular students of the college.

On the first Sabbath after he had entered the college, Mr. Gange was

sent to preach at Eynsford, an ancient village in Kent. The church there was in a low condition; it seemed to be sinking lower, and the students who had supplied the pulpit from time to time carried back with them disheartening reports. Discouraged by these circumstances, the President sent Mr. Gange as a forlorn hope, and with the intimation, "You are the last man I'll send them." There was at once a change for the better. The chapel filled, the people were edified, strangers were attracted, and the instrument of this revival was invited to accept the pastorate, but as the station could only be regarded as a minor one the offer was declined. The Sabbaths of ten months, the days of college life, were spent at Eynsford; there has since been a revival, and the prosperity has continued till now. It thus happened that Mr. Gange had not one free Sunday to spend at the Tabernacle during the whole time of his stay at college. The strain would have killed a weakling, but to a strong man the discipline was bracing and pleasant.

In the autumn of 1862, the church at Landport was without a pastor, Mr. Rogers, the theological tutor, supposed that his young friend would find in such a sphere ample scope for his powers. Though Cheltenham was eager to obtain his services, Mr. Gange preferred Landport, and went accordingly, to find himself warmly welcomed to a nearly empty chapel. Though sufficiently dark at first the general aspect of affairs at once began to brighten. The chapel filled until the experience at Eynsford was repeated. To a man who wished to get at the people, to bring the claims of the gospel before the most needy recipients, Portsmouth offered a most eligible opening. The town is healthy and populous, a large proportion of its teeming population being of the artisan class, who find employment in the government dockyard. The merits of the case were calmly weighed, and while Mr. Gange still remained in a state of hesitation, a woman from the crowd seized him by the hand, and with tears declared that his sermon had brought her to Christ. This occurrence had the effect of a casting vote, and the charge was cordially accepted. The chapel, which was not a large one, now became crowded in an extraordinary manner; people stood, as well as sat, in the pews; when the weather permitted, others listened at the open windows; even seats on the stairs, whence the preacher could be seen, were let at half-a-crown a quarter; better than all, hundreds of sinners were brought to the Saviour. It now became necessary to erect a new chapel to accommodate the crowds who were anxious to hear; and no sooner did the people perceive their duty, than they set about the work with commendable enthusiasm. Land was secured in Lake-road, Landport, and on that site was erected the present handsome structure, every seat being let from a plan before the builders had completed their work. For seven years this blessing continued, and then occurred unexpected changes — Mr. Gange removed to Broadmead Chapel, Bristol.

The removal of the young pastor from Portsmouth to Bristol was a step upward, judging from a worldly standpoint; and the change also promised a larger field of usefulness. Bristol, ancient, rich, salubrious, and populous, was the favourite dwelling-place of Robert Hall; and for centuries its Nonconformist element has been strong and growing in power. At present there are forty-two Anglican churches in the

city; while the Baptists, Independents, and Wesleyans have forty chapels between them. If we include in the category forty-one additional places of worship owned by other nonconforming bodies, we shall see that the conventicles outnumber the steeple-houses in the population of nearly two to one. But apart from controversy Bristol is one of the most interesting of English cities; and it is not very long ago since it ranked as the second town of England. In old time, when courtiers complimented London by naming it the King's Royal Chamber, Bristol aspired to the lesser distinction of being called the Queen's Royal Chamber. In the sixteenth century, when England was breaking her league with Antichrist, the voices of many leading Reformers were lifted up in this favoured city on behalf of a pure gospel. The blood of many honoured martyrs also stained the soil. Then the clouds passed; popery became unfashionable; and on an autumn day soon after the accession of Elizabeth, a merry spectacle was witnessed by an admiring crowd at the High Cross—the churchwardens of the town, assisted by some of the pastors, collected the roods and images from the churches, and then publicly set them on fire. Since that day the prosperity of this great port has continued. To Pope, early in the last century, the place appeared like a city of ships. The modern visitor is still still struck with the evidences, everywhere apparent, of an extensive trade, as well as with the abounding wealth and natural beauty of the suburbs.

The church at Broadmead, Bristol, is one of the mother churches of England. It can boast of a noble heroic history, the interesting details of which are familiar to a multitude of readers. The Records carry us back to the most stirring days of the Puritan era. With charming simplicity we are told how the people were first led forth from the Babylon of prelacy; how godly Mrs. Kelly would sit serving in her shop "on the time they called Christmas-day;" and how pastors and people braved the subsequent storms of persecutors to stand conquerors in the field at the Revolution of 1688. In after days the most able men that the denomination could furnish were invited to occupy the Broadmead pulpit. Robert Hall and John Foster, the one the most eloquent preacher, the other the first of Christian essayists in the last age, were both intimately associated with this ancient meeting-house. It is a spot which tourists visit still to find in the quaint passages and surroundings of the chapel the surviving contrivances of perilous days. It is probably the first church that undertook the duty of educating young men for the ministry; Bristol College being a promising child of the Broadmead Church.

When, after seven years of distinguished success at Landport, Mr. Gange accepted a call to Broadmead, he appeared to be leaving a crowded chapel for a barren and empty land. People said that Broadmead had had its day. Situated in the very heart of the business part of the city among shops and warehouses, the old site as a Sabbath meeting-place was in all respects inconvenient. On Saturday evening thriving citizens turned their backs on offices and wharves; and it was not likely they would walk from the suburbs Sabbath by Sabbath for the sake of keeping alive a few classic reminiscences.

After the resignation of Dr. Haycroft the prosperity of the church

was temporarily revived by Mr. Charles Clarke, of Chilwell College, until an extraordinary circumstance led to his removal. Mr. Clarke one day received a telegram from the church at Melbourne, Australia, inviting him to accept the pastorate there at a salary of £1000 a year. The call was accepted, the pastor removed to Australia, and the church at Broadmead appeared likely to lapse into a low condition. When Mr. Clarke relinquished the Christian ministry to become a lecturer, his people again had recourse to the telegraph, this time inviting Mr. Gange to cross the ocean and accept the Pastorate of the Melbourne Church. Though declined by Mr. Gange, Mr. Philip Bailhache, of Hammersmith, entered into the distant sphere, in which he is still doing a good work.

When invited to settle in Australia, Mr. Gange was comfortably going forward with his work among his people at Bristol; a sum of about £2000 had been expended on the enlargement of the chapel, and still hundreds of additional seats were required for the accommodation of the increasing number of applicants. The old Broadmead of Dr. Ryland's day can hardly be said to exist, and there are doubtless a number of antiquarian dissenters who will regret the metamorphosis which the modernizers have effected, "The heavy, dingy looking chamber, with its huge columns of stone and straight-backed, old-fashioned pews," has been transformed into a light, convenient chapel. At the time of the re-opening the *Bristol Daily Post* thus described the alterations and improvements which had been made:

"The chapel has been lengthened many feet in the direction of the Horse-fair, a piece of ground, formerly used as a graveyard, being enclosed, so that in one part of the building, at least, the living and the dead will be close companions. The roof, which of late years has taken the place of the horizontal ceiling, remains intact, and the added portion of the chapel is in harmony with its design. A feature that takes the attention at once on entering is the disappearance of the six ponderous pillars of stone that interfered so much with sight and sound in the old building, and which have been replaced by eight smaller ones of plain design. The effect of this change is exceedingly agreeable. The new pillars are of cast iron; and instead of the columns extending from the floor to the roof, there are capitals immediately beneath the gallery by which the nakedness inseparable from a lofty column is avoided. They are painted a delicate blue, and the abaci and astrogals of the 'caps' are gilded, which gives the whole a light and elegant aspect. The new galleries are built at a greater angle than the old ones were; and principals of polished oak are placed underneath. A light and agreeable effect is produced by open ornamental ironwork which forms the front of the galleries, surmounted by a handsome railing of polished mahogany. The ironwork, which is wrought in a tasteful design, is painted light and picked out with gold, underneath it being a moulded and coved cornice. An additional window has been pierced on each side of the north or pulpit end of the galleries, and a couple of new ones added below. Those heavy-looking narrow boxes called pews, which in the hot summer weather used to be so many chambers of torture to their occupants, have disappeared, and their places taken by open seats more in accordance with modern tastes. They have reclining backs, are stained and varnished, and as far as the ground floor is concerned have been re-arranged. The centre aisle is done away with, while in lieu of the old plan of having a row of raised pews running along the wall on either side of the chapel they are now arranged so as to face the pulpit, and on a level with the others."

This is all satisfactory so far as it goes, but as the cry is still "more room," and the church is growing at the rate of eighty or a hundred a

year, architect and builder may yet again have to exercise their ingenuity in extending the pew accommodation. Indeed, since we began to write this article the church has commenced extensive alterations, in the enlargement of the building, providing accommodation for four hundred more persons. This second enlargement will make Broadmead one of the most capacious nonconformist chapels in England.

The Sunday-school is well attended, and is doing a good work; a City missionary is supported by the church; a sum of £200 a year is given to the cause of foreign missions. The church may also claim to be a working and aggressive Christian band. Perhaps one of the most promising features of its organization is a company of young men who regularly exercise their gifts in preaching. Mr. Gange has about a dozen such helpers who can really preach acceptably; and once a week he meets them for the purpose of imparting counsel and instruction. In the villages around the city these volunteers are frequently encountered, and also among the shipping of the port.

Mr. Gange is so well known in various parts of the empire that there are numbers of friends who will like to look at him for a moment through the eyes of an outsider. The following word-portrait comes from the pencil of the *Western Telegraph*, and while the sketch betrays in the artist no power of looking very deeply into character, it is drawn by an appreciative interviewer. We may mention that the crayon-wielder was wide of the mark in his guesses concerning the pastor's age, and as he has evidently no eye for this department of his profession, it would be wise not to repeat the experiment on other people. When the article appeared, in February, 1872, Mr. Gange had not long completed his 27th year :—

"Mr. Gange is a young man. We should place his age at from 34 to 36, but when in the pulpit his appearance is that of a much younger man. He may easily be taken for a person of 26 or 28 years of age. He is attired in an orthodox suit of black cloth, but, unlike most of his Dissenting brethren, he does not wear a white neckerchief. A small black tie takes the place of what is irreverently termed the 'white choker.' He has a large, open countenance, with a tolerably massive forehead. Of a somewhat florid complexion, he does not present that haggard, careworn appearance which is generally associated with one's idea of a studious person. His face impresses a stranger more with the speaker's honesty and earnestness rather than with great mental power. At the same time it is only necessary to listen to any of his discourses to find out that the speaker is a sound thinker. There is an amount of 'finish' about his sermons that tells of the midnight lamp. He does not throw out a heap of disconnected sentences, and attempt to produce effect by an appeal to the passions. Each sentence, nay, each word, is well chosen, and fits in its proper place. Mr. Gange is evidently a well-read man, and his knowledge of everyday life is very extensive. He is never at a loss for a simile, although he deals very largely in illustrations. They are always appropriate, and are invariably made to yield some spiritual lesson. His descriptive powers are good, and his 'word pictures' never fail to produce the desired effect. There is nothing very peculiar in his style of delivery. He speaks very distinctly, and there is an agreeable absence of that detestable nasal twang which is so common in the modern pulpit. We allude to what the poet has described as:

> The nasal twang
> Heard at conventicle, when worthy men,
> Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
> Through the press'd nostril.

Nor is there any pedantic display of a knowledge of Johnson and Walker. There is a certain school of preachers, composed generally of newly-fledged 'Reverends' fresh from college, who seem to think that the art of preaching lies in employing nicely-rounded sentences, composed of words of six or eight syllables. The pastor of Broadmead has no connection with this school. His language is always plain, and the most illiterate person in the congregation would never lose a truth by reason of its being conveyed in words which he does not understand. He commences his sermon very slowly, and goes about his task in a cool, business-like manner. He is an extempore speaker, and does not appear to use any 'notes.' Now and then, but more particularly at the close of each 'head' of his discourse, he gives utterance to a brilliant peroration and at these times he is more under the influence of an *afflatus* which displays his eloquence, rather than labouring at a mere rhetorical display. Mr. Gange always improves passing events, and the leading social and political occurrences of the week are used by him on the following Sabbath to point a moral or to illustrate the subject under consideration. He is a plain speaker, and does not fail to present 'home truths' to his hearers. 'I tell you what it is, sirs,' he said the other Sunday, 'other races may be extinct, but the race of Pharisees is by no means extinct. They live to-day, and I want to say a few words to some of them who may be in this chapel this morning.'"

The labours of Mr. Gange extend far beyond his own pulpit at Broadmead, and beyond the city of Bristol. While he has acquired some fame as a lecturer, his services are frequently sought in the distance on special occasions. We need not go far to seek for the causes of his eminent success as a preacher of the Word. He is endowed with good talents; he has a clear strong voice; he loves his work, and the good old gospel is proclaimed with that straightforward Puritanic earnestness which will not bemean itself by obscuring truth with fine-drawn speculations. His discourses are such as the common people can understand, the very kind of sermons to please hearers of taste, because they are prepared after the model of the Master. It is a fine testimony to a preacher's good influence when his sermons are talked about by roughs in the street; and it was from such a source that the pastor drew some of his earliest encouragement. One day, at Portsmouth, a low-bred coster was reviling a brother coster in profanest terms, when, unable to reply in more scathing words, the other replied by advising the swearer to go and hear the young man at Lake-road Chapel.

The Birds in the morning.

IN this chill February weather there are no leafy coverts for the birds, and yet they wake up the dawn with their songs. We are slow to sing in our summer of prosperity, but these little choristers have sweet notes even for cold mornings. What a lesson for us. They sing a hymn for coming mercies till, as the poet says,

"The leafless boughs are stirred
With a spirit and a life
Which is floating all around;
And the covert's glades are rife
With the new-awakened sound.

My soul, henceforth do thou remember the bird singing on the leafless bough, in expectation of the coming spring, and do thou imitate him by praising God for mercies which are on the way.

The Catacombs and the Early Christians.*

THE catacombs of Rome constitute the most ancient Christian cemetery in the world, as well as the most extensive; for the mysterious caverns, whose origin no historian has been able to explain, have probably served for the sepulture of a multitude as great as that which crowds our British capital in the present day. The historical interest naturally attaching itself to these cheerless retreats of the primitive Christians is heightened by the obscurity enveloping the life and death of the nameless architects whose industry and ingenuity are seen in passages, galleries, and chambers extending for hundreds of miles through the underground solitude. This vast city of the dead has never been completely explored, perhaps it never will be; but what has already been read in these hidden depths makes up as complete a chain of evidence against the semi-Pagan rites of the apostate church of Rome as any evangelical believer in the gospel need wish to possess. There, at any rate, we look in vain for any inscriptions pointing to apostolical succession or to the follies of a sensuous ritual. There was no pope in those days; the myriads who lie in their quiet resting-places were simple believers in the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God; and, could they suddenly arise from their sepulchre to witness one of the ornate services at St. Peter's, they would confound the antics of priests and cardinals with the heathen mummeries of their old Roman persecutors.

The observant visitor to the Catacombs cannot fail to be struck with the fact that a large proportion of the tombs in the walls, ranged one above another, are those of children who were mercifully taken hence before they could experience the bitterness of the persecution which swept their parents into the grave. The inscriptions on others tell a different story, revealing the horror harboured by members of the ancient church relative to having their bones disturbed:—"I conjure you by Christ," says one, "that no violence be offered me by anyone, and that my sepulchre may not be violated;" and again, "I conjure you by the dreadful day of judgment that no one violate this sepulchre." Such are the dungeons which the persecuted people called "God's Cabinet." Here and there the excavations are said to be of Jewish origin, and to have been called by them "the house of the living:" but this is little better than a plausible conjecture. To us the Catacombs are pre-eminently God's acre—the ancient burial-ground of the saints who passed through much tribulation into their eternal home. The truth is that the modern tourist who to-day halts at the Italian capital looks, as it were, on three Romes. Beneath the dome of the Pantheon, amid the remains of the Appian Way, among the imposing ruins of the Colosseum, he looks on the Pagan city. In the services of the so-called Catholic Church, in the crowd of priests, friars, and citizens, who are slowly casting off the degradation engendered by superstition, he sees the Rome of the papal apostacy. But beneath, in the perilous maze, where midnight seems to reign supreme at noon, we feel that we are in the very heart of a Christian camp, a cemetery where the dust of Paul

* The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity. By W. H. Withrow, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

may possibly mingle with that of more humble veterans who were faithful throughout life and conquerors in death.

Abounding in interest as they do, we should not like to recommend either ailing or nervous persons to undertake the exploration of these subterranean streets. Their hearts would fail them for fear before reaching the bottom step of the stairway entrance. "The awful silence and almost palpable darkness of these deepest dungeons are absolutely appalling. They are fitly described by the epithet applied by Dante to the realms of eternal gloom—a spot mute of all light. Here death reigns supreme. Not even so much as a lizard or a bat has penetrated into these obscure recesses. Nought but skulls and skeletons, dust and ashes, are on every side. The air is impure and deadly, and difficult to breathe. 'The cursed dew of the dungeon damp' distils from the walls, and a sense of oppression, like the patriarch's 'horror of great darkness' broods over the scene."

When a schoolboy at Rome, about fourteen hundred years ago, Jerome tells us that he made a regular Sabbath pastime of visiting the catacombs. "So intense is the darkness," he says, "as to seemingly fulfil the words of the prophet, 'They go down alive to hades.' Here and there is light let in to mitigate the gloom. As we advance the words of the poet are brought to mind: 'Horror on all sides; the very silence fills the soul with dread.' Since the distant day in which Jerome wrote, time has greatly altered the general aspect of the Catacombs. Water, the forces of nature, and the destructive hands of man, have also done their part in aiding the work of devastation. "The rifled graves and broken tablets show where piety or superstition has removed the relics of the dead, or where idle curiosity has wantonly mutilated their monuments."

Determined explorers of these wonderful labyrinths have from time to time incurred considerable risk while following their fascinating occupation. With a light in one hand and an unwinding thread in the other, M. Roberts, an enthusiastic art student, once nearly forfeited his life while absorbed in the study of the sculptured walls. Unobserved the thread dropped from his hand, and while he searched for the precious line on which life depended the light went out, and completed his calamity. Amid the horrid darkness of the tomb, and the silence of death, he shouted with wild vehemence, "but the hollow echoes mocked his voice." At length, with despair chilling his heart, he sunk on to the floor, when to his indescribable relief he felt the missing cord, which guided him to light and life.

An incident also occurred at the close of the last century, and after the French Revolution, which should carry its lesson of warning to hardened sinners of to-day. A number of French military officers, who served under General Berthier, and who professed the atheistic principles of Voltaire and his school, once visited the Catacombs in a party:—

"They caroused in the sepulchral crypts, and sang their bacchanalian songs among the Christian dead. They rifled the graves and committed sacrilege at the tombs of the saints. One of the number, a reckless young cavalry officer, 'who feared not God nor devil, for he believed in neither,' resolved to explore the remoter galleries. He was speedily lost and abandoned by his companions. His excited imagination heightened

the natural horrors of the scene. The grim and ghastly skeletons seemed an army of accusing spectres. Down the long corridors the wind mysteriously whispered, rising in inarticulate moanings and woeful sighs, as of souls in pain. The tones of the neighbouring convent bell, echoing through the stony vaults, sounded loud and awful as the knell of doom. Groping blindly in the dark he touched nothing but rocky walls or mouldering bones, that sent a thrill of horror through his frame. Though but a thin roof separated him from the bright sunshine and free air, he seemed condemned to living burial. His philosophical scepticism failed him in this hour of peril. He could no longer scoff at death as *un sommeil eternal*. The palimpsest of memory recalled with intensest vividness the Christian teachings of his childhood. His soul became filled and penetrated with a solemn awe. His physical powers gave way beneath the intensity of his emotion. He was rescued the next day, but was long ill. He rose from his bed an altered man. His life was henceforth serious and devout. When killed in battle in Calabria, seven years after, a copy of the gospels was found next his heart."

Other adventurers have entered the fatal maze to be totally lost, without any trace of their remains ever having been discovered. About forty years ago a party of more than a dozen students, accompanied by their tutor, purposed spending a pleasant, profitable holiday among the sepulchres of the saints. They entered by a now inaccessible passage, wandered on and on never to be heard of again. They were carefully sought, but not the slighest trace of them could be discovered.

Even Antonio Bosio, the most industrious and persevering explorer of the Catacombs of whom we have any record, was several times nearly lost in that underground world, whose gloom was to him more congenial than open day, and in the mysterious recesses of which he spent half a long life at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. His enthusiasm knew of no restraints, while he laughed at difficulty and was never cowed by hardship. He was satisfied with the fare and lodging of a hermit, his heart leaping for joy when he came upon "pictures bright with the colours of yesterday, and characters still sharp and angular from the primeval graving tool." Bosio's life-work was the examination of the Catacombs, and he was cut down by death while engaged in preparing the concluding portion of his bulky posthumous work, "Subterranean Rome."

Though the Catacombs became in time a place of secret burial, and of comparatively safe retreat to the primitive Christians, it was not so at the beginning. For some years, and while the apostle Paul lived in his own hired house at Rome, there was no need of secrecy. It became otherwise after the accession of Nero, who as a craven-hearted coward delighted in cruelty like a wild beast. During the reign of Nero the followers of Christ largely increased; they were found in all ranks and conditions. It was noticed that persons of the best quality embraced the faith, and those who held the reins of power began to grow concerned if not alarmed. Nero himself would not have hesitated to receive a share of divine honours in the Pantheon; but while the plebs might shout their blasphemous flattery the Christians behaved like men.

"These carefully refrained from the idolatrous adulation by which the servile mob were wont to express their loyalty to the imperial monster who aspired to be a god. Hence they were accused of disaffection, of treason. They were the enemies of Cæsar and of the Roman people. They were supposed to exercise a malign influence on the course of nature. If it did not rain the Christians were to blame. 'If the Tiber overflows its banks,' says Tertullian, 'or the Nile does not; if there be drought or earthquake, famine or pestilence, the cry is raised, *The Christians to the lions.*' If the pecking of the sacred chickens, or the entrails of the sacrificial victims gave unfavourable omens, it was attributed to the counter spell of 'the Atheists.' At Rome, as well as at Ephesus and Philippi, the selfish fears of the shrine and image makers, whose craft was in danger, and the hostility of the priests and dependents on the idol-worship, inspired or intensified the opposition to Christianity, as did also the jealousy of the Jews, who regarded with repressed hostility the believers in the lowly Nazarene, whom their fathers with wicked hands had crucified and slain."

When Nero perceived he was becoming unpopular, in consequence of the terrible conflagration which he himself was supposed to have instigated, he found it conveniently easy to fan the flame of fanaticism against the Christians and to lay his own crimes on the shoulders of the followers of Christ. The church was assailed with a fury and cruelty which would have threatened its extinction had not even adversity been overruled for good by an omnipotent Lord. Men and women were murdered with all the fiendish cruelty that a civilized paganism could invent, if indeed a people may be called civilized while living beneath a degrading idolatry. In spite of the assertions of Gibbon to the contrary, the Christians were seized and slain in surprising numbers, the majority of the martyrs having been interred in the Catacombs. The nature of their sufferings is described by Tacitus. They were openly mocked and insulted by infuriated crowds. Enveloped in the skins of animals they were made sport for dogs. Others, like their Lord, were crucified; while some were wrapped in sheets of pitch to be burned as torches in the emperor's gardens. Still the church grew in grace, and being founded on the Rock of Ages she was a house that could not be shaken. It was a terrible sifting time, and there many apostates; but it proved, as it always has done in subsequent years, that days of trial were days of strength.

For more than two centuries after the death of Nero the church experienced seasons of rest or of suffering according to the character and predilections of the man who for the time being might be wearing the imperial purple. Such incidents as the following occurred towards the middle of the third century:—

"Stephen, as the head of the Christian community, was especially obnoxious to heathen rage. According to the Acts of his martyrdom, he sought concealment in these sepulchral crypts, where he was secretly visited by the faithful, and where he administered the sacraments. He was traced by the Roman soldiers to his subterranean chapel, but awed by the mysterious rites, they allowed him to conclude the service in which he was engaged. He was then beheaded, with several of his adherents, and buried in the Catacombs."

"Sixtus, the successor of Stephen, within a year received the martyr's crown. Like another Daniel, setting at defiance the emperor's decree, he was leading the devotions of the persecuted flock in the catacomb of Prœtextatus, probably because it was less known than the public cemetery at Callixtus, when he was apprehended by the fierce soldiery, who had tracked his footsteps thither. He was hurried away to summary judgment, brought back to the place of his offence, and there beheaded, sprinkling with his blood the walls of the chamber. With him were also executed four of his deacons, the monuments of two of whom, Agapetus and Felicissimus, De Rossi discovered in the very catacomb in which they suffered."

In the same terrible third century no less than seven pastors of the church at Rome perished successively by the hands of the public executioners. It is a remarkable historical fact that a number of the emperors who promoted the extermination of the Christians, themselves died most miserable deaths. Nero and Diocletian committed suicide, the last having been in his last days the victim of tormenting maladies. "During the reign of Aurelius, war, famine, and pestilence wasted the land. Decius perished miserably in a marsh, and his body became the prey of the prowling jackal and unclean buzzard. Valerian, captured by the Persians, after having served as a footstool to his haughty foe, is said to have been flayed alive and his skin stuffed with straw. Aurelian was slain by the hand of a trusted servant, and Carinus by the dagger of a husband whom he had irreparably wronged." All these things were noted by the suffering Christians, and were by them interpreted as the judgments of God.

After Christianity became the recognised religion of the state, the Catacombs were less used as a cemetery, and interments in their depths appear to have ceased at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when "the blast of the Gothic trumpet, startling the ear of midnight in the streets of Rome, proclaimed its capture by the hosts of the stern Alaric." About three centuries later, when the former hostility of Rome to Christian worship was changed for superstitious homage of all relics, the graves were rifled by a troop of ecclesiastical vandals, and their contents carried into the vaults of churches in the city. In the succeeding dark ages the Catacombs became more and more neglected, were forgotten, or unknown, except to a few bands of political conspirators, who would hold their councils in the secret depths. We are told that "the rediscovery of this subterranean city took place in the year 1578. Some labourers digging *pazzolana* in a vineyard on the Salarian Way, came suddenly on an ancient cemetery with its paintings, inscriptions, sarcophagi, and graves. The event produced a profound sensation in Rome. The city was amazed, says Baronius, who himself examined and described the newly-discovered Catacombs, at finding beneath her suburbs long concealed Christian colonies."

The study of the catacombs thus recommenced was continued after the Reformation, and with the best results, though the Popish apostasy neither then nor since manifested any disposition to heed the striking testimony against her innovating mummeries, which may be read in hundreds of miles of passages. Still individuals may have seen the truth, and a memorable example of its ready acceptance occurred in

the case of Mr. Hemans, who studied and wrote upon the subject of Sacred Art in Italy. He left the Established Church of England to enter the Romish communion; but having learned what the Catacombs could tell him of the simple faith and practices of the primitive Christians, he renounced Popery and returned to the Protestant camp.

The Catacombs testify against the heresies of Rome; they also present us with a fine epitome of Christian thought and practice as contrasted with the contemporary heathen customs. It may be doubted whether the cities of the plain, whose abominations drew down upon them a swift destruction from the Most High, were worse than Rome and Pompeii. The monuments of both cities testify to their worse than bestial degradation, and to the correctness of the Apostle Paul's portraiture of heathenism in the opening of his Epistle to the Romans. "Amid the silence and gloom of the Catacombs we are transported to an entirely different world," says Mr. Withrow; "we breathe a purer moral atmosphere; we are surrounded by the evidences of an infinitely nobler social life; we are struck with the immeasurable superiority in all the elements of true dignity and grandeur of the lowly and persecuted Christians to the highest development of ancient civilization."

The social position of the departed is frequently notified on the tombs in the Catacombs; and although after Constantine made Christianity the state religion the names of important persons occur, the numbers who were previously interred are those of the poor—*e.g.*—

"It was the sneer of Celsus that 'woolworkers, leather dressers, cobblers, the most illiterate of mankind, were zealous preachers of the gospel;' but Tertullian retorts that every Christian craftsman can teach truths loftier than Plato ever knew. The inscriptions of the Catacombs indicate that not many wise, not many mighty, joined that phalanx of heroic souls; but they teach, too, that the lowliest toil may be dignified and ennobled by being done to the glory of God. We have seen represented on the tombs emblems of the occupation of the carpenter, mason, currier, wool-comber, shoemaker, vine dresser, and fosser. We find also such records of trade as 'a baker of the twelfth district;' . . 'a gardener;' . . 'patron of the corporation of confectioners;' . . 'chief of the cooks;' . . 'a granary keeper;' . . 'a charcoal seller;' . . 'a victualler;' . . 'a flesher from the shambles;' . . 'a keeper of clothes at the Antonine Baths;' . . 'a stone dresser;' . . 'Policla, who sells barley in the new street;' . . 'John, a respectable man, a book-keeper in the tavern of Isidorus;' also less reputable still . . 'Urban, a respectable man, a tavern keeper.' This, however, was in the year A.D. 584, when purity of faith and practice had greatly degenerated. These lowly records are preserved and studied with interest when many of Rome's proudest monuments have crumbled away."

The figures, or Christian symbols, so often met with on the graves, are of a very simple, innocent nature, this being especially true of those which belong to the days of persecution. The anchor, the palm, and the dove with the olive-leaf are frequently met with, and reveal the simple faith of those who died in the Lord. The vine and the Good Shepherd are also favourite symbols; but, on coming to the cross in which Paul gloried, we find that cross to have been "a pledge of the resurrection rather than a memorial of the passion." In other words,

the cross of Christ and the symbol so ostentatiously paraded by Popery are not identical. "The early believers carefully avoided, as though prevented by a sacred interdict, any attempt to depict the awful scenes of Christ's passion, the realistic treatment of which in Roman Catholic art so often shocks the sensibilities and harrows the soul," says our author. "This solemn tragedy they felt to be the theme of devout and prayerful meditation rather than of portraiture in art. Hence we find no pictures of the agony and bloody sweat, the mocking and the shame, the death and burial of our Lord. 'The Catacombs of Rome,' says Milman, 'faithful to their general character, offer no instance of a crucifixion, nor does any allusion to such a subject occur in any early writing.'" It is equally satisfactory to find that the Catacombs, during the early centuries, as uniformly bear their unanswerable testimony against the monstrous system of mariolatry which is the very backbone of Popery in modern Rome.

The subject we have thus cursorily glanced at is full of interest and instruction; it is also one which should attract general readers, and successfully compete with the sensational literature of the age. Students of primitive Christian manners and customs who are able to give the subject a more complete examination will be rewarded by many curious revelations belonging to the heroic age of the church. To such Mr. Withrow's work will prove a convenient handbook, as the carefully-prepared text is profusely illustrated with a series of well-executed engravings.

Reluctance to consider our Sinfulness.

IN many cases the reluctance to touch upon the question of evil in man is the reluctance of dread. Conscience has given signs of alarm, and though time and occupation have combined to film over the spiritual vision, yet the instincts of conscience, though dormant, are not dead. It is said that straw which had been used for the bedding of the lions at Wombwell's menagerie was sold, and placed in a stable as bedding for some horses. No sooner did the horses enter than they began to show signs of alarm, snorting, snuffing the air, and trembling as though conscious of a threatening presence. Horses in this country have had no experience of the hostility or strength of carnivora; but there is a persistency in hereditary powers, which certain objects can stimulate into activity. The conscience of man exhibits a similar persistency of sense, if not by self-reproach or remorse, at least by a reluctance to enter on the consideration of sin. It is not too much to infer that all is not right, when pain, alarm, aversion are felt when inquiry is suggested.—*W. Boyd Carpenter.*

Christmas at the Stockwell Orphanage.

BY G. H. PIKE.

AN orphanage without its Christmas would be a very un-English-like institution, and the authorities at Stockwell are not of those who would do anything to lessen the respect of foreigners for our national character. The excitement of anticipation occasions the boys to awake early and talk about the coming events of the day; and, large as each individual's expectation may be, he knows that there will be no disappointment. For many days previously carriers' carts and railway vans have halted at the outer gate to deliver parcels large and small—the bounty of friends both near and far away—and to-day, being Monday, December the 25th, the feast will be spread, of which all may partake without stint.

The boys are allowed to while away the morning hours as best suits their convenience or inclination. Some may play a game in the large covered playground, others may in company take a ramble into the country, represented by, or beyond, Clapham Common. In the meantime the extensive preparations for dinner which are in progress interest a number of visitors who successively make their appearance during the morning. The kitchen and commissariat department are sure to present special features of attraction, seeing they have to send forth provision for nearly three hundred persons, the majority of whom are supposed to have a healthy appetite. Turning from the ingenious appliances of fire and steam with which the kitchen is furnished, the dining-hall presents a pretty as well as a lively spectacle. Its decorations are both tasteful and seasonable, a number of texts and mottoes appearing on the walls. Among the persons hard at work in arranging preliminaries will be noticed several of Mr. Spurgeon's deacons, whose assistance on holidays and high occasions is usually found to be indispensable. There will also be a fair sprinkling of distinguished visitors, and some time before dinner Mr. Spurgeon himself will arrive, to be greeted with the cheers of the youngsters, and with the good wishes of the visitors and the working staff of the institution.

About half-past one the signal is given, and all are in their places—two hundred and forty hungry orphans! There are nine long crowded tables, benches for carving being placed at either side of the hall. As usual, there are placed in front of every boy a box of fruit, an orange, a bon-bon, and, better than all, a new shilling, the gift of a generous friend for whom three thundering cheers were given with special honours. Now the kitchen door is thrown open, and forth comes the dinner—hot roast beef, the best that money can purchase, potatoes, carrots, bread, and plum-pudding. The blessing is asked by Mr. Charlesworth calling on each orphan to offer a word of silent praise, and then the volunteer carvers commence active operations. Every boy is quickly served, the plates are speedily returned, until the most voracious appetite is satisfied; and each late comely joint presents the humiliating spectacle of a bony framework which once belonged to a Scotch bullock. The puddings share a similar fate; and then, after some rounds of vigorous cheers in honour of all those noble donors who have spread the feast, the boys retire to their playground, each with a box of figs beneath his arm and a new shilling in his hand.

When the boys have retired the staff of the institution and a number of visitors, "old boys" and students, sit down together at two tables, Mr. Spurgeon, with his two sons, being president of the feast. There are no toasts, though there are a few characteristic after-dinner speeches. Mr. Charlesworth is glad to see the President present, for otherwise Christmas-day comes to him and his charge with but a tame face. From the master's further remarks we learn that himself and all the assistants reckon among the privileges of life their association with the chairman in the work of rearing the orphan. On the other hand, Mr. Spurgeon testifies in strong language to the efficiency of the general staff. Everybody is so kind and helpful that their watchword for 1877 must be, "As you were." Let them continue as they were world without end. One of the

number had been sick; and contracting illness was the only thing which he would beg them not to do. They were all of them grateful for God's goodness continued through another year. The orphans had been wonderfully free from ailments; and for this they owed something to Miss Moore, of the infirmary, of whom diseases seemed to be afraid, and also to their excellent surgeons.

Other speeches followed of a more or less interesting character. A Mr. Latimer was called on to "blaze away like a martyr" for the edification of the company. Mr. (Christmas) Evans had few words to say, and scarce knew how to say them, but he was delighted to have been a son of the Orphanage. Mr. Nichol had so much genuine metal in him that no one liked to call him Nickel. There was reason for all to indulge in good spirits: for the President, who a few weeks before stood "watching the ebb," was now cheered by a return of the tide, and was full of gratitude on that account. The divine goodness in this case shows that it is an abominable thing to doubt the goodness of God.

About 3:30 we adjourn to the playroom, where the scene is as animated as the warmest friends of Young England could desire. The new shillings are still safe, though a considerable inroad has been made into many a box of figs: and now we are to be regaled with some Christmas sports. Taking a prominent stand, Mr. Spurgeon calls the little boys of the lower school to come forward, and scramble for the copper coins with which his coat pockets are amply stocked. After the juniors come the lads of larger growth, until the halfpence become exhausted, and we perforce give some attention to those professors of rope-tying and box tricks who will work their seeming miracles for our amusement. It is not part of our present purpose to explain how a gentleman, whose arms and ancles are fastened to a chair, can change his seat, put on a pair of spectacles, and drink a glass of water. Neither do we comprehend how another of the company released himself from a large chest wherein he was chained, padlocked, and strongly corded. Such were the facts, however, on which the orphans gazed with wonder pictured in every eye. Neither need we tell of the various kinds of music which delighted youthful ears. "All went merry as a marriage bell."

After all this has been seen and admired there is a meeting in the boardroom, where the usual Christmas presents are handed round to all the members of the staff, an extra sovereign in each instance being given by the President. Then follows tea, after which there is an evening entertainment in the large hall to conclude the happy day.

We must not omit to state that several "old boys" gathered in Mr. Charlesworth's house, and in reply to questions put to them gave some account of the headway they were making in the world. One, as a dispenser of medicine, hoped to become a surgeon, while another was a clerk under the Charity Commissioners. In hours of recreation one had painted a picture, and another had written a poem. They were all very promising young men, and we will conclude by quoting a passage concerning them from a recently published *brochure* on Mr. Spurgeon and his work by "A Travelling Correspondent":—

"In regard to the boys who have left the Orphanage, it is a satisfaction to know that they are making for themselves honourable positions in the world. One has already entered the Pastors' College. Another has joined the staff of paid teachers at the Orphanage, after having served for two years in a house of business. When this young man announced his intention of resigning his situation a more lucrative appointment was offered, and declined. Yet another, who is only eighteen years of age, has had his wages advanced to £42 a year, and he serves employers who have nine other Orphanage boys on their establishment. With the view of stimulating these young people to become careful and enterprising, their employers have promised to give them five per cent. on whatever they save, and have in this respect set an example which other merchants might profitably copy. The Orphanage is in fine working order; as an institution it reflects eminent credit on the administrative wisdom of the committee; and if the 'old boys' should ever fulfil a prophecy of Mr. Spurgeon by founding a like institution for their sisters in misfortune the act will not greatly surprise either their schoolmasters or the public at large."

Mrs. Wakefield, the Missionary's Wife.*

THIS memoir will enable those interested in missionary operations to see the woman's side of the work. A missionary without a wife has been said to be only half a man, and we do not question the *dictum*. Who upon all the earth so much needs the peculiar sweetnesses of domestic love as the man who is far away from friends and kindred in the midst of barbarians? We have some glorious female biographies in our missionary libraries, and these wear a peculiar charm of "sweetness and light," enough to satisfy those who crave most exactingly for those two precious things; but the majority of consecrated female lives in the foreign field must for ever remain unwritten by mortal pen. Mrs. Wakefield was a choice woman, and her loss to her husband must be irretrievable. Eastern Africa is a trying field of labour in many respects, and the missionary's wife found it so, yet she went to work with great heartiness, and bore all sorts of privations and inconveniences without complaint. A mother's anxieties must, however, have been many when a black *man* is the only nurse to be had. She says:—

"I do not altogether like the flat roofs of these houses. The other day I discovered that when I sent our black 'Boy' on to the housetop with Nellie he was in the habit of sitting with her on the edge of the roof, his legs hanging over the street, and this at the height of three stories. When my husband spoke to him about it, he said he didn't think there was any danger."

The scene on reaching her place of labour is amusing:—

"On landing, I was regarded as a great curiosity by the natives, and as, accompanied by my husband, I took my first walk through the town, the whole place seemed moved at our coming. It was as though a menagerie had been passing through an English village for the first time. Hundreds of children were shouting, racing and screaming like wild things, and making the poor innocent fowls that were strutting about the streets run and fly for their lives. Indeed, men, women, and children alike came scampering after us in one general stream, and, after staring at us for awhile, some would, anticipating our route, cut the corners and stand waiting to get another good view when we came up again.

"Nellie, however, seemed to be the chief attraction. Now and then cries of 'Let me see the baby,' 'Bring the baby here,' 'I want to see the baby,' reached us from some of the wealthy Arab or Hindoo ladies, who stood in their dark doorways. Once or twice we stopped, that they might come and look at Nellie, but we were at once shut in by a crowd of wandering gazers; all eyes being turned on the novelty in long white dress and little pink and white bonnet. The women leaned over, and in Kishuahili addressed baby in this fashion, 'Oh very beautiful, yes.' 'Are you like milk?' 'Are you like sugar?' 'Are you like gold?' 'Are you like honey?' 'Are you like pearls?' and then if Nellie happened to crow in her childish way, they burst into roars of laughter."

To an Englishman the natural history of the region can hardly have been so interesting as it was distressing. When we hear our good sisters screaming at a blackbeetle, and see them half out of their minds if a frog hops into the kitchen, or a mouse is seen in the bedroom, we wonder what sort of missionaries' wives they would make. Mrs. Wakefield writes very quietly:—

"My piano is a great comfort to me although I have not yet felt well enough to attend to the tuning of it. Sad to say the rats are constantly trying to make their nests inside it, and have already done much mischief. We have caught and killed a great many, but others continue to gnaw their way in through the

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* Memoirs of Rebecca Wakefield, wife of the Rev. T. Wakefield, United Methodist Free Churches missionary in Eastern Africa. By her brother, Robert Brewin. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

cloth at the back of the instrument. These African rats are wonderfully clever at running up straight walls, and they get at everything about the place and gnaw it to pieces. They have just destroyed in this way a new hat of mine, and one of Mr. Wakefield's, besides his best black coat, and many other garments which he can never wear again. Sometimes we have to get up in the middle of the night and hunt them all round the room with sticks. We have traps, but the rats are shrewd enough to know what purpose they are intended to serve, and so avoid them.

"We cannot get fish here. I believe they are abundant in the rivers near us, but we are not clever enough to hook them.

"We have of late been much visited during the night by the wild beasts of the forest, and these leopards and jackals have killed a great many goats in the fold. A few evenings ago one came very early, in fact just after we had come in and closed the door at the twilight, and passed close to our windows, growling savagely as he went by. I was just writing a letter home, when the horrid noise almost made me jump from my seat. There is no glass in our windows, and the shutters were not closed, so there was very little to separate us from the savage beast outside. He continued pacing round and round the house all night, becoming more and more savage, for he was hungry, and the goats had all been shut up in a safe place, so that he could not get his supper as usual. At one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Wakefield got up and loaded his rifle and revolver, for every time the leopard passed under our bed-room window he set up a growl that kept us awake all night. Shortly before sunrise the savage animal marched off of his own accord, and we afterwards heard him growling away in the distance. We saw his foot-prints on the soil when we walked out, but being only an evening visitor he did not molest us then."

We have no space in which to record the many ways in which this devoted woman laid herself out to promote the comfort of her husband, and to assist him in his work among the natives. She evidently took a great delight in teaching the young blacks, and won their hearts most wonderfully, while among the women she was a great power for good; but, alas, she was smitten down, and in a short time was gone to her reward. The scenes of the loss of her child and her own illness are very touchingly told, and have made the reading of the memoir quite a means of grace to us. Here is a touching piece, and having given it we leave our readers to procure the volume for themselves.

"About ten o'clock in the evening, while Mr. Wakefield was in the sitting-room making a few hasty notes of the day's proceedings, he heard her sweet soft voice begin to sing, in the Galla language, the hymn which the people commonly sing in the chapel at the time of evening prayer. The following is a literal translation of the Galla hymn:—

'Our home is in heaven, high up in the sky,
We do not dwell here, we journey away;
We have (our) staves (strength from above),
God is with us, let us all depart.

'Our home is in heaven, we do not love this world,
A world of sickness, we cannot stay here:
Our friends, all of them are dying,
But in our home above there is undecaying health.'"

Mr. Wakefield says: "I had often heard my dear wife sing sweetly, but never before with such exquisite feeling, tenderness, and pathos. She was evidently very happy. She sang as though she were already with the angels, or as if she were having an enrapturing glimpse of the glories of heaven. After the hymn was sung she began to pray, and I stole softly to her bedside. Her eyes were closed, and she was entirely unconscious of my presence as I stood there bending over her. The chief burden of her prayer was for a higher Christian character, for greater devotedness to God, for greater usefulness, and in the end, for everlasting life. The following were among its petitions: 'O LORD,

MAKE US MORE HOLY, MORE LIKE CHRIST. MAY WE BE FAR IN ADVANCE OF OTHERS IN HOLINESS, NOT FOR THE SAKE OF OUTSTRIPPING THEM, BUT FOR THE SAKE OF THE HOLINESS ITSELF.'

"A serene smile as of celestial sweetness and gentleness suffused her countenance, which was beautifully in harmony with her prayer, and the whole prayer was breathed with such a burning fervour that her soul seemed to be the subject of a direct inspiration from heaven."

"To Seek and to Save that which was Lost."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PERSONS may be so lost on land or on sea as to need saving and not seeking; but we were spiritually lost, so as to need both saving and seeking too. I heard a little while ago of a party of friends who went to the lakes of Cumberland and endeavoured to climb the Langdale Pikes. One of the company found the labour of the ascent too wearisome, and so resolved that he would go back to the little inn from which they started. Being a wiser man than some, in his own esteem, he did not take the winding path by which they had ascended. He thought he would go straight down, for he could see the house just below, and fancied he should pitch upon it all of a sudden, and show the mountaineers that a straight line is the nearest road. Well, after descending, and descending, leaping many a rugged place, he found himself at last on a ledge from which he could go neither up nor down. After many vain attempts he saw that he was a prisoner. In a state of wild terror, he took off his garments and tore them into shreds to make a line, and tying the pieces together he let them down, but he found that they reached nowhere at in all the great and apparently unfathomable abyss which yawned below him. So he began to call aloud; but no answer came from the surrounding hills beyond the echo of his own voice. He shouted by the half-hour together, but there was no answer, neither was there anyone within sight. His horror nearly drove him out of his wits. At last, to his intense joy, he saw a figure move in the plain below, and he began to shout again. Happily it was a woman, who, hearing his voice, stopped, and as he called again she came nearer and called out "Keep where you are. Do not stir an inch. Keep where you are." He was lost, but he no longer needed seeking, for some friendly shepherds soon saw where he was. All he wanted was saving; and so the mountaineers descended with a rope, as they were wont to do when rescuing lost sheep, and soon brought him out of danger. He was lost, but he did not want seeking; they could see where he was.

A month or two ago you must have noticed in the papers an advertisement for a gentleman who had left Wastwater, some days before, to go over the hills, and had not been heard of since. His friends had to *seek* him, that, if still alive, he might be saved; and there were those who traversed hill and moor to discover him, but they were unable to save him, because they could not find him. If they could have found out where he was I do not doubt that, had he been in the most imminent peril, the bold hills'-men would have risked their lives to rescue him; but, alas, he was never found nor saved: his lifeless corpse was the only discovery which was ultimately made. This last is the true image of our deplorable condition; we are by nature lost, so that nothing but seeking and saving together will be of any service to us.

Let us see how our Lord accomplishes *the saving*. That has been done, completely done. My dear friends, you and I were lost in the sense of having broken the law of God and having incurred his anger, but Jesus came and took the sin of men upon himself, and as their surety and their substitute he bore the wrath of God, so that God can henceforth be "just, and yet the

justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." This blessed doctrine of substitution, I would like to die talking of it, and I intend, by divine grace, to live proclaiming it, for it is the keystone of the gospel. Jesus Christ did literally take upon himself the transgression and iniquity of his people, and was made a curse for them, seeing that they had fallen under the wrath of God; and now every soul that believeth in Jesus is saved because Jesus has taken away the penalty and the curse due to sin. In this let us rejoice. Christ has also saved us from the power of Satan. The seed of the woman has bruised the serpent's head, so that Satan's power is broken. Jesus has, by his mighty power, set us free from hell's horrible yoke by vanquishing the prince of darkness, and has moreover saved us from the power of death, so that to believers it shall not be death to die. Christ has saved us from sin and all its consequences by his most precious death and resurrection.

"See God descending in the human frame,
The offended suffering in the offender's name;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolved on thee."

Our Lord's saving work is in this sense finished, but there is always going on in the world his *seeking* work, and I want you to think of it.

He can save us, blessed be his name. He has nothing more to do in order to save any soul that trusts him. But we have wandered very far away, and are hidden in the wilds of the far country. We are very hungry, and though there is bread enough and to spare, what is the use of it while we are lost to the home in which it is so freely distributed? We are very ragged; there is the best robe, and it is ready to be put on us; but what is the good of it while we are so far away? There are the music and the dancing to make us glad and to cheer us, but what is the use of them while we still tarry among the swine? Here, then, is the great difficulty. Our Lord must find us out, follow our wanderings, and, treating us like lost sheep, he must bear us back upon his shoulders rejoicing.

Many need seeking because they are lost in bad company. Evil companions get around men and keep them away from hearing the gospel by which men are saved. There is no place to be lost in like a great city. When a man wants to escape the police he does not run to a little village, he hides away in a thickly populated town. So this London has many hiding-places where sinners get out of the gospel's way. They lose themselves in the great crowd, and are held captives by the slavish customs of the evil society into which they are absorbed. If they do but relent for a moment, some worldling plucks them by the sleeve and says, "Let us be merry while we may. What are you so melancholy about?" Satan carefully sets a watch upon his younger servants to prevent their escaping from his hands. These pickets labour earnestly to prevent the man from hearing the good news of salvation lest he should be converted. Sinners therefore need seeking out from among the society in which they are imbedded; they need as much seeking after as the pearls of the Arabian Gulf.

The Lord Jesus Christ in seeking men has to deal with deep-seated prejudices. Many refuse to hear the gospel: they would travel many miles to escape its warning message. Some are too wise, or too rich to have the gospel preached to them. Pity the poor rich! The poor man has many missionaries and evangelists seeking him out, but who goes after the great ones? Some come from the east to worship, but who comes from the west? Many more will find their way to heaven out of the back slums than ever will come out of the great mansions and palaces. Jesus must seek his elect among the rich under great disadvantages, but blessed be his name he does seek them.

See how vices and depraved habits hold the mass of the poorer classes. What a seeking out is needed among working-men, for many of them are besotted with drunkenness. Look at the large part of London on the Lord's day: what have the working population been doing? They have been reading the Sunday

newspaper, and loafing about the house in their shirt sleeves, and waiting at the posts of the doors—not of wisdom, but of the drink-shop. They have been thirsting, but not after righteousness. Bacchus still remaineth the god of this city, and multitudes are lost among the beer-barrels and the spirit-casks. In such pursuits men waste the blessed Sabbath hours. How shall they be sought out? Yet the Lord Jesus is doing it by his Holy Spirit.

Alas, through their ill ways men's ears are stopped and their eyes are blinded, and their hearts hardened, so that the messengers of mercy have need of great patience. It were easy work to save men, if they could but be made willing to receive the gospel, but they will not even hear it. When you do get them for a Sabbath-day beneath the sound of a faithful ministry, how they struggle against it. They want seeking out fifty times over. You bring them right up to the light, and flash it upon their eyes, but they wilfully and deliberately close their eyelids to it. You set before them life and death, and plead with them even unto tears that they would lay hold on eternal life; but they choose their own delusions. So long and so patiently must they be sought that this seeking work as much reveals the gracious heart of Jesus as did the saving work which he fulfilled upon the bloody tree.

Notice how he is daily accomplishing his search of love. Every day, beloved, Jesus Christ is seeking men's *ears*. Would you believe it? He has to go about with wondrous wisdom even to get a hearing. They do not want to know the love message of their God. "God so loved the world"—they know all about that, and do not want to hear any more. There is an infinite sacrifice for sin: they turn on their heel at such stale news. They would rather read an article in an infidel Review, or a paragraph in the *Police News*. They want to know no more of spiritual matters. The Lord Jesus, in order to get at their ears, cries aloud by many earnest voices. Thank God, he has ministers yet alive who mean to be heard and will not be put off with denials. Even the din of this noisy world cannot drown their testimony. Cry aloud, my brother; cry aloud and spare not, for, cry as you may, you will not cry too loudly, for man will not hear if he can help it. Our Lord, to win men's ears, must use a variety of voices, musical or rough, as his wisdom judges best. Sometimes he gains an audience by an odd voice whose quaintness wins attention. He will reach men when he means to save them. That was an odd voice, surely the oddest I ever heard of, which came a little time ago in an Italian town to one of God's elect ones there. He was so depraved that he actually fell to worshipping the devil rather than God. It chanced one day that a rumour went through the city that a Protestant was coming there to preach. The priest, alarmed for his religion, told the people from the altar that Protestants worshipped the devil, and he charged them not to go near the meeting-room. The news, as you may judge, excited no horror in the devil-worshipper's mind. "Ay," thought he, "then I shall meet with brethren," and so he went to hear our beloved missionary who is now labouring in Rome. Nothing else would have drawn the poor wretch to hear the good word, but this lie of the priest's was overruled to that end. He went and heard, not of the devil, but of the devil's conqueror, and before long was found at Jesus' feet, a sinner saved.

I have known my Lord, when his ministers have failed, take out an arrow from his quiver, and fix upon it a message, and put it to his bow, and shoot it right into a man's bosom till it wounded him; and, as it wounded him, and he lay moaning upon his bed, the message has been conned, and felt, and accepted. I mean that many a man in sickness has been brought to hear the message of salvation. Often losses and crosses have brought men to Jesus's feet. Jesus seeks them so. When Absolom could not get an interview with Joab, he said, "Go and set his barley-field on fire." Then Joab came down to Absolom, and said, "Wherefore have thy servants set my barley-field on fire?" The Lord sometimes sends losses of property to men who will not otherwise hear him, and at last their ears are gained. Whom he seeketh he in due time findeth.

Well, after my Lord has sought men's ears he next seeks their *desires*. He

will have them long for a Saviour, and this is not an easy thing to accomplish; but he has a way of showing men their sins, and then they wish for mercy. He shows them at other times the great joy of the Christian life, and then they wish to enter into the like delight. I pray that, at this hour he may lead some of you to consider the danger you are in while you are yet unconverted, that so you may begin to desire Christ, and in this way may be sought and found by him.

Then he seeks their *faith*. He seeks that they may come and trust him; and he has ways of bringing them to this, for he shows them the suitability of his salvation, and the fulness and the freeness of it; and when he has exhibited himself as a sinner's Saviour, and such a Saviour as they want, then do they come and put their trust in him. Then has he found them and saved them. All this does his Holy Spirit work in men for their eternal good.

He seeks their *hearts*, for it is their hearts that he has lost. And oh, how sweetly does Christ, by the Holy Spirit, win men's affections and hold them fast. I shall never forget how he won mine, how first he gained my ear, and then my desires, so that I wished to have him for my Lord; and then he taught me to trust him, and when I had trusted him and found that I was saved, then I loved him, and I love him still. So, dear hearer, if Jesus Christ shall find you, you will become his loving follower for ever. I have been praying that he would bring this message under the notice of those whom he means to bless, I have asked him to let me sow in good soil: I hope that among those who read these pages there will be many whom the Lord Jesus has specially redeemed with his most precious blood, and I trust that he will appear at once to them, and say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." May the Eternal Spirit open your ears to hear the still small voice of love. By grace omnipotent may you be made to yield to the Lord with the cheerful consent of your conquered wills, and accept that glorious grace which will bring you to praise the seeking and saving Saviour in heaven.

Notices of Books.

China's Millions. Edited by J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S., 1875-6. Morgan and Scott.

For three and sixpence we have here a really wonderful book about the Chinese, even if we look upon it merely as a literary production. Viewed as the monthly organ of one of the most apostolic missions upon the face of the earth the interest attaching to it places it in the first rank among the many volumes of serials which come before us at the beginning of the year. China has a first claim upon the Christian church, for her millions exceed those of other lands: we trust that Mr. Taylor's exceedingly attractive magazine may do much to arouse due interest in the subject in the minds of believers. The volume will adorn any drawing-room table; it would be an ornament to a palace.

Angels and Men, a Poem. By Wellen Smith. James Nisbet and Co.

Just after Christmas too! Surely we cannot be expected to review this poetry book. The man can sing though, and his words flow forth with cadence meet, not without sense and sweetness. But what does he want with Philetos and Zön, with two dots over the "o"? What is the whole business about? Why did not the author put it in prose and then we should have known all about it in a reasonable space of time? It seems that he sat on a bough and "rocked his musings into drowsy rest," and then dedicated them to Tennyson, "the sweetest songbird of our native land." He had Mr. Tennyson's permission to do this, and we judge that the poet was discreetly kind in granting it, for Mr. Wellen Smith's poem has considerable merit.

My Old Letters. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

We have found within these pages no *letters*, but a vast poem, raising its huge bulk like some leviathan of the deep. We are bound for other seas, and cannot, therefore, take the dimensions of this great work, but we have examined portions of it, and in each case have seen true poetry of the most noble order, flashing and gleaming with the divine light. Dr. Bonar will be acknowledged to be a poet, not only by those pious souls to whom his hymns are as angels' food, but even by the literary world, where verses are judged by a severer standard. We cannot do more than say that we are expecting a great feast when we can find time to really read this work. Meanwhile, what does the reader think of the following, which is but an average passage?

Capricious April with its cloud is here,
Scattering its daffodils, or showering down
Daisies like silver rain to stud the fields:
May with its forest-buds and orchard-bloom:
June with its length of fervent day, all light,
All incense: July taking on the tinge
Of chastened calm, as if the hastening year
Had passed its noon; maturer sunshine now
Kindly dispensing, when the ripe rich air
Breathes o'er the burnished corn, by day and night,
Pouring its magic wealth into each blade
Of swelling grain, and bidding harvest haste
To the embrace of the impatient sickle:
Dear August, month of sunny memories,
Of idle wanderings by the welcome sea,
Of reveries by rock and waterfall;
Its fields of white, with the lark's chant above,
The reaper's song below at joyous dawn;
Its school-boy holidays of liberty,
Its shadowy mountains blazing to the top
With the full-blossomed heath: October brown,
Type of the worn-out year, disrobing earth
For her dark wintry sleep: November dull,
Fickle as April, with its falling stars,
Seeming as if the torches of the heavens,
In preparation for the coming dark,
Were shaken, that they might shine freshly out
With keener brilliance thro' the crystal air:
Austere December, sternly laying down
Its bed of ice and coverlet of snow,
For the o'er-weary earth, till spring return."

Modern Infidelity Disarmed. By E. Stephens. Bemrose and Sons, 10, Paternoster Buildings, and Derby.

To the numerous doubters upon the verity of gospel facts and the validity of gospel truths we can cordially recommend the perusal of this volume. Though written in professed refutation of "Renan's Life of Jesus" it is an able and masterly reply to nearly all the attacks of modern sceptics upon the credibility of the Scriptures. Nor is it a contention for truth merely, but for the truth as it is in Jesus, and it is evidently the result of great research and a genuine zeal for the defence of the New Testament as alone able, in what is styled its evangelical interpretation, to make men wise unto salvation. The objections of sceptics, moreover, are shown to be so flippant and futile, and so refuted both by sound reasoning and by being traced to their moral causes, that there is no fear, as in the manner in which such discussions are managed by some, of any being contaminated by them. Such powerful, and judicious, and well-intentioned labours will, we hope, receive all the encouragement they deserve.

Our Visit to Rome; with Notes by the Way. By John Rhodes. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

This is the chatty journal of a Christian tourist with his eyes open. There is nothing very novel or poetical in the book, in fact it is very prosaic, but it is so full of useful information that it might almost serve for a guide book. Perhaps, to a Wesleyan it would be better than a guide book, for it will tell him where to find his brethren and their places of worship. The engravings are plentiful, and add to the interest of the book.

The Toy Book of Birds and Beasts. Religious Tract Society.

A book for a little princess. In fact, we do not believe that Solomon's daughters in all their glory ever had such a splendid book as this. Look at the gorgeous binding, the coloured pictures, and the fine large print. Why, if one of these books could be sent to his royal highness the great Cham of Tartary, he would open his great eyes, and laugh with delight all over his grim face, and then lock the book up among his royal treasures as being worth its weight in diamonds. Mind you don't tell him; but really the price is only four shillings.

Dickinson's Theological Quarterly. Edited by Rev. JAMES KERNAHAN. M.A., Ph. Dr., F.G.S. R. D. Dickinson.

THE second volume of this important review does not appear to be inferior to its predecessor. It contains many instructive articles by men who have a right to speak; and these cannot be read without profit. We do not agree with many things which we find here, but as a whole this is a valuable Quarterly. The remarks made upon our review of Dr. Whedon's Commentary fail to convince us. It is nothing to us that Dr. Whedon undertook his work by direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, and that he is the editor of the *Methodist Quarterly*. We stand with our hat off and bow to Dr. Whedon and the General Conference; and when we have gone down as low as our shoe toes in reverential awe, we then rise again and assert that we not only *said* that Dr. Whedon "lacks common sense and is no expositor," but we *proved* it by the quotation which we gave upon the apostles at Pentecost being supposed to be drunken on unfermented wine, and by other instances of like blundering.

The Child Jesus: Readings and Texts of Holy Scripture, with Songs and Music. By C. S. ROWE, S. J. P. DUNHAM, and H. J. FOSTER. Illustrated by W. GUNSTON. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union.

ONE of the choicest bijous for Christmas that we have yet seen. At the same time such "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and would make an acceptable present at any time. Art and music combine to make this little golden keepsake quite unique.

Plain Talk. Edited by H. S. BROWN. Passmore and Alabaster.

A THOROUGHLY racy little magazine, exactly like its editor in all but its size. We do not endorse all that it says; but then we were never asked to do so. The best of it is that something is said. "Plain Talk" has oats in it, and is not a mere mash of bran and warm water. We salute our brother editor with profound respect. There is quality in his monthly two-pennyworth.

The History of Protestantism. By the Rev. J. A. WYLIE. Cassell, Potter, and Galpin.

Two volumes of this great work are now before us, and we rejoice at the sight of them. The subject deeply concerns us all amid the evil tendencies of the age, and Dr. Wylie has handled it both judiciously and practically, so that the lessons cannot well escape the reader's eye. We are most of all charmed with the excess of illustration. Pressed down and running over are the wood engravings as to quantity, and the quality is all that could be desired. In our lecture upon "Strange Scenes," we copied several of the plates from this volume with the full consent of the firm. We could wish that every family possessed these two volumes, that the young people might grow up well acquainted with the noble men of other days, and learn to detest that Antichristian power, which, after many struggles, was at last dethroned. All Messrs Cassell's things are first class.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Twelve Realistic Sketches taken at Home and on the Road. By a TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT. London: James Clarke and Co. Eighteenpence.

THE liveliest thing about ourselves we have yet seen. We were not aware that we could have furnished material for so readable a volume. All our friends will be pleased with it: the sketches are admirably drawn.

The Exodus, and the Wanderings in the Wilderness. By the Rev. DR. EDERSHEIM. Religious Tract Society.

THERE are several works upon this fruitful theme, but none of them are precisely of the same kind as Dr. Edersheim's. His knowledge of Hebrew antiquities is great, and he uses it judiciously. There is nothing of that dogmatic asperity in his writings, which we have so often deplored in books by Jewish brethren, but he writes in a spiritual and pleasing manner, at once entertaining and edifying his readers. Much of what is here written will be known to the learned reader, but for the general Christian public the volume will wear the charm of novelty.

The Biblical Museum: a collection of Notes, explanatory, homiletic, and illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. Old Testament, vol. i., containing Genesis and Exodus. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Elliot Stock.

FOR real practical use to preachers and teachers "the Biblical Museum" is one of the best productions of the modern press. We have eulogized the author for his five volumes upon the New Testament, and it gives us unfeigned pleasure to receive his first volume upon the Old Testament. It contains the books of Genesis and Exodus and an amount of expository matter far in excess of what is usually found in works of twice the size. The author has studied condensation, perspicuity, and usefulness, and his work entitles him to the thanks of all his Christian brethren, for it will save them many hours of labour, and start them upon many tracks of thought. In the Roxburgh binding, with gilt top, the appearance of the work is all that can be desired.

Hallowed Ground: and other Poems. By GEORGE PAULIN, Rector of Irvine Academy. Edinburgh: James Taylor. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Company.

MR. PAULIN has the poetic faculty in a high degree, and his pieces have a musical ring about them. His book is turned out into the world in neat and tasteful apparel, and though it will not make a sensation it will not be without a welcome. Here is one of his manly songs:—

STRIVE AND DARE.

"Strive, brother, strive,
When kind hearts are cold,
And cold the reply of the once loving eye,
Strive to be bold.

"Dare, brother, dare,
When shame's on thy cheek,
And anger's red glow on the face of thy foe,
Dare to be meek.

"Strive, brother, strive,
'Mid the glare of the new,
To the faith of the past, that has weathered the blast,
Strive to be true.

"Dare, brother, dare,
When compromise only
Can win back the train of the false ones again,
Dare to be lonely."

A Literary Key to Mr. E. Marshall's Portrait Gallery of Contemporary Baptist Ministers. Edited by G. HOLDEN PIKE. E. Marshall, 78, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

WE are sorry that the sale of this great picture, which contains two hundred and forty-seven portraits, has not been sufficient to cover Mr. Marshall's expenses. There must surely be some fault in management, or a failure to push the sale; for we should have predicted a considerable demand. Mr. Pike's Memoirs are brief, but quite full enough for the purpose, and tend to make the grand collection of ministerial photographs a source of much interest and instruction. Before this Baptist memorial ceases to be procurable we recommend friends who admire large groups of ministerial photographs to procure a copy. The portraits are all good, singularly good.

The Story of Christianity, from the Apostles to the Reformation, compiled for popular reading. By the Rev. ANDREW REED, B.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

HAVING ourselves made an attempt to supply truthful church history for schools in "Henry's Outlines, by Dr. Fernandez," we are all the better able to sympathize with Mr. Reed in his attempt to popularise the subject. He has written, and written well, from the Free Church standpoint. This is a most necessary work; for all church history has been twisted by the prevalent sect, and made to take the shape which best suits ecclesiastical pretensions. Mr. Reed has made his work interesting, and we trust that it may be an antidote to much of the poisonous concoction, miscalled history, which is compounded by the advocates of the depraved churches.

Through Picture Land. By C. L. MATEAUX. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

PLEASE, papa, buy this book for Amy! It is so full of wonderful pictures, that your little daughter will be tempted to learn to read in order to know what they mean. It is a world of wonders. Who ever saw the like of it? Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin must surely be magicians!

Robert Mimpriss. A Memoir of his Life and Work. "Systematic Bible Teacher" Depository, 15, Paternoster Square.

Mr. Mimpriss certainly struggled manfully to establish his mode of teaching biblical truth, and made many sacrifices to work out his plans, and therefore he is to be had in honour by all those who admire perseverance, self-abnegation, and zeal for conscientious convictions. But we cannot agree with his friend and biographer in denouncing the societies which preferred to sell their own productions rather than those of his pen. It was most natural that they should do so, and we do not believe that their action has retarded the progress of sound principles in Sunday-school teaching. We are by no means indiscriminate in our admiration of societies, but at the same time we cannot unite in condemning them because they did not adopt Mr. Mimpriss's system. It may or may not be the very best possible, but other people have the right of private judgment, and must be allowed to act upon it. Good things live and win their way with or without societies, and no man should complain if he cannot convince others of the excellence of his methods, and secure their co-operation. He has his own work to do, and they have theirs, and, after all, the benefits of competition exceed its evils. Private enterprise can successfully battle with societies after all: in fact we should always expect the one man to succeed rather than the committee; but there must be business qualities, suavity, and tact, as well as perseverance. This memoir might depress the spirit of an earnest worker if he did not remember that Mr. Mimpriss did after all obtain as large a measure of success as most men may expect, and that he has left behind him others who will probably make a commercial success of what was a hard struggle to him. He did a good work, and no good work is done in vain.

Our Island Home Described, with Anecdotes and Illustrations. By Barbara R. Bartlett. S. W. Partridge and Co.

More geography may be learned from these pleasing pages than could be dinned into children in a month by the dull and dreary school system of our youth. Mrs. Bartlett makes it fun to learn all about England and Scotland Children will be eager to read what she has written, and so will learn geography without knowing that they have done so, just as they sometimes take physic in jam. Every governess should have a copy, or, better still, every boy and girl.

Notes.

With profound gratitude to God we record not only the ceasing of the ebb in our funds, but the continuance of the flood. We also with warmest love thank the many generous friends by whose united contributions we are now placed at ease with regard to the College and Orphanage. They have relieved the care of one to whom care is just now as a poison, and we hope that now our rest will be real, and therefore the more beneficial, because we leave all in good trim. By a little thought such another great drain may be avoided in the future. Occasional help given with regularity would furnish all that is needed for those works of the Lord.

The Colportage, however, still needs capital, and is worked under great disadvantage. One friend gave £100, and another £50 towards the £1,000, which is absolutely needed; but this, though we are very thankful for it, is not a fifth part of the real need. How are we to go on with sixty colporteurs with no more capital than when we had ten? We cannot stop the work, but what are we to do? Can any friend show us how to make bricks without straw?

Our friends will be gratified to learn that the great wish of our beloved wife's heart was granted, and the contribution list of *the Book Fund* made up to a *thousand* pounds on Saturday evening, December 20th, 1876. She intends having the list printed, and thinks that in the form of a nice little book it will be welcomed and read with interest by every contributor.

We are charged to make a special offer

to ministers who were formerly students of the Pastors' College, and *to them only*, of six volumes of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," as a little help towards completing their sets. They may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Spurgeon, and mentioning the number of volumes already possessed.

"G. B." who sent some really good second-hand books, and desired an acknowledgment in *The Sword and the Trowel*, is hereby warmly thanked for the gift.

December 22. The College Evening Classes met to hold their annual meeting. A grand work is being done in these classes in the education of about 200 men, who remain at their trades, but thus become equipped for various branches of the Lord's work. The President was ill and unable to be present, but his two sons did their best to make up the deficiency. The meeting was good throughout.

Tuesday, Jan. 2, was the Annual Meeting of the College. The ladies of the Tabernacle again gave the tea, the friends came up in great numbers, Mr. Mayers sang, and Mr. Silverton and Mr. J. A. Spurgeon spoke nobly. We also gave such a lecture as our weary brain could concoct. There are now 380 ministers actually in the field who were trained in the College. What hath God wrought! Our heart is very rejoiced to see how our Lord has made this good and needful work to prosper.

Jan. 5. We met our Church Officers to tea and conference on the Lord's work, and had a most joyful season. Never church had better elders or deacons; never pastor so valuable a co-pastor. Never was any body of workers so hearty, so unanimous, in the work of the Lord. Points were discussed frankly and earnestly in such a spirit of love that it brought tears to our eyes to be one of such a band of true brothers. No heart-ache ever comes to us through our friends in office, they do us good and no harm all the days of their lives.

The same evening three friends gave a meat tea to 450 hard-working men, coal-heavers and others. They were the real sort, as any one could see at a glance: not regular hearers of the gospel, but outsiders. The singing of Mr. Evan Edwards of Wynne Road, and the various gospel addresses, rivetted their attention. We never saw a more hopeful meeting. We liked to see men in their working clothes, and to talk to them in working man's language. More of such meetings ought to be held. All sorts are willing to come, and eager to listen: we could have had ten times the number without an effort. We cannot expect them to hear on an empty stomach, and the cost of the food is a trifle compared with the joy of getting them to listen to the gospel. We felt equally at home with Stock Exchange gentlemen and coal-heavers, and hope to find many more such opportunities of going outside all regular congregations. By the way, we did not tell our friends that on *December 4th* we addressed more than a thousand gentlemen of the Stock Exchange in the Pillar Room of the Cannon Street Hotel. It was a very cheering opportunity. Our address can be had of our publishers for two-pence.

Tuesday Jan. 9. C. H. Spurgeon addressed the prayer-meeting of the Evangelical alliance at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall. There was quite a convocation of Wesleyan ministers, and we are bound to thank them for their hearty reception of their Calvinistic friend.

Wednesday, Jan. 10th was the Annual Church Meeting at the Tabernacle. All accounts, having been duly audited, were read to the great host there present: the College accounts among them, as usual; for the College is part and parcel of our Church work. The Trust Deed of the College Buildings was signed in the presence of all, and that noble pile is now in the hands of trustees, with a sufficient sum of money to pay insurance, taxes, and repairs. Time has been taken to make the trust deed carefully, but, long ago, the Pastor executed a temporary instrument for fear his death might occur, or he might seem to wish to retain public property in his possession.

There are grave reasons why none of the great philanthropic works of the day should vest property in one person: everything ought to be in trust, and nothing should be done in a corner. Everything has been in the hands of trustees all along with the Orphanage; and at the first moment when we could frame a deed to which our wiser brethren could perfectly assent we have made it so with the College property. No person ought to give money for buildings which are not to be put in trust, and we wish all donors would see to this, making it a *sine qua non*. No matter how zealous and faithful a man may be he ought not to be the sole holder of public property in any case one moment longer than is absolutely needful. We have grave reason for saying that the Christian public may yet see serious reason to regret having in certain cases

neglected the ordinary rules of prudence, and allowed single individuals to hold its property in their own name.

Our friends are probably aware that the College is built upon ground held from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for a long term of years. These gentlemen have with great courtesy agreed to sell us the freehold, and we are now in process of completing the purchase. As we often hear of instances of refusal to sell to Dissenters on the part of the great ones of the earth, it is only right to let it be known that the conduct of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to us has been all that could be desired. We pay a handsome and adequate price for what we purchase of them, but they might have refused to sell had there been any intolerance towards us. In a few days we hope the Trustees will hold the College free and unencumbered for the service of God's church till the Lord himself shall come.

The statistics of the Church at the Tabernacle are as follows—

INCREASE.		DECREASE.	
By baptism	317	Joined other Churches	185
From other churches	117	Emigrated	15
Profession by persons already baptized	39	Non-attendance ...	81
Restoration..... ...	1	Other causes	8
		Deaths	49
	474		328

Nett increase 146. Number on Church Books 4938

Thursday, Jan. 11. In the afternoon we had great pleasure in addressing the clerks engaged at Messrs. Peek and Frean's Biscuit Works. We have since received a very hearty letter of thanks from those gentlemen. These special occasions will, we feel sure, produce great results.

Tuesday, Jan. 16. The London Baptist Association met at the Tabernacle and enjoyed a festival of brotherly love. God is with us in London and our churches are growing.

A gentleman sends us three different reports of one of our addresses, and asks which is correct and what are the public to do? We answer, no one of the reports is exactly accurate, and not one of them quite so faulty as usual. As to what the public should do, we are sure we do not know. It would be wicked to shoot all the incompetent reporters, and till this is done newspaper reports will generally be incorrect. Only one thing we ask our correspondent *not to do*, and that is, do not make us responsible for anything we are *reported* to have said. We will abide by our own utterances, but not by any reporter's notes, unless we know our man.

Orphanage. Special thanks are due for the hosts of friends who loaded us with favours at Christmas. "God bless you all," says the chairman, and the boys join in with, "And so say all of us."

To Cambridge friends a shower of thanks: for two good collections after sermons by Mr. Charlesworth, for entertaining a choir of hungry boys, for paying to hear the aforesaid boys sing in the Guildhall, for sending them home as happy as sand-boys and for making up in all £75 for the Orphanage. Old friends are sometimes the best of friends, and in this matter our Cambridge brethren have earned unto themselves a good degree. We would mention names, but perhaps we had better not, but return our thanks in the lump. Cambridge friends, we feel your kindness, and bless you for it.

College. Mr. Herries has left us for Consett, Durham, with our best wishes and prayers for his success. Mr. G. Samuel has accepted the pastorate at Penge, from which Mr. Collins lately removed to Bedford Row.

Colportage Report. The secretary writes—"While I have nothing special to report this month, the work is steadily progressing. To encourage the colporteurs, and to obtain from them the best statement as to the need, value, and success of their work four prizes have been offered to them for the best Essays upon the subject; and it is hoped that much valuable information will thus be afforded to justify and extend colportage in England. We still need energetic Christian workers who have the business tact necessary to sell good literature, combined with some experience in Christian work and an earnest desire for the salvation of souls. Any such should apply to the General Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, S. E., who would also be very glad to receive the names and addresses of additional subscribers for the new year."

Friends will please note that Mr. Spurgeon is now absent for rest, and will be glad to be considered as having gone beyond reach for a season.

Will friends please note that our contribution list closes early this month, so that many sums may not be acknowledged in print till March. Will donors be a little more particular in sending correct addresses. We have many receipts returned by the Dead Letter Office.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—December 28th, twenty-three; January 1, nineteen; 4th, sixteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1876, to January 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. De Kavannah	0	10	0
Mrs. Rutherford	1	0	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Miss Jeffs	0	10	0
Mr. W. Macfie	10	0	0
Legacy (late J. Temple)	10	10	0
Dumfries	1	0	0
J. M.	5	0	0
Mr. Dixon	1	10	0
A Friend (Edinburgh)	0	7	0
Miss Miller	0	10	0
Mr. E. T. Woodeson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Matthewson	10	0	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	1	0	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	10	0
Mr. J. A. Hart	0	10	0
Mr. T. Kennard	1	0	0
Mr. J. Fawcet	2	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	0	0
Miss Lewin	0	4	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. Gemmell	1	1	0
Miss Peachey	0	15	0
Mrs. Hinton	2	0	4
Miss Fergusson	1	7	10
Messrs. Fisk and Son	5	0	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. R. Bate	3	0	0
Mr. J. Russell	5	0	0
Mr. J. Somerville	0	10	0
Mr. Chapman	2	10	0
G. B. (Dumbarton)	1	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Gilby	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mrs. Mayne	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Walker	2	10	0
Mr. Allison	20	0	0
Greenock	0	9	0
Watchnight Service, Cornwall Road, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	2	6
βαπτισμα	8	0	0
Mrs. Powney	0	5	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
G. T.	1	0	0
Mr. Turner	1	0	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. Bithray	5	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	17	0	0
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mrs. Perratt	1	1	0
Mrs. Bydawell	0	4	10
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. James Lucket	2	0	0
Miss Bullock	1	1	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0
Mrs. Heywood	0	7	0
Mr. E. Falkner	2	0	0
Mr. E. King	1	0	0
Mr. Patterson	0	5	6
Mr. Haggett	1	5	0
Reader of "Christian," per Messrs Morgan and Scott	0	6	0
A. C. A.	1	0	0
A Friend	2	10	0
D. S. L.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
A. K. J.	0	5	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6
Mr. James Mills	2	10	0
Thanksgivings	1	6	6
Mr. W. Townshend	0	5	0
Miss Spliedt	5	0	0
A. R.	1	0	0
Mr. Benzies	0	7	0
Psalm cxxvi. 3	0	5	0
M. E. M. M.	0	4	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
Mr. J. Thomas	2	10	0
Mr. B. Bell	2	0	0
Mr. E. Coulson	2	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	3	3	0
Miss Lang	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	10	0
H. O.	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Mr. H. Harris	0	10	0
J. R.	20	0	0
W. B. H.	25	0	0
Mrs. Johnson	0	9	0
Mr. Urquhart	0	11	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
A Friend, by C. H. S.	2	2	0
Mrs. Davie	1	6	0
Mr. Meadows	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Crawford	1	0	0
Mrs. Davis	0	1	6
Mr. H. Hambley	0	5	0
A Friend, per C. L.	0	6	0
C. S. E.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Morgan	2	0	0
Mrs. Allan	1	0	0
A. G. W.	0	16	10
Mr. Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Collection at Highgate	3	0	0
Collection at City-road, Bristol	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Dec. 24	47	9	4
" " " " 31	100	0	0
" " " Jan. 7	29	5	5
" " " " 14	30	17	10
	£472	13	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1876, to January 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Downs Chapel, Clapton ...			
Mr. Mart	2	0	0
Mr. Payne	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way ...	2	11	0
	7	11	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
M. A. E.	0	5	0
Mrs. Rutherford	1	0	0
Rev. G. D. Cox	0	5	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Clapham Bus Driver	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Daniell	0	5	0
Miss Jeffs	0	10	0
S. A.	1	0	0
Miss Summers	0	2	6
Miss Choat	0	10	0
Miss Jessie Moore	0	10	0
Mr. Wadland	0	5	0
Miss Price	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Close	0	5	0
Mr. A. Austin	0	10	6
Mrs. Butterfield	1	5	0
F. B.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Steele	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Meldrum...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	5	0
Mr. J. P. Shaw	2	0	0
Legacy, late J. Temple	10	10	0
Mr. W. Adam	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Evans	0	10	0
Friends at Castletown, S. S.	2	16	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. E. Williams	1	1	0
Mrs. Jelly	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	10	0	0
Collected by S. A. Turland	1	0	0
Collected by A. Davis	2	15	6
A. Lawrence and Friends	6	14	6
City of Glasgow, B. Note...	1	0	0
"Watching the Ebb"	5	0	0
Self and Friends	1	10	0
Mr. T. S. Child	5	0	0
M. D.	0	10	0
A Friend, Edinburgh	0	1	0
M. A. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Clara E. Berry	0	1	0
Mr. Henry Smith's Box	2	5	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	6
Mr. W. Mathewson	10	0	0
W. M., Chester	1	0	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	0	10	0
Sermon Reader	2	0	0
Miss G. Jeffrey	2	0	0
A. E. W.	0	4	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	10	0
Mr. J. A. Hart	0	10	0
S. K. H.	0	2	6
Mr. A. West	2	0	0
Miss Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. J. Trickett	0	10	0
Mr. A. R. Gray	2	0	0
T. E. S.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Kennard	1	0	0
Friends, per Mr. W. Matthews	2	3	0
Mr. W. Turner	0	6	0
Mr. J. Fawcett	2	0	0
Mr. J. Ewing	1	0	0
Constant Reader	0	2	0
Mr. Napier	1	0	0
Mr. Ellwood	1	0	0
Member of Church of England	1	1	0
Miss Oxenford	0	6	11
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. Dennish	0	3	0
G. B.	1	0	0
Mr. Bingley	1	1	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	1	6
Matthew xxv. 40	0	5	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	15	0
Miss Descroix	0	11	1
Mr. C. Stockdale	0	10	0
G. E. W.	0	5	0
M. O.	0	5	0
J. J. S.	1	1	0
Mr. James Overy	4	0	0
Messrs. Fisk and Sons	5	0	0
J. B. O.	1	0	0
Mrs. Walker, Thame	3	16	11
Mrs. Mason...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Elgar	0	10	0
Mr. Carse	1	10	0
Miss Bamlett	0	5	0
Mr. Hockey...	0	10	0
A Thankoffering, Sutton	0	9	11
Mr. R. Robottom	1	0	0
Mrs. James Hogg	0	10	0
Mrs. Black	0	10	0
Mrs. Bayhs and friends	0	5	0
Mrs. Ind.	5	0	0
E. C.	2	10	0
A Baptist breakfast table, Long Eaton	0	10	6
Mrs. Macfadyen	1	0	0
Mrs. Martin	2	0	0
Mr. J. P. Jones	0	9	0
Mr. J. Somerville	0	10	0
Mr. F. E. Browning	1	10	0
Mr. Snell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Sugden	0	10	0
Mr. J. Carlyon and friend	0	10	0
Mr. H. Hill	1	1	0
M. B.	0	2	6
Mr. E. D. Hearly	0	10	0
Mr. Chapman	2	10	0
Glasgow	0	2	0
E. T. L.	0	2	0
A Servant	0	2	2
A Friend	0	1	0
Thankoffering, E. V. Norfolk	0	5	0
Mrs. Fowler	0	10	0
A mite	0	2	6
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Clara	0	10	0
Mr. H. Green's children	1	15	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Messrs. S. Phillips and Son	1	1	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
J. J., Cambridge	5	0	0
Miss Dugan	0	9	0
Mrs. Mayne	1	0	0
Friend...	0	2	0
Lochalsh	0	5	9
Mr. J. W. Walker	2	10	0
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
Miss Hagger...	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	10	0	0
Mr. Cannington	1	0	0
Messrs. Wills, and Packham	1	1	0
In Memory of dear Currie	0	10	0
Currie's Brother	0	5	0
Mrs. Aikman	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Condron	0	5	0
Mrs. Powney	0	5	0
Mrs. Graham	1	0	0
Mr W. Wilkinson and Friend	1	11	0
Mr Osborn	0	7	0
Mr. Ranford...	1	0	0
Mrs. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. C. Mackinnon	1	0	0
Not a Londoner	5	0	0
Richmond Street Mission Sunday School	3	17	2
Mr. Hobson	5	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mrs. Haynes, per Rev. D. Russell ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Moore, box	0	4	7
United Christian Brothers Benefit Society	2	13	6
Miss A. Benham	0	10	0
Mr. T. Benham	0	10	0
Mrs. Barker	0	4	3
J. R.	0	10	0
Friends at Brockley Road, per Mrs. Phillips and Miss Walker	5	18	8
H. E.	0	2	6
For Jesus' sake	0	2	6
Mr. E. Falkner	2	0	0
J. and S. Maskell	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin King	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	15	0
Wincanton	0	2	2

	£	s.	d.
W. P. Chicago	1	1	0
Mr. E. Porter	0	10	0
Frank C. Rigby	0	6	0
Mr. Dods	1	2	0
Mr. M. Pask	1	0	0
Mr. G. Oakley	0	2	6
Mr. Haggett	1	5	0
Mr. W. Bainbridge	10	0	0
Mr. T. B. Smithies	5	5	0
Miss Smithies	1	1	0
Mrs. T. W. Franklin	1	0	0
Willie and Little Ben	0	10	0
T. L. W.	15	0	0
Readers of "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	3	0
Friends at Todlow	1	0	0
Mr. Jones	0	12	0
A. C. A.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hart	2	0	0
A Friend	2	10	0
D. S. L	1	0	0
A Friend, Backswell	0	12	6
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	2	6
Mr. W. Pedley	1	1	0
Baptist Sunday School, Accrington ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Dodwell	1	0	0
S.	0	1	0
Mrs. Henry	0	10	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	0	0
ankoffering	0	2	6
. K. J.	0	5	0
r. J. J. Smith	1	0	0
rs. Rees	5	0	0
Mrs. Neeton	5	0	0
Mr. S. Glass...	0	5	0
Mrs. Salmon...	0	2	6
F. J. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Macdougall	0	5	0
C. S. Macdougall	0	5	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	5	0
Mr. James Mills	2	10	0
Perth	1	0	0
Sermon Reader	0	6	0
Mr. M. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. Riddel's Bible Class	0	10	0
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Sermon Readers, per Mr. Morris ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Badcock	0	2	6
Mr. W. Pickford	1	1	0
Mr. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. R. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. E. Rodder	0	10	0
Mr. J. Field	4	0	0
New Year's Meeting, Burford	1	6	0
Every little helps	0	2	10
M. F. H.	0	6	0
D. P.	0	5	0
H. R. K.	4	0	0
M. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Turner	0	3	0
Mr. S. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Heard	0	5	0
Kinton	0	7	0
E. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Hart	0	10	0
Mr. Benzies	0	5	0
Psalm cxxvi. 3	0	5	0
Mr. W. Batty	0	3	6
Three friends, Crnig	1	10	6
E. R.	0	10	0
C. W.	0	2	6
Mr. E. Gould	0	5	0
Mr. C. East	0	5	0
A Brother, Bankhead	0	2	6
Mrs. Mc Intyre	0	2	6
Bembridge	0	5	0
Mr. J. Thomas	2	10	0
Mrs. Saunders	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Waugh	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	3	6
Little Girl at Richmond	0	1	0
Mr. S. S. Martyn	1	1	0
Mr. Upward...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Hardy	0	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	19	9
Mr. G. James	3	0	0
Mr. T. Morris	0	10	0
Mr. T. Coulborn	10	0	0
Mr. E. Coulson	2	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	3	3	0
Harry and Bertie Street	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies and Friends...	1	13	0
J. R.	0	3	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	0	0
Miss Lang	0	10	0
Mrs. J. B. Denholm	0	5	0
Miss Annie Laird	0	5	0
Violet, Willie, Helen, and Annie ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Cook	0	10	0
Kettering	0	10	0
Mr. Anden	0	5	6
Mrs. Gilbert...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Harris	0	10	0
Mrs. Weston...	1	0	0
Mr. Perry	0	0	6
J. R.	20	0	0
W. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Johnson	2	0	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	8	0
Mrs. Hinton	2	5	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. Hunt	0	10	0
Mrs. Calthup	0	10	0
P. D.	300	0	0
Mrs. Booker	1	2	11
Arthur Street Bible Class, per Miss Lee	1	3	11
Box on Tuesday Evening	0	11	1
Mrs. J. C. Pave	2	0	0
Per Mr. J. B. Mead :—			
Mr. James Peck	10	10	0
Mr. Thos. Stone	10	10	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	10	10	0
Mr. John Carr	10	10	0
Mr. Ellis Carr	2	2	0
Mr. Arthur Carr	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Friends per Mr. Mead ...	10	10	0
Mrs. Mead	5	5	0
Mr. E. J. Mead	5	5	0
Mr. Nehemiah Griffiths ...	10	10	0
Messrs. T. Rider and Son ..	10	10	0
Messrs. Foster Brothers ...	10	10	0
Messrs. J. Budgett and Son	5	5	0
Mr. J. T. Peacock ...	5	5	0
Messrs. J. Gingell, Son, and Co.	5	5	0
Messrs. Snooke and Stock	5	5	0
Mr. G. W. Brown	5	0	0
Messrs. R and W. Sisley	5	0	0
Mr. J. A. Lloyd	5	0	0
Messrs. Nobes, Homan, and Hunt	3	3	0
Messrs. J. and W. Peacock	3	3	0
Messrs. J. Winter and Sons	3	3	0
Messrs. Gill Brothers ...	3	3	0
Mr. Collinson Hall, jun. ...	3	3	0
Messrs. Albery and Back...	3	3	0
Messrs. W. J. Bush and Co	3	3	0
Sir Joseph Causton & Sons	2	2	0
Messrs. Hudson, Scott and Sons	2	2	0
Messrs. Barclay and Fry...	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Faxon	2	2	0
Messrs. Riddle and Couchman	1	1	0
Mr. Proctor Thomas ...	1	1	0
Messrs. Moser and Sons ...	1	1	0
Messrs. W. Baily and Son	1	1	0
Messrs. Messer and Thorp	1	0	0
Mr. J. Stannard	1	0	0
Mr. S. T. Wentworth ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Fison...	1	1	0
Messrs. T. and T. Vicars ..	10	10	0
Mr. Francis Peck	5	5	0
Mr. T. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dalton	1	0	0
Mr. O. Morgan	1	0	0
	201	12	0
Cambridge, per Mr. Charlesworth :—			
Collection after Sermon in St. Andrew's St. Chapel, by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth	28	19	8
Nett Proceeds of Service of Song, Guildhall, by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and a Choir of the Orphan Boys	24	1	6
Mrs. Green	1	1	0
Anon., per Watts	20	0	0
	74	2	2
A. P.	0	1	6
J. R.	0	5	0
Miss H. Shepherd	0	2	6
Miss S. Shepherd	0	2	0
Eythorne, Ashley, and Easty Sunday Schools	3	0	0
Mr. J. Houghton	20	0	0
For the Little Birds of Stockwell ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Lewis	1	0	0
L. H.	0	2	6
Mr J. How	10	0	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Country Minister	0	3	0
Maria Horn	0	1	0
W. W.	0	1	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mrs. Near	0	1	0
Mrs. Vinson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
Mrs. Martin	1	0	0
A Friend, by C. H. S.	2	2	0
K. S.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Collings	0	2	0
Per Mr. Sharp	2	10	0
Mr G. Nowell	5	0	0
Teachers of Kirkdale Sunday School ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Coventry	1	0	0
Mr. J. Craven	0	2	0
Miss Munro	0	12	0
Master Nutsey	0	3	0
Per Mr. J. Levett	0	5	0
Mrs. Nunn	2	2	0
Mr. T. Webster	5	0	0
Mr. C. Wilson	5	5	0
Mr. T. Squire	1	1	0
A Friend, per C. L.	0	6	0
Mr. J. Lister	1	0	0
Per Rev. J. Wilkinson	0	5	0
A Friend and Well-wisher	5	0	0
James	0	2	6
Mr. Gammon	0	10	0
E. Day	0	2	6
Miss Fyfe	2	0	6
Miss Grant	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. C. Alldis	1	1	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Per F. R. T.—			
Mrs. Gilbert	0	5	0
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0
Mr. H. Keen	0	5	0
A. A. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. Adrian...	0	5	0
D. B.	0	5	0
Mr. Probin	0	5	0
Mr. Probin	0	5	0
Mr. Telfer Higgins ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Bremner	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Dix	0	5	0
Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0
In remembrance	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0
F. R. T.	0	5	0
	4	5	0
	£992	19	6

Christmas Festival at the Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
Y. E.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Davis	0	10	0
S. S., Sittingbourne, and six Oranges	0	13	0
Rev. R. E. Sears	0	10	0
Mr. A. Austin	1	1	0
Trobridge Friends	3	4	0
John, Annie, and Gerts Bennett ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Hooper	0	6	0
Mr. E. James	1	11	6
Little Lewis and Baby Earnest ...	0	2	0
Dumfries	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Aske	2	15	6
Mr. B. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie Tice	0	2	
Lottie Tice	0	2	
Bennie Tice...	0	1	
E. Smith	0	2	
Mrs. Shore	0	2	
J. J.	0	6	6
Mr. W. Mc Norton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Davis	1	10	0
Mr. W. Thatcher	0	5	0
W. B. S.	0	10	0
S. W.	0	10	0
W. B. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. Kemp	1	0	0
Friends at Hardway and Eloaw ...	0	16	3
Mr. H. Mansell	2	0	0
Mr. A. R. Gray	0	10	0
Mr. P. Ramsey	0	0	0
J. D.	2	0	0
Bollugbroke, S. S.	0	2	0
A. B.	0	5	0
Littlehampton	0	2	6
Mr. Woollard	0	10	0
Cheltenham...	0	5	0
Will and Harry	0	2	6
Wilfred Hine	0	10	6
Alfred Hine	0	10	6
Mr. J. Harper	1	0	0
Ella and Lily Lang	0	9	6
	£30	2	9

Orphan Boys' Collecting Books :—Adkins, G. H. 2s; Abbey, J., 5s; Barrett, C., 4s; Baker, T., £1 1s; Bignell, A., 2s; Blakelock, J., 1s; Bligh, F. G., 2s 6d; Bowers, A., 3s; Bowtell, £3 17 8; Bonene, A., 18s 4d; Brown, J. and A., 4s; Buttfield, G., 4s; Campbell, C., 12s 6d; Christmas, J., 4s; Church, F., 10s; Cockerton, A., 13s 6d; Cockerton, T., 2s; Coles, G., £3 3s; Conquest, W., 3s; Cook, E. J., 10s; Crisp, T., 8s; Dalby, W. E., £1; Dangerfield, 6s; Dear, H., 5s; Ellis, H., 4s 8d; Evans, T., 2s; Eves, G., £1; Foulsham, W., 12s 6d; French, E., 3s 6d; Fulton, H., 11s 4d; Glaysher, G., 5s; Goddard, H., 6s; Goodyear, H., 15s 6d; Goodman, W. H., 4s 3d; Gubbins, S. I., 3s 6d; Hards, H., Hart, F., 10s 4d; Hart, F., 6s; Hart, R. E., £1; Hinckley, I., 7s 6d; Hockhumer, C., 8s; Hollands, W. F., 11s; Horley, B., 9s 9d; Johnson, G., £1 6s; Jones, A., 5s; Kentfield, G., 11s; Kitchen, F. H.,

£1 2s; Legge, S., 5s; Machin, F., 3s 6d; McKenzie, W., 11s 6d; Marley, W., 3s; Marsh, H., 4s 3d; Mills, H., 12s; Mitchell, I., 14s; Moley, H., 4s; Mumford, A., 4s 9d; Osborne, D. E., 15s 6d; Parker, F. T., 5s; Parry, L., 13s 4d; Pearson, W., 3s 6d; Pitt, F., 8s 1d; Read, F. W., 3s 6d; Richards, G., Robinson, H., 8s 6d; Roberts, G., 11s; Scott, G., £1 0s 6d; Semark, A., £1 10s 6d; Simmonds, F., 6s 10d; Simms, B. (collected by Miss Simms), 17s 6d; Smith, A. J., 3s; Smith, G., 6s; Smith, H., 5s; Snell, T., 5s; Tatum, T., 5s 3d; Thompson, E. J., 5s; Thornton, C., 5s; Trotman, J., 15s; Vuller, W., £1 6d; Walker, D., £1; Walters, H., 3s 6d; Ward, S. and C. T., 10s 4d; Webb, C., 3s; Webster, G., 5s 2d; Wheeler, W., £1 13s; White, W., 10s; Whitehead, W., 15s; Witherdon, W., 7s 6d; Wilkinson, W., 3s 4d; Wood, J. M., £1 16s 6d.—Total, £48 4s 2d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS, &c.:—4 lbs. Tea, M. G.; 3 Casks Biscuits, Huntley and Palmer; 250 Boxes of Figs, W. Harrison; small Box of Eggs, Mr. Potier; a Sack of Flour, Mr Saunders; 250 Saveloys, Mr. Rock; 20 Plum Puddings, a Bloomsbury Friend; 200 lbs. Beef, Mr. S. West; 100 lbs. Cake, Peek, Frean, and Co.; 100 lbs. Dressed Beef, Mr. Toogood; Fruit for Puddings, Mr. Llewellyn and Mr. Arnold; Oranges—Mr. Nunn, Mr. Vickery, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. Newman; Jones, Wren, & Co., and Messrs. Hanson, Son, & Barton; Apples, Mr. Woodnutt; Sweets—Mrs. Arnold, Maria Wade, Mr. Tucket, and Mr. Pascal; a Turkey, Mr. Tubby; a Goose, Mr. Vickery.

CLOTHING, &c.:—12 Flannel Shirts, Miss Foley; 6 Cotton Shirts, Mrs. W. Booth; 2 pairs Socks, "C. H."; 4 pairs Stockings, 3 Shirts, A. Payne; 50 pairs Boys' Boots, Meadows and Co.; 3 dozen pairs Stockings, 16 pairs Socks, 1 pair Knickerbockers, R. G. Oliver; 14 pairs Socks, An Aged Widow; 12 pairs Boys Boots, J. J. Sparrow; 250 Collars and 250 Pockethandkerchiefs, The Misses Dransfield; Cloth for a Boy's Suit, C. D. Scovey; 5 pairs Socks, 6 Pockethanderchiefs, Miss Gough; 2 pairs Stockings, 7 pairs Socks, Mrs. Grey; 7 pairs Socks, 6 Shirts, Miss Jordan; 12 Shirts, Sarah; 10 Suirts, T. H. C.; Parcel sent to the Tabernacle, containing—5 Flannel Shirts, 3 pairs Socks, 13 Woollen Scarfs, 9 pairs Cuffs, 26 Coverlets, James Barlow.

GENERAL:—250 Shillings, J. D., per Mr. Harrison; 9 Cards and a Book, C. H.; 50 Toy Books, Dean and Son; a Load of Firewood, K.; a quantity of Toys, Mr. Zimmerman; 3 Christmas Trees, Mr. Fryer; 21 Boxes Mathematical Instruments, 2 dozen Palettes and Colours, Mr. T. Olney; 30 Brushes, 21 pieces House Flannel, Mr. Spratley; 100 copies of "Singing the Gospel," Mr. Symonds.

FOR SALE ROOM:—46 articles, A Lady, per Miss Bonsor; 8 articles, Miss Jordan; 3 articles, Sarah.

DONATIONS, &c.—P. T., Stamps, 6s 11d; J. G., 2s 6d; W. H. Goodings, 2s 6d; Friends at Romney-street, £1; W. and E. Webb, 10s; Infants' Training School, Stockwell, per Miss Ryder, £1 5s; The Hair Dresser, 2s 6d; Miss Brown, £1 1s; Harry Morley, 1s; J. Nickinson, Annual Subscription, £1 1s; Ditto, for Christmas Dinner, 5s; Friend at Tabernacle, per C. H. Spurgeon, £1; Mrs. Wood, £1; Mrs. Plumbridge, £1 1s; Mr. Newman, 2s.—Total, £9 2s 5d.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, jun.	10	0	0
Cinderford District...	7	10	0
R. Clark, Esq., for Cheddar	5	0	0
Lymington District	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for St. Mellons	10	0	0
Hawkhurst District	10	0	0
G. W. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne ...	10	0	0
Shrewsbury District	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	20	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
Eyethorne District	7	10	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Cradley and Netherton District ...	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association, Ross	7	10	0
	£130	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund.	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Cassell and Co.	2	2	0
Wm. E. Brayne	0	10	6
E. B., towards the proposed £1000 for Stock	50	0	0
E. B., quarterly	25	0	0
Mr. C. Davies	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mathews, Thankoffering ...	0	10	0
E. M., Berkhampstead	0	7	6
J. Sands, Esq.	10	0	0
G. W.	2	2	0
Mr. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. Perkins...	0	10	0
Mr. Matthowson	10	0	0
A. M. T.	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Messrs. Fisk and Son	5	0	0
Mr. D. Norrie	1	0	0
Mr. G. James	2	0	0
Mrs. Mayne...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Falkner	1	0	0
Mr. E. King	0	10	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
A. K. J.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lock	1	0	0
M. E. M. M.	0	2	0
Miss Lang	1	0	0
Mrs. Gilbert...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Harris	0	10	0
J. R.	15	0	0
W. B. H.	25	0	0
The Syrophenician Woman	0	5	0
G. P	0	10	0
Mr. Jelley	4	0	0
F. E. W.	0	10	0
Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Spurgeon	100	0	0
	£376	17	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, 1877.

Scales taken from the Eyes.

A SHORT SABBATH EVENING HOMILY BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales."—Acts ix. 18.

THIS means that the film upon Saul's eyes was comparable to the scale of a fish, or else that it fell off as scales might fall. When the blinding film was gone light broke into the darkness of Saul. In different men sin manifests its chief power in different parts of their nature. In the case of many sin is most apparent in their eyes; that is to say ignorance, error, and prejudice, have injured their mental sight. Some have the withered hand of conscious inability, others have the deaf ear of mental obtuseness; but there are far more who hear the joyful sound, and display much energy, but they hear without understanding, and are zealous without knowledge, for they are blind. This was Saul's condition. He was thoroughly honest: we might say of his heart, when it was at its worst, that it was always true to its convictions. He was no deceiver, and no timeserver. He went in for what he believed to be right with all his might: lukewarmness and selfish policy were alien to his nature. He dashed with all his might against the doctrine of the cross, because he thought it to be an imposition. His fault lay in his eyes, and so, when the eyes were set right, Saul was right. When he perceived that Jesus was, after all, the Messiah, the man became just as earnest a follower of Christ as before he had been a persecutor.

We will talk about scales falling from men's eyes. I want to address those who would be right if they knew how; who are earnest, but it is

in the wrong direction; for they do not see the truth. If the Lord, in his infinite mercy, will but touch that sightless eyeball and remove the film, so that they discern the right way, they will follow it at once. May the Lord remove many scales while we are proceeding.

First, we will speak of *scales which men fail to perceive, because they are inside.* Secondly, we will *show what makes these scales come to the outside so that men do perceive them,* then thirdly, *what instrumentality the Lord uses to take these outside scales away;* and fourthly, *what did Saul see when the scales were gone?*

I. First, then, THERE ARE SCALES WHICH MEN DO NOT PERCEIVE. Saul had scales upon his eyes when he was on the road to Damascus, but if you had looked at his face he would have appeared to have as bright an eye as any man. Scales on his eyes! Why, he was a sharp-sighted philosopher, a Pharisee, and a teacher of others. He would not have believed you for a minute if you had said to him, "Saul, you are blind." Yet blind he was, for his eyes were shut up with inside scales—the worst sort of scales that can possibly becloud the sight. Saul had the scale of *self* to darken his eye. He had a great idea of Saul of Tarsus. If he had written down his own character he would have begun it, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law a Pharisee," and then would have gone on to tell of countless good works and fastings and prayers: and have finished with, "concerning zeal, persecuting the church." He was far too great in his own estimation to become a disciple of Jesus Christ. How could the rabbi who sat at the feet of Gamaliel become a follower of the despised Galilean? Poor peasants might follow the man of Nazareth, but Doctor Saul of Tarsus—a man so educated both in the knowledge of the Hebrew literature and of the Greek philosophy—it was not likely that he would mingle with fishermen and peasants in adoring the Nazarene. This is the reason why a great many people cannot see the beauties of Christ, and cannot come to him that they might have life, namely, because they are so great in their own esteem. Ah, my lord, it might have been a good thing for you if you had been a pauper. Ah, good moralist, it might not be amiss for you if you would sit by the side of those who have lost character among men, and discover that, after all, there are not so many shades of difference between you and them. Great "I" must fall before the great Saviour will be seen. When a man becomes nothing in his own estimation, then Jesus Christ becomes everything to him, and not till then. Self is an effectual darkener of the windows of the soul. How can men see the gospel while they see so much of themselves? With such a noble righteousness of their own to deck themselves with, is it likely that they will buy of Christ the fine white linen which is the righteousness of saints?

Another scale on Saul's inner eye was *ignorance,* and learned ignorance, too, which is by far the worst kind of ignorance. Saul knew everything but what he ought to have known; he was instructed in all other sorts of learning, but he did not know Christ. He had never studied the Lord's claim and character; he had picked up the popular rumours, and he had thought them to be sterling truth. Ah, had he known, poor soul, had he known that Jesus of Nazareth really was the Christ, he had never haled men and women to prison; but the scale of ignorance was over his eyes. And how many there are in this city of London, in

what we call this "enlightened" nineteenth century, who know a great deal about a thousand things, but nothing about the one thing needful. They have never troubled to study that, and so, for lack of knowledge, they grope as the blind.

With ignorance generally goes another scale, namely, *prejudice*. The man who knows nothing about truth is usually the man who despises it most. He does not know, and does not want to know. "Don't tell me," he says, "don't tell me." He has nothing but a sneer for you when you have told him the truth to the best of your ability; the man has no candour, he has made up his mind, *he* has. Besides, his father before him was not of your religion, and do you think he is going to be a turncoat, and leave the old family faith? "Don't tell me," says he, "I don't want to know anything of your canting Methodism," or "Presbyterianism," or whatever it is that he likes to call it. He is *so* wise! He is wiser than seven men that can render a reason. O prejudice, prejudice, prejudice, how many hast thou destroyed! Men who might have been wise have remained fools because they thought they were wise. Many judge what the gospel *ought* to be, but do not actually enquire as to what it is? They do not come to the Bible to obtain their views of religion, but they open that book to find texts to suit the opinions which they bring to it. They are not open to the honest force of truth, and therefore are not saved by it. O that this scale would fall from every eye which it now closes.

Saul's soul was also darkened by the scale of *unbelief*. Saul had seen Stephen die. If he saw the martyr's heavenly face he must have noticed the wondrous peace which sat upon his countenance when he fell asleep amid a shower of stones; but Saul did not believe. Though no sermon is like the sight of a martyrdom, yet Saul was not convinced. Perhaps he had heard about the Saviour more than he cared to remember, but he did not believe it; he counted the things rumoured concerning him to be idle tales, and cast them under his feet. O brothers and sisters, what multitudes are being ruined by this cruel unbelief towards Christ! Some of you, too, that I have been addressing for years are believers in the head but unbelievers in the heart, not really putting your trust in Jesus. Who can see if he refuses the light? Who shall find salvation if he will not trust the Saviour for it? Unbelief is as sure to destroy those who are guilty of it as faith is sure to save believers.

Then the scale of *habit*, too, had formed over Saul's inner eye, for he had been for a long time what he then was. And can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? If so, then he that is accustomed to do evil may learn to do well. They say that use is second nature, and when the first nature is bad, the second nature is like the first, only it goes farther in wrong. Ah, dear friends, some of you have been so accustomed to refuse the gospel, so accustomed to follow after the pleasures and the vices of the world, that it does not seem possible that you should follow after Christ. Habits of secret sin are peculiarly blinding to the soul. May this scale be speedily made to fall.

Another scale is *worldliness*; and Saul had that upon his inner eye, for he loved the praise of men. He had his reputation to maintain; for he had profited beyond most of his brethren, and was reckoned to be a

most hopeful and rising teacher of Israel. It was not likely that Saul would believe in Jesus Christ, for then he would have to lose the esteem of his fellow countrymen. The fear of man, and the love of man's applause, how they prevent men from seeing the truth about Jesus and recognizing him as the Son of God. "How shall ye believe who receive honour one of another?" How shall men bow themselves before Jesus Christ when all the while they are bidding high for the homage of their fellow sinners? The love of adulation, which is a form of worldliness, blinds the eye; and so will any other love of things beneath the moon. Let but the heart be set upon this blinding world and there will be little sight for things divine.

II. These scales were upon the inside of Saul's eyes when he was on the way to Damascus, but now we have to notice them BROUGHT TO THE OUTSIDE. Those outside scales revealed in type and figure what had always been the matter with Saul; they were the material index of the spiritual mischief under which he had long laboured, only now they were brought outside so that he knew they were there, and others could perceive that they were there. Now there was hope that they would be removed from the eye: now that he was conscious of them the evil was half cured. What brought those scales to the outside, and made Paul know that he was blind?

Well, first it was *the exceeding glory of Christ.* He says, "About noon suddenly there shone from heaven a bright light round about me," and he adds "I could not see for the glory of that light." Let my Lord Jesus Christ only manifest himself to any of you, and you will be well enough aware of your blindness, and you will say to yourselves, "What a strangely blind being I must have been not to have loved such beauty as this,—not to have yielded myself to such grace as this,—not to have trusted myself to so complete a Saviour as this." Oh, the glory of Christ! It has even laid the saints prostrate when they have seen it. Those who dwell nearest to their Lord are frequently overcome with the exceeding brightness of his glory, and have to confess with those favoured three,—

> "When, in ecstasy sublime,
> Tabor's glorious steep we climb,
> At the too-transporting light,
> Darkness rushes o'er our sight."

So it is with the sinner when he gets his first view of a glorious Christ, the inrush of the glory makes him mourn his native blindness; he perceives that he has had no perception, and knows that he has known nothing.

Another thing which made the scales pass to the outside of Paul's eyes was *that unanswerable question,* "Why persecutest thou me?" That brought home to him a sense of sin. "*Why?*" That was a "why" for which Saul of Tarsus could not find a "because." When he discovered that the man of Nazareth was the glorious Christ, then, indeed, he was "confounded." He could make no reply to the demand—"Why persecutest thou me?" Oh, that the Lord would fix a "why" in some of your hearts! Why should you live in sin? Why are you choosing the wages of unrighteousness? Why are you hardening your

hearts against the gospel? Why are you ridiculing it? Why do you sneer at the servants of God? If the Holy Spirit puts that "why" home to your heart you will begin to say, "What a blind fool I am to have acted as I have done, to go kicking against the pricks, fighting against my best friend, and pouring scorn on those whom most of all I ought to admire." The *why* from the lip of Christ will show you your blindness.

The scales were on the outside of his eyes now, because *his soul had been cast into a terrible bewilderment.* We read of him that when his eyes were opened he saw no man, but, trembling and astonished, he asked what he must do. Some of us know what that means. We have been brought under the hand of God till we have been utterly astonished —astonished at our Saviour, astonished at our sin, astonished that there should be a hope remaining for us, astonished that we should have rejected that hope so long. With this amazement there mixed trembling lest, after all, the mercy should be too great for us, and the next word from the Lord should be, "You have kicked against the pricks so long that henceforth the gates of mercy are shut against you." May the Lord fill some of you with trembling and astonishment, and, if he does, then you will perceive the blindness of your soul, and cry for light.

I have no doubt the scales became all the more perceptible to poor Paul when he came to those *three days and nights of prayer*, for when you get a man on his knees, and he begins crying for mercy, he is in the way of being more fully taught his need of it. If relief does not come at once, then the penitent cries more and more intensely; his heart all the while is aching more and more, and he perceives how blind he must have been to bring himself into such a condition. It is a good thing sometimes when the Lord keeps a man in prayer, pleading for the mercy, and pleading and pleading and pleading on, and on, until he perceives how great his need of that mercy is. When he has bitterly felt the darkness of his soul he will be exceedingly bold in bearing light to his fellow men. May God bring many of you to agonizing prayer; and if that prayer should last days and nights, and you should neither eat nor drink for anguish of spirit, I warrant you that you will learn your blindness thoroughly, and the scales upon your eyes will be painfully evident to yourself.

III. Now, thirdly, and here I should like to stir up the people of God to a little practical business—we have seen Saul with the scales outside his eyes: he now knows that he is blind, though he did not know it before when he was a proud Pharisee. He can see a great deal better now than he could when he thought he could see; but still, there he is, in darkness, and we long for the scales to be removed: WHAT INSTRUMENTALITY DID THE LORD USE TO GET THE SCALES AWAY?

It was not an angel, nor was it an apostle, but it was *a plain man* named Ananias who was the means of bringing sight to blind Saul. We do not know much about this useful brother. We know his name, and that is enough; but Ananias was the only person whom the Lord used in taking off the scales from this apostle's eyes. Dear brethren, dear sisters, too, there are some of you, if you be but alive to it, whom God will bless in like work. Perhaps this very night, though you are unknown and obscure Christian people, he may bless you to be the means

of taking the scales from the eyes of somebody who will be eminently useful in future years. The Holy Spirit blessed the great apostle to the Gentiles by Ananias, and he may lead another of his mighties to himself by some obscure disciple.

Ananias was a plain man, but he was *a good man.* You can see that Ananias was a thorough man of God. He was one who knew his Lord, and recognized his voice when he said "Ananias," and he was a man whom the Lord knew, for he called him by his name—"I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine." The Lord will not send you on his errands unless you are sound and sincere and living near to him. But, if you be that, no matter how feeble you may be, I beseech you be looking out, even to-night, for some blind soul to whom you may be as eyes.

Notice, that this Ananias was *a ready man,* for when the Lord spoke to him, he said, "Behold, I am here, Lord." I know many professors who would have to answer, "Behold, I am anywhere else, Lord, but certainly not here." They are not all there when they are in Christ's work; the heart is away after something else. But, "Behold, I am here, Lord," is a grand thing for a believer to say when his Lord bids him seek the wanderer. It is well to say, "Behold I am here, Lord, ready for the poor awakened one. If he wants a word of comfort, I am ready to say it to him; if he wants a word of direction, here am I, as thou shalt help me, to speak it to him." My brother, be thou like Ananias was, a ready man.

And he was *an understanding man,* for when the Lord said to him, "Behold he prayeth," he knew what that meant. He well understood the first indication of grace in the soul. Beloved, you must have a personal experience of the things of God, or you cannot help new-born souls. If you do not yourself know what it is to pass from death to life, and do not know the marks of regeneration, you are useless.

At the same time he was *a discerning man*—an enquiring, discriminating man, for he began to say, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man." He wanted to know a little about Saul, and enquired of the great Master as to his character, and whether it was a genuine work of grace in his soul. It will not do to pat everybody on the back and give them comfort without examining into their state. Some of you must know by this time that indiscriminate consolation does more hurt than good. Certain classes want no consolation, but rather require reproof. They want wounding before they can be healed; and it is a good thing to know your man, and, especially, to wait upon the Lord that he would tell you about your man, so that you may know how to deal with him when you do come to him. Use all diligence to know the case, as Ananias did.

But when once he had made his enquiry, he was *an obedient man.* He was told to go into a house where I do not suppose he had ever left his card in his life; but he did not stop for an introduction, but went off at once to the house of Judas, and enquired for one called Saul, of Tarsus. He had divine authority; the Lord had given him a search-warrant, and so he entered the house.

"Thus the eternal mandate ran,
Almighty grace arrest that man."

Ananias must be the sheriff's officer to go and arrest Saul in the name of the Lord, and so away he went.

And you will notice what *a personal dealing man* he was, for he did not stand at a distance, but, putting his hands on him, he said, "*Brother Saul.*" Ah, that is the way to talk to people who are seeking the Lord, not to stand five miles off, and speak distantly, or preach condescendingly, as from the supreme heaven of a sanctified believer, down to the poor sinner mourning below. No, go and talk to him; call him "brother." Go and speak to him with a true, loving, brotherly accent, as Ananias did, for he was *a brotherly man.*

Ananias also was *a man whose subject was Christ.* As soon as ever you do speak to the sinner, let the first thing you have to say be, "The Lord, *even Jesus.*" Whatever you say next, begin with that "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus." Have something to say about Jesus, but say it personally and pointedly, not as though you were alluding to persons living in Australia seven hundred years ago, but as referring to brother Saul, and intending the word for him.

Among Christian people there are mighty hunters before the Lord, who strive after souls, but I wish that a hundred times as many really cared for the souls of their fellow men. Some church members never speak to anybody about spiritual things. You come into your pews, and you like two seats if you can get them; like gentlemen in a first-class carriage, you want a compartment to yourselves; and then, after service, no matter who is impressed, many of you have not a word to say. Should it be so, brethren? We should always be on the look out to seat strangers comfortably, and afterwards to drive home by personal remark any truth which may have been advanced. "Ah" says one, "but I may speak to the wrong person." Suppose you did, is it such a mighty misfortune to miss your mark once? Ah, brethren, if you were to get the wrong person fifty times and ultimately meet the right one once in a year, it would well reward you. If you were to receive rebuffs and rebuffs and rebuffs, and yet at last you should find out the brother Saul who is to have the scales removed by you, and by none but you, you would be well rewarded. A plain common-sense word from a common-sense Christian has often been the very thing to set some able critic at liberty. Some man of profound mind—a Thomas of abundant doubts and questions—has only just wanted a simple-hearted Christian man to say the right word, and he has entered into peace and liberty. You must not think that learned personages, when the Lord touches them in the heart, want to be talked to by doctors of divinity. Not they! They become as simple-hearted as others, and, like dying kings and dying bishops, they ask to hear a shepherd pray, because they find more savour, more plainness, more earnestness, more faith, and more familiarity with God, in the humble expressions of the lowly than in the language of courtly preachers. Do not, therefore, brother Ananias, say "I cannot go and talk to anybody. I have never been to college." Do not, sister in Christ, keep back because you are a woman, for oftentimes the Lord makes the sweet and gentle voice of woman to sound out the music of grace. God grant that many of us may be the instruments of taking the scales from men's eyes.

IV. Lastly, WHAT DID SAUL SEE WHEN THE SCALES WERE GONE?

The first person he saw was *Brother Ananias.* A fine sight for Saul to see Brother Ananias's Christian countenance beaming with love and joy. I fancy he was like one of our elders, a fine old Christian man, with love to souls written on his face. When Saul opened his eyes it must have done him good to see just such a face as that—a plain, simple man, full of holy zeal and intense anxiety for his good. Dear friend, if the Lord opens your eyes you will see the brotherhood of Christians. Perhaps you will enjoy that among the first delights of your Christian experience; and for a little while your faith, it may be, will hang upon the testimony of an instructed Christian woman, and your confidence will need confirmation by the witness of a more advanced brother in the Lord. But, my fellow-worker, the saved one will never see brother Ananias unless Ananias goes to him and becomes the means of opening his eyes; but if you will go and do that, you will win a friend who will love you as long as life lasts. There are some of you between whom and myself there are ties which death cannot snap. I will find you out in heaven if I can, and I know you will desire to meet me. The Lord gave you to me as my spiritual children, and if it should come to pass that earthly fathers should not see their children in heaven, yet the spiritual father will see his children there praising and blessing the Lord. One of the next joys to knowing Christ yourself must surely be that of leading others to know him. Seek after this bliss.

The next thing that Saul would see would be *a Saviour in Christ,* for Ananias said to him, "The Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight." Now, he should see what an opener of the eyes Jesus is, what a mighty Saviour for sinners. And, oh, this is a blessed sight—to see Christ as a Saviour, as *my* Saviour, opening *my* eyes, so that I can say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." This is a heavenly sight. May you help many to gaze upon it!

Right speedily he saw *the Spirit of God waiting to fill him.* "That thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Ah, dear soul, when thou hast come to see Christ, then the blessed Spirit will become dear to thee, and thou wilt rejoice to think that he will dwell in thee, to sanctify thee, to enlighten thee, to strengthen thee, and to make thee a vessel of mercy unto others.

One more thing that Saul saw when his eyes were opened was what some do not see, although their eyes are opened in other aspects. He received sight forthwith, and *arose and was baptized.* He saw the duty of believers' baptism and he attended to it directly. You that believe in Jesus should confess Jesus, and you who have confessed Jesus should gently bestir the memories of those very retiring young converts, who are afraid to put on Christ in baptism. You know right well that salvation lies in the believing, but still how singularly the two things are put together—"He that with his heart believeth, and with his mouth maketh confession of him, shall be saved." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." The two commands are joined together by God, let no man put them asunder. Surely, dear friends, wherever there is a genuine faith in Christ there ought to be a speedy obedience to the other command. I once met a man who had been forty years a Christian, and believed it to be his duty to be baptized, but when I

spoke to him about it he said, "He that believeth shall not make haste." After forty years' delay, he talked about not making haste. I quoted to him another passage: "I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandment," and showed him what the meaning of his misapplied passage was. Now, soul, do not delay. As soon as Saul's eyes were opened, straightway he took upon himself the outward badge of the Christian faith, and arose and was baptized. Now, I call upon you who love the Lord Jesus Christ not to play the coward, but come out and own your Lord and Master. You that are truly his disciples —out with it! I like to see the soldier wearing his red coat: it is the right thing for him to wear his regimentals. It is the same with the soldiers of Christ. What are you ashamed of? Be ashamed of being ashamed, if you are ashamed of Christ. "Oh, but I am afraid I might not hold on my way." Whose business is it to make you hold on your way? Is it not his business who has bidden you take up your cross and follow him, and has said, "He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven; but he that denieth me before men him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven"?

I pray the Lord to bless these feeble words of mine. O souls, O souls, it does seem to me so dreadful that so many of you should come here continually and yet be blinded. I try to talk plainly about your souls' need, and about Christ Jesus as able to meet that need, how long must I repeat the old story? Once again, I beseech you think upon my Lord and Master, and see what a Saviour he is, and how suitable he is for you. I would entreat you to delay no longer, but to close in with the invitations of his mercy. I think sometimes that my Master deserves that we should do more than invite you. We command you in the name of Jesus of Nazareth to bow before his sceptre, for he is the King. Own his dominion, and let him be your Saviour; for this know—that his gospel comes with divine authority as well as with gentle persuasion, neither can men reject it, except at the peril of their souls. He whom I preach to you to-night will shortly come to be your judge; and if you will not trust him on his cross you must tremble before him on his throne. Oh, come to him! Simple trust is the way to come to him. Believe in him and he is yours, and his salvation is yours.

The two doors.

OUR hotel stands upon the side of a hill, and so has two entrances, one in the usual position, and the other on the second floor; so that to meet some friends we who live upon the first story have to go down, and to speak with others we have to go up. This is the position of the average Christian; he has to come down to the weakness and scant spirituality of many of his brethren, but he must climb to have fellowship with better developed children of God. We allowed a friend to pass us the other day at the higher level, but by running down stairs we overtook him before he had passed our front door on the beach; and thus when you are unable to have communion with a brother in his high joys you can meet him upon the lower platform of his trials and infirmities. Some cannot understand the joys of the saints, and others cannot tolerate their griefs; it is well to have a porch on each of the two levels, so as to "weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice."

Little Tapers and their far seen Beams.

BY E. PAXTON HOOD.

OUR readers, although not well acquainted with the works of Shakespeare, may still be familiar with those two beautiful lines, "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world!" The language and the image are exceedingly graphic and expressive, and harmonize well with the direction that our "light should shine before men," so that from the little human frame, as the gleam from the distant window speaks of the interior of some house or mansion, so the little light we shed may speak of the kindling from the Father of lights. There is something very cheerful in a trembling light beheld shining over a waste; how well we remember, many years since, among the lanes in Gloucestershire, when in the depths of winter, snow choking up the lanes and ways, we had almost lost our own way, the cheerful flashing of the firelight from the farmhouse whither our steps were wending, shining out clearly, although solitarily, put us quite at our ease, and not only sent a ray of cheerfulness into our doubting heart, but seemed to illuminate the whole white and dreary scene. Poets and painters have shown the effect of these solitary candles in their pictures and poems. That is very pretty in Wordsworth's *Michael*, where we read of the old shepherd and his wife in the Valley of Grasmere—now many a long year ago.

"Duly as the light
Of day grew dim, the housewife hung a lamp;
Early at evening did it burn,—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours;—
The light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake,
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the house itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR."

But who knows what boon or blessing is conferred by the kindling of a little light in a dark place; not merely the gleam of the ruddy fire from the blacksmith's forge, as we have sometimes seen it shining over a great waste; the pleasant light from the old Hall, or the cottage window, but on greater occasions. Who kindled that light which saved the heart of Columbus from despair? His biographers tell us, from his own records, how, after long beating about upon the Atlantic, fearing that, after all, his dream of a great discovery would be foiled and he defeated,—with a reckless and mutinous crew on board, he was meditating one night the possibility that he might have to return, and attempt to find his way back, to be greeted by the jeers and jests of Europe; in this frame of mind, one night, he climbed some tower of

the ship—such as we should probably call the mast-head, and looking about over the waste of seas, the dark-spirited man saw in the distance what seemed to be a light,—could it be? and *what* could it be? He called for some of his companions to give their judgment;—yes, it was assuredly a light, although shortly after they had sufficiently assured themselves of its reality, it disappeared. It was a little encouragement;—the brave mariner held on his course through the dark and unknown seas, and when the morning broke, they found they were drawing near to land; the light of the night before had been a beam from some fisherman's hut; that light was the first gleam of the discovery of the New World;—the first piece of realized hope which shone into the heart of the noble and much-enduring man; and although all these ages have passed away, that little light, kindled by unknown fingers, seems to be shining across the great Atlantic even now.

"Then said Evangelist to Christian, 'Seest thou yonder shining light?' He said, 'I think I do;' then said Evangelist, 'Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate.'" In a dark night the *light* is often all that can be known about the *gate*, that where the *light* is, in its neighbourhood it is very likely the *gate* will be found. So, in lives innumerable, it has ever been, and so the word of life itself is described within us as "a light shining in a dark place until the day dawn."

Even of that book we quoted just now of the poor, imprisoned, persecuted Tinker, it may be said, "How far yon little candle sheds its light!" It is surprising how a good, true book shines on like a light over a moor,—little thought of, perhaps, by its writer, but, a true testimony, it keeps on its shining—the light in the life from whence it came sheds out its beneficent blessings to crowds of dark hearts which need some friendly human guide. This has been the fact with many a true, and simple, tender-spoken word; it ought to make us very careful how we speak, that our words may be either as an extinguisher putting out some last, trembling, glimmering of hope in a poor heart, or, from their truth and cheerfulness, a poor, extinguished hope may be rekindled into light and even comparative cheerfulness and brightness.

"So shine the good deeds in this naughty world;"—no light shines for itself,—certainly not for itself alone; the poor candle, indeed, does not know the blessing it confers, but it can scarcely be that any life can give forth a light however poor and simple, without itself enjoying something of its own blessing, and yet the little light it gives to its own room may be but a small portion of the comfort it confers all around. We may presume that most of our readers are acquainted with the well-known story of the poor old widow on some part of our island coast; she was the widow of a fisherman, and she had seen her husband and her son swallowed up by the cruel waters beneath their own cottage; it stood upon a hanging cliff, over a dangerous part of the approach to the little bay, and she lived long after, but always through the nights she kept a lamp kindled and trimmed to warn mariners away from the spot where she had seen her husband and her son go down; it was a little act, but the nature capable of it could never have been quite unhappy, or in its grief quite repining. To live in the bare idea that possibly by

the little light some wanderer on the cruel sea of things may be blessed and saved, implies a heart in possession of cheerfulness, hope, and heaven.

Wherever his great words have gone who said, "I am the light of the world, and he that hath faith in me cannot walk in darkness," innumerable souls have from them kindled their various little tapers, candles, and lamps, some more or less lustrous, some giving forth good and helpful words, some in the noble chronicles of Mr. De Liefde, in his "Charities of Europe," giving forth deeds, some as missionaries, like Judson or Moffat, Williams or Carey, carrying their lives as lights into dark waste places, but shining out so brilliantly that, in contrast with their frail frames and short lives, we may indeed say, "How far yon little candle sheds its light!" And now we have touched a vein on which we may leave the remainder for our readers to expatiate, and to remember that *this* is the true church history, not the bickerings of Christians; not the wars of emperors, kings, and popes; not the rise of proud establishments, but the long procession of holy lights, kindled from his radiance who walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks to cheer the weary watchers and despairing hearts in the world's deep gloom.

"If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" There are few more cruel things told of cruel human nature than those stories of the Cornish wreckers of a time long since—and John Wesley altered nearly all that—who were in the habit of hanging out their false lights along the cliffs to decoy poor struggling vessels to the spots where they would surely be dashed to pieces, the crew and the freight lost, or at the mercy of wicked men. But the world around us has such deceivers, men even who are scarcely aware of the depravity of their own motives, but who hang out their false lights—and it is as necessary to "take knowledge of them" lest they lead astray, as it is of that more friendly beacon which leads into certainty and rest. We all need to beware of the spiritual wreckers! And if we did not fear that this paper might be too long, we might introduce a paragraph upon those which are called *corpse-lights*, in Wales "corpse-candles," dancing will-o'-the-wisps, so familiar to dwellers among fen and moor lands, glittering exhalations created from the sedgy swamp, dancing to and fro and creating the impression of a friendly lantern or kindly light, but only to plunge the trustful wanderer into the weedy and stagnant death. Surely such lights find their analogy too amongst us! And for the best of us it is a necessary injunction not only that our light should shine, but that it should "so shine that men may see our good works, and glorify our Father who is in heaven." We are not likely soon to forget, and indeed it is many years since we were sitting by the death-bed of a friend very dear, and whose portrait has ever since been on the wall of our home-room, we were talking of characters known to us both, and of one especially somewhat vain, fussy, and bustling, we said to our departing friend, "Well it is to be supposed that he is desirous that his light should shine!" Our friend, who was a humourist and a wit, replied, "Yes, but his candle needs snuffing!" It is a great thing if the light is to be clear and serviceable that the flame should be kept in good order, the candle should not gutter; we must take care that there

be in it neither a "winding-sheet" nor "a thief," and the wick of the lamp must be trimmed, for the oil may dim or drown the light should it be permitted to overflow.

A great motto in life should be "Every man mind his own candle," for every man may be sure he has a candle to mind. That was a fine sentiment of an old lighthouse keeper when showing some strangers over the lighthouse, and explaining to them its ways and works, one of them condoled with him on his loneliness, his separation from the mainland and the isolation to which he was doomed for so large a part of the whole year, and he said, "Why, you see, I remember that the eyes of the whole world are upon me to see that my light shines out brightly and faithfully; ships are driving by from all quarters of the globe, and all the nations of the earth; and I say to myself, You must see that your light shines out true and steady, for you don't know what might happen if your light were to go out; remember the eyes of the world are upon you to mark how you shine!" And we remember a little story of an old friend of ours, far into the valley of years now, when she was a little girl—she lived on just such a lighthouse; her father was dead, but her mother, an old saint who has just gone home, over her ninetieth year, was permitted still to retain the guardianship of the lighthouse, and trim its friendly fires. Some circumstance had called the mother to the mainland, the young daughter was left in charge, and she fell asleep, and, when she awoke, to her horror she found the light had gone out. It was soon rekindled, but she has told us how fervently she prayed that it might never be found out, and that the extinguished light might never bring her or her mother into disgrace, nor be the means, as it assuredly would have been, of her mother's losing the charge had it been discovered. It never was discovered; but it is an instructive little story. Every man mind his own candle! Watch his own lighthouse! advice how easily given, *how hard*, when sleep or carelessness is upon us, *to take!*

Blessing of God on our substance.

THE church of Rome permits the superstitious custom of blessing the horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, pigs and fowls, on the 25th of June, in the mountain villages of the Maritime Alps. Decorated with trappings and ribbons, all the live stock of the village put in their appearance around the village church. Their owners attend mass, and then the priest comes out and sprinkles the holy water all around. Before the benediction is pronounced upon them the animals are not permitted to ascend to the grazing grounds of the higher mountains, but as soon as that is over they set out at once. May we not find honey in this dead carcase, and beg a blessing upon all our earthly substance, and never use any of it without blessing God for it, and invoking his smile thereon. The Lord has said, "Blessed shall be the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep. Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store." (Deut. xxviii. 4, 5.) Let us not lose this choice promise from negligence in pleading it. O blessed Lord, bless thou our substance.

Impressions of Niagara,

BY PASTOR G. D. EVANS, OF BRISTOL.

DESCRIPTIONS of majestic scenery vary according to the tastes and dispositions of the writers. When we read a number of such descriptions we are bewildered by the variety of lights that are thrown upon the picture, and when we behold the sight for ourselves are almost invariably disappointed with what we see. Our own observation usually rubs out the image that was formed upon the imagination, and makes another which either exceeds or falls far beneath it in beauty. It was impossible, then, for one who had consulted guide books, treatises, magazine articles, and volumes almost innumerable upon American scenery, to proceed towards one of the most astounding natural wonders of the world with no opinion or expectation concerning the long dreamed of, long desired sight. Having chosen a circuitous route from New York, viz., by the way of Elmira and Lake Geneva, that we might on our road visit the beautiful natural scenery of Watkins' County, with its truly wonderful glen and numerous miniature waterfalls, we arrived at the American side of Niagara on a delightful evening towards the end of last June. We had heard very marvellous stories of the thunder-like roar of the mass of waters as they poured into the chasm at the foot of the tremendous precipice over which they dashed. Indeed we almost feared that the noise would be so deafening as to necessitate the use of ear-trumpets in all our communications with the people of the place, and so stunning as to send us home again with the most important membranes of the organ of sound permanently injured. Our fears were not realised. It was not until we had alighted from the railway cars and were making our way towards the International Hotel that we became thoroughly conscious that we were in the immediate neighbourhood of the Falls. The sound certainly grew upon us, but was easily lost in the din of the traffic through which we passed. Only when we arrived in our snug bedroom with the window opening towards the rapids, whose swollen waters raged beneath, did we form any idea of what the noise of the mighty rushing was like. It could not be imitated either by continuous thunder or the ceaseless roaring of artillery. After we had listened to it for a few moments there was in it nothing startling or distracting. It was not a slumber-disturbing noise. It did not break our peace when, later in the evening, we retired to rest, but seemed rather to possess the power of lulling us to sleep.

That evening we had no time to view the Falls themselves, but late as it was, we took the opportunity of walking in the light of the pale moon upon the bank of that branch of the river which flows towards the American cataract. It rushed along with absolute wildness. It chafed and foamed against the rocks with which it was called to contend in its onward course, as if it would hurry them along in its fury, and plunge them into the depths beneath, or, failing in this, would punish them for their obstinacy in refusing to move, by venting upon

them what proved to be useless rage. The witching hour of night and the half-clouded moon added to the romantic character of the scenery, while the stillness that reigned around made the din more strange. The same impression that has been made upon other travellers was made upon us from the time of that evening's walk, never leaving us during the time that we stayed to view the varied and changing features of the scene. It was an impression of mighty tranquillity. The turmoil was not that of excited passion. The furious raging of the torrent did not for a moment lead us to think of a God who was roused to anger, but of a Being of boundless might, who, in the excited waters that he has poured forth from his hand was just showing to his creatures a sample of his power. We have often since thought of the sound that then greeted us, and have tried again and again to find some comparison by which to convey an idea of its peculiar nature. Sometimes, as we have called it up to memory it has seemed like the roaring of the wind, not fitful, rising and falling in its notes, but evermore sounding forth one long, deep, unchanging tone as if there were compassed in an unceasing strain all the notes that make up a harmony of sound. Sometimes we have heard it again as if the distant music of many instruments blended their tones in a deep bass, the notes seldom varying except to rise upon the same key to a more sublime burst of melody. Then we have thought we knew more of the words of the Apocalypse concerning the voices of those who sing "Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," which song we are told possesses, as one of its prominent characteristics, this:—that it is like the "voice of many waters." Truly there is sung by those wild waves one of creation's noblest anthems to the Great Creator, from whose hand they have issued forth.

There are several points of vantage from which the Falls may be viewed. Crossing the small suspension bridge leading to Goat Island we stand upon that tight little piece of ground in the very midst of the rapids that rush by us on either side. This island is connected by bridges with four other islands, three of which, in some of their natural features, resemble each other so closely that they are called the Three Sister Islands, the other being named Luna Island. The bridge leading from the second to the third of the Three Sister Islands commands a wonderful view of the Rapids ere they reach the Falls. We stood upon that apparently frail structure which seemed to totter and tremble as if a giant was kicking at its foundations. We looked back upon the vast stretch of foaming billows where no vessel could live for many miles above the place upon which we stood. We looked forward and saw a beautiful cascade, but narrow and small compared to the two mightier volumes of water, yet large enough to command our admiration and inspire our awe. Here the rocks over which the stream is tearing, cause a number of little eddies round which the torrent plays and dances with the most hilarious of all joyful mirth. Passing to the further side of this bridge we were on the very edge of the Horse-shoe Fall. The water was washing our feet, the spray rising and striking our faces; we appeared to stand on the brink of destruction. Yet while we remained steadily fixed upon that jutting stone how safe we were! So long as our feet retained their firmness the

waters could not hurt us. The unsteady man might fear to venture there. But he whose nerves are tolerably strong, and who has confidence in that rock beneath his feet, is free from danger. Fit emblem this of the safety of the Christian. Standing upon the Rock of Ages there may be danger on every side, but his heart need not tremble. The billows may break upon the very rock whereon he stands, but touch him they will not; for, if their fury be not restrained, their course is marked by him who will not allow the fierce waters to overwhelm his trusting ones.

To see the Falls to perfection in one view we must make our way to the Canadian side of the river. This may be done by crossing the Suspension Bridge, or descending by cars upon an inclined railroad to the brink of the waters, and then being ferried across. We chose the bridge first, that we might employ the ferry by-and-by. In a few minutes we had exchanged the American for the English soil, and the Stars and Stripes for the old-fashioned Union Jack, feeling happy that we were under the protection of the same flag as waved over our own island home. We made our way towards that very elegant and recherché building, the Clifton House Hotel, and found that from its position upon the river's bank we could obtain a most enchanting view of the two great falls. It was now that the full grandeur of the sight burst upon us with greatest force. There is a singular dissimilarity in the appearance of the two cataracts. The American Fall appears to be one great sheet of snowy foam pouring down like a curtain of spotless white, which is unrolling itself moment by moment from above, and when it has fallen lying in heaps amid the rocks beneath. The Canadian Fall appears to have in it more depth. Indeed, it is supposed to be twenty feet in thickness. Its colour, when the weather is clear, is a beautiful green, so delicate and withal so transparent, that you can see right into its very heart as it rushes into the abyss. It seems even to surpass that very delightful tint which we so often see upon the ocean, and which indicates great depth and peculiar clearness. It is certainly the most agreeable colour upon which our eyes were ever set.

We naturally ask the question, whence do these mighty waters come? We must journey westward many hundreds of miles ere we reach their source. Travelling away up the river to Lake Erie, we must skim its surface for 240 miles, then travel along the River Detroit, and across the Lake St. Clair, then, where the waters lie 1000 feet beneath the keel of the vessel, we must cross Lake Huron, pass through St. Mary's Strait into Lake Superior, then still move on through the Straits of Mackinaw, until, crossing Lake Michigan, we come to the wilds of the north-west, and in the midst of the desolate and barren wastes are the mighty springs which feed the inland seas, and rush on until their confluent waters plunge into the mighty gorge near which we stood to gaze at them, and then make their way through Lake Ontario into the majestic St. Lawrence, whence they reach the sea. Figures can give us but a very faint idea of the grandeur of the Falls. But we are interested in knowing that the American cataract is 900 feet across and 164 feet in depth, while that which is called the Canadian Fall is 1,900 feet across and 158 feet deep. We think the most

astounding fact in figures is the computation of Professor Lyell that over the larger fall 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of water flow every hour. With these facts in our minds we sit upon the banks of the river, now at the edge of the Horse-shoe, now half-a-mile lower down towards the bridge, and again on the balcony of the hotel, until our eyes almost ache with perpetually gazing. But we are not tired. Our thoughts instinctively rise to him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. We look up into his face and marvel that, linked with such mighty power, there should be so much gentleness and love. We wonder whether any man has stood where we have and continued to profess himself an infidel.

> "These are thy wondrous works, parent of good, Almighty!
> Thyself how wondrous then,"

is the language which most befits our admiration of the Divine handiwork. How can we, who are beloved by such a God, whom we can with confidence call by the endearing name of Father, fear that we shall ever be destitute. Looking at the birds which fly about in the very midst of the spray as it rises from the boiling mass, making sport of the grandest thing on God's earth, we wonder why we do not trust in him, as they seem to trust him, that threatened dangers will not harm us.

Niagara is a rare place for rainbows. The ever-rising spray is the element through which the sun and moon reflect their rays. Whenever one of these orbs is in its right position and the heavens are clear, we may see the solar or the lunar bow to great advantage. It was our privilege to see both. Of course they did not span the sky, but hung just over the river in front of the falls, the solar bows, of which there were several, hanging like rings of flashing jewels of the richest hues. While the seething mass of waters was passing over the rocky ledge, and rushing with warlike speed down into the river below, we were reminded of the divine token of peace which God sets in the storm cloud, and which to all onlookers proclaims his own faithfulness to his covenant with man. This symbol, hanging in such beauty in such a place of anarchy seemed to be God's answer to human fear. It was caused by the very vapour from the foaming mass being shot through with his own sunshine. So, we thought, the very spray which rises from the turbulent waves of tribulation that sweep across the saint, the very tears that he pours out in his sorrow, are shot through with the beams of divine love, whose rays contain the perfect light which can produce even out of those tears a bow which tells us that, however discordant our Father's dealings may at first appear, there is a distinct and glorious harmony about them such as faith may perceive even if sense should be blind to it.

One would think that when such a mass of water reaches the channel into which it flows, the bosom of the stream right beneath would bear gigantic waves, preventing any vessel from living upon the surface of the stream. Readers may judge of our surprise when we saw just under the falls themselves a small ferry-boat capable of containing about a dozen people, plying for hire between the Canadian and American side of the stream. We looked on with astonishment,

and the wonder increased when we saw that the water about where it plied was comparatively smooth, not so smooth as a land-locked lake, but smoother than the sea when a very slight breeze causes mimic billows to wash the shore. The mystery was soon solved. The force of the water is such that it rushes down far below the upper surface into the depth beneath, so that right below the falls very ordinary skill can navigate a boat in safety. Prompted by assurances which satisfied us, we ventured to embark in the small craft. Looking up, it seemed as if that mass of foam with all that was beneath it must rush over us with overwhelming vehemence and carry us with fearful velocity down the stream to a terrible and easily-imagined doom. But steered by our skilful boatman, we moved on, now and then rounding a little point where the current for a space ran more swiftly as it swirled round some rocky prominence, but soon reaching the other side in safety. Here was another lesson for us. How often when we take a view of life the stunning torrent seems ready to rush across us and drown us in the depths beneath. But when we embark upon the river, which seems to be made on purpose to engulf us, we find that the surging is far beneath our vessel, and that God has made the surface waters so comparatively smooth that even within the very sound of the great tumult we can glide along in safety. But across the river Niagara even at this point we dare not go without a skilful boatman. Were we to try and manage that little vessel by ourselves, our unskilled hand would drive her into some dangerous eddy, where we might lose command over her and perish. Nor should we dare to trust ourselves even in the smoothest part of the current of life without a well-trained pilot. The under currents are very strong, and sometimes they rise very near the surface. The river in some parts is very shallow and the eddies very dangerous. Happy is he to whom Christ, the wisdom of God, is the pilot; for he, by reason of his unfailing skill, has never yet lost one soul that has trusted him.

A mile or two below the cataracts the calmness of the river disappears. The waters which have sunk beneath the surface come up again. They have not lost the impetus with which they fell, and now they are seen rushing on in tumultuous fury in what is called the whirlpool rapids. The channel is at this part very narrow. The bed is a rocky incline. This, combined with the great speed of the current, causes a tremendous turmoil. The waves are like the swollen billows of a stormy ocean. They rush against a bend in the pathway of the river with such velocity as to cause them to swirl round and round, forming a fearful maelstrom. Round this whirlpool will sometimes be seen vast bodies of buoyant material, such as fallen trees, and occasionally, we are told, a human carcase, which for days and weeks will circle about the gulf. Now they are tossed in the air like children's playthings; "now," as the guide book says, "they are floating in some quiet eddy;" until they are either sucked down and borne away by the under current, or some strong upper current takes them in its mighty arms. In either case they are carried on towards Lake Ontario, and perhaps thence far away through the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean. Everything that enters that maelstrom is lost. There is no chance for it. He who will, near this point, tempt the stream, must

pay for his folly with his life. No swimmer can breast that circling current, which carries him round just as a wisp of straw may be seen carried round and round in a whirlwind. Yet many a man who has stood aghast as he has gazed upon it, wondering who would be so overcome with frenzy as to attempt to brave its fury, has allowed himself to be drawn into a current far more awful because of the ruin it inflicts upon the immortal soul. Those whirlpool rapids do not rush so swiftly as the rapids of temptation, which flow past the door of every house. No maelstrom is so furious as that which tempts every young man to try his strength against it. But its fury is concealed, and not until the presumptuous one plunges into the stream does he feel the force of the current which hurries him towards the vortex of destruction. Let us beware of the bright but treacherous waters of sin.

It is very terrible to trifle with danger. This truth is illustrated by a story in connection with the falls of very singular and mournful interest. One day a gay and merry party went to gaze at the wonderful sight. Amongst them was a beautiful child, whose sweet, artless mirth was the life of the little throng. Teasing a young man of the company, he caught her up playfully, and held her at arm's length over the falls. Terrified at her position she gave a start and a spring, in a moment escaping from his grasp and being carried into the depths beneath. In another instant, horrified into an awful insanity, the young man leaped after her. It was, of course, a useless venture. The mangled body of the little one was found next day in the Cave of the Winds, but the corpse of the poor man was only discovered, when some days had passed, in the whirlpool below. One act of thoughtless foolishness thus spoilt a day's enjoyment, and embittered many a life with the dreadful memories of the never-to-be-forgotten moment, besides causing the deaths of two bright and happy people, who might have lived to bless the world with their smiles.

It is possible to go right underneath the falls with perfect safety. Speculators will, for a dollar, invest you in a tarpaulin suit and guide you by easy steps down the side of the rocky bank of the river until you are brought quite under one of the cataracts. We ventured far enough beneath the American fall, without the speculator's aid, to get a tolerable idea of the blinding character of the spray, and of the overwhelming nature of the rushings, an idea which you can only obtain in such contiguity to the fall itself. The conception that is formed of height is much greater when for a moment one looks up from beneath than when standing opposite the falls. But, perhaps, that which most surely comes over one is the sense of utter helplessness in the presence of such an astounding display of force. "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" is the thought which instinctively rises in the mind.

One great drawback to our full enjoyment of the vast natural scenery was that the neighbourhood has become a great show place. Every point of view that could possibly be enclosed has been shut in, and the utmost advantage is taken of the stream of tourists who are continually being discharged from the railway cars. Photographers, curiosity-mongers, keepers of museums and menageries, vendors of Indian workmanship—some of which appears to have been imported

from Birmingham—dodge your footsteps everywhere. The hackmen are proverbial for their extortionate charges. "One of the most touching and suggestive spectacles of the new era," says the *Brooklyn Argus*, "is that of a Niagara hackman reclining upon a luxurious lounge, smoking a fifty cent cigar and calmly perusing the latest stock list." It seems impossible in the summer-time to view the falls in that quietude with which great sights should always be associated. But if the temper is ruffled by the fleecing which you surely get and the bustle which greets you, when once you have become filled with the sight you are amply rewarded. It is a selfish wish that we might see Niagara all to ourselves, that alone in communion with Him who to the untutored Indian is the Great Spirit, but who to us is the Lord God Omnipotent, we might gaze and gaze again, until, in the sublimity and glory of his manifestations, we were "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Were you disappointed in Niagara? is a question to which we can give but one answer, "The half was not told me."

To all pastors whose powers are overwrought, and who require the tonic of a good long holiday, we commend the trip as one that will be found most invigorating and enjoyable. To all churches who possess such pastors we commend the example of the people of Old King-street, Bristol, who not only unanimously granted their minister leave of absence for three months, but generously supplied part of the expenses of his journey as well.

William Wilberforce and Rowland Hill.

IN reading with much interest Mr. Charlesworth's Life of R. Hill, my own plentiful recollections of him have been revived. One of these I offer to *The Sword and the Trowel*.

In 1829, at a crowded aristocratic assembly in Freemasons' Hall, Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Hill were among the speakers. Mr. Wilberforce came first, and by his clear, fervid, though tremulous eloquence raised the tone of the meeting to a hallowed intensity. Amidst the subsiding applause Mr. Hill rose to the inaudible call of the chairman. He advanced to the rail of the platform, lifted his commanding figure to its full height, then stood stroking his chin in absorbed silence. Finding voice at length, he slowly and with deep pathos said, "I have been thinking what wonderful things there are in nature," adding, after another considerable pause, "Who could ever have thought that God would put such a great soul into the feeble little body of a Wilberforce!" The effect, I need hardly say, was electrical. The feeling of every heart found its interpreter. Cheers came in volleys, and tears leaped from their fountains. Mr. Wilberforce, who, like everybody else, had been watching the features of the stately old man, threw himself forward in his chair and buried his blushing face in his hands.

I have listened in my time to some of the greatest efforts of England's greatest orators, but for effect never saw Rowland Hill's simple words of natural eloquence exceeded.

May I refer to a reminiscence of another sort? I was in Surrey Chapel when the aged pastor was preaching one of his last sermons, from the text, "Remember Lot's wife!" The text was written large on a placard held by an attendant within the pulpit; and the seeming desire of the attendant to induce the venerable preacher to remember Lot's wife was so utterly in vain that the effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

W. Barnes.

The Work of the Pastors' College.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part VI.

THE PASTORS OF BRISTOL.

(*Continued from page 70.*)

WE now take leave of Broadmead and its pastor, and, accompanied by our friend Mr. Osborne, walk across the town to Thrissell-street, where we shall find some other things well worthy of attention.

Mr. W. Osborne was born at Halstead, in Essex, in the year 1842; he was the twentieth child of his parents, who both died before the future pastor had found his proper sphere in life. The family were Independents, and when the mother was taken away an elder sister supplied that mother's place. Young Mr. Osborne was educated at Halstead and Sudbury; he underwent a change of heart at the age of seventeen; the instrument of his conversion having been the Baptist pastor, Mr. W. Clements, who has since conformed to the Church of England.

Mr. Osborne served the usual term of apprenticeship with a woollen-draper; but at a very early date his inclinations were towards something higher—he desired to preach the gospel, and in due time his aspirations were providentially realised.

On the eve of departure for a better country, Mrs. Osborne charged her pastor to look kindly on her son; and, besides fulfilling the mother's wishes in this respect, Mr. Clements prayed that his protegé might be set apart for the regular ministry. While the good man was praying, all things were working together to ensure such results as both desired; for, in the year 1861, Mr. Osborne relinquished trade, and afterwards studied theology during two years under Mr. Clements. This procedure was in all respects judicious; it constituted a really bracing discipline for future active service. Mr. Osborne conducted a night school for the benefit of those who were obliged to earn their bread between sunrise and evening; and he preached regularly in the surrounding villages, being occasionally accompanied by his pastor and tutor. Still these days were regarded as only a time of preparation for ascending to something better in the way of education; and the goal kept in view was Regent's-park College. Mr. Osborne would have entered that favoured Institution had not the path of duty unexpectedly opened in another direction.

It came to pass that Mr. Spurgeon, on a well-remembered day, preached at Stambourne for his grandfather, the venerable pastor of the church in that village. Mr. Osborne was one among the congregation, and after seeing and hearing what he did, the young man felt that he should prefer the Pastors' College to that at Regent's-park. But the College at the Tabernacle was then in its infancy, its income was small, and a new applicant, however able, had sometimes to wait an inconvenient time before he could be admitted. This happened to be Mr. Osborne's experience; he waited his turn, and then took his place in the theological class as the seventeenth student whom Mr. Clements had prepared for college.

Before passing on, we will give a reminiscence of Stambourne which we believe has never yet been made public.* The day preceding that on which he entered on college work in London, Mr. Osborne preached at Stambourne for old Mr. Spurgeon, who was then an octogenarian, and showed the strongest possible partiality for Dr. Watts's hymns. This deep-rooted prejudice on the part of the old gentleman was a trait in his character with which the neighbours and regular hearers were familiar; but it was something of which the young preacher had never heard even the slightest whisper. Mr. Osborne arrived at Stambourne, he entered the chapel, to receive the first intimation of a coming disagreement, when a member of the congregation expressed a hope that the hymns were selected and that all were of Dr. Watts's composition. On turning to the book it was at once seen that the unlucky youth had missed his way in each selection, every hymn being the production of an unappreciated poet, for none would suit the old gentleman but those of Isaac Watts. Time was pressing, however, and the hymns were allowed to pass; but as the service went on, the effects of the strange verses on the mind of the old pastor were striking, and calculated to create trepidation in the heart of an inexperienced preacher. Like a master in Israel the old man occupied a seat in the table-pew, and as occasion required, he cast a searching glance towards the pulpit. When the first hymn was announced he signified his disapproval by gravely shaking his head; when the second was given out with no improvement, he expressed his disgust by simply closing the book; but when the third came, and was still by a forbidden author, he raised his fist as though he would chastise the offender. At the conclusion of the service there was an explosion, not of wrath, but of pent-up feeling. "Young man!" cried the aged pastor with a genial twinkle of the eye, while he raised a stout stick to give emphasis to his words—"Young man! if you do not want your brains knocked out you *must* sing Dr. Watts's hymns." If he was not actually terrified into compliance with these forcible demands, Mr. Osborne took particular care not to repeat in the afternoon the mistake of the morning. At this second service hymns by Dr. Watts were quietly introduced; old Mr. Spurgeon according the preacher a nod of approval as soon as the first was announced. When the second and third hymns were such as could be commended former chagrin gave place to extreme satisfaction. "Right sir, right!" cried the pastor after listening admiringly to a sermon on the fall of Jericho, "I am glad to see you can appreciate the best authors so quickly. Go now and get your ram's horn ready, like those men, and God may make you the means of hurling to the ground walls as strong and stubborn as those"—*i. e.*, of Jericho. On the following day Mr. Osborne removed to London, joined the Pastors' College and thus got his "ram's horn ready" for future service in a manner that won the approval of his honest, outspoken preceptor.

Mr. Osborne preached in London first at a hall in Sermon-lane, which was hired for the purpose by the church at Red Lion-street, Holborn. This last named place subsequently became amalgamated with the church at Arthur-street, King's-cross, where, under Dr. Wills,

* This story and the prejudice mentioned are both new to me.—C. H. S.

Mr. Osborne laboured for twelve months while at college. When his course of study drew to a close, and the time arrived for him to decide on a settlement, he was invited both to Southampton and to Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, and he chose the last because as a village pastorate it would afford him, for a few years at least, those facilities for study which are indispensable to the young pastor.

It may be interesting to state that the church at Gamlingay was founded by John Bunyan in the heroic era of Puritanism. In the first instance the people assembled in a barn, lent for the purpose by a godly farmer of the village. After a few years, when the Toleration Act gave dissenters greater freedom, the worshippers erected a small chapel, which through the divine blessing had soon to be enlarged to twice its former size. Still finding their accommodation too strait, the friends again enlarged the building, so that about six hundred can now be seated within its walls. In this comfortable sphere Mr. Osborne laboured through ten prosperous years, finding the people earnest and warm-hearted, while his own soul was cheered by numerous conversions. While stationed at Gamlingay he was several times invited to settle with larger churches; but in consequence of his health not being firmly established these were all declined.

In December, 1875, Mr. Osborne was requested to visit Bristol; happily he hearkened to this invitation, and thus was led to undertake his present work at Thrissell-street in response to the unanimous call of the church. His health being now restored he thought he could with advantage remove from the comparative retirement of Gamlingay to the more stirring life of a great city; and he decided to do so, although the outlook at Bristol, to begin with, was anything but cheering. The chapel in Thrissell-street, otherwise roomy and convenient, was out of repair, the seats were nearly all unlet, and the entire congregation was not more than a handful of people. Such was the aspect of affairs when Mr. Osborne commenced his labours, believing in the power of an earnest gospel ministry to attract the large population of the neighbourhood. He began work, and God has graciously given that success which is a pastor's rich reward.

The congregation steadily increased, the chapel became well filled, and this prosperity has continued until the present time. In one month nearly two hundred sittings were taken, and many who have joined the congregation are heartily devoting themselves to Christian work. Numbers are reported to be finding the Saviour, while the church meetings are seasons of holy joy. The adult Bible-class, conducted by one of the deacons, which a few months ago numbered a dozen members, has risen to nearly a hundred. Various local societies are also sustained, one for the distribution of tracts, one for the visitation of the sick, one for the literary culture of youth. In a word, the church has been revivified, and the barren wilderness has become a garden of the Lord.

We now in turn take leave of Mr. Osborne to pay some attention to his neighbour and brother in the faith, Mr. G. D. Evans, of Old King-street. This church, which in age surpasses even its sister at Broadmead, was founded in the Pithay in Puritan times, and hence can claim the distinction of being the mother Baptist Church of Bristol. The people were originally gathered by that "Baptized man" of the

Broadmead Records, John Canne, a scholar in his day, who first taught Bible readers to use marginal notes, and who prior to his visit to Bristol in 1640, ministered to a little flock of English believers at Amsterdam. During the persecuting era of Charles the Second, it is probable that this church might have told a story of heroism equalling in interest that of Broadmead, had there been another Edward Terrill to write down the particulars.

During its long life of nearly two hundred and fifty years the church has enjoyed the services of many eminent men. One of its first lecturers was Thomas Patient, who was the colleague of William Kiffen, at Devonshire-square, and died of the plague while at the post of duty in 1666. Here also laboured Andrew Gifford and Emanuel his son. In the middle of the last century the assistant minister was James Newton, a man of "sound abilities, amiable and exemplary character, steady prudence, and constant diligence." Mr. Newton was a friend of Hannah More, and in association with Hugh and Dr. Caleb Evans, rendered eminent service to the Baptist college in Bristol, which thus early prepared young men for the gospel ministry. Coming to our own times, we find that in 1842 the pastor was George Henry Davis, under whose ministry the church became exceedingly prosperous. At Bristol Dr. Davis was a staunch Dissenter, but his views were considerably modified in after life. He became travelling secretary to the Protestant Alliance; for twenty years he acted as the guiding genius of the Religious Tract Society in London, and during the latter part of his life he was associated with the Established Church. To him the Tract Society owes its present position; he was in all respects an able administrator and a man of mark. It is worthy of note that so many Baptists are found at the head of such institutions.

Such are the memories of the church which called Mr. George D. Evans to the pastorate in May, 1874. Mr. Evans is a native of London, and his parents were regular attendants at New Park-street Chapel for many years before the removal of the church to the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Our friend's maternal grandfather was a Baptist minister at Colchester. His father's family was originally settled in Caermarthenshire, so that as a preacher, and according to a Bristol saying, he inherits from his ancestors a sufficient stock of Welsh fire with which to "singe the devil."

In his youthful days Mr. Evans was an industrious reader of Puritan authors, burning oil at midnight in company with Brookes, Watson, and Sibbes. His first attempts at preaching were made at street corners in and about South London; and one adventure of those days had an ending so singularly happy that it may be related for the encouragement of others.

Before he entered the Pastors' College Mr. Evans was one evening preaching at a corner in the Walworth-road, when a policeman, who showed evident symptoms of being an incensed Irish-Romanist, made an endeavour to stop the proceedings, his excuse being that the thoroughfare was obstructed by the crowd. Because "the crowd" consisted of a mere handful of people the preacher refused to move away, whereupon he was ordered to accompany the officer to the police-station in Carter-street. At the station the charge dwindled into less

serious proportions than it had assumed amidst the noise and excitement without; but, nevertheless, the inspector cautioned the culprit in tones of official authority against the crime of obstructing the Queen's highway. Before the commotion had subsided, a gentleman, whose house stood opposite the station, crossed over the road to learn the cause of the uproar, and, if necessary, to become bail for the accused. That stranger was Mr. W. B. Hackett, then a deacon of Mr. Spurgeon's church. This acquaintance, commencing in trouble, ripened into friendship until the elder became the father-in-law of the younger.

Mr. Evans has now laboured in Bristol for nearly three years, and during that time he has seen about a hundred additions made to the church, while a sum of £1,700 has been expended in alterations. The chapel has been entirely refitted, the high-backed pews of the olden time having been replaced with seats that accord with our modern notions of comfort and convenience. The church previous to Mr. Evans's settlement was in a low condition. A very large number of the wealthiest members had removed to form the now prosperous church at Cotham Grove. Happily, this venerable church has been revived, and much prosperity restored. The Sunday-school has now 250 scholars. In connection with the church there is a young men's society, upon rather a novel principle, no one being eligible for membership unless he undertakes to do some kind of Christian work. This society promises to be of great use to the church, as the members engage in various branches of evangelistic work, and strive to influence for good the non-professing young men of the congregation. In their palmiest days the people of Old King Street were animated by an aggressive missionary spirit, and we see no reason why this should not be rekindled so as to burn with its ancient fervour. It must, however, not be forgotten that the suburban churches are now gathering to themselves the wealthy people of the western metropolis, and the city churches must henceforth be satisfied with more of that class to which the Saviour specially delighted to minister, although it is certainly to the credit of the Bristol city churches that they have many well-to-do members whose attachments are so strong that not even the inconveniences arising from distance will induce them to forsake the old meeting houses whose history is so precious to them.

Having read what we have to say about Mr. Evans, the reader will be interested in seeing what Mr. Evans has to say about himself. This is what he told the people when they "recognised" him in September, 1874. If our readers think that the first person singular appears too prominently they must remember that they are reading a reporter's sketch of a speech given before a number of friends who were all interested in knowing the antecedents of their new minister.

"From the time Mr. Spurgeon commenced his ministry in London I was a constant attendant on that ministry, and it was under his preaching, in conjunction with the earnest prayers and loving devotion of pious parents, that I was brought, at the age of about thirteen, to the feet of Jesus. I very soon commenced to work in the cause of the Lord. I became a Sunday School Teacher, and was constantly being rebuked by the Superintendent,—much to my chagrin then, but much to my thankfulness now,—for leaving my position to preach in the streets, which were my first training-ground for the pulpit.

There were twenty-one of us who formed ourselves into a little band with this somewhat pretentous name, "The New Park Street Open-air Mission Biblical Expository Class." We met for two-and-a-half hours every Saturday evening. The first half-hour was spent in devotional exercises, and the other two hours in reading and expounding, as best we could, the Word of God. We went out in bands of three on Lord's-days to engage in various kinds of mission work. Some preached in the streets, and some visited the lodging-houses in the Mint of Southwark, some went to this room and some to that, in the simplest manner possible to preach the Gospel. Of the twenty-one, sixteen or seventeen entered the ministry. Some have passed away into their rest, but twelve or thirteen are engaged in the work of proclaiming the glad tidings of redeeming grace, and one (Mr. Inglis) will become my successor at Grove Road Chapel, London. I don't know that I could have had a better training than this street preaching. I soon after entered the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. I felt that it was the place where I ought to receive my training for the fuller work of the ministry of the Gospel. It was not that I depreciated other institutions, but New Park Street Chapel was my birth-place, Mr. Spurgeon was my pastor, my father was the first elder of Mr. Spurgeon's church, and my mother, then as now, was a most indefatigable worker in connection with that church. There was no college that so commended itself to me, and I have never regretted that I there received whatever education for the ministry I may have obtained. I was called thence to the pastorate of the church at Upton Chapel, Lambeth, where for four years I had much of the favour of the Most High, and was instrumental in adding two hundred members to its fellowship. I then received an invitation from the London Baptist Association to undertake the formation of a new church at Grove Road, Victoria Park. I accepted the call, and worked there nearly seven years, when I felt that a change was desirable. I had the pleasure of leaving some two hundred members there, and trust that the brother who succeeds me will have a much larger share of the Divine blessing on his labours. I speak in the most perfect sincerity when I say that my call to the pastorate of the Old King Street Baptist Chapel was utterly unexpected and unlooked for. I was invited to preach one Sunday in January. The aspect of the chapel was not very charming to my eyes, for there were a great many empty pews. On receiving an invitation to come again for two Sundays with a view to the pastorate, I remembered not so much the look of the pews as the look of the deacons in the vestry, and I thought I saw in them a band of men who would go with me heart and soul in any Christian work, if I should be called to the pastorate of the church. I therefore came again and preached for two Sundays. You know better how I preached than I can tell you, but it was 'in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling,' but with a most earnest prayer that I might not make any impression upon the minds of the people if the Lord did not intend this as my future sphere of labour. Soon after going back to London a unanimous invitation came to me. I felt it my duty to accept that invitation. I saw no reason for the croaking of those people who think that the city churches have had their day, and that there is no more work to be done for the Lord Jesus Christ in these populous neighbourhoods. I cannot consider the city churches as the Esaus of the day, and the suburban churches as the Jacobs,—the younger brothers who are to supplant the elders; and if in the providence of God the suburban churches should become larger and more influential than the city churches, I believe we, upon both of whose heads the hands of Divine blessing have come alike, shall all work together for the Lord Jesus Christ, and strive to do all we can for the glory of our common Lord and Master."

We have now said something about three out of the five pastors with whom the college has supplied the City of Bristol. At a future time the other two will, we hope, supply materials for another paper.

Dr. Elmslie and the Medical Mission.*

THREE years ago we gave several articles illustrative of the work carried on at the Cowgate Dispensary, Edinburgh, by the medical students and their professors. Since that date the society has grown considerably, and hopes are entertained that in the future its operations may be extended. Subscriptions have been collected to provide a new dispensary and consulting-rooms to be named after Dr. Livingstone, who, with Burns and Henderson, ranks among the most distinguished of medical missionaries. The committee originally intended that this memorial building should occupy a commanding site in one of the best parts of the city; but providentially, as it would seem, their well-meant, though too ambitious, scheme proved impracticable, and they were driven back again to the needy region of the Cowgate. This seeming reverse will in the end occasion no regret to the friends of the institution, who might reasonably have sorrowed had the old landmark been removed. With the exception of the historical chapel, the antique little hospital will be taken down, and a more commodious house, replete with modern medical conveniences, erected on the site. The estimated cost will be something under £10,000, about half of which is already subscribed.

This important society was founded in the year 1841, chiefly through the instrumentality of Dr. Abercrombie. It appears that Medical Missions were established in America before they were thought of in England. Dr. Peter Parker paid a visit to Edinburgh, and such was the interest of his story in connection with China, that a few friends congregated at the Waterloo Hotel "to consider the possibility of forming an auxiliary association in Edinburgh to promote medical missions." This was the origin of a society which has been a great boon to the poorest classes in the Scottish capital as well as a blessing to the world at large.

The labours of Dr. Elmslie show the value of the Medical Mission. Dr. W. J. Elmslie, whose premature death has been very generally regretted, was born at Aberdeen in 1832, and he was educated at the university in that city. On leaving Aberdeen he studied medicine at Edinburgh as one of the medical mission band of students. On completing the usual course he held the office for twelve months of house surgeon at the Cowgate dispensary, and, though a Presbyterian, he was subsequently dispatched to Kashmir as an agent of the Church Missionary Society.

The mountains and alluvial plains of Kashmir comprise an area of about eight hundred square miles, the population being 425,000 souls. While their territory is the paradise of India, the miserable condition of the unfortunate inhabitants strikingly contrasts with the fertility and beauty of the country. The staple industry of the Mussulmans is shawl-weaving, an exquisite art by which they can earn about fourpence a day. The country has been described by an anonymous author as "a land flowing with milk and honey, like the land of Canaan, a good land, a

* "Medical Missions," as illustrated by some Letters of the late Dr. Elmslie. Printed for the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.

land of brooks and of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills ; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates ; a land where bread may be eaten without scarceness, and men may not lack anything in it ; a land of mountains and lakes, of broad forests and fertile plains ; a land of fruits and minerals, of temperate climate and delicious water and air, of large cities and populous villages ; but a land of ignorance and wickedness, where Satan reigns and works in the children of disobedience, where 'every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'" The Maharajah appears to be a tyrant who collects with the sword such taxes as his wretched subjects are able to pay ; and not caring to have foreign eye-witnesses of his doings, his highness requires Europeans to quit his territory during six months of every year.

In the beginning of May, 1865, Dr. Elmslie landed at Srinagar, and immediately commenced to look out for a house that would serve as dwelling-house, hospital, and dispensary. As no European might presume to reside in the town, this good Samaritan had to be content with such accommodation as could be procured in the suburbs. An indifferent establishment was hired at £2 a month, and while one verandah served for a dispensary, another was converted into an hospital. "I dare say you are smiling at the idea of converting a verandah into a hospital," wrote the surgeon missionary ; "but this is Asia, and people, I have already seen, are obliged to work with very inferior tools here, if they wish to accomplish something, which, otherwise, would remain for ever, or for a long time, uneffected." Dr. Elmslie soon proved that it is not always those who possess the best appliances who do the most work. His patients presently numbered nearly ninety a day, and so far as the thing was possible he took care that all should hear the gospel as well as have relief from bodily ailments. The action of chloroform greatly astonished both young and old, and all, without exception, who had to go through any painful operation, eagerly took advantage of that wonderful anæsthetic. The diseases to which the natives are chiefly liable, of the febrile, ophthalmic, and cutaneous class, are said to be generally caused by dirty habits and wretched diet.

While, however, the lower orders of the people readily admitted that a boon was conferred upon them by the mission, the work was otherwise violently opposed. Take a specimen of the opposition.

"After this morning's reception of the patients, we hired a boat, and set out for a pretty large village called Hazral Bal, which is situated on the shore of the large lake, near Srinagar. On landing, a shady tree was selected, near to a Mussulman temple, and there my chair and medicine were placed. While the catechist was giving notice of our arrival, and the object of our visit, I went to see the temple, where I met the principal Mullah or priest, and a few of his subordinates, with whom I had some conversation. On leaving the priests, I found my catechist standing under a shady tree, addressing a numerous company of pale, sick folk, who were quietly seated on the ground around him, listening most attentively to his words. The Mullahs had leisurely followed me ; and as soon as they heard what the catechist was saying, they rushed among the people, shouting out that they must go away immediately. Their efforts were successful.

All left except one poor woman, who happened to be imbecile. She would not move for them. One priest applied very freely a rope, which he carried with him, to those whose movements were slower than he thought they should be; and the only antidote I could think of, for my feeling of sorrow and indignation, was prayer to that God who was seeing all that was taking place against this blessed gospel. The catechist and assistants knelt with me, under the shady walnut tree, and we prayed the Lord to forgive these enemies of his truth. Only three sick people received treatment here, after which we made for home, much depressed, but not altogether cast down."

During the winter months Dr. Elmslie was compelled to quit Kashmir, and he therefore settled at Umritsur, one of the most considerable cities of Northern India. "The Sikhs always resort to Umritsur on their great holidays," we are told, "when crowds assemble to pay reverence at their shrine, and to bathe in the supposed holy water of the tank. The very name of their city, Umritsur, *the fountain of immortality*, shows the importance they attach to it." This was a more congenial sphere; instead of being opposed as he was at Srinagar his services were highly valued, and could the magistrate have persuaded him to do so he would have permanently settled among the people as among friends.

On his return to Kashmir, at the end of the season, Dr. Elmslie was not allowed to take possession of the house formerly occupied, though the need that existed for a hospital and dispensary became more and more apparent. Says he—

"The bungalow which we selected and occupied possessed no room capacious enough to hold all the sick, whom it was our custom to assemble in one place, to listen to the reading and exposition of God's Holy Word. To compensate for the deficiencies of the house, the outer covering of a comparatively large tent was pitched on the lawn behind; and here under its shade the sick and their friends used to meet daily for the purpose above-mentioned. The inner portion of the same tent was also pitched, and formed all the hospital accommodation which we could command. . . . 3,365 patients attended the dispensary during this season, showing an increase, compared with the previous year, of 1,070. Many of the cases requiring surgical treatment last season were of a more serious character than those of the first year of the mission. This shows an increase of confidence. . . . Several patients who had refused to follow the advice given them in the season of 1865, returned last year to the dispensary and willingly submitted to the treatment which had been formerly recommended, and which in two cases was of rather a grave nature. During the season 173 receptions for the sick were held. The smallest number of patients present was on the 5th May, when the dispensary was opened. The number on that day was eight. On the 25th of June 182 were present, which was the largest number present on any one day. The largest number of monthly visits paid to the dispensary occurred in the month of August, when 3,980 visits were made. The total number of visits paid during the season was 15,662. The average number of visits paid by each patient was therefore five. The average daily attendance was 91, and the average monthly attendance was 2,610."

The amount of blessing represented by this sum of work can hardly be estimated by Europeans accustomed to all the advantages of civilization. In some instances patients were also visited in their own homes, where the superstition and ignorance encountered were appalling. The wretched natives eagerly took advantage of the relief afforded by the most advanced medical science; but the local government regarded the innovation with bitter hatred. "Like all bigoted, illiberal, and tyrannical governments, the native rulers of the valley thoroughly hate and fear the enlightening and elevating influence of Christianity. Every means is taken advantage of by those at the helm of affairs in Kashmir to continue and perpetuate the worse than Egyptian darkness that at present prevails in that unhappy and deplorable country. For a native even to inquire about the Christian religion is still considered a heinous crime, worthy of fines, stripes, and imprisonment. The avenues leading to the mission bungalow were closely watched by sepoys, and it is well known that many who were sick and much in want of medical and surgical aid were intimidated and deterred from frequenting the dispensary."

During his second winter in India Dr. Elmslie visited Chumba, a Himalayan valley of great natural attraction, where the governing Rajah is favourably disposed towards Christianity. The climate is described as being "most delightful and salubrious," while the simple agricultural populace are primitive in their habits, and very accessible. So anxious was the Rajah, who has since died, to establish a medical mission station that he offered to contribute largely towards the expense. In the good providence of God this beautiful district may yet become one of the most flourishing stations of the medical mission.

In 1870 Dr. Elmslie returned to Scotland and spent some time in the preparation of a Kashmir dictionary, which is expected to be of considerable service to future missionaries of the district. Early in 1871 he was married, and with his wife started immediately for India, to renew his beloved work. His labours were more onerous than they had ever been before. "From 150 to 190 patients were examined and prescribed for daily. In little more than four months he had treated upwards of 3,000 patients, and performed more than 200 surgical operations, besides ministering to nearly 400 cholera patients." Thoroughly worn out by hard service, when the time came round for all Europeans to leave Srinagar, he was not in a fit condition to travel. Still, he left Kashmir in tolerably good spirits on October 21, 1871, when the journey began with two days' sail on the river.

"Then began the mountain ascent over a pass 11,700 feet above the sea. After they had climbed for a day, he could not walk at all, and had to give in, very reluctantly, to take his wife's dandy. At first he did not seem to suffer much, except from weariness; but about the 27th his great breathlessness, the *very* irregular beating of the pulse, and other painful signs, gave the loving wife her first warning. That night she knelt by him for hours, Benjamin (the Christian native assistant) helping her to apply mustard poultices and various remedies. In the morning he seemed scarcely conscious of all he had passed through. They travelled on, the bearers trotting, and Mrs. Elmslie trying to keep up, and walking sixteen, or even twenty miles a day. The path seemed

sometimes like a ledge in the sheer precipice ; and as she watched the bearers with their precious burden, she trembled, and could only cry to the Lord to save him. Once a man did slip, but at the spot the path was a little wider. The nights were bitterly cold, and the poor tent was but little protection, and then his sufferings were great. In one part the bears had left their track in the snow, and the dear doctor insisted on the bearers going slowly, to keep his wife in sight. At Rajawin they rested some days. One night there he was very ill, and she (his wife) speaks of this as 'my second night of preparation.' Next day he hardly spoke, and never offered to rise, but just lay still, with a *far off* look in his eyes, which shone with a strange and lovely lustre. The doctor at Gujerat went out a day's march to meet him. On Saturday, November 16th, they reached Gujerat, and were received with the utmost kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Perkins ; and on the Monday the Lord took his dear servant home."

That was surely an heroic end to a noble life—a career which ought to have the effect of stimulating public interest in medical missions. We have given this brief summary in the full persuasion that our readers only need to know the value of a medical missionary, and they will be sure to aid the society which trains them. We have one student at present at Edinburgh, and another is to go soon. We could send more if we had the means. The work in Edinburgh deserves liberal aid.

Time goes by turns.*

THE sea of fortune does not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb,
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost,
The net that holds no great takes little fish,
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish,
Unmingled joys here unto none befall,
Who least has some, who most has never all.

Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day,
The saddest bird a season finds to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay,
Thus by succeeding turns God tempers all,
That we may hope to rise yet fear to fall. SOUTHWELL.

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* Sent by a friend after reading "Watching the Ebb" as a gentle reminder that we live in a changing world. We bless God that the tide has turned in the fulness of its strength.

Miss Robinson and the Soldiers of Portsmouth.

IT is acknowledged by all who are competent to judge of the matter that Portsmouth is a notoriously wicked place; and some might even affirm that this great stronghold is worse than the average run of garrison towns. Whether this be really so or not, the abounding iniquity of the borough is certainly nothing short of appalling, and is so to persons who are familiar with the sin-stricken plague spots of London. Open sin and the military profession have become so closely associated in the minds of many, that soldiers, drunkenness, and licentiousness are little else than synonyms in their every-day talk. And yet it is well to exercise sufficient charity to take cognizance of the dangers and temptations to which common soldiers are exposed. In Portsmouth one cannot go many steps without coming to a beer-shop or publichouse; for there are nearly a thousand of these places in the comparatively small area comprising the borough and its suburbs. Who among us can estimate the influence of nine hundred drinking shops, allied as that influence is to the persevering operations of numberless crimps and land-sharks, to say nothing of a more abandoned class, who are fearfully numerous?

Miss Robinson has now become widely known as the soldiers' friend, and when some two or three years ago she set up her Institute in Portsmouth High Street she began work with the confidence of one who well understood the power of faith and persevering prayer. Even in her early years signs were apparent that Miss Robinson would one day become a friend of soldiers. Her choicest playthings were a doll general, a rusty pistol, and a little gunpowder, with which she would do her best to mimic the excitement and uproar of war. If any uncommon expectations were entertained by those who watched Miss Robinson's progress, she has not disappointed them. With health more than usually feeble, she has really accomplished a great work. The Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth is a kind of military hotel, coffee-house and British Workman all combined under the same roof; for there a colonel might enjoy accommodation suited to his rank, and a poor private can find means of improvement and recreation for nothing, and enjoy his humble meal, finding it both cheaper and better than he can procure elsewhere. The Institute is avowedly a Christian agency of an aggressive kind; and to preserve her independence of action in this respect, Miss Robinson has refused such government aid as might have been secured. A complete chronicle of the work would form an affecting narrative. *The Baptist* says, "She has done much in barrack and hospital visitation, besides carrying the gospel into quarters where many a brave man would fear to tread." "She has stood by many a death-bed, and has many striking conversions to tell of. One poor fellow, while under conviction of sin, inclined towards despair, and repeated the dismal question, 'Isn't it too late? Isn't it too late?' A Christian soldier who happened to pass by was asked to stop and say a word to one who thought he was 'too far gone for Christ to save him.' 'I was twelve years a drunkard,' the man instantly said, 'after being religiously brought up, and he has saved me: trust him, comrade.'"

Last year the second anniversary of Miss Robinson's labours was celebrated; but in consequence of unpropitious weather the attendance was not large. The chair was fitly occupied by Lieut.-General Sir A. Lawrence, K.C.B., and the General was supported by several officers of rank. After a hymn had been sung and a prayer offered, the chairman explained the object of the meeting. They had to acknowledge the success which, through God's blessing, had attended Miss Robinson in her labours. Considering the nature and extent of the work, it was not surprising that they had been found fault with, or that they were too religious for some and not sufficiently religious for others. Yet Miss Robinson worked with one aim—the advancement of the

moral and religious welfare of the soldier. It was a matter of congratulation that the house had been so largely used by soldiers, irrespective of creed or denomination, while those who had attended at the Bible-classes and other religious exercises had found both profit and comfort. The General then expressed the hope that God's blessing would still rest on the Institute, and that the public would offer such assistance as was needed for so great a work, the object of which was to raise the British soldier to the high status he ought to occupy.

The annual report gave an encouraging and interesting account of the year's labours They had difficulties and local opposition to contend with, but all was overruled for good. They have a hall which seats nine hundred people, and in this a Sunday morning service is held, besides lectures and tea-meetings during the week, as occasion may require. Next to the Institute is the Marine View Hotel, which was once a source of annoyance, but now the building has passed into Miss Robinson's hands, and, while it will be otherwise properly utilized, some of the apartments will serve to accommodate Christian friends who may be desirous of aiding the work. Every evening there is either a prayer-meeting or Bible-class for soldiers and sailors, and the fruits of this have been most cheering. Some, who bear a grateful testimony to the good they have received, speak of this little assembly-room as the happiest in the house. Soldiers' relatives, who may be temporarily lodged on the premises, gladly join the Sunday afternoon readings which Miss Robinson conducts, and they are invited to sit down to the family tea, afterwards provided. On Monday morning there is a Bible-reading for letter carriers, and on Thursday afternoon there is also one for officers and ladies. Fifty-five beds are now made up in the house, and these from time to time are gladly occupied by those who visit their sons or brothers in the garrison. Four thousand eight hundred guests have been entertained during the year, and the average number of customers is two hundred and fifty daily. Since last annual meeting Miss Robinson has addressed nearly two hundred meetings in various parts of the empire, seventy of which were on behalf of the Institution. She has also, in addition to other duties, written 2,300 letters to soldiers, but as she will not be able to continue this arduous labour in her present condition of health, she hopes that one or more ladies may come forward as volunteers in so noble a service. "Her own feeling is that the work is really commencing, and that there is scarcely any limit to what might be done in the garrison with more workers and increased funds."

In the course of an able speech, General Eardley Wilmot sufficiently answered those who thought that the Institution should be secularized. From personal observation he thought that soldiers and sailors thought those to be their best friends who desired to lead them to Christ. He remembered an institute in London which was formed on a basis altogether different. Dances, balls, concerts, and intoxicants were plentifully provided, but the result was that the affair came to an end in a year. The men were naturally of opinion that if they needed such things as these they could get them elsewhere, without being beholden to any one, and consequently the would-be philanthropists failed. Soldiers' and sailors' souls should be cared for as well as their bodies, and hence every possible effort should be made to bring them to Christ.

In one of her happy speeches Miss Robinson told the men of both services that they were always heartily welcome. Though she wished in her heart that they all were Christians and teetotallers, they need not be one or the other to ensure a welcome. The men were beginning to understand the Institute; for nearly thrice the number of last year had come to them this year. There was no longer any difficulty in the matter of soldiers having their friends come to see them from a distance, for these were now comfortably lodged at the Institute, whereas a few years back they were refused admittance into coffee-houses, and had consequently to find beds at low publics or beer-shops. Then in reference to the general work, it should be understood that no one was pressed to attend

either religious meetings or classes, though all were invited, and they would derive lasting benefit if they responded to the invitation.

Such is the character of the work carried on in Portsmouth by Miss Robinson. The Institute represents a really noble mission, and Christian friends who during the holiday season may visit the neighbourhood, will be both refreshed and interested by witnessing for themselves what Miss Robinson has accomplished. For the present we cannot give more details, but heartily wish her God-speed.

Jottings of Evangelical Work amongst Spanish and other Foreign Seamen.

LETTER FROM MR. J. DANIEL, A MEMBER AT THE TABERNACLE.

My dear Pastor,—Having been asked by friends why I did not write a few lines upon the above work, together with the gratuitous distribution of Scripture amongst the foreign sailors in the Thames, I could only reply, "The men are many, their wants great, and my time usually more than fully occupied with this labour of love, which I believe the Lord has given me to do." Feeling, however, that the following facts may stir up other brethren to missionary effort, I lay before your readers the following incidents, which have occurred during the past two years.

Commencing to preach the gospel to Spaniards in London with a very limited power of expressing myself in their tongue, and having at that time but one Spanish Bible, and that borrowed, it was not difficult to see my entire dependence upon God. Prayer brought various assistances, and amongst them the noble munificence of the Trinitarian Bible and Religious Tract Societies should be made known, as by their assistance tens of thousands of Bibles, tracts, and useful books have been given to the almost innumerable strangers visiting our shores. The full results of this the Father of Mercies alone knows; but let these notes give cause for prayer and praise to the reader, as they create joy in the heart of the writer.

One of the earliest visits was paid to a Spanish steamer, when, after a little meeting held in the galley on board, a boy bought one of the large Testaments. Both book and boy shortly afterwards disappeared, and I should probably have forgotten the circumstance but for an incident which has more recently happened. While on board another steamship I had rather a rough time of it with some very ignorant and jesting sailors, and I was about to retire. At this moment a young lady, some fifteen years of age, and a gentleman stepped out of a cabin on deck, and very kindly sympathised with my apparent failure. A conversation took place as to their spiritual needs and welfare, and, although the officer was educated well enough in secular matters, he was lamentably ignorant of even the simplest truths of the gospel. He said he had a Bible. One can only leave the words spoken to God's care, hoping they may be the means of leading him to search the Scriptures. The lady was an attentive listener, and presently said, "I should so like a Bible!" "No," said her brother, "mine is enough for you." But this did not please the little lady; so she soon grasped the precious volume triumphantly, and held it very tightly under her arm. "Ah," said the young man, "we have a boy on board who is a rare propagandist; always, with his Testament, dead against the priests, and never so happy as when he is bringing others to his own way of thinking." At this I sought him out, and found him to be the identical lad who had bought the Testament. He was very much delighted to see me, and said he had read his book to many children in Spain, and they had got all round him in the street to hear the pretty stories about Jesus; and they liked them so much! I cease to look upon such things as wonderful, for they often happen now; they must, because

God has promised to bless his word, and he also says, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, it shall be done unto you." We obey his command, preach the gospel, and then, by grace, plead his promise; so the blessing must come.

Some time since I heard the sound of a man's voice in the cabin of a ship, and, listening, found a sailor reading from the good Old Book the story of Jesus' death to the rest of the crew. I know this must be the work of the Holy Spirit, for men do not such deeds in the darkness of this wilderness, unless he gives them the light so to act. Not caring to interrupt them, I went to another barque, and then returned. At this hour several had retired to their berths. On my entrance, however, there was a general waking-up, and, late as it was, I had to read. At the close one poor fellow, whose face was certainly not of the handsomest, but who made up in affection what he lacked in personal appearance, came out on the deck and begged for another visit on the morrow. As this was not possible, I could only hope that one of their number would take the missionary's place again. Some of the happiest hours of my life have lately been spent with various captains, some of whom had given me special invitations to pass an evening with them. Never will one night be erased from my memory, when two Spaniards—one of rank, and exquisitely handsome, together with his companion—accepted the message of love. At the close of the meeting one said, "We have heard good things to-night." One evening, seeing a light proceeding from a cabin, I tapped at the door, and was admitted by a man who was a sort of superior servant of the captain. This individual was pleased to hear about a Bible coming to him (what should we do without the Bible?), and said he had something in his box which he prized very much, for he bought it years ago. I hoped it would turn out to be the Book of God; but, to my disappointment, he showed me a very pretty golden image of Jesus on the cross. I wanted to get it from him, for there is something very fascinating about such figures, which shows how prone our nature is to idolatry, and only Christ can keep us from worshipping the image of himself. I laid the gospel before the man, and his heart and mine were cheered by influences not our own; and then, being moved to speak about the superiority of the reality over the representation, we both felt the utter littleness of toys, and he put the crucifix away. Rome is a clever manufacturer of calves, golden and otherwise. I have had given me, by a poor sailor, a paper idol; he gladly parted with it in exchange for heaven's true and blessed letter to poor sinners. This printed monstrosity is a small sheet of the coarsest paper, wretchedly printed, and headed with cuts, the fac-simile of one of which is given. This represents the "Queen of Heaven," and Jesus is a baby in her arms. The paper is entitled, "Miracle that our Lord worked about Pardon." It states that a woman sought of God how she might obtain a knowledge of the number of blows the Redeemer received before his death. He came in person, and told her 5,455, and added that all who, in memory of them, should say fifteen "Our Fathers" and "Ave Marias" every day for the space of a year should draw fifteen souls from purgatory, and should not have to make penance for the same number of mortal sins. For *repeating* the prayers the happy child of the Seven Hills is to have, with the acceptance of the *Most Holy Mother*, perfect peace in the hour of death, and eternal translation to Paradise. The temporal mercies promised by this precious document I must give *in*



extenso :—"Whoever *carries* this prayer, and gives to read, or teaches it to others, shall have pleasure and peace here; he shall be preserved upon the waves of the sea; shall not die suddenly, be persecuted by enemies, nor conquered in battle; neither be choked in the sea, nor be scorched by the sun; epilepsy he shall not suffer; no false witness shall come against him; and any woman in her trouble shall certainly in safety see the end of it. A man, who had had a stone tied round his neck and thrown into the sea, walked over the waves for three days without injury, because of this prayer." A form of devotion follows, in the name of "*the mother of the living God.*" But pen refuses to write all this blasphemy. Let those who read rejoice that they have been counted worthy to taste the truth as it is in Jesus, and then let them place the everlasting bread before the famishing souls of these poor deluded ones.

I feel constrained to mention one happy circumstance which occurred upon a Spanish steamer, not of the regular line, visiting London. After several meetings the men had shown good fruit, but the crew was broken up and dispersed. The vessel remained in England, with the second officer on board. This man had been unfriendly and suspicious; but the captain having left behind him one of the large Testaments, the officer found it in the cabin and read it. His mind underwent a complete change; he was easily led to see much of the truth; and whatever degree of spiritual light he may have possessed, certain it is that he has become a dear friend of the gospel. His servant—a Hindoo by birth, but an Englishman by education—said he had noticed a remarkable change for the better in the habits of his master, in every way.

Another case was that of a young Spaniard, whose family is resident in a town near Madrid; but he was obliged to sojourn in England. He knew nothing of the gospel, and he describes his town as a hot-bed of ignorance and cruelty; but he was soon led to the living stream. He was much enlightened; and, after having him in my house and watching him while he was in deep affliction, I feel I can number him amongst the few true converts made by the Holy Spirit while I have been actively engaged amongst this portion of the human family.

Missionary work is often introductory to the very practical labours of Good Samaritan assistance. I saw three poor and miserable men standing outside a Spanish inn. They were refused admittance on account of their poverty, which was great indeed. For three days they had no food (save a few pounds of bread given by the Spanish consul), and no lodgings for three nights; and it was evident that death would ere long take them away altogether if kindness were not shown to them. Their story, if true, was heart-rending. It appeared they were natives of Galicia; that two, the sons, had crossed the frontier of that province into Portugal, there to work at their trade as shoemakers. The Portuguese, who were at the time (during the Carlist war) very watchful upon all Spaniards then entering their country, suspected them of being Carlists; and when the father joined them the whole three were seized, conveyed to Lisbon, and ejected. Being landed in London, they were as I found them. The poor old man was broken down with grief and want. He had never heard of the Bible or Testament, and knew but little of the Saviour. I did my best, after supper, to make matters plain, and left him, with books of God, at a place where their subsequent needs would be cared for.

To my adventures on board Italian ships, I venture to add a few particulars of this class of seamen. The language is cognate with Spanish, and, although the two races differ in some important particulars, there is one which unites all —the desire to hear of the Redeemer and that which he has done for them.

The deepening shades of winter had rendered it difficult to board vessels in the dark; indeed, some of my efforts have not been without peril. One occasion is rather painful to look back upon, my thumb having, by a sudden movement of the vessel, been jammed in the ropes as I was climbing on board. It was on a dark night. I saw an immense wooden ship, of the old-fashioned build, but yet such as are very useful for the conveyance of marble, &c. Hearing that

she was an Italian, I wished to get on board; but this appeared impossible, as she was on the outside of a tier of five or six others, and between these and the object of my desire there was a barge placed. After half-an-hour's work I stood, by God's gracious help, on the deck of the ship. The men had heard of me from other Italians, and gave me a royal welcome. As long as possible the Bible's most precious verses were read and explained (principally for the lack of fluent power of speech) by reference to other portions; and every proof of pious gratitude was the result. This occurred in the captain's cabin, a very large apartment, at the end of which was a small retiring-room, the passage of which was intercepted by two huge dogs; one of these, the sailors said, was a terrible brute to bite. It was necessary to visit another part of the ship, to address a number of men, who paid quiet attention, and several asked earnestly for Bibles. The two meetings had almost exhausted the night, when I turned to leave. My foot was on the bulwarks, when a boy came after me hurriedly, saying that the captain had, during the time spent in the forecastle, arrived on board,



and wished to speak to me. Late as it was, I was obliged to return, when he very politely thanked me for my effort among the seamen, and said no harm could come from reading such a good book as the Bible. I endeavoured to point out a few words of comfort from a large copy which he showed me; but he said he did not believe in Christ, and looked on the whole thing as a marvellous collection of moral matters, but essentially human. His southern blood became excited; and, speaking of the priests, with their version of religion, he threw the Bible down with a crash and went into paroxysms of fury. This, late at night, in a ship, alone with those awful dogs and strange men, formed a scene more interesting to depict than to experience. I kept quiet, and told him, at the first opportunity, that I was not a priest. This helped to recall him, and he said, "No, you are not; I know what you are—an evangelist. I would kick a priest; but you may come on board, padrone (master), whenever you please."

I left, with an earnest prayer that he might read his Bible, and that the Holy Spirit without my agency might open his blind eyes.

Time and space would fail me to tell of Orientals, Portuguese, etc.; but, with gratitude to God, I have now to chronicle that, though personally unable to grapple with every branch of ship visitation, the means have been given me by which missionaries and others may assist. For the Oriental branch alone the Trinitarian Bible Society have recently placed in my hands ten thousand copies of the gospel by John, in Hindustani, by which many of these men may quietly read for themselves, during the voyages, the loving words of Christ. May your readers, while perusing this rambling account, lift their hearts to God that he may do more than we ask or think and save these strangers from the uttermost ends of the earth, to the glory of his dear Son, Jesus!

[Mr. Daniel has found out for himself an interesting and important sphere of labour among foreign sailors, and he is working it well, but what can one man do among so many? It is of the first importance to preach the gospel to Catholics and heathen who come to England; and no vessel ought to leave any of our ports without being boarded by a servant of King Jesus. We send missionaries to the heathen abroad, and surely when providence brings them to our very doors we ought not to neglect the opportunity afforded us. Climbing from ship to ship in cold foggy evenings is not very pleasant, but for Christ's sake active young men ought to undertake it. All honour to our good brother who has favoured us with the article above: may it stimulate many others to do likewise.—C. H. S.]

Fruitfulness the gauge of value.

YEARS ago in Mentone they estimated the value of land by the number of olive trees upon it. How many bearers of the precious oil were yielding their produce? That was the question which settled the value of the plot. Is not this the true way of estimating the importance of a Christian church? Mere size is no criterion; wealth is even a more deceiving measure, and rank and education are no better. How many are bearing fruit unto the Lord in holy living, in devout intercession, in earnest efforts for soul winning, and in other methods by which fruit is brought forth unto the Lord? Jesus looks for fruit (Mark xi. 13), his operations upon us are intended to produce fruit (Luke xiii. 9), and if there be none in a church we may expect to hear him say of it as he did of old—"And now go to; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down: and I will lay it waste: it shall not be pruned, nor digged; but there shall come up briers and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it."

What does that mean?

"WHAT does that mean?" said a Christian disciple to an older brother, as he referred to a certain passage of Scripture. "What does it *say?*" was the answer. He read the passage over; "It says so and so." "Well, then, it *means* what it *says.*" This first lesson in Scriptural exposition is one of the most important that can be learned. A preacher of the gospel once addressed a note to another minister, inquiring: "How do you interpret such and such passages?" The answer was about as follows:

"Dear Sir: I do not interpret God's word; I *believe it,* and I advise you to do the same. Yours respectfully."

Notices of Books.

The Fear of God in Relation to Religion, Theology, and Reason. By the Rev. Robert Brown. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

A solid piece of divinity, firm and hard as a slab of the best Honduras mahogany. The author did well to warn all lovers of sensationalism, either in religion or theology, that his book would have no attractions for them, for it needs a patient, plodding reader to get through a treatise of four hundred pages of unadorned Puritanism. We hope that there are readers for such works, or we have fallen upon evil times. Certain we are that the spiritual man who shall study this volume with care will, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, be the wiser, the better, and the happier man.

The Huguenots, their settlements, churches, and industries, in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles. John Murray.

That this noble book should have reached another edition is nothing wonderful. Mr. Smiles writes with all the charm of a novelist, and yet with the accuracy so essential to an historian. His work demands a place in all libraries worthy of the name.

Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Lord. By W. G. Blaikie, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A book for the reading of spiritual-minded Christians, whose delight is in the person and character of their Lord. The subject has seldom been attempted, and Dr. Blaikie may be said to have supplied a great need, and supplied it well.

Fighting the Foe; or, Every-day Battles. By Fidelite. John F. Shaw and Co.

Pleasant reading for families. The tale is to us a little like rigmarole, but the lessons which are taught are so excellent that we have no wish to find fault with their setting. Some young people will be charmed with this book, and some others will vote it dull.

The Prophet Jonah: his Character and Mission to Nineveh. By Hugh Martin, D.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Lyon and Gemmell.

In our "Commenting and Commentaries" we spoke of this work as follows:—"A first-class exposition of Jonah. No one who has it will need any other. It is not a small treatise, as most of the Jonah books are; but it contains three hundred and sixty pages, all rich with good matter." We are glad to see a second edition, for it was a pity to let it remain out of print.

The Life after Death and the things to come. By the Rev. John Cullen, Vicar of Redcliffe-on-Trent. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

A popular setting forth of the orthodox views of the future state. Very sound and learned, but somewhat wanting in force and sparkle. These chapters were, we suppose, the author's sermons, and very excellent sermons too. The denunciation of the annihilationist theory is outspoken enough and very fairly sustained by argument; we do not suppose that it will convince opponents, but it will strengthen the young believer and help to decide the wavering.

"*Until the Day Break,*" *and other Sermons.* By the late Rev. William Wilson, M.A. With Memoir by the Rev. James Moir, M.A. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

It was most becoming to put together stones from his own quarry, and fashion therewith a memorial to the man of genius and worth who so speedily finished his course. Mr. Wilson was, undoubtedly, a man of considerable pulpit power, and his friends will be glad to have this selection from his notes. The memoir is very scant, and contains no reference to Mr. Wilson's conversion or call to the ministry—two of the greatest points in any minister's biography. Perhaps no record was kept, but still good men so generally love to speak of that "happy day when Jesus washed their sins away" that some memory of the spiritual birthday might surely have been found

The Ministry of the Word. By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

DR. TAYLOR must have found it no slight task to prepare these lectures, when both Beecher and Talmage had preceded him. What the next man who gives the Yale College Lectures will do it is hard to say, for these three will have swept up even the crumbs from the floor and the gleanings from the furrow. Young men ought to preach well if books on homiletics will help them. Dr. Taylor has shown as much ability as his predecessors, though we do not think his work quite so full of flavour as either of theirs, nor do we see how it could have been, since they have run off with the spice and the plums. There are plenty of quotable pieces in the lectures, and we shall use our scissors around a few of them.

"SELF-RENUNCIATION IS THE ROOT OF XCELLENCE. It is told of Pousa, the Chinese potter, that, being ordered to produce some great work for the Emperor, he tried long to make it, but in vain. At length, driven to despair, he threw himself into the furnace, and the effect of his self-immolation on the ware, which was then in the fire, was such that it came out the most beautiful piece of porcelain ever known. So in the Christian ministry, it is self-sacrifice that gives real excellence and glory to our work. When self in us disappears, and only Christ is seen, then will be our highest success alike in our own lives and in the moving of our fellow-men."

"Macaulay tells us in his brilliant article on Southey's 'Bunyan,' that James the Second sat for his portrait to Varelst, the famous flower painter. When the performance was finished, his Majesty appeared in the midst of a bower of sunflowers and tulips, which completely drew away attention from the central figure, so that all who looked at it took it for a flower piece. Let not the lesson be lost on us. It is as criminal to hide the Christ beneath gorgeous illustrations as it is to ignore him altogether. He must be supreme. *We* may, and ought, to cover *our* faces before him; but we must never put a veil, no matter how exquisite may be its texture, over his benignant countenance."

"I went once with a friend into his garden, and, observing in one part of it a plentiful crop of a very troublesome weed, I asked him how he came to have so much of it. He said, 'My neighbour was absent from his house three months last year, and let his garden run wild; it was just at the time when that particular weed was running to seed, and the wind blew the downy things over here. It would have paid me to have hired a man to clean his garden for him, but then, you see, I did not think of it in time.' So, be sure, if we in the church allow those evils in the community to go on unchecked, the seeds that spring from them will blow over into our own garden, and produce there confusion and every evil work."

The Fulness of Blessing; or, the Gospel of Christ, as illustrated from the Book of Joshua. By SARAH F. SMILEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

To a certain class of minds this will be a very precious volume, but we want something more condensed and suggestive for our own reading. There is in it, to our minds, far too much *illustration* and too little *Book of Joshua.* The style of writing in which books of the Bible are made to describe Christian experience has a great charm about it, but it is peculiarly dangerous if not used with great discretion, for in pursuing a mere metaphor we may soon dogmatize as if we were being led by a doctrinal statement. This is the tendency of all such works, and yet if this evil be avoided, they are interesting, instructive, and edifying, and we believe this volume to possess all these three characteristics. It is produced in excellent style by the printers and binders.

In the Tropics; or, Scenes and Incidents of West Indian Life. By Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. 66, Paternoster Row.

A VERY taking description of the West Indies and Missionary work in Guiana. Sunday-school librarians should put it down upon their lists, for it is a lively missionary book. Of course it is Methodistical, but then we are all interested in all the missions of all the churches, and so it does not matter.

The American Pulpit of the Day. Forty Sermons by the most Distinguished living American Preachers. Third Series. R. D. Dickinson.

If this is American preaching, may we be preserved from it. We do not know a set of more pretentious and dreary discourses: they are rather the weeds of the American pulpit than its wheat and flowers. Four names engross nearly all the book. America's best men are not represented at all.

Song Ministry. Parts I. and II. By Philip Phillips. London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

Hymns of Consecration and Faith. Compiled and arranged by Rev. J. Mountain. London: Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster Row.

The Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song. Edited by Vernon J. Charlesworth and J. Manton Smith. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

The recent revivals have called forth a large number of new hymns and tunes, good, bad, and indifferent, for the great power of poetry and song has been recognised by all the leading evangelists. Many of these compositions will perpetuate the influence created, and they will be retained in our collections for years to come. Others will speedily be forgotten, and deservedly so. Already the hymns and tunes made popular by Mr. Sankey are falling into disuse in our schools and chapels—a few only being occasionally sung at prayer-meetings. No one collection, as such, is likely to find a permanent place in any congregation. It may linger for some time to come in the mission hall, but must eventually be displaced by others which contain a larger number of standard hymns. The part which they have played in Evangelistic services will not be forgotten, nor should it be under-estimated. They will linger in the memory as echoes of many a gracious ministry.

Mr. Phillips, who has traversed the globe in his song mission, has gathered into the first volume a number of pieces from his other publications, which, we suppose, he regards as containing more vitality than the rest. The book is elaborately got up and well printed. On the frontispiece there is a composite view of the exterior and interior of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the various pieces are illustrated with wood engravings, surrounded by a chaste floral design. As Mr. Phillips is to sing from this volume during his present campaign in this country, it may find purchasers amongst those who appreciate his style of singing.

In the Hymns of Consecration and Faith we have a collection of hymns and tunes which were used in the Holiness Conventions, at Brighton and elsewhere. Altogether there are 486 hymns which bear upon the special phase of character known as "The Higher Life." We recognise many favourites from the pens of Watts, Wesley, Newton, Keble, Monsell, Bonar, and Miss Havergal. It is unnecessary to add that these are amongst the best in the volume. Many of those by unknown writers breathe a devout spirit, but are characterized by no special poetical merit. The original tunes are very unequal, few if any of them being likely to find their way into the more permanent collections. Estimated by bulk, we know no cheaper book.

Our student, Mr. J. Manton Smith, whose talent as a solo singer has been of great service in his evangelistic meetings, has put together in a neat little book a number of gospel songs. Several of them are quite new, being from the pen of the joint editor, Mr. V. J. Charlesworth.

Experiences of the Inner Life: Lessons from its Duties, Joys, and Conflicts. By Edward Garbett, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

In reading these "lessons" we have been reminded of certain waters where the depth is great, and yet you can see to the bottom. Clearness and profundity are not often united to so high a degree as in this case. Perfectionism is not written down, but is quietly elbowed out by truer and higher experience. To believers, both old and young, this record of experiences will be of great service, for oftentimes a sight of the footmarks of the flock is the next best thing to a sight of the Good Shepherd himself.

Sermons. By the Rev. SAMUEL D. WADDY, D.D. 66, Paternoster-row.

IT is highly creditable to the Wesleyan Methodists that, as a denomination, they have adhered to their own distinctive creed while nearly all other denominations have been unfaithful to theirs. They have changed, if in any respect, for the better, while others have changed for the worse. Neither the favour of the more wealthy classes, nor the outcry for more freedom of inquiry, has moved them from their first principles. We rejoice in them as fellow witnesses for Christ: witnesses to his atoning death and justifying righteousness, though not to the same extent to the glorious privileges derived from them. These sermons are a good specimen of the higher order of teaching in their pulpits. They are instructive, direct, and stimulating both to faith and godliness. They are sufficiently original, moreover, to justify their publication, and to excite a desire for an additional series.

The Footsteps of St. Peter: being the Life and Times of the Apostle. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

DR. MACDUFF is deservedly popular as an author, and is as prolific as he is attractive. If he goes on at his present rate he will need a wing of a library to himself. Peter's life is a great theme, and the Doctor has worthily handled it. He believes that Peter was at Rome, and we very much doubt it, but we are glad to see what a candid Protestant has to say on the side which is so dear to Romanists. We so much value this volume that we have installed it among our standards, so as to be able to consult it whenever we want to know anything about Peter.

"Only a Cat;" or The Autobiography of Tom Blackman. Edited by Mrs. H. H. B. PAULL. Elliot Stock.

"ONLY A CAT." but a wonderfully clever cat to write a catalogue of the catastrophes which happened unto it. We understand cats far better than we did before Tom Blackman entered for us. Having a catarrh, though not a catabaptist, we have so well studied this amusing book that we are almost ready to be catechised upon it, and to give categorical replies. One of poor Tom's remarks ought to be universally known. "Thanks to my dear mistress, I had always enough to eat, and, better still, a basin of sweet, fresh water placed for me under the hall table. The servants used at first to laugh at the idea of a cat drinking water, but they soon overcame the foolish prejudice that cats prefer milk, when they saw how often during the summer I quenched my thirst at the basin. Oh, it is a terrible mistake to keep cats without water. I have heard some of my cat friends say that they have gone from room to room crying for water, and even in the bedrooms the necks of the jugs were so narrow that, if only half full, they could not reach a drop. I had a very clever cat friend once who used to dip his paw into narrow-necked jugs and drink the water or milk with it like a spoon, but I could never have been so clever as that."

True Consecration; or, Close Abiding of the Heart in God. By A. M. JAMES. Hatchards.

A HOLY book. Not leavened in any degree with modern perfectionism, but yet setting before the believer the highest conceivable standard, and wisely urging him to press forward towards it. The little book is elegantly got up.

Notes of the Editor's Trip to Mentone.

As we are unable to furnish particulars of anything done in the Christian world, or in our own little domain at the Tabernacle, and are altogether over the edge of public life, we can only fill up our space with notes of our journey in search of health and rest. Some of our friends take such a personal interest in the Pastor himself that they have asked for this, and we do not profess to have modesty enough to refuse their loving request.

Monday, Jan. 22.—We left Charing Cross at 10·45 in company with our beloved deacon, Mr. Joseph Passmore, and two gentlemen whom we have long regarded as our country deacons, Mr. Toller, of Waterbeach, and Mr. Abraham, of Minster, near Oxford. The day was cold, the sea smooth, and the journey from Boulogne to Paris about as dull as other traversers of that monotonous piece of country usually find it: but the yoke was removed from the shoulder, and pleasant companions were with us, and the time sped away. The next day was bitterly cold, and there was a piercing wind, but we saw some of the old sights over again, rode into the Bois de Boulogne, and tried to forget those burdens which have of late seemed so heavy to our soul. We lingered long in the Sainte Chapelle, that glorious vision of azure and crystal. We almost dreamed there of the unclouded skies where the weary are eternally at rest. We should like to gaze upon that gem of purest ray serene every morning in the year; one would surely never tire of such sweetness of light. Verily God maketh man a creature exceeding wise; what must his own wisdom be? By God's blessing the change of scene made our nights more refreshing than they have long been. O sleep, what a boon thou art!

Wednesday, Jan. 24.—We had eleven hours of cold ride to Lyons. The ground was all white with frost, but the country very pleasant to look upon, our track following the course of rivers, and running through many towns with historical associations. We are not going to inflict extracts from Murray upon our readers, or we could spin out a long description. The land is well tilled, and abounds in vineyards and corn lands. It was odd to see a woman driving a plough with two horses, but she seemed well at home at the work, and probably would not thank us for our pity. Mountains in the distance covered with snow made us glad that our iron way was unobstructed, and we sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Lyons was, as we have generally found it, sweltering in fog, and we were glad before eleven at night to be housed at the Hotel de l'Univers, close to the station, though not much aided in our slumbers by the roaring of lions and the trumpeting of elephants confined in a travelling menagerie in the square. We tried to see something in Lyons on Thursday, for there really is a good deal to be seen, but as the fog was too thick for us to do more than dimly discern the opposite banks of the rivers we made but small discoveries, and waited patiently till we felt strong enough for another day's journey. Lyons was no improvement upon London as far as damp and cold were concerned. We had come far and fared no better, but then we knew it would be better on before. We cheerfully traverse weary ways when we have a sunny clime before us. Life itself is such a journey to the land

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

Friday, Jan. 26.—We were off soon after seven for nearly nine hours more of rail. We had a coupé, and so could see all that was to be seen, and could there be more? From the land of vines we glided into the region of mulberries, and on to that of olives, with here and there an orange to mark the neighbourhood of a still sunnier clime. The Rhone was almost constantly in view, rushing between two walls of rock, backed by giant mountain masses, and the views were sublime. We were in the country of the Camisards and other heroic strugglers for our holy faith against the outrageous tyranny and sevenfold persecutions of Popish monarchs,—there was Valence still the headquarters of the Reformed Church in the South, and Orunge, aforetime a city of refuge for the persecuted Huguenot. The blood of saints has bedewed all that fruitful region, and watered the neighbouring desert with its priceless drops. There, too, stands the monstrous dungeon-like pile of Avignon, the perpetual refutation of Rome's lying claim to apostolical succession, and perpetual unity and catholicity. Within these gloomy walls reigned successive Antipopes, making the Papal church a two-headed giant, each head cursing the other with equal vehemence and infallibility. We dined beneath the shadow of the palace walls, and found no terrors in the cave from which Giant Pope has gone to bite his nails, and grin at pilgrims whom he is no longer able to devour. On we went till the blue waters of the Mediterranean informed us that the day's journey was nearly over, and we were near the city of Marseilles. The wind was blowing terribly, and in walking through the streets we were scarcely able to keep upon our feet. So far we had gained in warmth but to no very great degree: damp, however, was gone, and so one factor of rheumatism had disappeared.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27, we were on our way to Hyeres, and found on the road that great coats were an incumbrance, for we were in the heat of an average June day. At Hyeres beneath a cloudless sky, with a blazing sun, we thought we had found the golden isles at last, and could count on a summer holiday in mid-winter. There were avenues of palms, hedges of blooming roses, oranges, and pepper trees, and gardens all in full bearing, and withal a little town as quiet as a country village, just the spot for a Sabbath's halt. In the evening the temperature fell so much as to make the blazing pine logs on the hearth a real luxury, and in cheerful chambers we spent the evening, and at night our sleep was exceeding sweet to us.

The Sabbath was luxurious, no sky could be clearer, no created sun could bear more healing beneath its wings. We thought of beloved ones far away, and as we broke bread together in our chamber in memory of our dying Lord, we had fellowship with the saints at home, yea, and with the whole family in heaven and on earth, and best of all with the ever glorious Head of the One Church "above, beneath." In an olive garden we also whiled away a couple of hours, lying in the blessed sunshine, almost too warm to bear, and speaking together of the goodness of the Lord which we had each experienced.

This is a very cheap spot to sojourn in, the charges being little over five shillings per diem for lodging and three good meals a day, for those who take up permanent residence and do not demand the very best rooms. We cannot imagine a more delightful dwelling place if it were not for one exception, which is not a little one. The sun went down on Sunday night amid great splendour, and the full moon made the scene wondrously clear and lustrous, and all was after Herbert's mind, "so calm so bright"; but the next morning saw a notable change. The sun was equally bright, but the *mistral* was abroad, a terrible wind, which is similar to our east wind with its worst qualities made yet more vicious. How it howled and raved, and raged, and tossed the palms about and bowed the trees and worried everybody! This one could bear; but the dust! Well, it seemed to cut the eyes, fill the hair, and make the teeth grind grit, besides demanding one's hat and lifting the body as if the feet must no longer touch the ground. We gave up the unequal contest and remained indoors on Monday, resolved to remove our tent to Cannes and see whether the boisterous wind was equally abroad on the other side the Estrelles. Thus readily can the Lord stir up our nest, and make us say of the most dainty abode, "Depart ye, depart ye, this is not our rest."

JAN. 30.—The railway journey to Cannes was delightful; every inch of the road is a picture. Among the olive gardens which look so quiet and solemn and old-world-like, the locomotive seems out of place. The contrast took another form when we paused within a stone's throw of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, and saw the remains of fortifications, city gates, and arches of aqueducts. From the age of pagan civilization to the present, very imperfect though it be, what a stride! Could the victims of the arena have foreseen a period like this, they would have called it the age of gold as compared with their own.

Cannes, stretching out its wide arms to embrace a beautiful bay, is quite a different place from Hyeres, not only because it has the seaside element, but because the many villas of the wealthy give it an aristocratic character. It is none the better for that, but it is all the handsomer. The bay is lovely indeed, and the isle of St. Marguerite helps to shut it in and make it the more picturesque. Alas, we had not yet escaped the mistral. In a somewhat quieter mood it had followed us from Hyeres and cast dust upon us as before. Resolved, however, to gain health and strength by exercise, we pushed along the shore to the garden of the Hesperides, where a vast number of orange trees, still loaded with fruit, well justified by their golden apples the name of the garden. What a sight a well-kept garden presents when in full bearing! Here is the reward for abundant labour and expense. Our Lord's garden, for which all has been done that can be done, should be of all others the most fruitful: and truly a church when it yields plenteously its works of faith and labours of love is a sight comparable to Paradise of old, and her ministry becomes as apples of gold in baskets of silver.

We were weary with the day's riding and walking, but found our sleep sweet to us, and our mind like a bird let loose. Blessed be the Lord, who resteth our soul.

JAN. 31.—The wind blew still, and the day was by no means pleasant till a little before noon, when there came a sudden lull and then the gale ceased, and the soft balmy atmosphere comforted us. We took carriage to Grasse, a town above Cannes, more among the mountains, a place where essences, liquours, perfumes, and candied

fruits are manufactured. The road ascended through fields of roses and forests of olive trees, and all along presented pleasant views; but the climax of the journey was the elevated esplanade of Grasse itself from which the far reaching scene is extraordinary, even for a land of beauty. We saw a sea of olives, dotted with villages like islands, and then, beyond all, the Mediterranean. We gazed in delight and wished that we could have lingered the livelong day. Our sojourn, however, was necessarily short, for the day was advanced, and it was needful to reach our hotel before the cold of evening could seize upon us. We observed rose-leaves and violets preserved as sweetmeats after the cunning manner of the confectioner, and for the first time we *tasted* violets and found them as sweet to the mouth as to the nose. Our friends need not be alarmed, we can assure them that our speech will not become flowery, we did not consume sufficient for that. Crack went the whip, and with the skid well on, we descended towards Cannes, dogs rushing out perpetually to bark at the hastening wheels. Cannes and canis must have a mysterious connection, for assuredly no town can boast such a canine population. There are dogs everywhere, and such curs as we never remember to have seen before. We never thought so badly of the canine race before, and are inclined to believe that the hard oriental feeling towards dogs so frequently shown in the Bible must have arisen from there being so many of them in eastern cities, and those of the worst breed.

In wandering through the markets and streets we were pleased to meet the colporteur with his Bibles, and to notice a little square watch-box, by courtesy called a kiosque, upon which some good body had pasted pictures, scriptural cards, and pieces of religious literature. As an indication that a true heart was doing what it could we welcomed this laudable attempt to publish the gospel, but if its author wishes to attract attention the little business should be done a little more artistically, and with somewhat of the common sense which a tradesman would show when displaying his goods. That which is done for Jesus deserves to be done in the best possible style. It is well, however, when we see work done at all, for a voice for Jesus has power in it even if it be not accurate in melody.

We basked in the sun, and watched the waves hour after hour, having no wish for exciting scenes, or picture galleries, or museums: rest, sweet rest, was all we sought, and, finding it, we were content. Cannes abundantly justifies the partiality of Lord Brougham, who here spent his later years; it is a choice spot, even in a land which is the favourite of the sun.

Feb. 2 was a day which we shall not soon forget, for we had a sail past the island of St. Marguerite, in whose gloomy prison once dwelt the man in the iron mask, and, what is more to our purpose, where many Protestant pastors pined away in that terrible period which succeeded the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In later days Marshal Bazaine made his escape from the island in 1874. One would imagine that some back door must have been left open, and that sentinels winked very hard, or the bird would not have flown. Our voyage took us to the island of St. Honorat, which in early times was to this region what Iona was to Scotland, an island of saints. Honorat, in the opening years of the fifth century, retired to this little isle, and attracted around him a number of students, many of whom became such famous missionaries that the Romish church has enrolled them among her saints. The best known to our readers will be Patrick, the evangelizer of Ireland. Christianity was then almost as pure as at the first, and we can well imagine the holy quietude in which hundreds of good men spent the years of their preparation for future ministry among the rocks of this sea-girt isle. It must have been a Patmos to them, with constant meditation and prayer, and when they left its holy shores, they went forth, full of zeal, to cry like John the divine, "the Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." In all ages it has seemed good unto the Lord to gather men around some favoured instructor, and enable them, under his guidance, to sharpen their swords for the battle of life. Thus did Honorat and Columba in the olden time, and so did Wycliffe and Luther and Calvin in the Reformation times, train the armies of the Lord for their mission. Schools of the prophets are a prime necessary if the power of religion is to be kept alive and propagated in the land. As we sat under the umbrageous pines by the calm sea, and gazed upon the almost more than earthly scene around, our heart swelled with great desires, and our prayer went up to heaven that we also might do something to convert the nations ere we go hence and be no more. If God wills it we may yet commence new missionary operations, and we

mean on our return to call our men together to pray about it. Perhaps there are warm hearts at home which may be moved to pray with us, and something may yet come out of our meditations among the pines of St. Honorat.

FEB. 3 saw us safely landed at Mentone, our delicious haven of rest. VALE.

Mr. Morison Cumming has accepted a call from the church at New Barnet, N. The chapel is one built by the London Baptist Association during the Rev. F. Tucker's presidency.

Another brother, Mr. A. E. Spicer, has also just settled in Cornwall, having accepted an invitation to the church at Hayle.

Letter from Mr. Spurgeon.

BELOVED FRIENDS,—I have heard with the utmost satisfaction of the enthusiasm with which the special services have been taken up by so many of you. It is a token for good which encourages my largest expectations. The anxiety of the church for conversions is in a very distinct manner connected with the desired result: for that desire leads to increased prayer, and so secures the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, and it also inspires an ardent zeal which sets believers working for the salvation of those around them, and this also is sure to produce fruit. I look therefore for the conversion of many with as much confidence as I look for the ships to arrive at their haven when a fair wind is blowing.

To those who are thus earnest for the Lord's glory I send my heart's gratitude, and for those who are not as yet aroused to like ardour, I put up my fervent prayers that they may no longer lag behind their brethren. Our children are growing up around us, our great city is daily adding to its enormous bulk, and our cemeteries are being gorged with the dead; so long as one soul remained unsaved and in danger of the unquenchable fire, it behoves every Christian to be diligent to spread abroad the healing savour of the Redeemer's name. Woe unto that man who conceals the light, while men are stumbling in the darkness. Woe unto him who keeps back the bread of life in the season of famine. Beloved, I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak.

Persevering, quiet believers, who in secret implore the divine blessing, and then regularly give their aid to the continuous worship, service, and intercession of the church, are the strength of the brotherhood, the main body of the hosts of the Lord. Let all such rejoice because their labour is not in vain in the Lord.

But we need also dashing spirits who will lead on in continually renewed efforts: thoughtful, practical men and women who will suggest and commence aggressive movements. We have such among us, but others need to be pressed into the service. One should canvass for the Sabbath-school, another should break up fresh tract districts, and a third should commence a cottage service, and a fourth should preach in a court or alley which has not been as yet visited. Brethren, we must all do all that can be done for Jesus, for the time is at hand when we must give in our account, and our Master is at hand.

Beloved in the Lord, my joy and crown, walk in all love to each other, in holiness towards God and in uprightness and kindness towards all men. Peace be with you all.

May those who have heard the gospel among us, but have not as yet felt its power, be found by the Lord during the services which have been held in my absence. If they have escaped the net when I have thrown it, may some brother fisher of souls be more successful with them. It is very hard *to think* of one of our hearers being lost for ever, but how much harder will it be for them to endure in their own persons eternal ruin! May the great lover of men's souls put forth his pierced hand, and turn the disobedient into the way of peace.

I am most grateful to report that my health is restored, my heart is no longer heavy, my spirits have revived, and I hope to return to you greatly refreshed.

Loving friends in Christ, I beg to be continually remembered in your prayers. I send my love to my co-pastor and true helper, to the deacons, elders, and every one of you in Christ Jesus.

Yours heartily,

Mentone, Feb. 13. C. H. SPURGEON.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 17th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Jory	0	5	0
Mr. Sholl	1	0	0
North Finchley	0	10	0
Mr. J. Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. Rothine	1	1	0
Mr. E. Tucker	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hunt	1	1	0
Charlie and Addie	0	5	0
A. E. R.	0	6	0
Mr. J. S. Cumming	0	10	0
G. B.	5	0	0
Miss Brown	1	12	6
Rev. A. Tessier	0	10	0
A Ploughman	0	10	0
N. M.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	15	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0
Miss Jack	0	10	0
Miss Jane J. Turnbull	0	10	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. J. Miller	2	0	0
A. Y.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland	0	10	9
Mr. H. W. Butler	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. E. Neals	5	0	0
Mr. Smith	2	0	0
Dr. MacEwan	3	3	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. E. Townshend	1	0	0
Lucy Spencer	0	2	6
Mr. Howlett	10	0	0
Romans vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
Dr. A. C. Air	1	1	0
A Friend, per Miss Scates	1	0	0
Mrs. H.	0	2	0
Mrs. and Miss H.	0	8	0
Mrs. S.	0	6	0
Mr. R. Finlayson	0	10	6
Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	10	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dowen	8	0	0
Collection at King Street, Reading	12	13	8
Collection at Victoria Place, Paisley	4	10	3
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Jan. 21	20	11	1
" " " " 28	26	10	6
" " " Feb. 4	29	5	5
" " " " 11	38	1	6
" " " " 18	26	10	6
	£200	9	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 17th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
J. G.	1	0	0
Four Silver Circles	0	4	0
T. S.	5	0	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	6	6
Mr. G. Murphy	0	5	0
Mr. Clark	1	1	0
Children of Eld Lane Sunday School	2	12	9
Mr. A. Fowler	0	5	0
Auchmull	0	10	0
Collected at Lord's Table, North Finchley	1	0	0
Willie Chadwick's Box	0	5	0
Mr. T. Stimpson, per W. W. B.	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Barrett	0	5	0
Mrs. Bincks	0	10	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	0	0
Collection at Acton, per Rev. C. M. Longhurst	12	0	0
Miss Walbran	5	0	0
Charlie and Addie	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Saugster	1	5	0
Mrs. Hall	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. Jardine	0	2	6
Mrs. Maynard and Family	2	0	0
Cross Gates Mission School	0	5	0
A Widow	0	10	0
Sunday School, Gorebridge, per Rev. T. Forsyth	1	0	0
Rev. A. Tessier	0	10	0
In Memory of Thomas and Agnes, per Mr. Baker	4	0	0
T. E. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. Bates	0	10	0
A few Friends in Malta	3	0	0
Proceeds of the Lecture by Rev. W. Usher, New Malden	2	17	8
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
Chelmsford	0	1	0
Miss Bomford	5	0	0
Mrs. Newbery	0	3	0
Beatrice Waterman	0	2	0
Mr. F. Bailey	0	6	0
Auchnagalt	0	6	0
Mr. W. Barnes	0	5	0
Mr. W. Sherlock	0	7	0
N. M.	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Jardine	1	0	0
Fordell Mission Sunday School	0	8	6
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
A Mite	0	1	0
A Servant Girl	0	2	0
L. H. and Tilly	0	2	0
Mr. A. Debenham	5	0	0
Odd Farthings and Half-pence taken at the Metropolitan Store	1	4	6
Mrs. Piner	0	2	4
Mrs. Mills	0	15	10
In Memoriam	3	0	0
Thomas M. Metcalfe	0	1	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Davies	0	5	0
Mrs. Baker	0	12	0
Mr. Young	1	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. H. Hughes	1	1	0
Mr. J. Miller	2	0	0
Mr. C. C. Harris	5	0	0
A. Y.	1	0	0
Mrs. Petty	1	0	0
Mr. R. Cookson	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. J. Osmond	2	2	0
From a Lighthouse	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Groves	1	0	0
Mrs. Goodson	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Wheeler	1	0	0
Box (no name)	0	6	10
Mr. Kelley, per Mr. Wigney	0	5	0
Mr. Wadland	0	5	0
Mr. Tingle	0	5	0
E. E.	1	0	0
Miss Jessie B. Moore	1	0	0
"More blessed to give than to receive"	0	2	0
Lucy Spencer	0	2	6
H. and W.	0	6	0
Mr. James	3	0	0
Mrs. Povey	0	8	0
Mr. Hares	2	10	0
Mr. Nichols	0	7	0
Mr. Howlett	5	0	0
Mrs. Morley	0	8	0
E. T. H.	0	14	0
Valentine	0	5	0
Dr. A. C. Air	2	2	0
Communion Service, West Croydon Chapel	13	7	6
F. W.	1	0	0
A Friend, per Miss Scates	1	0	0
Dr. McAll	1	1	0
C. S.	0	4	0
Mr. Macpherson	0	10	0
Mr. Murdoch	0	2	0
Mr. Finlayson	0	10	0
Mrs. Colthrup	0	10	0
Mr. P. J. Wilkins	1	1	0
Miss Groves	1	0	0
Sale of Fruit, per Mr. Belcher	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	10	0
A Thankoffering, per A. W. and E. S.	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
A Sick Friend in Workhouse Infirmary	0	2	0
Mrs. McAlister	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bowman	1	0	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth—			
Stamps (Anon.)	0	2	0
C. Hunting	2	0	0
T. P. Alder (annual)	1	1	0
Mr. Ponsford (annual)	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Palmer	10	0	0
A Friend, Southampton, per J. M. Smith	1	0	0
J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
Mr. Goslin	5	0	0
Stamps (Post Mark "Deal")	0	1	0
Scholars of Baptist Sunday School, Evesham, per Mr. Warmington	2	13	6
The Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter	0	10	0
Collecting Book, G. Coleman	0	16	6
Thirty-nine Coins in Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates	0	7	9
			26 1 9
			£138 16 2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Load of Firewood, K.; an Antimacassar, Anon.; Fullerton's Atlas, Anon.; a Sack of Flour, Mr. Nye; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

In last month's account Mrs. Pavey £2 should have been Mr. and Mrs. Parry.

Colportage Association.

	£	s	d.
Subscriptions for Districts:—			
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Ironbridge District	10	0	0
Wrexham District	10	0	0
Melton Mowbray District	10	0	0
Witney District	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	17	10	0
Matlock District	16	1	9
Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Parkend and Lydney District	7	10	0
Maldon, per S. Spurgeon, Esq.	2	10	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Ludlow District	10	0	0
Wellington (Salop) District	10	0	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Worcester Colportage Association	30	0	0
Bacup Ebenezer Baptist Church	10	0	0
T. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Dudley West District	10	0	0
Leamington District	10	0	0
Baptist Church, Nottingham, per Pastor Rev. E. J. Silverton	10	0	0
	£211	1	9

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund.	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. P. Coleman	0	4	9
Collecting Box, Mr. Hargest	0	0	7
Collecting Box, Mr. J. Taylor	0	7	6
Collecting Box, Mr. W. J. Hinton	0	11	2
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
Mr. J. Pullen	1	0	0
Mr. Fawcett	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
Penny in Pound	0	8	0
Lucy Spencer	0	2	6
Mr. Howlett	5	0	0
Mr. C. G. Baker	0	5	0
Mr. Romang	1	0	0
Longport	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Fitzgerald:—			
Miss E. M. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Brett	0	2	6
Mrs. F. A. D. Williams	0	2	6
Small Sums	0	6	6
	1	11	6
Mr. Wilkinson, per Mr. Buckingham	0	5	0
For Capital Fund:—			
J. P. Bacon, Esq.	10	0	0
James Nutter, Esq., Cambridge	10	0	0
Andrew Dunn, Esq.	5	5	0
John Houghton, Esq.	10	0	0
John Stewart, Esq.	10	0	0
	45	5	0
	£65	10	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.

APRIL, 1877.

A Church we know of.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

APTNESS to discover and report faults is a very common gift. A good nose for heresy and a quick ear for slander are very ordinary endowments. In the Book of Record there are innumerable entries concerning the worldliness, discord, and general declension of the churches, and some of these are as full of lamentation as the prophet's roll. If it be *faithfulness* to publish failures and sins on the part of God's people, there has certainly been no lack of faithfulness in these last days; it even strikes us that the virtue has been a little overdone. Wise men and fools have been alike eager to try their pens at writing bitter things against the degenerate church of God. One could have wished that there had been more plentiful traces of tears blotting the record, and that the penman's hand had quivered a little with sorrowful emotion; but still the memorial has been made with stern fidelity, and nothing has been extenuated. A ruthless severity which has never fallen short of the truth has drawn the indictment, collected the evidence, and commented thereon unsparingly. Well, there may have been a need for all this; at least it will be wisest for the church to receive it all in the spirit of the saint who said, "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness, and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head." At any rate let us hope that those who penned the charges and reported the evil deeds were themselves all the easier when they had relieved their minds.

Let the way of the faithful faultfinders shine with honour: we have,

however, no wish to follow in their track while speaking of a church and people that are just now in our thoughts, and we could not if we would, for it would require us to be false to facts and untrue to our own heart. If all churches were as a church we know of, if all manifested the same unity, concord, and zeal, the very smallest drop of gall which ever entered into the composition of ink would be far too much to write out the complaints of a century. The reader may accuse us of partiality, but we cannot help it: if others have taken leave to vilify dissenting churches, both in the measured language of distinct accusation and by the sneering caricatures of fiction, we also will have our say and give forth our opinion and experience concerning the one church of which we are better able to judge than any other living man. Facts are facts, and ought to be as freely stated to honour as to dishonour. Is detraction necessarily more impartial than praise? Must justice of necessity condemn? Is it not as faithful to praise the good as to censure the evil? So far as we can judge, the popular part is that of the censorious critic, while he who praises will certainly be suspected and will probably be condemned as a flatterer, or an injudicious partisan. We accept the difficult and unenviable position, and will speak the truth, come what may of it.

The pastor of a church which we know of was weary in mind and needed rest. He had but to intimate the need, and he was urged to seek repose at once. He felt that he could not leave his post just then, but no tie held him at his work except such as he himself felt to be binding. Not a whisper laid a constraint upon him. All his friends wished him to do as he judged best, and what is better, they furnished him with the means to make holiday whenever he pleased. Quietly and unostentatiously this was attended to as a matter of course, but it was none the less gratefully received. No one had any wish but that the pastor whom they loved should find refreshment from mental strain, and come back full of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

In due time the pastor was gone—what then? Did matters flag, congregations fall off, and prayer-meetings decline? Far otherwise. Of course there was less of a crowd of outsiders at Sabbath services, but *the* people, the flock, did not wander; it was their point of honour to fill the house, and let the good men who occupied the pastor's place feel that they were appreciated. Good old Dr. Liefchild used to tell a merry story of his chapel-keeper, which is worth repeating. "Ah, Doctor," said the old lady, "there is one point in which I admire you above all the preachers I ever knew, for the most of them when they go away fill up their pulpits with any sticks they can find, but you never do that. I was only saying the other day that you never go out but what you send us a better preacher than yourself." The pastor we are writing of always endeavours to imitate Dr. Liefchild in this point, and if he does not elicit quite so outspoken an eulogium he at any rate tries to deserve it. Yet even with the best substitutes, certain fickle ones will not be kept at home, and therefore it is the more pleasant to meet with a church which is free from this fault. Nothing can be worse than to see a people scattered hither and thither because their elect preacher is unavoidably absent; it looks as if the work depended upon a single life, and it raises the suspicion that the faith of the hearers stands rather

in the force of human teaching than in the power of the Holy Ghost. If ever a church member should vacate his seat it should not be in the minister's absence, for it sets an ill example and tends greatly to the discouragement of the servant of the Lord who has undertaken to minister temporarily in the congregation. The people of whom we write escape all just remark on this score, though from the absence of the strangers and the mixed multitude of curiosity-hearers some have taken opportunity to offer ungenerous and untruthful insinuations.

But what of the prayer-meetings? The church which is now in our mind's eye has always been given to prayer, and its assemblies for supplication constitute its main peculiarity and its source of strength. Some have hinted that interesting addresses are the potent attraction and that the presence of the pastor is a lodestone to many. How then did the preacher's absence tell upon the gatherings? Did the numbers dwindle down? No, they were greater rather than less. The praying people felt all the more their responsibility to sustain the sacred work of intercession, and therefore they mustered in full force; they would not desert the junior pastor, and the deacons and elders, rather did they feel that they must rally round them, and make the meetings for supplication more hearty and more prevalent. The senior pastor was prayed for with all the greater freedom because of his absence, and all his helpers were also the more fervently commended to the divine keeping, because of the extra duties which devolved upon them. The Holy Spirit gave life to the supplications, and the praying brethren being many, and well led by earnest officers, the prayer-meetings were memorably excellent, and full of refreshment.

But it will at least be imagined that special efforts would slacken, or perhaps be suspended. Cruel sneers at the "one-man ministry" are often backed up by the question, "If the one man were gone, what would you do?" The church of which we are now writing is a fair specimen of this much-decried one-man ministry, and what is its fruit, what are its capacities when the despised "one man" is out of the way? Why, it is so soundly vital, so universally at work, so independent of any one individual, that it of its own accord selected the period of the senior pastor's vacation for the holding of special services that there might be no call upon *him* for extra exertion, and that there might be an additional hold upon the young people to compensate for his absence. Those services under the divine blessing were attended with the best results. At the very commencement interest was excited, and very soon enthusiasm was aroused; the officers were punctually at their posts, and the members who are addicted to soul-winning were there too; speakers were found among themselves, and, supplemented by brother ministers, sufficed to arouse and sustain the revival spirit. Week after week the services went on with growing energy, backsliders were restored, saints quickened, and sinners converted. The brethren, as one man, put their necks to the work of the Lord, and laboured with double diligence. Beloved leaders were to the front, but there was no lack of the rank and file. The people needed no eloquent appeals or pressing exhortations, they had a mind to the Redeemer's glory, and therefore each one conscientiously took his place and filled it, and the Lord smiled on the united and earnest work of his people. No one could ascribe honour to

the one man in the conversions wrought during his absence, and at the same time there was no fear of his instrumentality being despised among so attached a people, and therefore it seemed good unto the Lord to bless the efforts of his servants very remarkably. What a joy is this to the minister! How deeply he loves, and how greatly he honours the brethren who have thus dealt faithfully to the great Head of the church! What union of heart he feels with his noble band of helpers! God is very gracious in having raised up such men, and in having made them able to go in and out before the Lord's people with zeal and discretion, clothed with the divine power.

Content, yea, delighted, to consecrate their substance and their gifts to the common cause, some of them labour more abundantly for the church than for their own secular business, while others to whom worldly possessions are denied do not envy their fellows, but heap up such things as they have upon the altar of the Lord, and by the unceasing sacrifice of time and toil for the good of the church earn unto themselves a good degree. Strife as to which shall be the greatest is altogether banished, but a sacred emulation as to which shall best conduct his own department still remains. Imperfect tempers, and erring dispositions are kept in check by the divine Spirit, and a powerful public sentiment of love and unity rules the little commonwealth, so that incipient evils are nipped in the bud. The Lord has done it, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Poor human nature could never compass a score years of peaceful fellowship, but a baptism into the one Spirit has accomplished it, and works mightily still to the same end. Glory be to God for it.

But did no work flag? None. The over-looking eye doeth much; did not some things drag when in some measure let alone? No, not so much as one. The workers were more than ordinarily diligent, and the various agencies were rather quickened than retarded. Contributions did not fall off, the weekly offering was up to its general average; in fact, in the direction of liberality certain special matters were devised, arranged, and carried through with peculiar promptitude, and were reported to the pastor only as accomplished facts. The watchman's eye fails to detect a failure anywhere, and it is lifted to heaven in adoring gratitude because "all is well."

These things are not written to magnify man, nor out of mere personal affection, but that they may stimulate others. This church prospers with the increase of God, and do you wonder? Where there is little love between pastor and people can the good work succeed? Where everything depends upon incessant whip and spur can there be real prosperity? Where the work of the Lord is official business, and the members find little else to do except to gossip, dispute, and quarrel, can the Holy Spirit dwell with them? There must be the graces of love, unity, zeal, or we cannot expect to see the hand of the Lord stretched out in power. We are afraid that there are churches still in existence where every church-meeting is anticipated with anxiety lest it should be made a season of debate, where family feuds poison the springs of Christian fellowship, and where differences of opinion upon vital doctrines effectually prevent any approach to spiritual unity. Under such conditions edification may be sighed for in vain, and the conversion of sinners may be regarded as most improbable. Surely

there has been enough of that scrupulosity which wars a fierce warfare about microscopic points, and it is time to turn our care and energy into a more profitable direction. To remove everything which genders unto strife, to overcome evil with no weapon but love, to be eager to do service to the least of the Lord's people, and to be on a blaze with zeal for his cause—this is far, far better than cold decorum and watchful suspicion. Whatever else is lacking in a church, *love* must be present, or the best sign of blessing is absent. How sweetly does the inspired poet rehearse the praises of fraternal unity! But his warmest expressions are justified by experience.

> "Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell!"

Let churches do less in criticising their minister, and do more in praying for him; let them expect less from *him* and more from God; let them, as a whole, arise and put on strength; let them have no strife but which shall best serve the brotherhood to edification, and they will yet see the windows of heaven opened and a blessing poured out upon them unspeakably beyond their largest hopes. "The same God over all is rich unto all that call upon him." He is a sovereign, but yet he acts according to recognised rule, and when a people are loving, living, labouring, and longing for his presence, that presence will be vouchsafed. When church fellowship is not a mere name, but a blessed, joyful, active reality, when those who are called "brethren," are really so, then may we look for the blessing which maketh rich. Only the Lord can give to a church the condition requisite for success, but when he gives it he will not fail to send the corresponding increase. Churches need to be more loving within if they would be more powerful without. They must be more hearty, and more like a family; the shepherd and the flock must be on more tender terms, and brotherhood must be brotherhood indeed, and then shall we see greater things than these.

We have not space to give the letters which the pastor from Sabbath to Sabbath addressed to his loving people, but one telegram which he sent and the reply are worthy to be remembered, as they fairly express the mutual love and esteem which fills their hearts. The telegram from the pastor ran thus:—"*To my beloved church. John's Second Epistle, third and twelfth verses.*" This, when written out in full, reads as follows:—"Grace be with you, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love. Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

The answer sent was as follows:—"Yours to hand. Our reply. To our beloved Pastor. We give thanks always to God for you, making mention of you in our prayers. Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope, in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father."

Bernardino Ochino.*

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THERE must be something in a volume of which the Rev. Willliam Arthur writes, "This is a book that will make its way into our language and into others, and in each new language it will make its way to the favour of many readers." Written by a German Protestant in Rome—a fact which speaks very loudly of the altered state of things in the year of grace 1876—every page bears trace of the loving labours of a competent scholar, and as a contribution to the history of the Reformation, it will be highly prized by every ecclesiastical student. Mr. Arthur's preface gives expression to his own estimate of the interest and importance of the work. "Henceforth," he says, "it is the lot of Ochino to be known. Italy will, on one side execrate, on another side adopt him, but she cannot bury him any more." We are indebted for the translation to Helen Zimmern, who has succeeded in presenting to the English reader a volume of intense interest.

It is with some difficulty that the author is able to decide the date of Ochino's birth. He fixes it in 1487. Ochino is a pseudonym of very doubtful etymology. His father's name was Domenico Tommasini. Nothing scarcely is known of his early years, but it is certain that he had attained the age of manhood when Aonio Paleario visited Siena, Ochino's native place, in the year 1530. Writing to his friends of the city of his adoption, Paleario says, "Siena is situated on charming hills, the surrounding country is fruitful, and produces all things in plenty. But discord arrays its burghers in arms against each other, and all their strength is exhausted in party strife." The town is situated some twenty-four miles to the south of Florence, on the high road to Rome.

One of the earliest recorded facts in the life of Ochino is the mention of his determination to gain heaven by austerity and self-denial. The preaching of Savonarola had produced a profound impression throughout the Italian peninsula, and the convents greedily received those whose consciences were alarmed, and who sought within their walls the coveted passport to the heavenly world. We cannot better exhibit the legal system of Romanism than by quoting the testimony of Ochino after he had found the more excellent way. He says, "When I was a young man, I was under the delusion, which still prevails among those who are under the imperious sway of Antichrist, that we could earn our salvation by our own works. I thought that it was our duty, and within our power, to expiate our sins by fasting, prayer, continence, vigils, and such like, and thus gain Paradise for ourselves, though not without the assistance of God's grace. Impelled by the desire to save my soul, I went about pondering what path I should choose. The religious orders appeared holy to me, for were they not sanctioned by the Romish church, which I deemed infallible? But among them all, the rule of the friars of St. Francis, named the Observants, seemed to me

* Bernardino Ochino (Pr. Okeeno) of Siena; a contribution towards the History of the Reformation. By Karl Benrath. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 21, Berners Street.

the strictest, severest, and most harsh. Hence I concluded that it must best represent the teachings of Christ, and I entered this order. But I did not find what I expected. Still, as no better way offered itself to my blinded understanding, I remained in the order until the Capuchins arose. When I beheld the severity of their life, I put on their garb, yet not without a severe struggle with my carnal wisdom and sensuousness. I now deemed to have found what I sought; and I well remember that I turned to Christ with 'Lord, if I don't now save my soul, I know not what more I can do.' Was I not a very Pharisee? I may say with St. Paul, 'I profited in the Jews' religion above many mine equals in mine own nation.'" Although Ochino thinks he was preserved from many sins into which he might have fallen as a layman and attaches some value to his initiation into "contemplative theology," during the period of his conventual residence, we are conscious of a feeling of regret that such an earnest seeker did not, at first, discover God's way of peace, and escape the perils of monasticism.

Failing to find the salvation he sought amongst the Observants, he attributed his failure to the relaxed discipline of the order, and in 1534 sought the consent of the Pope to his admission into the Capuchin order—the most austere of all religious bodies. The Pope assented, and he was received with open arms by the new fraternity, which had not long enjoyed the papal sanction. The Capuchin order being regarded as a formidable rival of the Conventuals and the Observants, grave charges were preferred against it, and the members were summoned to Rome and expelled by the order of Clement VII. from the sacred city. Popular feeling, however, was in their favour, excited as it was by their procession through the streets of the city, for three days headed by a hermit with a long white beard. "Woe for thee," h cried vehemently, "Woe, unto thee, O Rome! Thou lovest to harbou harlots and drunkards, thou nourishest dogs, and thou wouldest banis the Capuchins." The Pope succeeded in getting out of the difficulty in which he found himself by ruling that the order of banishment was only temporary.

Ochino's fame as a preacher dates from this period, and he was made one of the generals of his order. He was universally regarded as a man of great sanctity, and several towns pleaded for the honour of a visit from him to preach the Lenten sermon. It was feared that his austerities would prove fatal. "Wherever he was to preach the citizens might be seen in crowds; no church was large enough to contain the multitude of listeners." Often the guest of nobles, he disdained all luxuries. "If a bed had been prepared for him, he begged permission to rest on a more comfortable pallet, spread his cloak on the ground, and laid down to rest." On the incapacity of the vicar-general of his order through sickness, Ochino was elected to fill the place for three years, and under his rule the order reached unprecedented eminence. In many of the churches where he preached scaffoldings were erected to accommodate the people, and the tiles were removed from the roofs of neighbouring houses that his words might find access. The demands for his services were such that the Pope reserved to himself the right to determine where he should preach. It must have been difficult to refuse such a petition as this—"We beg you earnestly and heartily, for the love of Christ, if ever you

wished to perform something at once for the weal of our city and for the glory of God, put all other matters aside at present, even though it may be difficult to you, to come here to preach before Christmas. For all the citizens are firmly convinced that your preaching will be of great effect; that by your sermons the glory of God will be greatly increased in this city, and that you will thus reap rich gains by the universal welfare and the salvation of souls. We hope, nay, we are firmly convinced, that your reverence, counting the glory of God above everything, and desiring with your whole heart the good of your native city, as you have always shown us that you willingly accede to our wishes, will allow nothing to prevent you from coming to us." This is sufficient to prove how eagerly the people hailed the preaching of Ochino which, if it did not set forth in all its fulness "justification by faith," was certainly in advance of the ordinary teaching of the church of Rome. Preaching, except as a means of instructing the people in the observance of the mass, and the traditions of the church, was but little practised by the clergy. The preacher, indeed, was not regarded as the ambassador for Christ so much as the agent of the church to enforce its authority over the conscience and the life. A man resolutely determined to seek the salvation of his fellow-men, though his ministry was marred by defects in doctrine—possessed of the power of eloquence, rare in any day, rarer still in his, Ochino could not fail to command an audience and to produce an impression for good. Very little of doctrinal teaching characterized his ministry at this period; he dealt almost exclusively in denunciations of sins, and exhortations to a holy life; still, even this was an immense gain upon the histrionic performances of the ordinary priests. The following passage in a sermon on "Confession of Sin and Penitence," must have fallen with strange power upon the ears of an Italian audience from a priest in the pulpit of a Romish church. "Another learns the list of sins by heart, so that when he comes before his father confessor he can show himself a good Christian by repeating his sins in succession, with certain humble expressions, that make him appear a man that truly fears God. Thus a certain nun, who desired to prove herself a true disciple of Christ, began, 'Oh, Father Confessor, I acknowledge that of all others in the convent I am the most haughty, the most careless, and most ungodly,' and so forth, in expressions of exaggerated humility, so that the wise and experienced father saw through her, and answered, 'My daughter, I knew that before; they have told me that thou wast the haughtiest, most careless, ungodly of all in the convent, and therefore surely thou art not worthy to bear the dress of thy order.' Oh! how the nun flew at him! 'Father, you are too credulous; it is not so bad.' And yet she had just told him the same thing in her confession." In the same sermon the following sentence occurs, which clearly proves that Ochino was beginning to cast aside the grave-clothes of a dead formalism, and that the light of the gospel was struggling to overcome the darkness of a corrupt tradition: "The exactest and deepest avowal of sin consists in this, that we regard Christ crucified for us in the mirror of pure faith and ardent love."

As many in the present day, even amongst Protestants, are enamoured of the conventual life, we commend to them the testimony

of Ochino, based upon his own experience and observation. "Many enter, and leave their own parents, their brothers or sisters, even their children, in want, or, at any rate, their neighbours, to whom they could be useful. They shut themselves up in convents, feed themselves fat, and are useless and burdensome to the world. If we could see to the bottom of their hearts we should find that they go into the convent out of despair, want, or cowardice, because they have lost courage to rule themselves, or, out of laziness, to live in idleness to the sound of bells, or, at best, to atone for their sins by works and penance, and gain credit in the eyes of God. Oh, we should not find one who entered the convent for the glory of God." If it be replied that his judgment was influenced by his defection, it must be admitted that the verdict is supported by testimony which cannot be refuted.

In 1523, about fifty or sixty Catholics, under Leo X. formed themselves into a society at Rome called the "Oratory of Divine Love," having for their object the amendment of the church. They pledged themselves to visit the churches more diligently, to pray more frequently at sacred spots, to celebrate mass more regularly, in short, to all actions by which Catholicism seeks to awaken and foster the religious sentiment. The basis was too narrow for any substantial reform. Yet this movement was the immediate precursor of the Reformation.

Ochino was now brought under the influence of Juan Valdez, a Spanish nobleman, resident in Naples, who played an important part in the Reformation. It was said of him that he was "a noble knight by the grace of Cæsar, but a more noble knight by the grace of Christ." Valdez became the centre and the bond of a number of distinguished men and women who were "impelled by the one desire to attain a purer conception of Christianity, and a more perfect representation of it in their own lives." The Scriptures were read by this little community, and such works as Bucer's Commentary on the Gospel of Matthew, Luther on the Psalms, and Calvin's Institutes, were discussed. With these they forged the weapons of the Reformation. Ochino's orthodoxy as a Papist was now suspected, and the Theatines, who were the heresy hunters of the time, sent spies to all the churches where he was announced to preach. Amongst other proofs of his declension they adduced the following:—"Augustine had said, 'God, who created thee without thy co-operation, will not save thee without thy co-operation;' but Ochino twists the sense of these words into the contrary meaning, by turning them into a question—'Will not God, who has created thee without thy co-operation, save thee without thy co-operation?'" It was no concern of his accusers that Augustine found a truer exponent in Ochino than in the general teachers of their church.

One remarkable feature in the case of Ochino is this—his enforced obedience to the rules of his order in spite of the growing conviction that such obedience was not necessary to his salvation. He says, "I anxiously obeyed all natural, moral, ecclesiastical, and evangelical observances, and not only those observances contained in the rules of St. Francis, but everything which our fathers had established in the provincial and general chapters." And yet he makes the startling statement, "I had not been long among the Capuchins before the Lord began to open my eyes. He taught me to recognize three things;

firstly, that Christ had done enough for his elect, and had obtained Paradise for them—that he alone is our righteousness; secondly, that the vows of human institution are not only not binding, but even immoral; thirdly, that the Roman church, although outwardly brilliant to the bodily eye, is nevertheless an abomination to the eyes of the Lord." There may be a heroism about his obedience to his vows, but he was certainly guilty of cowardice in resisting the truth and suppressing his convictions. That he suffered so much and imperilled so much more by pursuing this course may suffice to redeem him from the suspicion of a selfish ambition. In vain he had observed masses, recited paternosters, and chastised his body by fasts and flagellations, for he observes—"under the semblance of doing good, I had, really, persecuted Christ and his gospel, and had departed the further from God the more I had tried to attain him by storming him by works." He endeavours to justify his inconsistency in holding this belief and yet shrinking from its full avowal by the following plea of expediency—"I saw that the eyes of Italy were so weak that I should have hurt them grievously if I had let them look full on the great light, Christ, as it had been revealed to me. The scribes and pharisees who govern Italy would have killed me. I, therefore, thought it better not to reveal the great light of the gospel so suddenly, but, gradually showing it, accommodating myself to their weak powers of sight." Such a confession as this, pitiable as it is, must not be visited with a censure too severe in his case, but it must not be justified by any apology. To stifle convictions by expediency, and to compromise truth by complicity with error, is a policy which defeats the most excellent intentions and degrades a man's moral nature. In every department of life the resolution which Norman McLeod embodies in the following stanza is the truest wisdom :—

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right."

Notwithstanding his studied ambiguity in preaching he could not escape the suspicion of heresy, and he was forbidden to fulfil an engagement to preach in Venice. His friend Terenziano was committed to a dungeon, where he remained several years for preaching boldly the same doctrines which Ochino believed.

The shadow of the Inquisition now began to fall darkly on the heart of Ochino, and he received a citation to appear in Rome. To respond was to rush into the lion's mouth; to refuse obedience was to challenge pursuit. At length he resolved to leave Italy and seek the freedom for which his soul had yearned, but which he had denied himself by his own deliberate policy. He reached Geneva, and Calvin speaks of him as "a fugitive Italian, an old man of venerable appearance." His austere mode of living had told upon his constitution and he had aged beyond his years. He remained in Geneva three years on good terms with the Reformers, and employed the greater part of his time in writing gospel pamphlets for circulation in Italy. The following passage expresses the sum of his teaching at this time:—"We do not attain

paradise through the observance of divine ordinances, but Christ has won it for us on the cross. It is no wages for servants, but an inheritance for children. God does not sell it to us as a trader, but he gives it us as a father. It is sufficient for us to have a living faith, a faith we cannot attain through our own understanding and strength because it is a gift of God. And even if it were our own work, we should not be saved because our faith deserved salvation, but through Christ alone."

In 1545, Ochino, who had visited Basle and Strasburg with letters of commendation from Calvin, settled in Augsburg as preacher to the Italian congregation, but receiving a call to England, he set out in company with Peter Martyr, and the two companions were entertained by Cranmer at Lambeth Palace. Martyr was named professor of theology at Oxford, and Ochino was appointed prebendary of Canterbury, without being obliged to go into residence. He was allowed a salary of a hundred marks out of the king's privy purse, and preached to a congregation of Italian refugees in London. He only remained in England six years, for on the death of Edward VI. the reaction set in under Queen Mary and all Protestants had to seek safety either in recantation or flight. Returning to the Continent, he took up his residence at Basle, but receiving a call to the pastorate of the Italian congregation in Zurich, he entered upon his duties with an unabated zeal. Here he was joined again by Peter Martyr, and the two Reformers laboured together in spreading sound Protestant doctrine. The controversy with Rome was a simple matter compared with the controversy occasioned by the failure of the various sections of Protestants to agree among themselves. The discussions were most unprofitable; they rendered unity impossible and weakened the forces which should have been arrayed against the Romish system in resistless concentration. While at Zurich Ochino became involved in arguing a question of morals, and fell a victim to his expediency. This was the one great blemish of his character. In theology his expediency and even compromise of truth had been condoned, but in the realm of morals it was not to be tolerated. His doctrine was condemned, and the council dismissed him from his congregation and banished him from their city and domains,—a sentence harsh in the extreme. He was driven from Zurich, and afterwards from Basle, a widower with four young children, during a severe winter. He was forced to fly to the distant kingdom of Poland, and thence to Moravia. He had been tossed about the world, hither and thither, like a ball. He had already reached his 76th year and was suffering from the troubles and infirmities of age. Although he was equipped with such exceptional endowments, and had brought the Reformed church so much honour, he was exiled with no more regret than is expressed in the report to the council by his examiners:—"We are sincerely grieved that this aged man, who came here when seventy years old, and who had before then won a great name, should be involved in this trouble." Bullinger appears to have been the most intolerant opponent of Ochino in this matter. There is a touch of sarcasm in the following remark of Ochino,—"I never thought that Bullinger was Pope in Zurich, and that not his decrees only but his private wishes must needs be obeyed."

Misfortune followed Ochino into Poland, for, under the influence of the Papal legate, a royal edict appeared, forbidding all foreigners, not being Catholics, to reside in the land. The nobles pleaded that an exception should be made in the "favour of this old, infirm, pious, quiet man," but failing in their suit, the exile was again driven forth, disowned by Catholics and Protestants alike. On his way to Moravia he was stricken down by the plague, which carried off three of his children. What became of the fourth is not known. Such a picture of misery rarely finds a parallel in the course of history. The only record of his last days is the mention of the fact that the old man died in solitude at Schlackan, in Moravia. There is something tragic in the close of such a chequered life, and the conviction is forced upon the reader of his life-story that a career shaped by expediency will be attended with weakness and end in sorrow.

A Sceptic's Conversion.

A MINISTER had among his congregation an eminent lawyer who was an infidel. He had long desired the salvation of the sceptic, and one day, knowing that he was to be present in the meeting, he prepared a sermon especially for him, hoping and praying that through it he would be converted.

The infidel came. It was an icy winter's day; he listened to the sermon, and went his way, and not long after confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The minister rejoiced, and in conversing with him inquired of him what portion of the sermon it was which especially affected his mind, and led to such a desirable result.

He answered: "It was not your sermon at all; I did not hear it; I was making a brief all the while you were preaching. But after meeting closed, as I came out I saw old black aunt Chloe trying to get down the slippery steps. I stepped forward and helped her down over the ice to the crossing, and as I left her she looked up in my face and said: 'Oh! massa, I wish you loved my dear Jesus.' Those words rung in my ears and I could not get rid of them, until I went to my office and bowed myself on my knees and gave myself to Christ. It was not your sermon, but it was old aunt Chloe's words that led me to the Saviour."

"Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," is the constantly recurring lesson which God teaches us by circumstances like this. Shall we ever appreciate the divine instruction, and learn to make the Lord our confidence and trust, believing that in him alone is victory and strength?

The Palm Tree.

GATHERINGS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN staying at Mentone the visitor is sure to observe a sunny promontory which juts into the sea at the extreme east. It is so constantly bright, and catches the sun so long after the shadows have fallen elsewhere, that it is quite impossible to avoid noticing it, and enquiring its name. "That is Bordighera," is sure to be the prompt reply; and if you take a carriage and go to the aforesaid Bordighera you will find it to be like Jericho, the city of palm trees; plenteously endowed no doubt with those noble plants because it basks so continually in the beams of the sun. There are forests of palms around the town, supplying such a spectacle as can be rarely seen out of the West Indies. Other towns along the Riviera possess a few stately date palms and boast in them, but in Bordighera they abound, and mark out the spot as altogether peculiar. The grand ceremonials of Palm Sunday and Easter at Rome require many leaves of the palm, and to Bordighera is given the honour of supplying St. Peter's and the Pope's Chapel. We were happy in seeing the palms before their fronds had been stripped off for papal uses; but had we been there after the stripping we should have been somewhat compensated by the story which is told of the way in which Bordighera obtained its peculiar Easter privilege. We had heard the anecdote told concerning a British tar, but that is an invention of our national vanity, the truth being as we now tell it. An immense multitude had assembled in Rome to witness the raising of a huge obelisk. Silence was enjoined upon all, on pain of death, while a host of labourers tugged at the cables of the lifting machinery. There was a suspense, the stone would not settle on its base, all the strength applied to it seemed insufficient, and yet the work was so nearly accomplished that the hitch was all the more deplorable. There was a sailor in the throng who saw it all, and knew the remedy; but the sentence of death held him in prudent silence. All men gazed with excitement while the monolith still resisted all force, and it seemed probable that the strain must be relaxed and the task abandoned. At last, death or no death, our sailor friend could restrain himself no longer, but shouted with all his might, "*Wet the ropes!*" It was done, and the obelisk was in its place, but the seafaring man had been seized by the papal guards, and was now to answer for his daring breach of infallible rule. He turned out to be a man of Bordighera, and being pardoned for his offence was also rewarded for his courage and common sense by being allowed to ask any favour he chose. He only asked that his native town might be favoured to supply his Holiness with palms; upon what terms we know not, but from the fellow's shrewdness we may be sure that they were not to be disposed of without money and without price. Our inference from the legend is, that he who knows how to do the right thing at the right moment is the man who will bear the palm. Many men have wit, but they have left it at home; they know that the ropes should be wetted, but they do not happen to think of it at the time.

Of course at Bordighera the palm is grown more for ornament than

for use, and a most stately adornment it is to any street, or garden, or plain, where it may be found; but it is in other lands famous beyond measure for its usefulness. Beauty and utility are nowhere more completely united than in the date palm. In Kirby's "Chapters on Trees" we read, "The blessings of the date palm are without limit to the Arab. Its leaves give a refreshing shade in a region where the beams of the sun are almost insupportable. Men, and also camels, feed upon the fruit, and a sweet liquor is obtained from the trunk by making an incision. It is called the milk of the palm tree, and by fermentation it becomes wine.

"The wood of the tree is used for fuel, and as a material for building the native huts; and ropes, mats, baskets, beds, and all kinds of articles are manufactured from the fibres of the leaves. The Arab cannot imagine how a nation can exist without date trees; and he may well regard it as the greatest injury that he can inflict upon his enemy to cut down his date trees.

"There is rather an amusing story told of an Arab woman, who once came to England in the service of an English lady, and remained there as nurse for some few years. At length, however, she went back to her own country, where she was looked upon as a great traveller, and a person that had seen the world. Her friends and relations were never tired of listening to what she had to tell them, and of asking her questions. She gave such a glowing account of England, and the fine houses, and rich people, and grand clothes she had seen, that the Arabs became quite envious, and began to despise their own desert land, with its few villages scattered here and there. Indeed, the effect of the conversation was to make them very low-spirited, and to wish they had been born in England. But happily this state of things did not last. The woman chanced to say as a kind of after-thought, that one thing was certainly a drawback in the happy country she had been describing. In vain she had looked for the well-known date trees, and she had been told that not one single tree grew in England. It was a country without dates. 'Ah, well!' said her neighbours, much relieved, and their faces brightening up, 'that alters the case. We have no wish now to live in England!'"

The Israelites were very fond of calling their daughters Tamar, or palm tree, the stately beauty of the tree appearing to be peculiarly symbolical of a queenly woman. What a sight must Tadmor or Tamar in the Desert have been! The Greeks rightly turned the Hebrew name into Palmyra; it was a palm city in the centre of the wilderness where the caravans halted on their journey between the luxurious East and the needy West. Scarcely would the two thousand five hundred columns of pure white marble, all gleaming in the brilliance of an eastern sun, have rivalled the glory of the palms which lifted their pillar-like trunks into the air two hundred feet, and then threw out their graceful fronds, light as the feather of the ostrich, yet strong to resist the storms from heaven. Alas, the watercourses which feed the gardens of that magnificent city are broken up, "the tanks which supplied the caravans of the merchants have been destroyed by war or by earthquakes, and, since the discovery of the passage by sea from Europe to India, the march of the caravans in that direction has

ceased, there is no one to repair the stations of the desert, to dress the gardens, or to renew the palms." In vain do we mention the names of Solomon, and Zenobia, Adrian and Aurelian, the palm-treed city of the wilderness is dead, and the Bedouin prowls around her tomb. Have we not seen flourishing churches also pass away in the same manner? Neglect, forgetfulness of the sacred irrigation of prayer, failure of spiritual life, and other causes, have caused the glory to depart, and



PALM FOREST AT BORDIGHERA.

made the city to become a heap, and the garden a desolation. May such evil never happen in our day, but may we see the Lord's hand stretched out still to prosper his people.

We did not commence writing with the intention of saying all that can be said upon the palm tree, for many have been over this ground before us, and have brought out a vast variety of useful lessons; ours

is but a leisure paper of odds and ends, perhaps not quite so well known to our readers as other matters about the palm may be. We have seen them growing in the Bordighera nurseries, and have borne upon our shoulder weighty branches pulled from growing specimens; we have also seen the male or barren tree planted where it could fertilize its fruit-bearing neighbours; we have marked the little ferns growing upon the decayed ends of the fronds, and watched the happy lizards sporting in the crevices, and we seem now to be at home with palms, at least as much so as a man can be who has never been in Egypt or Persia. Probably there are as many instructive uses in the palm tree as there are actual uses in its material, but we are too idle to work them out just now, and so we open a book written at Calcutta by the Rev. J. Long, and transfer a page to our magazine to let our readers see what an Indian missionary makes out of this oriental tree.

He says, "The righteous are like the palm.

1. "*The palm tree grows in the desert.* Earth is a desert to the Christian; true believers are refreshed in it even as a palm in the Arabian desert, so Lot amid Sodom's wickedness, and Enoch who walked with God amongst the antediluvians.

2. "*The palm tree grows from the sand, but the sand is not its food;* water below feeds its tap roots, though the heavens above be brass. Some Christians grow, not as the lily, Hos. xiv. 5, by green pastures, or as the willow by the water-courses, Is. xliv. 4, but as the palm of the desert. So Joseph among the cat worshippers of Egypt, Daniel in voluptuous Babylon: faith's penetrating root reaching the fountains of living waters.

3. "*The palm tree is beautiful*, with its tall and verdant canopy, and the silvery flashes of its waving plumes; so the Christian virtues are not like the creeper or bramble, tending downwards, their palm branches shoot upwards, and seek the things above, where Christ dwells, Col. iii. 1; some trees are crooked and gnarled, but the Christian is a tall palm as a son of the light, Matt. iii. 12; Phil. ii. 15. The Jews were called a crooked generation, Deut. xxxii. 5, and Satan a crooked serpent, Isaiah xxvii., but the Christian is upright like the palm. Its beautiful unfading leaves made it an emblem of victory, it was twisted into verdant booths at the feast of tabernacles, and the multitude, when escorting Christ to his coronation in Jerusalem, spread leaves on the way, Matt. xxi. 8. So victors in heaven are represented as having palms in their hands, Rev. vii. 9. No dust adheres to the leaf as it does to the *baltree;* the Christian is in the world, not of it, the dust of earth's desert adheres not to his palm leaf. The leaf of the palm is the same—it does not fall in winter, and even in the summer it has no holiday clothing, it is an evergreen.

4. "*The palm tree is very useful.* The Hindus reckon it has 360 uses. Its shadow shelters, its fruit refreshes the weary traveller, and it points out to the pilgrim the place where water may be found. Such was Barnabas, a son of consolation, Acts iv. 36, such Lydia, Dorcas, others, who on the king's highway showed the way to heaven, as Philip did to the Ethiopian eunuch, Acts ix. 34.

5. "*The palm tree produces fruit even in old age.* The best dates are produced when the tree is from thirty to one hundred years old; three

hundred pounds of dates are annually yielded; so the Christian grows happier and more useful as he grows older: knowing his own faults more, he is more mellow to others; he is like the setting sun, beautiful, mild, and enlarged; or like Elim, where the wearied Jews found twelve wells and seventy palm trees."

This is very good, and has somewhat of freshness in it. It reminds us of what Dr. Thomson says in "The Land and the Book," upon the text, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." He says, "The palm grows slowly but steadily, from century to century, uninfluenced by the alterations of the seasons which affect other trees. It does not rejoice overmuch in winter's copious rain, nor does it droop under the drought and the burning sun of summer. Neither heavy weights which men place upon its head, nor the importunate urgency of the wind can sway it aside from perfect uprightness. There it stands, looking calmly down upon the world below, and patiently yielding its large clusters of golden fruit from generation to generation. They bring forth fruit in old age. The allusion to being planted in the house of the Lord is probably drawn from the custom of planting beautiful and long-lived trees in the courts of temples and palaces, and in all 'high places' used for worship. This is stil common; nearly every palace and mosque and convent in the countr has such trees in the courts, and, being well protected there, the flourish exceedingly. Solomon covered all the walls of the 'Holy of Holies' round about with palm trees. They were thus planted, as it were, within the very house of the Lord; and their presence was not only ornamental, but appropriate and highly suggestive. The very best emblem, not only of patience in well-doing, but of the rewards of the righteous—a fat and flourishing old age—a peaceful end—a glorious immortality. The Jews used palm branches as emblems of victory in their seasons of rejoicing, and Christians do the same on Palm Sunday, in commemoration of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. They are often woven into an arch, and placed over the head of the bier which carries man to his 'long home,' and speak sweetly of victory and eternal life."

We were thinking of the way of climbing a palm tree, and noted how easy it would be to step from the notch of one departed frond to another, but we could not see our way clear to read the lesson of the physical fact till, turning to good Moody Stuart's "Song of Songs," we found him thus sweetly expatiating upon the eighth verse of the seventh chapter:—

"'I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof.' This is for the purpose of gathering the fruit, or rather it is the grasping of the fruit itself, for the laden boughs of the palm are little else than vast fruit-stalks. No tree presents a more beautiful picture of abundance; the single, branchless, untapered stem, the magnificent crown of branching leaves at the summit of the stem, and beneath the leaves the boughs or fruit-stalks, each of them clustered round with innumerable dates, and sometimes hanging downward not far from the outstretched hand. The fruit of the palm is so abundant that in some of the oases of the great African desert it is said to form the principal

food of those sons of Ethiopia, 'who will soon stretch ont their hands to God,' and pluck living fruit from a nobler palm. In these last days we sometimes look back with desire on the patriarchal infancy of the church ere the palm tree had attained its present height, and when our fathers in the faith gathered the ripe fruit from the low summit of its still slender stem.

"'Sweet were the days when thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaint and moan;
Thy words were then, Let me alone.
One might have sought and found thee presently,
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well.' *Herbert.*

But if the tree has grown taller, its fruit is more abundant, in words of life multiplied tenfold to us and to our children; its thickened stem is more easily grasped, and is notched round year by year with helpful footsteps by the very gathering of the laden boughs. Each successive produce of the tree both prepares for a greater, and leaves like the palm a permanent step in the ladder by which we may reach the ample fruit, all the past a handmaid to the future."

Our musings and gatherings must now end. We must go from the palm trees of a sunny clime to the oaks and elms of Old England, which also have their teaching, and one of these days we may perhaps put it into words for our readers.

The Stage.

THE Bishop of Manchester, whose manliness compensates for many faults, may nevertheless do a great deal of mischief if he continues to endorse the stage. Surely he cannot be so dazzled by the virtues of one or two eminent performers as to forget the manifest tendency of the whole institution. His grace need not go inside a theatre in order to correct his present opinions; let him only pass by a playhouse between the hours of eleven and twelve and see what he shall see. If he should be in need of a housemaid, or a cook, or a butler, would he select a person whose character was endorsed—*is a frequent attendant at the theatre?* Would the bishop in his heart think any the better of a young man for becoming an *habitué* of the pit? Would he wish his own daughter to become a *prima donna,* or would it gladden his heart for his son to become lessee of a royal opera? His grace has spoken upon the boards of two theatres—will he now introduce Mrs. Fraser and family to the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room, requesting the latter to feel themselves under no restraint whatever? Has the Right Reverend Father in God found grace and holiness promoted among his flocks by the plays they have seen? If so, would he be so good as to publish the titles of the dramas? Will communion with God, and likeness to Christ be most promoted in renewed hearts by tragedies or comedies? Dr. Fraser ought sometimes to think before he speaks; and not only to have the courage of his convictions, but convictions worthy of so much courage. C. H. S.

Colportage at Home and Abroad.

THOUGH he is usually looked upon as a species of evangelist, the colporteur differs from that denomination of Christian workers in several essential particulars. A man may do a good work as an evangelist simply; but a colporteur is something more than an evangelist; he is a many-sided character who could thrive only in a rural sphere. We have seen an evangelist labouring like a primitive bishop in a wide diocese; we have seen the colporteur uniting in one person the itinerant bookseller, the pastor, and adviser in general of the country people. Each is valuable, the work of each has its distinctive features; but for the country we prefer the man who to other accomplishments adds the calling of bookseller. The one may be privileged to see quick returns for his toil; the other sows that seed which will retain its vitality for generations, and bear fruit many days hence. In this article we shall chiefly confine our attention to books and reading, or to the benefit which has directly arisen, in individual instances, from the wholesome literature circulated by the agents of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association and other societies.

Though we shall not be so rash as to pronounce the present a dreadful age, it is acknowledged by common consent to be an age of penny dreadfuls. They abound in myriads on every hand, and as armies of locusts eat up what is sightly in nature, so do these destroy the moral sensibility of youth, until conscience is seared and the road to crime is made to appear a highway of chivalry and romance. The trashy weekly periodicals of London are not all of one degree of badness. There are many grades, the actually criminal, the merely silly and sensational, and then that scarcely less pernicious class, which, like Miss Edgeworth, Charles Dickens, and others, depict virtue without religion, thus making it appear that Christianity is an invention of interested parties, and need not be taken into account by respectable people. Not long ago, a boy, who was but a sample of many, was arraigned before a magistrate, when his advisers in crime were found to have been divers low-class periodicals, a paper devoted to boys being particularly mentioned. The proprietor of this precious journal took umbrage at the notoriety he and his work thus suddenly attained, repudiated the imputation of fostering immorality, and sent to several sympathetic editors sundry volumes of the condemned "literature," thus turning the police-court episode to profitable account. But boys themselves are better able to judge of the quality of fare provided for them than their interested purveyors are able to do, and about twelve months before this particular scene occurred at the police-court, a youth at Chapmanslade, in Wiltshire, made a bonfire of the very periodical in question under somewhat singular circumstances.

The colporteur of the district was speaking with an elderly lady concerning her grandson, a youth who happened to be a reader, so that they talked until they touched upon the subject of books. Some time before, a meeting was held in the village at which Mr. Secretary Jones and others gave some telling addresses on behalf of the Colportage Association. A youth who heard those speeches, and who hitherto had been an industrious devourer of penny-a-week trash, went home to

surprise his grandmother by heaping together his collection of papers at the end of the cottage for the sake of setting them on fire. The dame looked on the scene not altogether admiringly; for why, she asked, was not the material sold as waste paper? "Well, grandmother," replied the boy, "I thought some one would read them, but now they can't." A Bible, which had been superseded by the sensational stories, was now earnestly read, as well as a taste cultivated for healthy and instructive works. This is cheering news. It seems to tell us that more attention should be given to the subject of reading and books among the poor; for to control their reading is to exercise a mighty influence over them.

The agent at Burslem is making his influence felt in an equally satisfactory manner. A poor man came to him and offered half-a-crown as a thankoffering to the Lord, seeing that through the colporteur's influence his daughter has laid aside pernicious novels to read something of a nobler kind. This young woman was some time afterwards brought into the church.

He further tells us that on one occasion a man, who had found some objectionable books in his son's pockets, requested that the boy might be prayed with and admonished. The colporteur acted as he was requested, and as a result the low publications were given up in favour of such reading as *John Ploughman's Talk*, and *The Sunday at Home*. A favourable change at once became apparent; the youth continued to read pieces of standard merit until Watts's *World to Come* became instrumental in effecting his conversion.

A woman whose life was embittered by the freaks of a drunken husband purchased a copy of "Come to Jesus"; the reading of the book was blessed to her soul, and, when ultimately she died of consumption, her end was peace. When the husband was visited a short time after he was found in tears, reading the book; and, more potent than the total abstinence pledge, the gospel came home to his heart and wrought a complete reformation. The children were sent to school, while the sanctuary of God became more attractive than the public-house. Our friend at Burslem says further that he knows of five men who have given up the Sunday paper to read publications supplied by himself.

The agent at Offord states that a couple of men who purchased "Buy Your Own Cherries," became total abstainers; and that one of these, who had been totally negligent in religious matters, has ever since attended public worship. In another village he encountered a woman who had made a profession of religion for years without possessing the assurance of salvation. She was persuaded to purchase a two-shilling copy of "Grace and Truth," which was blessed to her enlightenment. She bought several other books from time to time; but "Grace and Truth" she never wearied of reading—she called it *her* book.

It will be noticed that the agents themselves greatly differ from one another in tact and temperament, and, perhaps, it should be added, in opportunities. Several on being applied to for information respecting the good they have known to arise directly from reading, say at once that nothing of the kind has come under their eye; but another will declare that he is continually receiving proofs of lasting good resulting from his sales. The agent at Merstham is one

of these happy souls. A foreman of certain works, he tells us, was pleased to find his men and boys laying out money in profitable books who previously had accustomed themselves to all kinds of immoral trash. The overseer was delighted to welcome the reformer because he knew that even from a commercial point of view it would be advantageous to do so. At a farmhouse where he had been coldly received on the first visit, he was afterwards cordially welcomed; for such servants as learned to read the religious books were far steadier and more trustworthy than the others. While these cases come within the notice of the agent, there are many other instances of good received which are not heard of at the time.

An agent in the Isle of Wight relates an instance of one who was cured of trusting in her own righteousness through reading a chapter in a book called, "Rest for the Weary." He found her sitting in her cottage in an unsettled state, whereupon he read the Scriptures, prayed, conversed, and directed her attention to the little work which contributed to her enlightenment.

Probably these will be looked upon as common-place examples of the success of very humble labourers in the Lord's vineyard. We do not give them as anything extraordinary. They are none the less valuable because they chiefly affect ordinary peasants; and our calling them commonplace may simply prove that moral transformations, or miracles of grace, may be very unsensational. It is clearly proved that the influence of a colporteur among the poor may be very great, far greater indeed than the people themselves suspect. One friend mentions that a whole family relinquished novel reading on his recommendation, and cultivated a taste for high class productions. It is being proved continually that the colporteur has advantages over the mere evangelist; the people are interested in his pack; in other words, his books create for him a prestige he could not otherwise enjoy.

As it is in the United Kingdom, so it is in other countries, books create a universal interest. The current annual Report of the Religious Tract Society contains several encouraging instances of the good fruits of tract and book distribution, which deserve a wider publicity than they can receive in an unwieldy volume of some five hundred pages. Here is something cheering from Norway:—

"One must know our country, where the dwellings are often miles asunder, into some of which a gospel minister never enters, to be able to recognize how eagerly the Bible, tract, or book is welcomed. During the long, cold winter, what a treat it is to have even one book more than was in the house the previous winter! Each publication is read over and over, until the contents are thoroughly grasped, and thus it is of great importance that the tracts be very carefully prepared. The colporteur can generally succeed best in securing an audience when he makes it known that at the close of the prayer-meeting tracts will be distributed. After these have been read there is a far greater eagerness to hear the word preached, and the reading at home, where there is so little to read, is often eminently blessed. One of the most devoted and most successful of our young clergy, at a time when he was greatly opposed to gospel truth, received a tract entitled, 'The Time of Visitation,' which was the means of bringing him to Christ, and he has since then gained many souls for the good Shepherd. Mr. Hoerem has about fifty colporteurs engaged in above 150 parishes, visiting the sick, holding prayer-meetings, distributing books, and

bringing to light those who sit in darkness. Many of these agents come at stated times to Christiania to the 'Colporteur's Home' for rest and training, and then return to their work greatly refreshed. Mr. Hoerem, Mr. Storjohann, and the professors, pray with and instruct them, and they start afresh with their new stock of books to visit the sick and dying, and penetrate where no pastor ever comes. But there is great need of new books, not merely tracts but also Bible helps, commentaries, biographies, food for awakened souls, and good sound gospel teaching, to counteract the mysticism or erroneous doctrine that is so apt to creep in where the converts are left much to themselves. Several hundreds of pounds might be profitably expended in this work, but the means cannot for the present be obtained in the country itself, and the Committee must look to their friends for greatly enlarged contributions to enable them to help on this work. Tracts have been supplied to tourists for distribution, who all testify to the gratitude with which they are received. A gentleman writes—'One of the most gratifying remembrances of my trip to Norway is to recollect how the people seemed overjoyed with the tracts I gave them. I had many opportunities of seeing that they were highly appreciated. Peasant or patrician on receiving a tract shook me warmly by the hand and expressed hearty thanks. I would urge on all travellers to Norway to supply themselves with a large stock.'"

So great an interest is felt in Russia and its sixty millions of souls, a large proportion of whom are liberated serfs, that the Tract Society has voted £1,000 as a stimulus to the diffusion of evangelical literature in that vast empire, *e.g.*:

"The effects of the Emperor's act in liberating the serfs at the beginning of his reign were not at once fully manifest, but the results of this glorious deliverance become by degrees more and more apparent. A generation must pass away before the serf is able to forget his former position, and feel himself a free man. Year by year, however, the work of education is making rapid progress, and the proportion of the subjects of the Emperor of Russia who can read is steadily and rapidly advancing. With this newly-acquired intellectual power, there is naturally awakened a longing to satisfy the thirst for knowledge, and the literature of Russia being very limited, it becomes a matter of necessity to furnish a good and popular supply. Good school books must be called into existence for the children, as well as useful reading for those who have left school. Evangelical literature for a nation of 60,000,000 must be created, and that without delay. As in Japan and India, if a Christian literature is not provided, licentious novels and infidel publications will take the place it ought to occupy. In Russia the censorship of the press imposes restrictions on the circulation of immoral literature, but all experience proves that no legal restraint can effectually keep out the plague.

"It may be from a determination to maintain the principles of the Greek Church, that the censorship will not permit a full and free gospel to be preached and printed in the country, but much truth can be introduced into school books and tracts, and a literature infused with gospel principles may be prepared with the sanction of the proper authorities.

"The friends in St. Petersburg who work in connection with your Committee are fully aware of the difficulties in their way, but are at the same time seeking for imperial sanction to the formation of a Committee to carry on active labours in the cause of religion, intelligence, and morality. There is every prospect that this sanction will be granted, and as soon as a legally constituted committee has been formed and recognised—there is a work of immense importance and magnitude to be undertaken."

Pastor Frohwein, of Warsaw, says,

"I have engaged a colporteur who, in a month, has sold 383 tracts. The people want church hymn-books, or books of sermons, but that is evidently not our work, as we are expected to give these books gratuitously. An almanack

is always asked for, and it would be well in the course of time to have a good evangelical almanack printed.

"At the end of six months 44,942 tracts have been printed or received from other societies, and of these 7,399 sold, and 1,187 given away, making a total of 8,586 books and tracts distributed in six months, for which have been received £18 13s. 4d. The expense of colportage has been £16 10s. 8d., and books to the value £60 have been received from other societies, while £13 10s. have been expended on printing in Warsaw. The colporteur has been faithful, and notwithstanding much difficulty, such as could not be encountered anywhere out of Poland, his labours appear to have been successful."

A colporteur in the East thus speaks of his work:

"My work during the past month has been chiefly among the Roman Catholic population of Arad. Yesterday and the day previous they went in hundreds to a neighbouring shrine on a pilgrimage. The whole place is in a tumult of excitement, and I thought it prudent, meanwhile, to retire from the public thoroughfare. I sold a good deal among the Protestants and Catholics of this town last week, and the very sight of a benighted people, thinking such superstitious and foolish performances a worship of God, stimulates me in the daily effort of spreading both his own pure Word and a wholesome, enlightening, spiritual literature. In Semlak I entered a respectable house, and found the family seated round a table, engaged in reading God's Word; that is, they were endeavouring to do so, but confessed they were unable to understand. I sat down, and for half an hour we talked together, and I explained some passages. Our books are often most helpful in preparing the way for the Bible. A woman, in the market-place, said she wished to buy tracts for her children, but her purse had been emptied by the bishop, who had just been round holding confirmation. Here I found a green, refreshing spot, a small Roumanian Protestant congregation, few in numbers but strong in faith. Here, also, I found hunger for the Word, and disposed of 'Starks' Prayer Book' to many. In one house father and son contributed for the purchase of books; in another, the mother and children laid their offerings together. I thanked God for the encouragement granted; and if my wares were lighter, my heart was still more so, as I proceeded hopefully on my way. Having filled my book-cases I went to Csarnako. Here I discovered a poor but faithful man. His story was very sad. Having no money to meet the new taxes recently enforced, the officials had sold his oxen, paid themselves, and left him but six florins to provide bread for his hungry children. This tale of woe greatly touched me; I promised to return, when he hoped to have laid by a few kreutzers for tracts. In Bari and St. Ujhely I sold tracts and one New Testament. How great the need of good books, in this pestilential atmosphere, may be estimated, when I record the fact that I heard more swearing in one day here than elsewhere in a whole year. On Sunday I attended church forenoon and evening, and in the two sermons the name of Jesus was not once mentioned."

From India we learn that the demand for Christian literature steadily increases, and that a very general impression for good has been made. A remarkable instance of what may be effected even by the soiled fragment of a tract comes from Mr. G. H. Rouse, of Calcutta:

"Some years ago a young Hindu woman, whose husband was away in the North-West studying medicine, was living in her father-in-law's house in Bengal, and had begun to learn to read Bengali. One day she went out into the garden to gather mangoes, and saw on the ground a dirty piece of paper with something printed on it. She took it up to see what it was, rubbed the dirt off it, and read it. It was the first part of a tract on the miracles of Christ. She was so much interested in what she read that she wished to know more about it. She therefore went to her husband's library, and among his books

found the rest of the tract. When her husband returned she told him what she had read and how much she had been delighted with the wonderful things contained in the tract, and asked for further information. He at first laughed at her request, but when he saw how earnest she was he promised to let her have a copy of the book which contained a full account of all these matters. He accordingly gave her a Bengali Bible, which she began to read. They both now removed to the North-West, where he was a student, and lived there for some years, during which time she received instruction from the ladies of the American Mission established there. Afterwards her husband became ill, and they went to Allahabad, where in course of time he died; but before his death he appeared to have become a believer in Christ. She then returned to her father-in-law's house, and showed so much interest in Christian truth that her husband's relatives would not allow her to remain there, but sent her to her own father's house. There, too, she showed the same desire, and her family attempted by force to prevent her following out her wish to become a Christian. She escaped from them, and went to the Christians of a neighbouring town, by whom she was gladly welcomed, and a short time ago was received by baptism into the Church of Christ. Thus part of a torn tract was the means of leading two souls to Jesus."

All the instances we have quoted point to the great need that exists for keeping up the supply of Christian literature. It is not true, as some appear to suppose, that we are suffering from a plethora of good books. Taking the world over, the supply falls very far short of the demand, as well as very far short of what it will be when the church becomes more alive to her responsibility in regard to the active employment of an evangelical press. The want of the age, in all countries, is an efficient system of colportage.

To revert, for a moment, to the "Penny dreadfuls" mentioned above in connection with a Wiltshire village; it is at least encouraging to find how even this evil is working its own cure. About a quarter of a century ago the Religious Tract Society made what was thought to be a bold venture by sending forth the *Leisure Hour*. In 1854 this week-day periodical was supplemented by the *Sunday at Home*, and both of these continue to do good service in counteracting what is low and pernicious. Private enterprise has also entered the field to launch one paper after another, the mission of which is ostensibly to do battle with the ribald journals of the day; and though we should hesitate about recommending all of these serials, several of their number are admirable in all respects. Mr. Bullock's *Hand and Heart*, provided mainly for the industrial part of the community, has its quality guaranteed by the name of its editor. Then as outstripping every competitor in the beauty and number of its engravings, we may mention the *Weekly Welcome* of Messrs. Partridge & Co. After looking through a monthly part with its eighty folio pages of letterpress, music, elegant engravings, and steel-plate frontispiece, it does not appear how the most extensive sale can ever ensure a return of the capital embarked. With this, and his *British Workman*, Mr. Smithies is doing service in the cause of pure religion and education generally which cannot fail to excite the gratitude of every true lover of his country. It was long ago perceived that the only way of driving from the market the penny broadsides which attract by their surprising cheapness, was to supply something cheaper in their place. This is now done, and the results will become more apparent as the circulation increases.

One way to reach the anxious in our congregations.

BY PASTOR W. CUFF.

IN the *Sword and the Trowel* for 1865, at page 41, there is an admirable paper by our beloved friend Mr. F. H. White, on "How to get at enquirers." We remember reading that in our early pastorate at Ridgemount, and we retain something of the impression it left on our mind at the time. It was exactly what we wanted to know—How to get at enquirers; and most sure it is that this is the want of many earnest and anxious pastors to-day. Eleven years have passed since the reading of Mr. White's paper, and we have tried many methods and means of reaching and helping the enquiring and anxious in our midst. Some have been successful, and we have praised the Lord; but, alas, some have been a failure, and we have cried for guidance and wisdom with aching heart. One thing we must be clear about and that is, that there are *ever* and *always* enquirers in our congregations, and this I take for granted where Christ is simply, earnestly, and lovingly preached. There the word of the Lord distils like the dew, or melts like the sun, or strikes like a hammer, and hearts are broken, and sigh and cry for healing. While we are yet speaking the Holy Ghost comes upon the people, and works conviction, penitence, and prayer. We live, love, and labour in the deep and unwavering faith that our preaching is not in vain in the Lord, and therefore our eye must be quick to see a tear, a look, or an action in any which bespeak anxiety to be saved.

It is not as it was in the years behind us. Our congregations are very much larger, and more diversified. We have the public ear, and, thank God, the public mind is more receptive. But with this boon and blessing our care and responsibility have increased. A large church and congregation make a real pastor feel that there is more than poetry in dear Dr. Doddridge's verse, which we sing at our recognition services. *Indeed*

> "'Tis not a cause of small import
> The pastor's care demands,
> But what might fill an angel's heart,
> And filled a Saviour's hands."

We have often envied saintly George Herbert in his holy peace, in the little village of Bemerton, with twenty-six cottages and less than one hundred and fifty inhabitants, the three hamlets in his parish only containing about five hundred souls. How he would know them all, and enter minutely into their state of mind, and visit and converse with them, and then adapt his sermons to their moods of mind and conditions of soul. Ah me, happy pastor he must have been, knowing all his flock, and knowing them so well! Yet we modern men seek larger things, and I fear without larger capacity to grapple with them. But we do more work, and let us hope more good. Our enquiry is, not for less work, but for more, and better done. How can we attain this? Some reader will say, "Every man after his own order." Just so; yet he may be shown a more excellent way. For one I confess to

the difficulty of reaching the anxious in my own congregation, and that after some years of earnest and painstaking experience. The enquirers' meetings doubtless reach some, but the more fearful and timid, who are often the most real, do not come to them. We have tried various kinds of enquirers' meetings, and have for some time settled down to private personal interviews with all who come on the night fixed for the enquirers' meeting. Our experience says that this answers best of all tried methods. But for this there needs an introduction, or many anxious ones will not be seen in the vestry. It is admitted on all hands by the wise and prudent that it is difficult to stop a person in the pew or aisle, and speak to him about salvation. The more educated and refined the congregation the greater is the delicacy and difficulty of doing this. Many a loving heart has yearned to speak to that young lady hard by, but faltered and failed to do it. We have tried tracts as an introduction, but that has proved not direct or personal enough to gain our object. There was no connection between the tract and the pastor and his sermon. For long we have been troubled in mind to know how to get at, *personally* to get at, the many seekers after Christ in our congregation. At length what we venture to hope was a happy thought struck us, and we thus put it on paper.

"A special note from Rev. W. Cuff to his congregation, with the hope of obtaining a personal interview. I am all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." This was on the front side of a very neat little folded card, which when opened read as follows:—

"My dear Friend,—I feel sure I need not apologise for making this personal appeal to you about your own salvation. I send it by one of the elders of the church, who is always at the Town-hall service on purpose to speak to any who are seeking Christ. He will be glad to introduce you to me personally, that we may talk over this momentous matter—*your own salvation.* I am so thankful you come to the services, but I long to see you SAVED, and out and out on the Lord's side. I entreat you to lay this matter to heart, and pray over it, and then come and let us talk over it, like men and brothers. We may help each other out of doubt, difficulty, and sin, and into light, love, and truth. You have known me long enough now, and believe me when I say that I very solemnly and very earnestly seek *your own salvation.* Please accept this with the deep anxiety and love of—Your Pastor and Friend."

At the bottom was the text beginning "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," and at the back of the card the times of all the services. The card is got up well, and is very neat in type and form. The result has been beyond our expectations, and we have reason for saying that it is the best thing we have yet done in this part of pastoral work. It gives the elders an opportunity of speaking to many, and so clinches the sermon, and brings many troubled ones to the pastor. Again and again they have come with the little note in their hand, and said, "I am much obliged to you, sir, for this, for I have long wanted to speak to you on this matter, but did not like to come." May I venture very earnestly to commend this little thing to beloved brethren who feel what I long felt—a missing link between the preacher and the anxious in the congregation. I was

moved to write this from one thing I heard Mr. Spurgeon say at the last annual meeting of our London Baptist Association, viz., "*That some ministers were incomprehensible on a Sunday, and invisible all the week.*" I pray God we may be neither, but if we *must* talk on a Sunday in a way which common, ordinary people cannot understand, then may my little note help poor seekers to find us in the week that we may explain, expound, and persuade, till they find rest in Jesus.

I shall be glad to send a card as a specimen to any brethren on application.

[We should be glad of more of such practical papers. Much good might result from descriptions of methods tested and found useful by our brethren.—C. H. S.]

A Sermon from Shoes.

THERE lived forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbours who did not think quite as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived heard of this, and felt that he must give him a lesson.

He did it in this way. He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in, said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a pair of boots."

"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker, "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket book, and then prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor, "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you, sir, to make my son's on the same last."

"No, your reverence, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Ah, then, master shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit, and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last, of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said:

"I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbours less harshly in the future."

Religion in the days of Wycliffe and Chaucer.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE Church of Christ in the British Isles was comparatively pure during those obscure and distant ages when the bishops of Rome were growing in ambition. While those prelates were laying the foundations of that fabric of fraud and heresy which their system has since become, men like Columba in the Hebrides, and Patrick in Ireland, were the apostles of their day. We see the one diligently employed in copying the Scriptures and going from island to island; we see the other casting forth his "evangelic net" among the uncivilised tribes of the Emerald Isle. The gospel they preached was substantially identical with that on which our own hopes are founded. They knew nothing of image worship, nothing of Mariolatry, while to them the Bishop of Rome carried no more ecclesiastical authority than one of their brother pastors at home. Dark ages followed—the palmy days of priestcraft. In the golden age of chivalry, the time of Chaucer, Wycliffe, and Froissart, the popes exercised unbounded power, though their system was even then past its prime. The papacy as it existed immediately preceding and during the fourteenth century supplies materials for a curious study. The tree is seen to be thriving in a soil congenial to its nature, and to bear fruit accordingly.

We will begin with the bishops, whose opulence, state, and activity are very characteristic of the times. At the end of the thirteenth century Richard de Swinfield was bishop of Hereford, and happily the prelate's household roll of expenses is extant. Whether or not his lordship of Hereford excelled his brethren in zeal for the faith and general industry it would perhaps be unfair to judge; but he was certainly a busy personage, whose train was composed of an immense retinue of servants. He possessed an episcopal castle besides seven manor houses, and he was continually travelling from one to the other of these, while further diversity in life was ensured by an occasional trip to the capital. Swinfield was not a man who could boast of any illustrious lineage. From being chaplain to his predecessor, he reached his high position through sheer merit, as merit went in those days. Each manor house was the centre of a large estate, of which the bishop was lord, and each mansion was literally a hall after the old English fashion. Petitioners, dependents, tenants, and others assembled in the great hall or common apartment, such as accepted lodging being content to sleep on the strawed floor, while the great man, as became his dignity, occupied a separate chamber. It would seem that the bishop was a good and liberal master in the old English sense. Some notion of the magnitude of his household may be gathered from the fact that at Michaelmas fifty-two beeves were slaughtered for the salting-tubs, besides large numbers of pigs, sheep, and deer. The bishop brewed his own ale, burned home-manufactured candles, and took care that ample stores of wine of the choicest vintages were duly cellared. Sugar was also an article used in the prelate's household; but it was used sparingly, the price having been eightpence, or two-thirds the cost of a sheep, for a

single pound. At Christmas the feast was provided in coarse abundance. Seven quarters of beef, and veal, with pork and poultry in proportion were brought to table to be dispatched amid hilarious rejoicings. The London house was in Old Fish Street, and these premises were let to a grocer, who by agreement allowed the bishop possession whenever called upon to do so. Contrary to the custom of prelates in that age, his lordship of Hereford was a preacher, though we have no evidence to offer respecting the strength of his intellect and the quality of his doctrine.

In the fourteenth century at least one-and-a-half per cent. of the entire populace were ecclesiastics of some degree; and a large proportion of official posts were occupied by priests. They eagerly sought the most lucrative offices under the crown, while energetic farmers and pushing traders were frequently of the same order. Men of all grades were eager for priestly honours on account of the advantages arising from connection with the church; and thorough-going men of the world made no secret of their design in taking holy orders. When Wycliffe entered on the scene, it was not thought singular that worldly adventurers, young and profligate, allied themselves with the church for the sake of the tithes of parishes in which they were seldom seen, and over which they exercised no sort of spiritual oversight. The absentees were the clerical fops of mediæval England. They donned gay clothing, strutted hither and thither in academical cloaks, ornamented themselves with jewels, and squandered in town the revenues of their country livings. Clerical society included many grades, each with its separate sympathies and prejudices. The *dons*, who were the monks, and the *sirs*, who were the curates, represent the factions which most frequently came into collision. Of the plump-featured, jovial mediæval monk art has helped us to form an opinion, correct or otherwise. His time is supposed to have passed lightly, while his fare was good and his lodging not indifferent. Worldly care pressed much more severely on the curate in charge of a parish. He was of a lower caste, and his stipend corresponded with his station no less than with his tastes. The village hostelry was his common haunt, where he lounged or talked away the hours, and emptied a tankard with those who thought with himself that good ale was the nectar of life. These old-fashioned *sirs* were a convivial class; and though it would not be right to say that more than a small per centage were addicted to excess, Wycliffe has shown us how curates occasionally brawled in the streets, and wended their homeward way raving a drunkard's ditty. A portion of the inferior clergy continued to indulge their abandoned tastes until late in the sixteenth century. Henry the Eighth, with a zeal which all will commend, ordered the whole of the clergy, the bishops excepted, to spend in Scriptural and holy exercises the time hitherto given to cards and to tavern pastimes. The reaction in the church set in with Wycliffe and the Lollards when corruption among the clerical orders had reached its height. While rich absentees were enjoying a luxurious life in the towns, while begging friars were spreading themselves over the country, and curates, both drunken and lewd, were frequently a scandal to their order, professors of a purer doctrine arose to rebuke the excesses of the times. Like the Friends of our own day, the Lollards adopted a plain costume, and also refused to take any kind of

oath. Still the doctrines of these Gospellers, who were cautiously groping their way from the darkness engendered by centuries of heresy, were not identical with those of the Reformers of two centuries later. In the matters of purgatory, image worship, and shrine miracles they went more or less astray; but they merely showed the fallibility of men who were incompetent at one stride to arrive at the whole truth.

The middle of the fourteenth century, under Edward the Third, was remarkable for its Continental wars and the great victories won by the English. The joy of this glory abroad was more than counterbalanced by an appalling calamity at home. The Black Death of 1348 still goes by the name of the Great Pestilence; in respect to its virulent destructiveness it has never been equalled by any malady which has visited our shores. What proportion of the populace died cannot now be determined; one authority putting it down as a half, another as a third. What we really know is that the visitation was sufficiently serious and widespread to paralyse men with terror, until the business of life, whether in the Parliament or in the field, was suspended. England presented an aspect of extraordinary desolation. In Ireland the distemper showed a strange freak when it passed over the natives to cut down the English. In Scotland all were attacked alike, and those who fell were chiefly the poor. Of the English clergy so large a number were swept into the grave that the demand for sirs, or curates, soon exceeded the supply; and when their humble services rose in value those whose pockets were affected loudly declaimed against the extravagance of the churchmen. A similar injustice was done the labouring peasantry, whose wages rose with their scarcity, according to the law of supply and demand. Such portentous times were sure to prove favourable to the development of fanaticism of various kinds, in the church and out of it; and hence, one sect of thorough-going Papists rose at this date which even the Vatican refused to countenance. The Flagellants supposed that they became entitled to the peculiar favour of God when they whipped the flesh from their bared backs, and at the same time sang of the Saviour's sufferings and the sinner's deserts.

Our principal source of materials for delineating the clerics of the fourteenth century is Chaucer. In his quaint, original manner the old poet introduces us to the Tabard Inn, where the apartments are spacious, and where a genial host dispenses a liberal hospitality. When the pilgrims arrive, nine-and-twenty in a company, the ecclesiastical personages are so clearly drawn by a master hand that they stand before us in charming distinctness. The poet shows his partialities, but in this he is no more than human.

First, let us look at the mediæval *nun*, one who as a prioress belongs to the aristocracy of her order. She is a maiden both coy and meek, who swears daintily, and who, while ignorant of the French of Paris, speaks in the fashionable Norman-French jargon of the day. At repast her demeanour is that of a well-bred lady who never allows either drop or morsel to stain her spotless lappet. Reserved as becomes her sex and supposed sacred calling, she is naturally cheerful—she will not descend to the meanness of counterfeiting any grace. A prioress must be ingenuous, and, as we infer, must carry her heart on her sleeve. Then what woman ever before inherited so tender a heart. She has no

disposition to inflict pain, or to look on suffering. The sight of a mouse in a trap suffices to draw tears from her eyes; and she is equally pained if a gentleman beats one of her favourite dogs. Her open features and expansive brow bear abundant traces of breeding and intellectual force; while the guiding motto of her life is *Amor vincit omnia*. In looking at this fascinating character we have only to remember that Chaucer wrote in the age of chivalry, and that he was speaking about a woman.

The *monk* presents quite an unfavourable contrast; but then he is only a don, a mere man, and is not even an abbot, though ambitious of becoming one. Being a good rider he loves hunting, hates books with corresponding intensity, and scarcely deems those texts of canonical authority which condemn the worldly lives of churchmen. Every man to his taste would evidently seem to have been the language of monkery in the fourteenth century. Did Augustine verily prescribe hard study and other duties? The monk acts as though he had mighty little respect for the old saint's authority; at any rate he will have his dogs, brown palfreys, supple riding boots, rich furs, and fine broadcloths. While his shaved head shines like a looking-glass, his eyes gleam merrily in his fat, round face. Since old Chaucer has left us materials for drawing this portrait of a mediæval cloister-lounger we need not go out of our way to doubt its correctness. Such holiness as our friend cultivated well agreed with his constitution; for the poet expressly tells us that while a fat swan was the monk's favourite dish, he did not show the paleness of a wasted ghost.

Socially, the *mendicant friar* is of a much lower genus. He united in one person the impudence of a conscious impostor and the wantonness of a merry-andrew. As a licensed beggar he is privileged, and if he once enter a house he is not disposed to recross the threshold without his farthing. Yet the man's circle of acquaintance is large, and in its way influential, though certain of his circle of friends are not professors of common morality. Being wise in his generation, the friar is master of those arts which earn popular favour. He marries young aspirants without taking fees; in the confessional he avoids the assumption of a stern countenance; gross sinners get off easily with a light penance; and, by a still more masterly stroke of policy, he substitutes money gifts for sorer inflictions, the cash of course going to his own order.

We also enjoy some peeps into life at our ancient universities five hundred years ago. The *Oxford scholar* who makes one of the Canterbury pilgrim-band is a representative man, and to look at him is to become aware of the fact that in mediæval times scholarship and worldly gear were but seldom allied. Looked at from a worldly standpoint, the Oxford scholar of Old England is a sorry character, though not without his points of interest. His coat is threadbare, his features tell of scanty repasts, while his horse, through sharing the fortunes of an unlucky master, might fitly be compared, for leanness, with a garden rake. Yet the man knows how to maintain a certain amount of scholarly dignity in spite of his grinding poverty. His natural habit tends towards taciturnity; but while willing to learn, he is always ready to teach. Though his stomach may be stinted, his head is always stuffed

full of Aristotle. He reads in bed, worries his friends for loans, and when unable to repay them in cash he undertakes to pray for their souls. A grave place, indeed, must the world have proved to a scholar of mediæval Oxford. He again lives before us in the numbers of the poet as vividly as if he were a creature of to-day. Too learned to smile, he is still a self-satisfied creature; and while possessing a world in Aristotle, he is content with short commons and a bony hack.

We now turn to the *sompnour*, who, when the papacy was at the height of its power, was the summoning officer of the bishop's court. The supposed holy man was, in fact, a kind of inspector-general of ecclesiastical nuisances. This office was naturally an unpopular one in a loose, unsettled age; it would have been so had the sompnour been a man of probity and sanctity; but, when he was known to be unscrupulously corrupt, he was regarded as a mere ecclesiastical tormentor. This inspector of other people's morals is a man whose crimes in our own day would ensure him the penalty of penal servitude for life. His tastes are grovelling, his connections are low—too bad, indeed, for particular description. The friar who undertakes to depict character calls the sompnour a false thief. We shall, of course, do well to remember that the poor fellow is painted by a bitter enemy; but even though the pot calls the kettle black-sides we may still suspect that the libel is true. Abandoned and unprincipled, the sompnour is ready to soil his hands with any roguery which promises to replenish his pocket. How he procures his iniquitous pelf is to him a matter of supreme indifference; and hence his income is considerably augmented by first threatening innocent individuals, and then by taking a bribe to let them off. By the aid of a parable the friar exposes the ecclesiastical villainy of the age. On a certain day a sompnour rides forth intent on evil business. Lacking richer prey he purposes to arraign by false accusation an "old rebeck," —*i. e.*, a shrill-tongued woman—in expectation of taking a bribe. Ere he has advanced very far along the road, he overtakes one who appears to be a gay yeoman, and, after growing very friendly, passing the word of honour as brethren, the stranger makes the rather unwelcome confession that he is a fiend in human shape. Though he may be somewhat startled by this admission, the sompnour will not retreat while there is money to be made, not even though his partner "wert the devil Satanas." As sworn brethren the two now ride forward as partners on the look out for any spoil that may come into their net. They come up to a cart laden with hay, and in consequence of certain language used by the carter, the sompnour eagerly calls on his ally to claim the booty as a rightful possession. This, however, cannot be; for while he spake one thing the peasant thought another; in other words, the expressions of his lips were worse than the thoughts of his heart. Proceeding on their way the churchman undertakes to defraud a certain widow by threatening her with a false accusation. The story culminates when the sompnour is forcibly carried away to the dark regions by the fiend and claimed as rightful prey, having arrived at that state of badness in which every word and action are only so many sparks from the evil fires within. The sight of this spying sompnour riding up and down the country taking account of the offences of the faithful, will have the effect of banishing any regrets we may entertain for not

having been born five hundred years earlier. To be qualified for such work, the agent would necessarily be a bad man. Still, when the sompnour of the Canterbury band had perforce listened to a recital of the sins of his order, we are quite prepared to learn that he did "quake for ire," and at once proceeded to retaliate on the offending friar. The friar is a false self-seeker, who preaches for gain—is always seeking to impose on the unwary and the sick, while he gives forth the praises of himself and of his own order. Looking back through the mists of five centuries, we are able to judge between the rivals, well knowing that there was more than a little truth in their mutual accusations.

But no less odious than the sompnour, as an ecclesiastial impostor, is *the pardon-monger*, and indeed the two appear as friends of a similar calling who could sing a jovial song together. As he guides his steed along the Southwark High Street, and turns into the court-yard of the *Tabard*, it is well-known to the company that the pardonere has newly arrived from Rome. The Eternal City, as it is called, is the central market whence he draws fresh supplies of the wares in which he traffics, the Pope being chief salesman. He is not ashamed of his calling; he regards his business as a legitimate one; he has wares to sell, and when buyers come upon the scene he is able to pocket his receipts with the complacency of a man who gives value for money. Nor has fortune dealt unkindly with him—he is not underfed; on the contrary, whil his ample yellow ringlets cover his shoulders, he strikes us as being man who for a roast capon and a tankard of ale would any day barte both Aristotle and all the learning in Christendom. Eager to take advantage of every opportunity, the searching glance of his eye resembles in keenness that of a hare on the watch. Naturally, his voice is powerful; when singing a convivial song, he can compete with the loudest; but on ordinary occasions policy demands that he speak in the low key of a cleric who understands his business and knows that he is conferring a favour. He is no half-and-half man, for so greatly does he excel in his craft that from end to end of Britain there is no such pardon-monger as he. The rarity and virtue of the relics he carries are calculated to command the awe and envy of the rural populace. In his cap he wears an image of Christ; in his wallet there are pardons new from Rome. He can show a tattered remnant of the Virgin's veil; he has a piece of the sail from St. Peter's ship, and not least among his treasures is a glass of "pigges bones." With so ample a stock-in-trade, and possessing besides a stock of assurance and a good horse, he is able to bag more gains in a day than an honest priest can do in a month. With words of guile and flattery, with a due allowance of lies, he is always ready to command an audience. Alas! he is able to engage at any time the admiration of simple peasants and credulous villagers, and, what is worse, the people crowd around his trumpery nic-nacs, having little notion that they are being befooled.

Chaucer's picture is relieved by more cheerful colourings. The mediæval clergy were not universally corrupt; in the darkest times of our history the Lord reserved a remnant to call upon his holy name. Old Chaucer's portraiture of *the good town parson* might almost pass for the picture of a God-fearing pastor of our own day. He is a man who meditates deeply on divine things, and he is zealous in good works.

He is a constant preacher of the word, and also a teacher of his parishioners; while, as patient as he is diligent, he distributes to the poor with no niggardly hand. Staff in hand, he perambulates his broad and wild parish, as even the outskirts of a town would then be, hindered by no kind of weather. Were we to ask him, he himself would tell us,

> "Well ought a priest ensample you to give
> By his own cleanness how his sheep would live."

He seems to work like a man who has a call from God, and who is in love with his work. He is no self-seeker; he hankers after no preferment; he does not seek his own pleasure abroad while the wolf worries the flock at home. His example is pure, his charity abundant, so that when need arises he can with the more authority "snib" a parishioner when detected in a fault. Better than all, we do not find that he falls down before an image of the Virgin or loses sight of Christ.

> "But Christe's love and his apostles twelve
> He taught, and first he followed it himselve."

He may even have had a wife and family, though these are left unmentioned by the poet. In his able "Book about the Clergy," Mr. Jeaffreson refutes the common error to the effect that none of the mediæval clergy were married men. Monks and friars were absolutely prohibited from taking wives; but the parochial clergy not seldom lived in the bosom of their families. "Consequently," says our author, "the devout and zealous married priest of Wycliffe's England, amongst his other grounds for discontent with the Pope and his aiders, took note of the contumelious and revolting epithets that Papal law and its agents were continually hurling at his beloved wife and children." How many such may have worthily occupied country cures, working for their Master with heart and hand in the great harvest field! Even in the noontide of Papal corruption there must have been some; after the rise of Wycliffe there were probably numbers who preached Christ instead of the Pope; but how many the great day alone will show. Through the shades of five centuries we seem to discover here and there a faithful one, tilling his own glebe, repairing his own rectory, a reader of the Scriptures in Wycliffe's translation, a preacher of the simple gospel, a visitor of the poor; in fine, a man whose heart was touched by grace, and whose tongue spake as he was taught by the oracles of God.

We have now taken a cursory view of certain ecclesiastical characters as they existed in the age when chivalry reached its zenith and began to decline. We mention chivalry because the papacy and chivalry were closely allied. The wily priests too well understood their interests not to turn everything available into grist. They took care that no strong-armed squire aspiring to knightly honours should be invested with the insignia of office without ecclesiastical rites. Childish, if not really blasphemous, was the ceremony belonging to knighthood when judged by the light of to-day. A portion of the mummery may even have been borrowed from heathen times. The young squire knew, however, that the honours and privileges to which he aspired could only be reached through the door of the church; and what the church presented he was willing to account holy for convenience sake. First he

must plunge into a bath; then be clothed in white, red, and black, the three colours being figures of purity, blood, and death. A knight must be pure; he must be ready to shed his blood in the cause of Christ; it were well for him to remember that he must die. After the cleansing process followed a fast of twenty-four hours, a night of prayer before the altar, the communion, and a sermon. His sword was then blessed; some questions were asked by the lordly agent who acted as master of the ceremonies, the youth was called upon to be brave, bold, and loyal, and then fair ladies helped to adjust his armour. Having survived the inflictions of this preparatory farce the newly-created knight sprang upon his charger, flourished his weapons, and rode from the church to exhibit himself before the vulgar herd. Why did the papacy and chivalry become so closely allied? Was mediæval priestcraft mercenary? Was it covetous of power? Did it really desire to impose a salutary religious check on the lawless passions of men? Who shall decide? Who will undertake to analyze the motives of men who have lain in the grave five hundred years? What we know is that the age was an age of extremes; excellent codes of honour were framed, while the daily life and ordinary conduct of the chivalrous were lax. Virtue was never more dishonoured than when it numbered mailed knights among its defenders. The church reached the acme of corruption when her endowments were richest, when her shrines blazed with the costly gifts of superstition, and when genius thought no offering too precious to lay upon her altar. Simplicity was destroyed by wealth, and with simplicity truth also vanished, until what should have been the house of God became a den of thieves.

Anecdote of Carlyle.

THE curious and "troublesome" style of Carlyle is said to be quite in contrast with his simple, straightforward way of talking. Hatred of sham is one of his notable characteristics. One evening, at a small literary gathering, a lady famous for her "muslin theology" was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that he had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted," said she, "we would all be to throw our doors open to him, and listen to his divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broad Scotch:

"No, madam, I don't. I think that had he come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preached doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honour of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, 'TO MEET OUR SAVIOUR;' but if he had come uttering his precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with publicans and the lower orders as he did, you would have treated him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, 'Take him to Newgate and hang him.'"—*Copied from Newspaper.*

A New Version of an Old Hymn.

THE following hymn has been sung at the Tabernacle with remarkable effect. We print it in the *Sword and Trowel* because we hope that other congregations will be glad to use it. They can have it of our publishers for sixpence per hundred. Of course the eighth verse can only be sung where there are orphans, but all the rest, if only the voices mentioned are allowed to join in their appointed verses, will go very sweetly, and make up a charming variety of praise unto the Most High.

"CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL."

A HYMN ARRANGED FOR VARIOUS VOICES, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

To be sung by all believers—

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 We who compose his court below,
And wait his gracious call,
In marshall'd ranks before him bow,
And crown him Lord of all.

Men's voices—

3 Let men and sires loud praises bring
To him who drank the gall;
Adore their now ascended King,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Lo, in our strength and vigour we
Would crowd his royal hall,
Bring forth our sweetest minstrelsy,
And crown him Lord of all.

Women's voices—

5 Now to the Lord, of woman born,
Who slept in Bethlehem's stall,
Matrons and maids lift up their song,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 For unto us a Son is given,
To save from sin and thrall;
We join th' angelic choirs of heaven,
And crown him Lord of all.

Children and the Orphans—

7 Because he suffers babes to sing,
And smiles on children small,
We make our loud hosannas ring,
And crown him Lord of all.

8 We who had else been fatherless,
Our Jesus "Father" call;
Fed by his care his name we bless,
And crown him Lord of all.

To be sung by all—

9 Now in one glad exulting song
We at his footstool fall,
Unite with all the bloodwashed throng,
And crown him Lord of all.

The Disciples—Thomas.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

THE name of Thomas is usually associated with "doubt": this conception falls short of the truth; it should be doubt giving place to full and assured belief. The life of the disciple who, from a beginning of incredulous mental gloom rose till he surpassed all the rest in his high confession in Christ, is a kind of "Pilgrim's Progress" from the overcast region of doubt to the restful sunlit realm of confident faith. His was a serious temperament, to which nothing appeared light or superficial. Every fresh article of faith in his Lord must first find ample ground to rest upon within his own individual conviction. It was not enough to him that the voices of all the disciples in chorus should proclaim the resurrection; the inexorable demands of his own mind must be met ere he can allow himself to embrace the joyful truth which all the while he longs to receive. We can neither wonder at nor find fault with this rigid demand for evidence when we bear in mind that Thomas was always ready to act upon his convictions to the fullest extent. A cheap faith which requires no self-sacrifice needs not to be particular about resting on an immoveable basis: but when a man is ready to suffer or die, if need be, at the bidding of his conscientious belief, he requires to have an unquestionable ground for it. The faith of Thomas, when at length it emerged from the cloud, was bright, glorious, even awful. "The son of the living God," was the formula of Peter's confession. Thomas, in solemn adoration, bows down before the RISEN ONE with the sublimer confession, "MY LORD AND MY GOD." This conviction of his, though slow of growth, was of massive proportions, and struck downward with correspondingly deep root. It was not a thistledown faith likely to be the sport of every wind of doctrine, nor a molluscous belief, to be manipulated into shape by the cunning craftiness of men. It was reared up as a tower on its massive foundation against which the gates of hell might rage, but by the grace of God should not prevail. Let his name, therefore, stand as the synonym for faith acting always up to the measure of its conviction, struggling at first through great hindrances, but triumphing over them one by one till it comes out in its true character, the clearer, the firmer, the freer for its probation of fights and questionings.

He is called Thomas Didymus—the latter name the Greek equivalent for the former—Thomas the twin. It is well known that twins are often less physically robust than other persons: Thomas may have been no exception to this rule: at any rate, the knowledge we possess of him does not picture him before our imagination endowed with the muscular vigour and prompt impulsive activity of Peter. His temperament is brooding and meditative; he is delicately organized: traits which seldom accompany a powerful sinewy build. There he stands, then, among the twelve, high browed, with a far-away look about his eyes; the man of thought rather than the man of action.

It is noteworthy that the gospel which narrates the only detailed incidents of his life is, as the character of the man would lead us to anticipate beforehand, that written by John, who, of all the gospel writers, had the most affinity with the reflective disposition of this disciple. The three incidents recorded by John occur within a period of about three months towards the close of the Master's public ministry. They are far from constituting anything like a biography. They give only glimpses into the workings of a mind; glimpses, however, which in an astonishing degree reveal to us the character in its wholeness and consistency. Scarcely could a detailed biography make us better acquainted with its hero.

1. The first notice (John xi. 16) exhibits him in the light of heroic despondent love. Jesus had allowed two days to elapse after the news of the sickness of Lazarus at Bethany had reached him in the region beyond Jordan, and makes now the dangerous proposal to go into Judea. The disciples, bearing in mind

the recent violence of his enemies, and perhaps cherishing a prudent regard for their own safety, dissuade him; and it is upon the Master's persistence in his purpose that the voice of Thomas is heard. "Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him." Personal safety without Christ had no attraction for him. If the Master must go, his vote was, to share his danger and death. It is a characteristic trait that the sentence is not directed to the Master; it is spoken aside to his fellow disciples. He can lay at Christ's feet a tribute of love fully as deep and genuine as Peter's for instance, but he lacks the self-confidence which would speak his brave purpose to Christ himself. Nor dare he, like Peter, put the proposal in the first person singular, and word it thus, "I am ready to go with thee both into prison and to death. Though all shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended. Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." The purpose of Thomas is equal in heroism to that of Peter, though more modestly expressed. So far from drawing odious comparisons between himself and others of the disciples, he would not run the risk of even appearing to reflect upon their inferior self-devotion; on the contrary, he sensitively shrinks from bearing the credit of his proposal alone, and while his fervent heart dictates no less a purpose than to die for and with his Master, he shifts off the uneasy honour by including them all—"Let us also go that we may die with him." I do not say that his mind passed through all these processes: none of them would definitely occur to him. Minds which naturally act thus do not deliberately reason out their impulses; and such self-consciousness would brush off all the bloom from the fruit. It is the course instinctively adopted by him and delicately reveals his character.

The incident exhibits not only his self-distrust and consideration of others, but chiefly the ardent love he bore his Master. "If he be taken from me, the sun is gone out of my heaven: life is a blank without him, death itself becomes beautiful and attractive in his company. In his absence life is death; with him, death is transformed to life:" and supposing that all the rest feel the same towards Christ he proposes to them all the noble and to him perfectly natural act of self-immolation.

But much ignorance and doubt were blended with this love. His whole tone is despondent, even concerning the Master whose grace and glory had so won his heart. He receives his colour from the dark clouds of human hostility rather than from the knowledge he had ample opportunity to obtain of Christ's supernatural power. Christ was going to Bethany to show himself the Lord of death by raising the dead to life; and, though as it proved he was journeying to his own death, it was to reveal in a still more majestic way that he is the Resurrection and the Life, that he was come to abolish death and bring life and immortality to light. The resurrection, the apostolic commission for world-wide conquest, the ascension, were all to follow; but this glory was out of sight. He had no eye of faith that could pierce the veil of the future and discern it: the brightest ray that illumined the horizon of his anticipations was to die there and then with Christ.

His words express unconsciously a spiritual aspiration which we who believe can understand and use. It is only as we "die with him" that we can live for him. Happy is he who can say, "I am crucified with Christ," for he may add, "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

2. The next mention of Thomas (John xiv. 1—7) connects him with the sweetest passage in all the Scriptures. Jesus is seated with the twelve in the upper room on the night before the crucifixion, and thus he speaks to them:—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

With a frank acknowledgment of his ignorance of the "whither" he logically infers his ignorance of the "way." We know not whither, how can we know the way? He is not ashamed to own ignorance, but looks upon the confession as the path to clearer knowledge. He cannot be satisfied with vague impressions if persistent enquiry can carve them out into definite shape. He is unwilling to let slip the opportunity, and will rather interrupt than not understand or misunderstand his Lord. These are the genuine marks of the true learner. Jesus answered him upon both points. To the question "whither," the reply is, "to the Father." To the question of "the way," the answer is—"I." "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." And so, he being the way to the Father, Christ adds, "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also." The knowledge of Christ is the walking along the way; and leads to the knowledge of, and eventually to reception into the immediate presence of the Father, which is the goal of that living way. Here, again, we may institute a parallel and contrast between Thomas and Peter. "Lord," says Peter, "why cannot I follow thee now?" Thomas, too, is ready to follow, though he does not declare his readiness. He only requires to be sure of the path; and, the track once clearly seen, there is no question of his treading in the Master's steps.

3. In the third notice (John xx. 24—29) his brooding mind emerges into the light of triumphant faith. Like a sun long obscured it has fought its way through the black bands of cloud, and bursts out at length from behind the bars of its cloud-prison into the more striking glory. The crucifixion had been followed by the resurrection. The risen Lord had appeared to the assembled disciples on the evening of the resurrection day. "But Thomas," we read, "was not with them when Jesus came." It is not difficult to understand his absence. The week of apprehension had culminated in the seizure and execution of Jesus; his own unhappy life was still continued; he craved no society since Jesus is gone, and rather avoiding than courting the companionship of the rest, he sitteth alone and keepeth silence. The happy day of reunion passed and Thomas missed the joyful interview with Christ granted to the others When the rest found him they greeted him with the exclamation, "We have seen the Lord." Now, Thomas was one of those men whose hearts are the natural sanctuary of grief; to whom sorrow finds an easy access, and once admitted is with difficulty allowed to depart; while joy, on the contrary, is held at the gate with suspicious scrutiny, unable to force an entrance except by a battery of credentials. He suspects them to be the victims of an illusion. It was a blessed vision, too easily credited, because so yearningly desired. What proof could they produce? If it was indeed the Master they must have noted the print of the nails in his hands and the wounds in his side. The disciples can satisfy him on this point. "He showed us," say they, "his hands and his side." We imagine his despondency to receive a shock from this definite intelligence, and sufficient light to enter his mind to determine him, at all events, not to abandon the society of the rest, but to hold himself in readiness for any future appearance, if the Lord be indeed alive. Still, hearsay is not eyesight; and he holds his judgment in suspense till by the medium of his own senses he can receive the proof. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." For the dead to raise himself to life again had never been known. The rigid requirement of evidence on such a matter must be complied with, or, however pleasing the illusion, faith has no solid basis. Christ afterwards both praised and blamed the cautious spirit. "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed:" here is praise. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed:" here is indirect and most gentle censure. He demanded evidence which in the nature of things could not be given to many. To him, however, it was given, and justly, for it was the very kind of evidence which formed an essential qualification for the apostolic office—"a witness with us of his resurrection." Acts i. 22. None would afterwards more forcibly

than he bear witness to the incontrovertible fact that "the Lord is risen indeed."

Coming now to the mighty confession which this interview with Christ elicited from Thomas, we notice the evidence which convinced him of the Deity of the Master he had so long followed. Christ's self-resurrection was the first link in the chain; the knowledge of his thoughts, that gaze like a flame of fire that read out his inner heart, the second: perhaps the third was the whole impression of the former life, actions, and teachings of the Master, now for the first time seen in the startling light of this resurrection life. "Here before me stands one who has thus lived—stainless purity incarnate in this impure world: thus acted, with easy supremacy controlling nature to rain blessings upon suffering men; who has thus died, voluntarily—for was he not omnipotent?—amid the throes of nature, the earth trembling, the heavens obscured with gloom: has thus risen, death having proved powerless to retain him; all human life lying now behind him, as it once must have lain before him when from some former existence—how high and august?—he stooped to this mortal experience of ours. This is none other than Immanuel. It is God manifest in the flesh." And so, with awful reverence, he prostrates himself before the Saviour with the words—"MY LORD AND MY GOD." It was a double confession. My Lord—with a retrospective glance; it is He whom I have followed and loved. My God—with a bearing into the future; I henceforth regard him with another reverence. He is not merely that which I took him for, I bow down before his deity. It was the most thrilling moment of time. A man receiving the worship of God. A man so pervaded with Godhead that another man is fain to fall at his feet and salute him GOD. Christ had not before been thus honoured. The evidence of his deity had gradually accumulated, and purposely so; for had all of it burst at once upon the untrained gaze of his followers they had not been able to bear the excess of glory.

It is not surprising that Thomas should henceforth keep close to the company of the disciples. He is one of the seven that fish in the Galilean lake waiting for the Master, and looks on while Christ reinvests Peter with the apostleship, and predicts his violent end, and the natural death of John. With them, too, we find him at the prayer-meeting, and at the descent of the Holy Ghost, and then we see him no more. Traditions of him vary; according to one he preached Christ in Parthia, according to another in Persia; and a later edition represents him as having carried the gospel to India and suffered martyrdom there. An ancient sect of Syrian Christians still exist there under the name of Thomas Christians, who look on this apostle as their founder.

We have little sympathy with the much-lauded and fondled "honest doubt" of the present day: there are other species of cant besides the sanctimonious, and the rationalistic is one of them: but the life of Thomas illustrates the truth that faith is valuable in proportion to the ascertained firmness of its foundation. Enquiry should never be checked either in ourselves or in others, but reverently pursued; for truth courts investigation: and Christ opened his public ministry with the challenge, "Come and see." The more we reverently enquire at the feet of our blessed Master, the more will our faith rise to the true conception of him as our Lord and our God.

Giving from the Right Motive.

It is related that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his old acquaintances said, "Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds, seeing it's *you*." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can take nothing for this cause, seeing it's *me*"—and handed the money back. The man felt reproved, but in a moment he said, "Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it is for the *Lord Jesus Christ*."

Notices of Books.

Christ's Glorious Achievements, set forth in Seven Sermons. Passmore and Alabaster.

We have long thought that we might enlarge our sphere of usefulness by issuing some pretty little shilling books, somewhat in form like those of our predecessor, James Smith. This is the first of a series which we hope to publish if we find that the idea meets with the approbation of our friends. The seven sermons make up a neat little volume, upon which we trust the divine blessing will descend.

Divine and Moral Songs for Children. By Isaac Watts, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

We have a warm side towards these songs of our childhood, but we think this edition is rather out of date. Did not our grandmother wear a bonnet like that on page 66? Wood-blocks ought not to be used more than a century, for they are apt to be just a little worn in that time.

Studies on the New Testament. By F. Godet, D.D., Professor of Theology, Neuchatel. Edited by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

The style of this work strikes us as by no means the most vivacious or fascinating; possibly this may be the result of the process of translation. The sentiments are sound, and we rejoice that under the form of a piece of modern foreign theology some of our "cultured" divines may be induced to read a little scriptural truth. Of course they would not look at the same teaching if it proceeded from one of our evangelical divines at home; but as the writer has a French name the young gentlemen will condescend to consult him, or at least we hope they will. In truth, good as this volume is, it is nothing comparable in weight of thought and depth of instruction to the grand old Puritan writings, which, to us at least, are ever new and full of suggestiveness. Still, it is with much pleasure that we see such an author as Godet introduced to the English public.

The Verity and Value of the Miracles of Christ. By Thomas Cooper. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Cooper is an able defender of the outworks of Christianity. Its internal glories are for the most part left to others. The "verity" of the miracles of Christ is here substantiated by a judicious condensation of more elaborate arguments to be met with elsewhere. Their "value" is shown as an attestation of the divine mission of Christ rather than as a confirmation of particular gospel truths. It is a book peculiarly adapted to the present age.

Messiah's Kingdom in its Origin, Development, and Triumph. By the Rev. Benjamin Martin, A.M. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

Written from a decided Presbyterian and pædobaptist point of view, and so far very much out of accord with our views; but yet a volume of great value in its own line, and likely to be very useful among our Presbyterian friends. The author shows very clearly that the separation of the Church from the State would be a great gain all round. We wish our good northern brethren could see this. It seems so plain to us that we wonder that their shrewdness, not to say also their soundness in the faith, does not lead them to see the grand principle of the spirituality of the church, and her distinctness from human governments.

Paradise Lost, as originally published by John Milton, being a fac-simile reproduction of the First Edition. With an Introduction by David Masson, M.A., LL.D. Elliot Stock.

It is a luxury to possess such a work as this. Its appearance seems to transport us to the days of its author; the paper, the type, and the spelling are all of two hundred years ago. We trust Mr. Stock will be abundantly rewarded for his enterprise in producing these precious fac-similes. As to reviewing or commending Milton—shall we hold up our rushlight to show the sun? Yet we fear Milton is much more often purchased than read in these degenerate days.

The Book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ. Elucidated on the principle of permitting the cardinal symbols to become the exponents of the events and phenomena with which they are associated. By General H. Goodwyn. Elliot Stock.

Mysterious as the Book of Revelation undoubtedly is, it is far more plain than General Goodwyn's elucidation. He writes a pious rigmarole of good things which may have some meaning and connection, but we fail to make out what it is all about. There is a mathematico-prophetical diagram for a frontispiece, which reminded us of Euclid, but the reminder was delusive, for there is nothing demonstrated in the whole book. The author is, we feel sure, a very good man—he must be to have survived such a work, but we wish he would write upon something which he understands.

On the track of the Pilgrim Fathers, or Holidays in Holland. By J. Ewing Ritchie. Tinsley Brothers, 8, Catherine Street, Strand.

A cheerful, chatty, and instructive volume. We suppose the various chapters were written as letters for a journal or a monthly periodical, for only on such a theory can we account for the frequent repetitions and loose style. Authors should spend a little more time in revision, the throwing together of loose papers into a book is getting far too common. Large type, well leaded out, is, as in this case, a great aid to the bookmaker, who thus at small expense of brain produces a bulky volume. We grumble thus in the interest of book buyers, but at the same time Mr. Ritchie, having travelled with his eyes open, and being well acquainted with old Dutch history, has produced a very readable volume, and one which tourists in the Low Countries might use as a companion and guide. It is very pleasant to come across traces of the famous Puritans who found shelter in Holland from the ferocity of State Church persecutions. Holland was as a city of refuge to the faithful in bygone times: may it obtain as a recompense the revival of evangelical religion in the midst of its industrious population.

The Romance of Biography. Chapters on the strange and wonderful in human life. By Edwin Paxton Hood. James Clarke and Co.

What a reader Mr. Hood must have been! He seems to have ransacked the literature of all nations, and collected precious things, rare things, and oddities from all quarters. Thus he has made fascinating reading for those who want to know the strange and the true, and are not content to be tickled with the straws of fiction. Mr. Hood has well proved the assertion of John Newton which he has set upon his title-page as a motto—"Real life has extravagances that would not be admitted to appear in a well-written romance—they would be said to be out of nature." As indicating paths of knowledge in which rich pasturage may be found, Mr. Hood's book is invaluable, and many a young reader will, we hope, find it so. We do not know how it is, but the gems and jewels of this book—for such there are in abundance—seem to us to be in a muddle. There is a brave attempt at arrangement, and we suppose that our esteemed friend the author sees the plan to which he has worked, but we confess that we cannot always detect it. Perhaps our own head is muddled, but on testing the work upon a common-sense farmer we got the same net result. The book is too good, has too many plums, needs more hammering out, and a little more shaping. Still it is a taking work, and calculated to do good, and we wish it a large sale.

The Sick Man's Comfort Book. By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., and S. W. Partridge and Co., London.

The author's name is a guarantee for the evangelical purity and fervour of whatever comes from his pen; and for its peculiar adaptation to its end. He comforts others with the comfort wherewith he himself has been comforted of God. An appeal is made, at the close of the little treatise, on behalf of the Seaside Home for the London City Missionaries at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight. This is so excellent a provision for our laborious missionaries that we hope this appeal will not be made in vain.

The Book of Hebrew Roots. By B. B. Wale. S. W. Partridge and Co.

To know a language without learning it is surely a new thing under the sun. Yet we have here a "book of Hebrew roots intended solely for the use of those who have had no facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the original tongue." It consists of some of the principal roots of the Hebrew language in English letters, with specimens of the manner in which they branch out into different meanings. There are many things, as in Parkhurst, to please the fancy as well as to convince the judgment, and much has evidently been derived from that source. Indications, however, are not wanting of considerable ability for biblical studies, and of commendable zeal for stimulating others in the same pursuit. The main usefulness, indeed, of this book will be to render itself useless, by exciting its readers, for their own satisfaction, to study the Hebrew original for themselves.

Recent Polar Voyages. A Record of Discovery and Adventure. T. Nelson and Sons.

A Book of marvels and a marvellous book. The illustrations are so numerous and so vivid that we sat up into the small hours to read the work and find out what the pictures meant. Messrs. Nelson should not in this way hold a poor reviewer captive when he ought to be in bed and asleep. We can scarcely remember to have seen a book so interesting in itself, and so lavishly embellished with first-class engravings. Surely it will circulate by tens of thousands.

How to excel in Business, or, The Clerk's Instructor. Edited by James Mason. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

Full of really useful information. The only fault we can find is that the range of subjects is so wide that very little can be said upon any one point. For a young man entering upon mercantile life it will prove to be a profitable investment if he parts with the shilling which is asked for it. How Ward, Lock, and Tyler publish their books at so cheap a rate we cannot imagine.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. John. Translated from the French of F. Godet, D.D. Vol. I. T. and T. Clark.

St. John's Gospel described and explained according to its peculiar character. By Christoph Ernst Luthardt. Translated by Casper René Gregory. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

It is singular that Messrs. Clark should be issuing two most valuable expositions of John at the same time. We suppose it arises from the fierce attacks of the foe upon this gospel, and the consequent ardour of the orthodox in its defence and study. The Biblical student will not find either Godet or Luthardt to be superfluous: after looking at the first volumes of these great scholars, which are mainly prefatory, we are eager for those in which their actual commenting work will proceed. We value Godet far more as an expositor of verse after verse than as an original thinker. The whole Christian church is under growing obligations to the Messrs. Clark for issuing so many thoroughly scholarly expositions; the Biblical information thus conveyed to the ministry filters down to the most obscure hearer, and so the whole body of the faithful receives benefit.

The life of Cranmer. W. Oliphant and Co.

A just estimate of this good but at the same time weak man. Young people will be instructed by this chapter of English history.

The Voyage of Life: Homeward Bound. By a Sea Captain. Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster Row. Belfast: C. Aitchison, Castle Place.

A book for sailors in which good gospel truths are conveyed in their own language, and illustrated by their own customs and manners. It is in the form of a lengthened allegory which would have required the genius of a Bunyan to have sustained with unfailing interest to its close. Though rough and changeable, like the element upon which it was written, it is not less calculated to answer the devout and benevolent purpose of its author in its own peculiar sphere.

The Kingdoms of Israel and Judah after the disruption. By SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. Part I. To the fall of the Israelite Monarchy. Sunday School Union.

DR. GREEN sketches this portion of biblical history in a manner which must much aid the Sunday school teacher. He aims at practical utility and is thoroughly successful. To read this sketch through will enable the student with much more interest to pursue the winding narrative of the books of the Kings and Chronicles. The continual reader of the word who knows Jewish history as well as he knows his own life-story, will not need this guide; but where shall we meet with such proficient scholars? They ought to be very plentiful but they are not, and till they are we shall be glad to see such helps as this book much used.

The Rev. William Jay's Works. Eight Volumes, 5s. each. Hodder and Stoughton. Each volume may be had separately.

WE are glad to see our old friend Jay brought out again, and we hope he will have another run of popularity. The volumes are cheap, but as they are evidently reprinted from plates which have been a good deal battered, the publishers can better afford to keep down the price. We consider the "Morning and Evening Exercises" to be incomparable. So clear, so pithy, so rich, so evangelical, they must ever retain a firm hold upon the hearts of Christians. O for more JAYS. We would give some two or three dozen of the general run of doctors of divinity for one such a Master in Israel as William Jay of Bath.

The Illustrated Polyglot Pilgrim's Progress. The Pilgrim's Progress, by JOHN BUNYAN, in English and French. Elliot Stock.

THE notion of issuing the Pilgrim in English and French in parallel pages is a good one, and if properly carried out might prove very helpful to learners of the French tongue; but we have carefully examined this copy, and believe it to be worse than useless for such a purpose. The book is well got up and nicely illustrated, but the French does not tally with the English, and is misleading. We do not call it a translation at all, it is a mere hash with the force and beauty of the original altogether cut away. The poetical expressions, the pithy phrases, and even the very form of the dream are left out. Bunyan's names are mauled, as, for instance, the town of *Fair Speech* is called "*la ville d'Eloquence*," and everything else is travestied. We never knew a good idea so badly realised.

John Homely's Poems. Facts, Fancies, and Fables. By W. G. REEVE. W. J. Denew, Regent Street, Great Yarmouth. Single copies, thirteen stamps, from the Author, 11, Bath-place, Great Yarmouth.

WE can very well believe John Homely to be a genial, lively, hearty Christian worker, with a spice of wit in his constitution, and a great deal of push. He is evidently quite a novice in the art of book-making, and had we been among the number of his friends of whom he says "Some said, John, print it; others said, not so," we should very decidedly have been among the second company who said "*not so.*" There is merit in the poetry, but it is marred by unsuitable expressions, and of the prose we must say much the same. We have no doubt that the friends of so excellent a man will be interested and amused by his book. The following Sunday School story is worth copying:—

"Great care must be exercised lest simplicity involve us in ridicule. A teacher once, speaking upon the small means God sometimes employed for effecting extraordinary results, asked his class with what weapon Samson slew a thousand Philistines? As the question met with no response he expressed his surprise at their forgetfulness, and wishing to aid their memories said, 'Why, what's this?' at the same time raising his finger to a part of his face in close proximity to his chin. The effect was magical, and all exclaimed with gusto, 'The jawbone of an ass!' I question whether this aid to memory had the effect of raising the teacher in his scholars' estimation; hence the desirability of avoiding illustrations likely to bring ourselves into contempt."

James Daryll. By RUTH ELLIOTT. James W. Allingham, 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

WE have no objection to the sentiments of this book, but on that very account we object to the form in which they appear. Religion needs not the dress of fiction. Christianity always looks best in her own sweet simplicity, and certainly does not need borrowed plumes. The purpose should not merely be good, but without the appearance of evil.

Notes.

OUR sojourn at Mentone has greatly refreshed us mentally, but the extreme cold of the *mistral* at Marseilles laid us up with rheumatism, and has caused us intense pain and weakness. Will friends accept our thanks for their great kindness, but will they be so good as not to send us any more remedies: we know now of at least fifty infallible cures, and are embarrassed with medical riches which, like the miser, we hoard up for the benefit of others. We had hoped and expected to be able to fulfil all our engagements, and work at high pressure, but it is now evident that home work is all that we shall be able to attend to.

A learned M.D. writes to the *Christian World* to complain of our theology and science, because we believe that our affliction, which was the result of a cold wind, was also of the Lord's sending. Now it so happens that the error, both in science and theology, lies at the door of the M.D., and not at ours. We believe that the *mistral* wind is sent for some wise end, but certainly not for that which *Adelphos, M.D.* supposes. It is the scourge of Provence, and is neither the friend of fruits nor flowers, but is regarded as the enemy of man, beast, and plant. However, let that be as it may, even if the wind be sent to promote vegetation, yet this by no means prevents its answering other divine purposes as well. A special providence, even in the lighting of sparrows, and in the number of the hairs of our head, is the doctrine of the Bible, and it is also matter of fact. While winds blow for great, far-reaching purposes the infinite Jehovah also sends them for special and individual designs. We, like the M.D., do not *see* how an unchanging, loving God can ordain ill weather to afflict his servants, but we do not want to *see*, we are quite able to believe it, and do not for a moment doubt that he does all things in love. The fact that wind and weather can be scientifically predicted, and that they are produced by fixed laws we know quite as well as M.D.; we are quite scientific enough for that: but this by no means opposes the grand doctrine that the hand of the Lord ordereth all things. Fixed laws do not operate apart from divine power; the hand of God is as certainly present in the ordinary operations of nature as in what we call miracles. True science teaches more truths than one. The *unscientific* inferences belong to M.D. and not to us. We trust we are not less reverent and scientific when we behold God in everything than those are who see him only here and there. When we testify to our faith in God's love it is hard to be accused of representing God as a capricious and vindictive ruler. Adelphos, M.D., writes in too friendly a spirit to have intended so scandalous an accusation. No, blessed be the name of the Lord, though he slay us yet will we trust in him. We loathe the very idea of calling our God vindictive.

COLLEGE. The Annual Conference of the ministers educated at the Pastors' College will be held during the week commencing April 9. Our longing is for the manifest presence of God. If the brethren shall all return to their churches full of the Holy Ghost we may expect great things for our land. We earnestly entreat the prayers of the Lord's people that it may be so. Mr. Phillips will give his usual supper, and we trust the Lord will incline the friends to furnish the funds as on former occasions.

Mr. Gooding, from our College, has settled at Burnham, Essex.

We are delighted to hear of conversions and baptisms in connection with Mr. Silverton's work at Nottingham.

Mr. Cuff is hard at work with his proposed Shoreditch Tabernacle. The place is terribly needed, but the friends are poor and must be aided from outside. If rich churches do not help striving societies in poor localities, how are the masses to be evangelized? The best way to benefit the crowded parts of London is to help earnest churches rather than mere personal enterprises.

We have received interesting accounts of the first baptism in Cape Town by our friend, Mr. W. Hamilton, who left us to form a Baptist Church in that colony. The work has from the beginning attracted attention, gathered to itself a goodly band of helpers and enjoyed the

divine blessing. We should rejoice to hear of other colonies, cities, or towns, whether far or near, where there is need for a church after our order. If even a few brethren get together to form a nucleus, we are prepared to help during the commencement of the cause. There is very little enterprise abroad, or surely our principles would spread far more rapidly.

ORPHANAGE.—We understand that a person is going about selling picture cards and stating that the profits or proceeds will go to the Stockwell Orphanage. As no person has been authorized by us to do this, and as we believe the plan to be a fraud, we shall be glad of information which may enable us to call the party to account. All goes well with our orphan boys. Health excellent.

We hope our friends will be as gratified as we have been by the following testimony of the inspector from the Local Government Board. It is something to have an Orphanage, but it is far more to have it in a condition which secures such approbation:—

Report of F. J. Mouat, Esq., M.D., of the Local Government Board.

"March 16th, 1877.

"I have to-day visited for the second time the Stockwell Orphanage, and examined into the system of training and education pursued in it, with special reference to an enquiry in which I am now engaged, regarding the pauper schools throughout the country. In many important particulars this institution is well in advance of most kindred establishments which I have yet seen. The plan of feeding and clothing in particular is excellent, and the instruction of the class rooms is conducted with intelligence and life. The boys look healthy and happy, and I shall only be too glad if I succeeded in transplanting some of the advantages of this place to the pauper schools, in which they are much needed. I have seldom enjoyed a visit to any school more thoroughly than that of which I am now leaving this most imperfect record.

"(Signed) F. J. MOUAT, M.D.,
Formerly Secretary to the
Council of Education, Bengal."

COLPORTAGE.—The work of the Colportage Association still progresses, and friends connected with various denominations apply for men, while sometimes a united local committee support the colporteur. The accounts received from the various districts are full of encouragement. Families are visited in villages where otherwise the ritualistic priest would have full sway. The written word finds its way where the living voice cannot get the opportunity to speak, and will do its own work. Above all, numerous cases of conversion are reported. As the Annual Meeting will be held during the first week in May, and some of the colporteurs will then give details, we forbear to do so at present. Another £100 has been given by a friend towards the £1,000 needed for capital to work the society, and about £80 in smaller sums, for which we are very thankful, and trust that other friends will be moved to contribute the remaining £650. The need of this capital is really very urgent, and some of the Lord's stewards will, we hope, consider the matter. How are we to enlarge this work on credit? It is not a right and safe principle to go upon. Additional colporteurs have been appointed to the following districts:—Walsall, Staffordshire; Sevenoaks, Kent; Nottingham, Notts; Shildon, Yorkshire.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.—During our absence our beloved one has managed to get though a large amount of work, for a glance into her carefully-kept records shows that she has distributed *one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight* books since January 1, 1877. These are grand outgoings, and we trust that a like prosperity and success may attend her efforts during the entire year. An interesting little "Report" of the Fund has been printed and sent to every contributor whose address is known, and Mrs. Spurgeon will gladly post one (on application) to any friend interested in the work.

There have long laboured at the Tabernacle as general managers of our tea department an excellent couple, Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield. They did their work for the love of it, and nothing came amiss to them. We all feel under immense obligations to them, as humble, laborious, useful, and yet almost unseen servants of the church. To the intense sorrow of us all our aged sister was struck down while in the very midst of her labour, preparing for a large Sunday School tea. In the midst of all the arrangements she died upon the spot. Who could wish to die in better case? In the full service of the church of God. No long illness, no enforced idleness, no sense of uselessness, but active to the last. We hope our dear brother Pasfield will be comforted concerning his departed one.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 5th, seventeen; March 15th, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 18th to March 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
E. D.	0	10	0
Friends at Hackney, per Rev. W. J. Dyer	1	10	0
Miss Winslow	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel King	4	0	0
A Working Man	1	0	0
Walter's Birthday Gift	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibb	0	10	0
Rev. G. J. Knight	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	0	10	0
A Reader of Sermons, Ashby-de-la-Zouch	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
The Cloud Dispersed	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Graham	25	0	0
The late Mrs. Pasfield	0	5	0
Mrs. Wells	0	1	2
Mr. J. Callenden	7	0	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	2	6
West Haddon	0	5	0
Mr. H. Eastman	1	0	0
Mr. W. Grant	9	0	0
Mr. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. J. Cumming and Mr. A. McDonald	2	0	0
Misses Mary and Marion Caven... ...	2	0	0
Yetholm	1	0	0
In Memoriam, Isabel	1	1	0
Mr. H. McKay	2	0	0
Collected at Wellington Hall, Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewen...	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey	10	0	0
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton, by Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture by Rev. Frank H. White at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill...	3	3	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Feb. 25	33	0	3
" " " Mar. 4	28	0	9
" " " " 11	38	1	6
" " " " 18	40	0	6
	£230	8	8

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 18th to March 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Gratitude	5	0	0
Collected by May Drusilla	1	7	6
Percy Baker...	0	10	0
Amy Baker	0	10	0
Harry Baker	0	10	0
Fred. Baker	0	10	0
Walter Baker	0	10	0
Bertie Baker	0	10	0
Mr. James Philip	0	5	0
Sabbath School, Halbeath, per Mr. David Watson	0	3	6
Per Rev. W. J. Dyer:—			
Union School, Wycombe Marsh 1 0 6			
Mrs. Thompson 0 5 0			
Mr. D. Clarke 0 10 0			
Miss Young 0 1 0			
Lottie Grove 0 1 0			
L. and E. Loosely 0 1 0			
	1	18	6
Mr. William Deas	1	0	0
A Bloomsbury Friend	1	1	0
Mr. G. Murphey	0	7	0
Mr. Thomas Rager	0	5	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
A Friend (Tain)	0	10	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth and Children	1	6	0
Rev. J. G. Knight	0	10	0
A Reader of Sermons, Ashby-de-la-Zouch	0	5	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	1	0	0
Mr. James W. Gooding	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	5	0	0
Infant Class, Baptist Sunday School, Chipping Norton, per Mr. C. Burbridge	0	9	0
Sunday School, Wellington Hall, Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewin	1	1	6
Cornwall Road Sunday School, Brixton per Rev. D. Asquith	1	1	6
The Cloud dispersed	1	0	0
Mr. Pasfield	0	5	0
Miss Wells	0	1	7
Mr. A. Mentiplay	3	0	0
A Thankoffering for a Father's Spared Life	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Brine	0	11	0
A Friend	0	5	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	2	6
Mrs. Cockman	1	0	0
An Old Lady	0	10	0
Mr. A. Saunders	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	15	0	0
Mr. W. Whitince	1	1	0
Mr. J. Donaldson	10	0	0
Little Hugh	0	1	0
Mrs. Beattie	1	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Kent	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. D. Keely	0	5	0
Miss J. Sproules	0	3	0
Mr. J. Waller	0	5	0
Mr. Pearman	1	0	0
Miss Keddall	5	0	0
Mr. W. Winsford	5	0	0
Mr. Westrop	5	0	0
Mrs. Donald	0	1	8
Miss Leeder	0	2	6
Rise in Wages	0	2	0
Mr. D. Osler	5	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
E. B. F.	1	0	0
A Scotch Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Pike	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
M.	3	0	0
Mr. H. McKay	2	0	0
Fines on a Journey	0	2	6
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Mr. W. Moore 5 0 0			
Mrs. Tadman 5 0 0			
Mr. J. Huntley 2 0 0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 1 0 0			
Ernie May			
Winnie Collier 1 3 6			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
Young Folk at Weddington House 0 6 6			
Mr. J. J. Cooper 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Withers 0 5 0			
Mrs. Blackman 0 1 1			
	15	11	1
Miss Curling	5	0	0
A Poor Deaf Woman	0	0	6
Orphans' Box, Metropolitan Stores ...	1	1	3
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ashby	0	2	6
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton, by Mrs. Griffiths	15	10	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Mrs. Wilson	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Greig	2	5	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth—			
"H." 2 2 0			
"S. G." 6 2 6			
"W. Blamque" 0 10 6			
Lochee Sunday School, per J. Peebles 1 2 0			
Service of Song, Pmed St. Chapel 7 0 0			
Mrs. Sutherland 1 1 0			
Miss Simms 0 10 0			
Mrs. Walton 0 10 6			
Vauxhall Baptist Chapel Sunday School, per Rev. G. Hearson 0 19 0			
Girls of Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter 1 2 0			
	20	19	6
	£166	7	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—240 Eggs, Janet Ward; a quantity of Savoys, Mr. Bath.

Clothing, &c.—5 Shirts and 12 pairs of Cuffs, Miss Leeder; 19 Flannel Shirts, the Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Chapel, Brixton; 2 Cotton Shirts, Anon.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Nottingham, Rev. E. J. Silverton's Church	10	0	0
A Friend, for Travelling Agent... ...	25	0	0
Cinderford District...	7	10	0
A Friend, for a Colporteur	31	7	0
Melton Mowbray District	10	0	0
Sevenoaks, per E. P. Smith, Esq. ...	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffiths, Esq., Fritham ...	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Lymington District	10	0	0
Sittingbourne, per Mr. Dean	10	0	0
	£133	17	0

For Capital Fund:—	£	s.	d.
J. G. Priestley, Esq.	5	0	0
L. F. D. P.	20	0	0
Mrs. Dix	10	0	0
Gratitude	5	0	0
J. Powell, Esq.	1	1	0
J. R. Bayley, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. Swain	0	10	0
Miss Gale	0	5	0
Major Borlean	1	0	0
W. Jull, Esq.	1	1	0
G. Sturge, Esq.	2	0	0
Mr. J. Bumpus	5	0	0
	£51	17	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Fleming...	1	1	0
W. Harrison, Esq....	1	1	0
Miss Winslow	5	0	0
Messrs. Hill and Rogers, per Mr. T. H. Cook	5	0	0
H. M....	23	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
Mrs. Booth and Children	0	6	0
A Friend, Bristol	1	0	0
Miss Dunn	0	2	0
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	0	5	0
Mr. Pullen	0	5	0
Mrs. Rowbottom	0	1	0
Mr. Wilkinson	0	5	0
D. E. G.	0	3	0
Mr. H. McKay	1	0	0
Miss Emily F. Miller and Miss Ellen F. Pizly	1	5	0
Mr. Westrop	5	0	0
Miss Neeton...	3	0	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Mrs. Wilson...	2	0	0
	£54	1	6

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

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1877.

Inaugural Address.*

DELIVERED AT THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

BELOVED friends, allow me to welcome you all most heartily. I have already received a blessing in the prayers which have been offered; and we have all, I think, enjoyed the earnest of a divine refreshing during the first hallowed hour of our meeting. Let us continue in the believing confidence that he who has already deigned to visit us will tarry with us until the time shall come for us all to say, "Let us go hence."

I can hardly indicate in a few words the run of my address; you will discover its subject or range of subjects as we go along, but if one line could contain it, it would be

THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT AGE, AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

So far as I remember, every year has been an exceedingly critical period, and so far as I can see in history, almost every six months some fervid spirit or another has written about "the present solemn crisis." There are persons who always believe in the imminent peril of the universe in general and of the church of God in particular, and a sort of popularity is sure to be gained by always crying "Woe, woe." Prophets who will spiritually imitate Solomon Eagle, who went about the streets of London in the time of the plague, naked, with a pan of coals

* We trust our readers will forgive our occupying so many pages with this address. As it is upon many themes we hope that they will regard it as several articles in one.

on his head, crying, "Woe, woe," are thought to be faithful though they are probably dyspeptic. We are not of that order: we dare not shut our eyes to the evils that surround us, but we are able to see the divine power above us, and to feel it with us, working out its purposes of grace. We say to each of you what the Lord said to Joshua in the chapter we have just read,—"Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Our trust is in the living God, who will bring ultimate victory to his own cause. Still, it is a wise thing to admit that these days have their own peculiar perils and trials. The kaleidoscope shifts, the scenes presented to our gaze are changed, whether for good or evil; good has infinite varieties, and so has evil. We are not troubled, as our Puritan forefathers were, by persecution and oppression such as would take from us our civil rights and our liberty to worship God. Evil has assumed quite another form with us, and we must meet it as we find it. The battle front is altered, but do not imagine that the conflict will be less severe. I look for a sterner struggle than we have ever yet engaged in, and we must be prepared for it. During the progress of a battle, the Duke of Wellington was observed riding along the lines to a certain part of the field, and a soldier said to his fellow, "There goes the Duke, and there's sure to be warm work." Brethren, we have evidence that the Lord Jesus is with us, let us therefore set the battle in array. He is not a general who rides about for mere parade, he means fighting wherever he comes, and we may expect warm work! When he girds his sword upon his thigh, and rides forth on his white horse, you may rest assured that his sword will smite heavily, and his arrows will fly thick and fast, while on the other hand his enemies will furiously rage.

First among the evils of the age we must notice *the return of superstition.* Ritualism has sprung up among us, and spread as most ill weeds do. It is, I suppose, distinguishable from Romanism by omniscience, but it is also probable that omniscience sees more of its likeness to Romanism than we do. It is sadly spreading, spreading everywhere. It suits our evangelical brethren in the Church of England to speak of "a noisy minority practising ritualism," and to remind us that each denomination has its difficulties; but to us, who are impartial onlookers, it seems that the most vital and vigorous part of the Anglican Church is that which is tainted with this error. The difference in the two parties is most marked, for the ritualists are brave as lions, and the evangelicals are timid as hares. You have only to go into the churches immediately around us, or into those of large towns, such as Brighton, to see the strength, the force, the determination, in a word, the detestable vitality of ritualism. Every doctrine of Romanism is preached by these men except the infallibility of the pope, and perhaps the celibacy of the clergy—the presence of certain rosy-cheeked boys and girls in the rectory garden proving many Anglicans to be soundly Protestant upon that point. I am persuaded that there are many priests in the Church of Rome who preach more gospel, and understand it better, than do these pretended priests in the Church of England. The worst of it is that the growth of sacramentalism in the Established Church is not like that of the mistletoe or a fungus upon an oak, it is a real and legitimate branch of the parent stem. There is no man

living, and there never was a man, and never can be one, who believes the whole of the Book of Common Prayer in its natural signification. The only way in which it can be done is by some such device as that of the two nuns who had borrowed a mule which would not go without being sworn at. As neither of them could be so profane as to swear, one good sister pronounced the first syllable of the French word *sacré* and the other finished it, and thus between the two the mule was made to go. So must it be with belief in the Prayer-book, no one man can believe it all; possibly high church, low church, and broad church can manage it between them. But if I were driven at the point of the bayonet to certify that one of the parties was a grain or two more consistent with the Prayer-book than the others I must declare in favour of the high church party. It is true that the articles are against them, but what are the articles? They are only read over perhaps once in a lifetime. The mischief is in the catechism and the service book which are in constant use. We have not to deal with a parasitical evil, but with a natural off-shoot of the national vine, which will remain as long as the Book of Common Prayer is unrevised; and when will it be revised? Then, too, this mischief is carried on by men who mean it. They are in downright earnest. I believe there is among them a remnant who, despite their ceremonialism and their mummeries, are true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. With them there is a host of mere believers in postures, masquerading, and drapery, and all that kind of rubbish; but there is, nevertheless, a gracious company whose sweet spirit breathes in holy hymns and in devout, Herbert-like utterances concerning our Lord, which we should be sorry to have missed. As a party they are earnest, they compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and great are the sacrifices which they make for the cause which they have espoused. This system, my brethren, is well entrenched, and you have to dislodge it.

This superstition, too, is in harmony with the innate idolatry of the human heart; it offers gratification to the eye and to the taste, it sets up a visible priest and outward symbols, and these man's fallen heart craves after. It offers to save men the necessity of thought by offering an outward service, and furnishing a priest to do your religion for you: but alas it takes man off from the real and spiritual, it consoles him without true regeneration, and buoys him up with hope though he has not submitted himself to the righteousness of Christ.

A second, and what I regard as an equally terrible, evil, is *abounding unbelief*. I am not speaking now of that coarse kind of infidelity which rails at the Scriptures, and blasphemes the name of the Lord our God. There is not much mischief in such a devil as that, he is too black, too plainly a fiend of hell! There is a more dangerous spirit now abroad, entering into Nonconformist churches, climbing into their pulpits, and notably perverting the testimony of some who count themselves somewhat, and are regarded as leaders by those who reckon themselves to be men of culture and intellect. Macaulay rightly said that theology is immutable, but these are for ever contradicting that opinion in the most practical manner, for their theology is fickle as the winds. Landmarks are laughed at, and fixed teaching is despised. "Progress" is the watchword, and we hear it repeated *ad nauseam*. Very far are

we from denying that men ought to make progress in the knowledge of the truth, for we are aiming at that ourselves, and by daily experience, by study, and by the teaching of the Holy Ghost we trust that in some humble measure we are gaining it. But words need interpreting—what is intended by progress in this case? Which way does it go? It is too often progress *from* the truth, which, being interpreted, is progressing backwards. They talk of higher thought, but it is an ascending downwards. I must use their terms and talk of progress, but their progress is a going from, and not a going to, the place of our desires. Evidently it is progress from *usefulness*. They invite us to follow them in their advance towards a barren Socinianism, for thither the new theology tends, or to something worse. Now, we know at the present time certain ancient chapels shut up, with grass growing in the front of them, and over the door of them the name *Unitarian Baptist Chapel*. Although it has been said that he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, we have no desire to empty our pews in order to grow more grass. We have in our eye certain other chapels, not yet arrived at that consummation where the spiders are dwelling in delightful quietude, in which the pews are more numerous than the people, and although an endowment keeps the minister's mouth open, there are but few open ears for him to address. It is pretty certain that Christ is not lifted up there, for he does not draw all men unto him. There is no attractive force, no power, no influence for good; it is a frost-bound religion, and we are not at all desirous of making an excursion to that sea of ancient ice. "Gentlemen," we say to them, "you are immensely clever; we often wonder how one small head can carry all you know, but for all your cleverness we cannot give up the old, old gospel, for the results of your preaching do not fascinate us. Where are your converts? Where are your hearers? Where will your churches soon be found?" Handel on one occasion played the organ in a country church, and at the close of the service he gave a voluntary of such a sort that all the people lingered to hear it. The old organist was indignant, and said, "Now, let that alone, *you* can't play the people out; let *me* do it." These progressive gentlemen certainly can play the people out. Their gifts of dispersion are amazing. Put them down in any warm-hearted Christian community and see if they will not scatter and divide it; place them in any town you may select, and though they may be at first attractive (for some are attracted by any novelty, however erroneous), yet after a short time, there being no life, there will be no power to retain the people. We remember the experiment of Daventry, under that eminently godly man, Dr. Doddridge, and we are not inclined to try the like under any circumstances. That worthy man did not dogmatize to the "dear young men" who came to his college, but adopted the plan of letting them hear the argument upon each side that they might select for themselves. The result was as disastrous as if error had been taught, for nothing is worse than lukewarmness as to truth. Dissent became enervated with a faint-hearted liberalism, and we had a generation of Socinians, under whom Nonconformity almost expired. Both General and Particular Baptists have had enough of this evil leaven, and we are not inclined to put it again into the people's bread.

Besides, we are invited to follow the guidance of men who are not qualified to be leaders. I have waited with a good deal of interest to see whether modern thought would be capable of producing *a man*, a man of mark, of profound mind, and philosophic genius; but where is he? Where is the man who will found a school and sway his fellows; a man for the orthodox to tremble at, a great Goliath, head and shoulders above his fellows. Truly there are some who think they have power, and so they have amongst those young gentlemen whose moustachios are on the point of developing, but they have no influence over those who read their Bibles, have had experience, and are accustomed to try the spirits.

The great lights are the literary men who produce articles in certain reviews which are the oracles of the *élite*, or of those who think themselves so. I wonder how many these precious reviews sell, but that of course is of small consequence, because the *quality* of their readers is so high. See what airs a man gives himself because he reads a review! Are these things so very clever? I am unable to see it. I used to hear that evangelical writers produced platitudes; I believe they did, but surely they never wrote more watery trash than is produced in the present day in opposition to the orthodox faith, but then you see it is given out in such a latinized jargon that its obscurity is mistaken for profundity. If you have the time and patience to read a little of what is written by the modern-thought gentlemen, you will not be long before you are weary of their word-spinning, their tinkering of old heresies into original thought, and their general mystifying of plain things. It only needs a man of power to smash them up like potters' vessels, but then the result would only be pieces of pottery. "Show us a man worth following," say we, "and when you do we will not follow him, but fight with him: at the present we are not likely to leave Calvin and Paul and Augustine to follow you."

We are invited, brethren, most earnestly to go away from the old-fashioned belief of our forefathers because of the supposed discoveries of *science*. What is science? The method by which man tries to conceal his ignorance. It should not be so, but so it is. You are not to be dogmatical in theology, my brethren, it is wicked; but for scientific men it is the correct thing. You are never to assert anything very strongly; but scientists may boldly assert what they cannot prove, and may demand a faith far more credulous than any we possess. Forsooth, you and I are to take our Bibles and shape and mould our belief according to the ever-shifting teachings of so-called scientific men. What folly is this! Why, the march of science, falsely so called, through the world may be traced by exploded fallacies and abandoned theories. Former explorers once adored are now ridiculed; the continual wreckings of false hypotheses is a matter of universal notoriety. You may tell where the learned have encamped by the *débris* left behind of suppositions and theories as plentiful as broken bottles. As the quacks which ruled the world of medicine in one age are the scorn of the next, so has it been, and so will it be, with your atheistical *savans* and pretenders to science. But they remind us of *facts*. Are they not yet ashamed to use the word. Wonderful *facts*, made to order, and twisted to their will to overthrow the actual facts which the pen of God

himself has recorded! Let me quote from "Is the Book Wrong?"* by Mr. Hely Smith, a pamphlet worthy of an extensive reading.

"For example, deep down in the alluvial deposits in the delta of the Nile were found certain fragments of pottery. Pottery, of course, implies potters, but these deposits of mud, Sir Charles Lyell decreed, must have taken 18,000 years to accumulate, therefore there must have been men following on the occupations of civilized life at least 7000 years before the creation of man as recorded in Scripture. What clearer proof could be wanted that the Book was wrong? For who would presume to suspect Sir C. Lyell of making a mistake in his work? A mistake, however, he had made, for in the same deposits of mud, at the same depth in which this 'pre-Adamite pottery' was discovered, there also turned up a brick bearing the stamp of Mahomet Ali! [Yet we were bound to shift the Bible to suit that 'fact'—muddy fact!] Again, some curiously-shaped pieces of flint were discovered in 1858 in what has been called 'the famous cavern at Brixham.' It was at once decided that the flints showed signs of human workmanship, and as they were found in company with the bones of extinct animals, it was also at once considered proved that man must have existed in immensely remote ages, and the evidence was said to have 'revolutionized the whole of Western Europe on the question of man's antiquity.' The history of these flints is remarkable. For fourteen years they were kept under lock and key in the rooms of the Geological Society, but public curiosity was gratified by plaster casts shown at the cavern, and by illustrated descriptions published in an imposing volume. According to the evidence thus afforded to the public, there seemed no doubt left but that these flints bore the marks of the mind and hand of man, thus associating man with a pre-Adamite race of animals. The cause of truth owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Nicholas Whitley, hon. secretary of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, for the acuteness which led him to suspect that there was something wrong, the perseverance with which he followed up his suspicions, and the boldness with which he made public the result, which was simple but suggestive. The plaster casts, the drawings and descriptions, *were not the casts, drawings, or descriptions of the real flints found in the cavern!* The originals were, with one or two exceptions, evidently purely natural specimens of flints; and persons who have seen the landscape stones and the marvellous likeness of human faces on inaccessible rocks, will not be disposed to overthrow the whole of revelation because of one or two curiously-shaped stones found in company with the remains of extinct animals. If the cause had not been so weak, what was the necessity for trying to strengthen and supplement it by presenting the public with false statements? With regard to all these supposed flint implements and spears and arrow-heads, found in various places, it may be as well to mention here the frank confession of Dr. Carpenter. He has told us from the presidential chair of the Royal Academy that no 'logical proof can be adduced that the peculiar shapes of these flints were given them by human hands.'"

So the bubbles go on bursting, and meanwhile more are being blown,

* Price 6d., Bemrose and Sons.

and we are expected to believe in whatever comes, and wait with open mouth to see what comes next. But we shall not just yet fall down and worship the image of human wisdom, notwithstanding all the flutes, harps, sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimers, weekly papers, quarterly reviews, and boastful professors. *Show us a man of science worthy of the name*, and then we will not follow him if he dares to oppose revealed truth; but show us one in whom the next generation will believe; at present there is not one alive worthy to be compared with Newton and other master minds reverent to the Scriptures, compared with whom these men are mere pretenders. See, my brethren, we have unbelief, scientific and otherwise, to contend with, and we must meet it in the name of the Lord.

Another manifest evil of this our time is not so serious, but it is exceedingly annoying, I refer to *the spirit of disintegration* which infects portions of the church of God and causes much heartburn and discord in certain quarters. Years ago, when a man was converted, he used, as a matter of course, to unite with that church with which he most nearly agreed, and work for the Lord in connection with it; but now a brother does not like to go to the place where most of the Christians in the town or village assemble, but he prefers to hold a meeting in his own room, in order to show that he dislikes sectarianism, and believes in Christian unity. Not caring to work with any recognised organization, because it is denominational, he feels bound to form a little denomination of his own. We would not in an angry spirit forbid these brethren because they follow not with us, but we cannot conceal the fact that by thus working alone they are injuring themselves, weakening our churches, and robbing us of those who ought to be our most efficient helpers. I fear that some are bitten with the notion that work outside the church is more useful than regular efforts; but a little experience will, I hope, teach many of them better. Christian labours disconnected from the church, are like sowing and reaping without having any barn in which to store the fruits of the harvest; they are useful but incomplete. I trust the evil of Ishmaelitish enterprise will gradually cure itself, but meanwhile it goes on, and loving, earnest people are decoyed away from our fellowship. On the other hand, it is a good thing for some brethren who "count themselves something though they be nothing," to have the opportunity of finding a sphere of activity, where they will probably be less troublesome to us than they would have been nearer home. Some persons distinguished by a kind of piety which might be called *may*-piety, are happiest where they can talk most. They are fond of hearing themselves speak, and can sing, "How charming is the sound": such are best accommodated in assemblies of their own convening. We have this to deal with, and to some brethren it is a cause of heart-break, and has bowed them down with grief of soul. Many an earnest pastor can testify to this.

The fourth evil is one to which I call your very earnest attention, *the growth of wickedness in the land*, especially in two forms, which we ought not to overlook. One is *the growing worldliness among professing Christians*. They are indulging in extravagance in many ways, in luxurious habits, dress, equipages, feastings, and so on, and wasting the substance of which they are stewards. When a man is giving

liberally to the cause of God I count it very foolish to forbid his spending liberally in other ways, for men usually spend by scale. It would be absurd to hold up a wretched miser who gives nothing either to God or man as an example to a liberal spender: but there is too much of ostentatious extravagance abroad which wastes the Master's money in worldly pleasures and doubtful amusements, yea, and amusements worse than doubtful. Some who are called ministers of Christ have in these days even defended amusements which moralists have felt bound to abandon, but let us hope that such ministers will not repeat the mistake. We must be careful, wise, and yet decided in our dealings with this growing evil, or we shall lose all spirituality from the churches. But, beside this, have you not noticed with horror the increase of *the national sin of drunkenness* throughout the land? Only look at the bill for intoxicating drinks! That amount cannot be expended annually without producing a terrible record of drunkenness, crime, disease, and death. Ten years ago it is pretty certain that men drank quite enough: to what must we impute this ever-growing consumption? The evil is positively appalling. I look upon the law permitting the sale of wines and spirits at the grocers' as one of the most mischievous pieces of modern legislation. To my grievous knowledge the sin of intoxication among women has been suggested in some instances and promoted in others by this easy and respectable method of obtaining strong drink. For women to drink is loathsome even to men who can freely indulge in it themselves. Is it really more shameful that women should be drunken than men? It has that appearance, and the frequency of the evil among them proves that the drink cancer is getting nearer to the heart of the body politic. I was in France, at the Carnival at Mentone, and I remarked again and again that I saw no sign of intoxication. All day long the peasants and townspeople amused themselves with masks, and music, and comfits, amusements fit for little children, but I saw no drunkenness, and do not think there was any. Yet France is a Popish country: do we not blush to think that it should excel us in so ordinary a virtue as sobriety? One of my friends said to me, "If this Carnival had been held in England, these people would have been all drunk before they started the procession." Several years ago when staying on the island of Heligoland I noticed with regret a regulation that no more than four English sailors should come ashore at one time, and then each one must be attended by a soldier till he returned to the boat. I saw hale and hearty sailors come to the little town and walk up the street, but how differently they reeled back, and how difficult it seemed to get them safely away. Are our fellow-countrymen to become the scorn of mankind for their drunkenness? The world will begin to cry shame upon the Christian church unless something is done in this matter. Consider the suffering and poverty which arise out of the waste of money involved in this vice, and the crime which is its inevitable result. The whole land reeks before the Lord, and is corrupt with this sin. If Christians do not labour to stay this evil who will do it? If ministers do not seek to the utmost of their ability to apply a remedy, the world will think that their outcry against unbelief and other evils is not very sincere. He who does not cry out against the wolf cannot surely be at enmity with the lion.

These are the mischiefs. Now for the REMEDY. What are we to do to meet this superstition, and this unbelief, and this disintegration, and this growing drunkenness? I have only one remedy to prescribe, and that is that we do preach the gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in all its length and breadth of doctrine, precept, spirit, example, and power. To give but one remedy for many diseases of the body is the part of an empiric, but it is not so in the affairs of the soul, for the gospel is so divinely compounded as to meet all the evils of humanity, however they may differ from one another. We have only to preach the living gospel, and the whole of it, to meet the whole of the evils of the times. The gospel, if it were fully received through the whole earth, would purge away all slavery, end all war, and put down all drunkenness and all social evils; in fact you cannot conceive a moral curse which it would not remove, and even physical evils, since many of them arise incidentally from sin, would be greatly mitigated and some of them for ever abolished. The spirit of the gospel, causing attention to be given to all that concerns our neighbour's welfare, would promote sanitary and social reforms, and so the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations would work their beneficial purpose. Keep to the gospel, brethren, and you will keep to the one universal, never-failing remedy. You have read of sieges, in which the poor inhabitants have been reduced to skeletons, and fevers and diseases scarcely known at other times have abounded: when the city has at last surrendered, if you wished to give the people what would meet all their wants, you would begin with giving them food. Hunger lies at the bottom of the fever, hunger has caused the other diseases, gaunt and grim, and when the constitution is again built up by food it will throw off most of the other ills. Give the bread of life to the multitude, and the maladies and diseases of fallen humanity will be divinely removed. I am sure it is so. It is evident enough that the gospel meets *superstition*. In the Revelation we read "Babylon is fallen, is fallen," and we see her cast like a millstone in the flood. But was it not because a little before we read "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth." Between the fall of Babylon and the flight of the angel there was an intimate connection. If you were to enter a ruin and could not bear the hooting of the owls and the presence of the bats, and wanted to disperse them, if you could let the blessed light shine into the deserted halls, the bats and owls would soon find their wings. Let the flambeaux blaze in every corner and the creatures of darkness will quit the scene. Do you wish to put an end to baptismal regeneration, the lie of lies? Proclaim spiritual regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and exalt the work of the Spirit of the Lord. Would you make men see through the sham of Romish and Anglican priesthood? Proclaim the everlasting priesthood of the Great Melchisedec. If you would end belief in sacraments, proclaim the substance, of which ordinances can never be more than the shadow. You will find men turn away from the husks when you set before them solid food, God by his Spirit being with you to give them the wisdom to discern between things that differ.

As to the *unbelieving* business, my brethren, I bear my witness that

the preaching of the gospel confronts it well. I was speaking to a brother minister concerning the number of young men who fall into one form or another of false doctrine. When I told him that I was very little troubled in that way he replied, "I don't suppose you are. Calvinism drives them away, it does not allow them enough scope. A man of that kind would not come to hear you many times." Now I am bold to say that in some preaching dovecotes are provided for the birds of doubt, and I am not surprised that they fly in clouds, and as doves to their windows. Preach the doctrines of grace, dear brethren, and those who like not your Lord will either be changed themselves or change their minister. Preach the gospel very decidedly and firmly, no matter what people may say of you, and God will be with you. Some would like us to treat the Bible as if it were a peal of bells sounding forth from a church steeple which we can make to say whatever we please: rather let us sound forth Scriptural truth like a trumpet, giving a certain sound that people may know that there is a meaning in it, and may learn at the same time what that meaning is.

I give the progressive gentlemen a motto to be engraved on their escutcheon, for which I hope they will be very grateful, it is this—"*Ever learning.*" It is their boast that they are ever learning. Accept it, gentlemen, but take the whole of it, "and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." 2 Tim. iii. 7. They themselves confess that they do not come to definite knowledge, for they are always telling us that what they teach to-day they may repudiate to-morrow, for a process of development is going on, so that having commenced with the oyster of Calvinism they may yet reach the superlative manhood of atheism, for where else will it stop? Preach the truth with all your hearts as God teaches it to you, and this plague will be stayed.

As to *disintegration*, I know of no way of keeping God's people together like giving them plenty of spiritual meat. The simple shepherd said that he tied his sheep by their teeth, for he gave them such good food that they could not find better, and so they stayed with him. Be this our custom as the Holy Spirit shall help us. Let us also labour by our preaching to make church fellowship a great deal more real. Have we not many times heard the remark, perhaps a pardonable one, "I will never go to another church meeting." Why should it be so? An old story furnishes me with an illustration. A clergyman was burying a corpse, and not knowing whether to use the word "brother" or "sister" in the service, he turned to one of the mourners and asked, "Is it a brother or a sister?" "No relation at all, sir," was the prompt reply, "only an acquaintance." We are always talking about beloved brethren and sisters, but on examination how much of real brotherhood is there in most churches? Does it not amount to this—"No relation at all, only an acquaintance." Do you wonder that people start a little meeting of their own where they hope that there will be a little more communion? Try to make church fellowship full of life and love by preaching and living the gospel of love and brotherhood. Be to your people like a father among his children, or an elder brother among his brethren, that you may be the means of blessing to them, and at the same time meet the evil of disintegration.

As to that terrible matter of *drunkenness*, I believe there are many

palliations for the disease, but I am equally certain that there is no complete and universally applicable cure for it except the gospel. The best way to make a man sober is to bring him to the foot of the Cross. It is a practical question, well worth your pondering, whether in order to bring him there it may not be necessary to get him sober first, for we cannot hope to see men converted when they are drunk. You may find it wise to use with vigour all the appliances which the temperance movement has so amply provided, but whether you personally agree to do so or not, if you see others earnestly warring with the demon of drink, even though they use weapons which you do not admire, do not despise them nor treat them otherwise than as allies. Let your own personal habits be such as shall tend to overthrow the evil, and to encourage those who are labouring to that end. Let the current and tone of your conversation be always friendly to the man who fights this foe, even if he does not come upon your platform, for the enemy is so strong and so all-devouring that no honest helper may be scorned. But, after all, the gospel is the needle-gun of the conflict. If you could make every man in England sign the pledge of total abstinence you could not secure sobriety for any length of time, since pledges are too often broken; but if men's hearts are changed, and they become believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, then the stamina of principle will by divine grace be given to the mental constitution, promises will be kept, and vices will be forsaken.

So far you have followed me in the *general* truth, I will now give a few practical exhortations. The old, old gospel is to be *preached*, it is not to be ground out like tunes from a barrel organ, but to be preached in the very best way, and by God's blessing we are so to work up the church that both ourselves and our fellow members shall confirm the witness of the gospel, and be hearty and unanimous in spreading it.

To begin with, *we must have more knowledge of the gospel.* It is not every minister that understands the gospel: many ministers who understand its elements have never attempted to grasp and to preach the whole of it, and even he who knows most of it needs to understand it better. You must preach the whole of the gospel. The omission of either a doctrine or an ordinance or a precept may prove highly injurious. Even points which others think trivial must not be trivial to the man who would make full proof of his ministry.

Do not, for instance, fail to be faithful upon believers' baptism, for if that part of your testimony be left out, an ingredient essential to meet superstition will be wanting. Though it may seem at first sight as if you might very well leave out a minor doctrine without mischief, do not so, for since the God who put it into the word is supremely wise, he is not a wise man who would leave it out. Fulfil the whole of your commission: "teaching them," says your Lord, "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Preach the gospel north, south, east, and west, but be sure you preach the whole gospel as far as God has taught it you, and nothing else.

To accomplish this we are bound to search and study in order to know more and more of the inspired word. Have you not found that the precious gospel is like a cavern into which you must enter bearing

the torch of the Holy Spirit, who alone can show you all things? Were you not astonished as you stood in the first chamber and saw its clear soft silver light? What treasures were all around you, for all its walls were slabs of silver, and the roof was hung with filagree of the precious metal. "I have found it! I have found it!" cried you for very joy. But just then one of the shining ones touched you on the shoulder and said, "Come hither, and I will show thee greater things than these." You passed through a portal hitherto unobserved, and lo, there opened up another chamber, more lofty and more spacious than the last. The floor, the roof, and the pendant stalactites were all of gold—pure gold, like unto transparent glass; and then you said, "Now have I entered the innermost shrine of truth." Yet was there more to be seen, for again the shining one touched you, another secret door flew open, and you were in a vast hall, where every form of precious stone flashed forth upon you: rubies and jaspers, and emeralds, and amethysts emulated each other's beauties, while all in a blaze of light the terrible crystal and all manner of choice gems made the cavern to shine like a thousand firmaments crowded with stars. Then you marvelled indeed. And now, perhaps, having seen such treasures, you are of opinion that nothing more remains, but God's glory as yet no mortal hath fully seen, and the divine Spirit waits to lead you by study and prayer to a yet clearer vision of the deep things of God.

In order to preach the gospel well we must have such a knowledge of it that we are *practically* conversant with it. We must have it in our hearts, and also, as the proverb has it, at our fingers' ends. We must be rich that we may scatter treasures. We must be scribes well instructed that we may be apt to teach. Let us see well to this, dear brethren; and if any of you have at all slurred your private studies and your communion with God, and your deep searching of the word, I pray you do not so; for you may get on a little while with the stores you have on hand, but they will be soon spent, or become mouldy. Gather fresh manna every morning; gather it fresh from heaven. Manna is all very well out of a brother's omer if I cannot go where it falls, but God's rule is for each man to fill his own omer. Borrow from books if you will; but do not preach books, but the living word. Get much inward knowledge, and then deal it out.

Secondly, *we must seek after a deeper and more experimental acquaintance with the gospel.* The word "experimental" is one which theology has manufactured; and it is not correct, for true religion is no experiment. Surely it is a well ascertained fact, a force the result of which may safely be predicted, for no cause more certainly ensures its effect. But we mean "experiential," or that which groweth out of experience; pardon the uncomely coinage. Does a man know any gospel truth aright till he knows it by experience? Is not this the reason why God's servants are made to pass through so many trials, that they may really learn many truths not otherwise to be apprehended? Do we learn much in sunny weather? Do we not profit most in stormy times? Have you not found it so—that your sick-bed—your bereavement—your depression of spirit, has instructed you in many matters which tranquillity and delight have never whispered to you? I suppose we ought to learn as much by joy as by sorrow, and I hope

that many of my Lord's better servants do so; but, alas, others of us do not; affliction has to be called in to whip the lesson into us. Brethren, a minister who handles the word of God as one who has tried and proved it is known at once by his congregation. Even the unconverted know the touch of the practised surgeon of souls. If a woman who never nursed anybody before were to come to your bedside to attend to you during an illness you would find it out without being told. But mark the skilled nurse. Note the wonderful way in which she makes up your pillow! What an art she has in putting on the bandages! How downy are her fingers when she touches the wounded flesh! And if she has ever been afflicted as you now are how pleasantly she says, "Ah, I know how you suffer. I understand that feeling; for I have felt the same." Why you feel that nurse to be the very one you needed. There is a way of talking about the gospel and its privileges and duties in a style which does not come home to the heart at all. I once read the following criticism upon a certain preacher. I do not think it was at all just as applied to that minister and so I shall not mention his name, but the remarks were as follows:—"He preaches as if you had no father or mother, no sister or brother, no wife or child, no human struggles and hopes; as if the great object of preaching was to fill you with Biblical pedantry, and not to make the man better, wiser, stronger than before. Perhaps it may be, because this is the case, that the church is so thronged. You need not tremble lest your heart be touched, and your darling sin withered up by the indignant denunciations of the preacher. He is far away in Revelation or in Exodus, telling us what the first man did, or the last man will do; giving you, it may be, a creed that is scriptural and correct, but that does not interest you; that has neither life, nor love, nor power; as well adapted to empty space as to this gigantic Babel of competition, and crime, and wrong, in which we live and move."

Such a criticism would justly apply to many preachers. They do not treat the gospel as a practical thing, or as a matter of fact which immediately concerns the people before them. If the gospel referred only to certain unclothed humanities in the bush of Australia, they could not themselves appear to be less interested in it. A pleading experimental sermon from them we could not expect, nor even the simple gospel, except so far as they may occasionally condescend to men of low estate by abasing themselves from the serenities in which their highnesses exist in order to consider a few of the depravities of the lower classes. This will never do. No; we must have personal experience of the things of God. As to our own depravity we must feel it and mourn it; and as to the glorious power of the grace of God and the wondrous riches of Christ, we must go on to realize these in our own souls more and more, if we are to preach with power and meet the evils of the times.

I have to say, thirdly, that *we must keep to the gospel more continually.* I do not know any audience to whom there is less need to say this than to the present; but, still, let us "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." It is worth while stirring up that which is pure, the impure will be best let alone. Seeing that ye have these things, let me excite you to have them more abundantly. Often, very often, ought

we to teach the simple rudiments of the gospel. It is astonishing, after all the preaching that there has been in England, how little the gospel is understood by the mass of men. They are still children, and have need to be told the A B C of the gospel of Christ. Keep most to those themes, brethren, which are most soul-saving—to those which are practically useful to the people. Keep close to the cross of Christ. Point continually to the atoning sacrifice and to the doctrine of justification by faith, which, when preached aright, are never preached without the divine approbation. Every truth is important, let it have its due place; but do not suffer any secondary truth to take you away from the first. Aristotle, in his wonderfully unnatural natural history, tells us that in Sicily the herbs in the woods and fields smell so exceeding sweetly that the dogs lose all scent of their prey, and so are unable to hunt. Let us beware of such herbs. There is to our minds—to mine, I know—a great fascination in poetry, in true science, in metaphysics, and the like; but you, I trust, dear brethren, will prove to be dogs of so keen a scent that the perfume of none of these shall prevent your following closely after the souls of men, for whom you hunt at your Master's bidding. No doubt many are taken off from the main pursuit, and think, when they have taken to frivolous philosophisings, that they have outgrown their fellow Christians, but be not ye of their mind.

A woman was once very busy in fetching out of her burning house her pictures and her choicest pieces of furniture. She had worked for hours at it, toiling hard to save her little treasures, when on a sudden it came to her mind that one child was missing. One child had been left in the burning house, and when she rushed back again that chamber had long ago been consumed, and the child had, doubtless, perished. Then did she wring her hands, and bitterly bewail her folly. Every bit of furniture that she had saved she seemed to curse, and wished that she had not saved *it*, because by looking after such poor stuff she had lost her child. Even so every little piece of curious learning and quaint proverb, and deep doctrine that you manage to save from the fire will only accuse your conscience if you let men's souls perish. We *must* have them saved, and it is infinitely better that fifty of those admirable discourses upon a difficult point should lie by till we are dead than that we should bring them out and waste fifty Sundays when precious souls are waiting for the good news of mercy. I have often wondered what some sermons were preached for, what design the preacher had in concocting them. I would not suspect the preachers of wishing to display themselves; what else they meant I do not know. Caligula marched his legions with the beating of drums and sounding of trumpets, and display of eagles and banners down to the sea-shore, *to gather cockles*. And there are sermons of that sort: beating drums and sounding trumpets and flaunting flags, *and cockles*. A beautiful story is told of the famous Bernard. He preached one day to a congregation with marvellous eloquence and poetic diction; he charmed them all; but when the sermon was done, Bernard was observed to walk away disquieted. He wandered into the wilderness and spent the night alone, fasting because of sadness. The next day, at the time for preaching, he was ready, and delivered himself of a common-place discourse which the great gentlemen who had listened to him the day before thought

nothing of, but the poor of the people understood his words and drank them in, and though he heard the censures of the critics, he was observed to walk away with a smile upon his face, and to eat his bread with a merry heart. When one asked the reason, he said, "*Heri Bernardum: hodie Jesum Christum.*" "Yesterday I preached Bernard; but to-day Jesus Christ." You, my brethren, will feel happy when you have preached unto them Jesus, and, whoever frowns, your sleep will be sweet to you, for your Master has accepted you.

Keep to the gospel, then, more and more and more. Give the people Christ and nothing but Christ. Satiate them, even though some of them should say that you also nauseate them with the gospel. At every meal set out the salt without prescribing how much. If they do not like it (and there are creatures that cannot endure salt), give them all the more, for this is your Lord's mind.

I would add that in our preaching *we must become more and more earnest and practical.* That paragraph which I read to you just now concerning a certain divine, must never be true concerning us. We must preach as men *to* men, not as divines *before* the clergy and nobility. Preach straight *at* them. It is of no use to fire your rifle into the sky when your object is to pierce the heart. To flourish your sabre finely is a thing which has been done so often that you need not repeat it. Your work is to charge home at the heart and conscience. Fire into the very centre of the foe. Aim at effect. "Oh! oh!" say you, "I thought we ought never to do that." No, not in the perverted acceptation of the term, but in the right sense *aim at effect*—effect upon the conscience and upon the heart. Some preachers remind me of the famous Chinese jugglers, who not long ago were everywhere advertised. One of these stood against a wall and the other threw knives at him. One knife would be delivered into the board just above his head, and another close by his ear, while under his armpit and between his fingers quite a number of deadly weapons were bristling. Wonderful art to be able to throw to a hair's breadth and never strike! How many among us have a marvellous skill in missing! "Be not afraid," says the preacher, "I am never personal, never give home-thrusts." Stand quite still, my friend! Open your arms! Spread out your fingers! Your minister has practised a very long while, and he knows how to avoid troubling you in the least with truth too severely personal. Brethren, cultivate that art if you desire to be damned and your hearers also; but if you desire both to save yourselves and them that hear you, cry to your Lord for faithfulness, practicalness, heart-moving power. Never play at preaching, nor beat about the bush; get at it, and always mean business. Plutarch tells us of two men at Athens who were nominated for a public office. One of them was famous for his oratory, and to gain the election he gave a description of what he could and would do if the citizens would choose him. He would have charmed them with his fine promises, but they knew him too well. His rival was a man of few words and simply said, "All that this gentleman has *said* I mean to *do*." Now, be ye of that kind, not speakers of the word only, but doers also. Have you not heard scores of sermons about the gospel, and about what the gospel is to do? Is it not a grand thing at a public meeting to give a glorious description of what the gospel has

accomplished and what it will accomplish, though you have contributed nothing to the grand result? But of what avail is it to preach *about* the gospel, let us *preach the gospel itself*. Hope not to alarm the foe by a description of a Krupp-gun, but wheel up your artillery and open fire. Don't be content with describing conviction of sin, but labour in the power of the Spirit to produce conviction at once. Don't satisfy yourself by picturing the peace which follows upon believing, but preach the truth which men are to believe, so that they may actually obtain the peace which you describe. We want more of what I call the "doing" preaching, and less of the "talking" preaching. Set yourselves steadily to labour with men even to an agony. Show men their sin. Set it out before them, and say, "Sinner, is not this sin? Are you so blind that you cannot see it. If you cannot see it I will mourn your blindness and pray the ever-blessed Spirit to open your eyes. And do not you see Christ, sinner? I have seen him! It was the most blessed sight I ever beheld, for his wounds are my healing and his death is my life. I have nothing to show you but Christ my master, but a look at him will save you. I will pray the Holy Spirit to illuminate you, but if you do not understand, it shall be the fault of *your* mind and not of *my* language." We have heard sermons preached in which the minister prayed God to save souls, but unless he had departed from his usual laws of procedure it was not possible for the Almighty God to use such discourses for any such purpose, for they have consisted of mere trifling with words, or an exposition of some minute point of opinion, or a philosophising away of the mind of the Spirit. Pray the Lord to save your hearers, and then drive at them as though you could save them yourself. Trust in God, and then employ such logical arguments as may convince the judgment and such pathetic appeals as may touch the heart, so that if effects depend upon causes you may see them produced, God's hand being with you.

I need scarcely add to you, brethren, that *we must be more and more simple and clear in the preaching of the gospel*. I think we are pretty clear and plain already, but sometimes young men are fascinated by some famous preacher whose style is grandiose, sublime, or involved. They see the thing done very splendidly, and as they look on they marvel, and by degrees think they will try that, too; and so they put on the seven-league boots, large enough for them to live in, and the result is ridiculous, nay, worse than that, it is spiritually useless. When a man tries to do the magnificent, with elaborate sentences, and pompous diction, and grandeur of manner, it must and will come to nought. There is also a tendency among some young gentlemen to go off into excessive quotation of poetry. There are fine young men who probably were born with a rose between their lips, and with a nightingale singing above their bed when first their infant cries were heard, and these are for ever consecrated to the sublime and beautiful. Every breeze wafts to them from the mountains of Araby the sweet odours of poetic thought.

> "They scarce their mouths can ope
> But out there flies a trope."

Very fine! very fine, brethren; but do not be beguiled with it. As

much as ever you can avoid all artificial oratory, or what simpletons now-a-days mistake for eloquence. The word is shamefully used, but in the common acceptation of the term the most detestable thing is eloquence. Speak from your heart, and never mind eloquence. Do not speak after the manner of oratory; speak as a lover of souls, and then you will have eloquence, real eloquence. The oratory which allies itself with the dancing-master, and practises before a looking-glass, and is fond of classical geography, and obscure verses from unknown poets, is for ever to be abhorred by you. Perishing sinners do not want your poetry, they want Christ. If you are poetical ride on the back of your poetry, but do not let it ride you. What you have to do is to be the means of saving souls, and look you well to that. If soldiers can win a battle and sing sweetly at the same time, by all means let them sing, but if it so happens that while regarding the harmonies they miss a cut at their enemies, let the singing come to an end at once. There, young warrior, give over your crotchets and quavers and vault into your saddle! Regard your pulpit as your steed, and dash into the battle like Khaled of old, smiting right and left with dauntless valour; and when you come back you will have more honour from your Master than he who stayed at home to arrange the plumes of his helmet, and then at length rode out bedizened to admiration only to come home like that glorious hero of old time who "marched up a hill and down again."

I must hasten on to notice that if we are to make the gospel meet the evils of the time, *we must be quite sure to exemplify it in our lives when out of the pulpit.* I thank God I know, in the case of numbers of brethren here, that the gospel which they preach is illustrated in their lives by their self-denials and self-sacrifices. It charms me when I hear a brother say, "I left my position to go to one where my income would be twenty pounds a year less, for I felt that there was a wider sphere of usefulness before me, and that I should not be building on another man's foundation, but conquering new territory for Christ." I glory in God's grace as shown in many of you, because of your zeal, your endurance of poverty, and your faith in God. The Lord will bless you. It delights my soul to think that the spirit of the apostles and martyrs is in many of you. You make sacrifices for Christ and say nothing about them, content to do grandly though none proclaim it. Go on, my brethren, in the name of the Lord. I hope you will not have to suffer more than needs be, but where there is a needs be take you the suffering joyfully. If we cannot conquer without the loss of a few men, do not let us hesitate for a moment. If we cannot take this Malakoff without filling the trench with dead bodies, let us leap in. Let us never shrink from poverty, rebuke, or hard labour; but determine that the old flag shall be carried to the top of the fortress, and, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, error shall be trodden under foot as straw is trodden for the dunghill. Ah, it is a cause worthy of your utmost zeal, if you could spill your blood in a thousand martyrdoms a day the cause deserves it. It is the cause of God, the cause of Christ, the cause of humanity. Preach the gospel, brethren, preach it all, and preach it with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and you shall yet save this perishing world, but may God help you to live in the spirit of the gospel, or you will fail.

I am afraid that there are some ministers who get into a pulpit, intending there to stick. There is no moving *them*, and they never move the people. It is sometimes remarked to me, "Some of your men move about a good deal." "Yes," I say, "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase." I like the self-sacrifice of a man who feels that he can move, and will move when he can do more good elsewhere. Never move or stay for selfish reasons, but hold yourself at your great Captain's beck and call. An old Scotch minister, as he was riding along, saw, according to his own description, something coming which greatly alarmed him. It was a gipsy riding aloft upon an ass which he had loaded high with fagots. The beast which the minister was riding was alarmed as well as its rider, set its feet down very firmly, and put its ears back, after the manner of amiable horses! "And," said the minister in describing it, "I prepared myself for a fall, so that I fell somewhat more easily." "But," said a friend, "I should have got off." That idea had never crossed the worthy man's mind. So it is with some ministers, they prepare themselves to be dismissed by their people, but never propose to remove of their own will. It is within my knowledge that a brother, not of our Conference, said to his people, when they were in a most earnest manner endeavouring to get rid of him, "It was the Spirit of God that brought me here, and I shall never go till the Spirit of God leads me to go away, *and that will be a very long while.*" The last sentence cast suspicion on all that preceded it, for, surely, he could not foretell what the mind of the Spirit might be. Stay or move, brethren; go to Africa, or America, or Australia, or flit from John o' Groat's house to the Land's End, only do accomplish your mission and glorify God. Be holy, be gracious, be prayerful, be disinterested, be like the Lord Jesus: thus only will your lives be consistent with your ministries.

One thing more, and it is this. Let us, dear brethren, try to *get saturated with the gospel.* I always find that I can preach best when I can manage to lie a-soak in my text. I like to get a text and know its meaning and bearings, and so on; and then, after I have bathed in it, I delight to lie down in it and let it soak into me. It softens me, or hardens me, or does whatever it ought to do to me, and then I can talk about it. Become saturated with spices and you will smell of them. You need not be very particular about the words and phrases if the spirit of the text has filled you. Thoughts will leap out and find raiment for themselves, a sweet perfume will distil from you and spread itself in every direction—we call it *unction.* Do you not love to hear a brother speak who abides in fellowship with Jesus. Even a few minutes with such a man is refreshing, for, like his Master, his paths drop fatness. Dwell in the truth and let the truth dwell in you. Be baptized into its spirit and influence that you may impart thereof to others. If you do not believe the gospel do not preach it, for you lack an essential qualification; but even if you do believe it, do not preach it until you have taken it up into yourself as the wick takes up the oil. So only can you be a burning and a shining light. Personally to me the gospel is something more than a matter of faith: it has so mingled with my being as to be a part of my consciousness, an integral part of my mind, never to be removed from me. If stretched upon the rack I might be

weak enough in the extremity of pain to say that I did not believe the truth; but I could not help believing it still. Faith in the old orthodox creed is not a matter of choice with me now. I am frequently told that I ought to examine at length the various new views which are so continually presented. I decline the invitation: I can smell them, and that satisfies me. I perceive in them nothing which glorifies God or magnifies Christ, but much that puffs up human nature, and I protest that the smell is enough for me.

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanities and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

I hope the truths of the gospel have become our life: experience has incorporated them with our being. Be laid low with pain, and nothing will then suffice you but gracious realities. Bind philosophy around an aching heart, and see if it will relieve the agony. Take a draught of modern thought, and see if it will cure despair. Go to sick beds, where men are looking into eternity, and see if the principles of the sceptical school can help the sick to die in triumph.

Brothers, I beseech you keep to the old gospel, and let your souls be filled with it, and then *may you be set on fire with it.* When the wick is saturated, let the flame be applied. Fire from heaven is still the necessity of the age. They call it "go," and there is nothing which goes like it, for when it kindles upon a prairie or a dry forest all that is dry and withered must disappear before its terrible advance. May God himself, who is a consuming fire, ever burn in you as in the bush at Horeb. All other things being equal, that man will do most who has most of the divine fire. That subtle, mysterious element called fire—who knoweth what it is? It is a force inconceivably mighty. Perhaps it is the motive force of all the forces, for light and heat from the sun are the soul of power. Certainly fire, as it is in God, and comes upon his servants, is power omnipotent. The consecrated flame will, perhaps, consume *you,* burning up the bodily health with too great ardour of soul, even as a sharp sword wears away the scabbard, but what of that? The zeal of God's house ate up our Master, and it is but a small matter if it consume his servants. If by excessive labour we die before reaching the average age of man, worn out in the Master's service, then, glory be to God, we shall have so much less of earth and so much more of heaven. And suppose we should be abused, misrepresented, and slandered for Christ's sake, then glory be to God that we had a reputation to lose for his sake, and blessed be our Lord who counted us worthy to do it. Be on fire within yourselves with perfect consecration to God, and then you will blaze in the pulpit.

There are the evils, brethren. I have tried to set them forth; you will not forget them. But we have only one remedy; preach Jesus Christ, and let us do it more and more. By the roadside, in the little room, in the theatre, anywhere, everywhere, let us preach Christ. Write books if you like, and do anything else within your power; but whatever else you cannot do, *preach* Christ. If you do not always visit your people (though I pray God you may not be blameworthy there) yet

preach. The devil cannot endure gospel preaching, nothing worries him so much as preaching. The pope cannot bear it, nothing makes him so ill as preaching. Preaching is our great weapon—use it perpetually. Preaching is the Lord's battering-ram, wherewith the walls of old Babylon are being shaken to their foundations. Work on with it, brothers, work on. Preach, preach, preach, preach, preach, preach, till you can preach no more, and then go above to sing the praises of God in heaven, and make known to the angels the wonders of redeeming love.

Advertising for the Devil.

THERE are many well-meaning people in the world who do a good deal of gratuitous advertising for Satan. They seem to doubt whether anything is settled until they settle it; and so they go to work disputing with unseen opponents, and confuting in the pulpit theories which, to most of their hearers, are as unknown and unintelligible as Sanscrit.

A minister expressed great surprise at seeing an objectionable book on the table of a friend, but was informed that his curiosity was excited by the minister's denouncing the book on the previous Sunday, and at once he went and bought it.

We shall do well to remember that our harvest depends upon the amount of wheat which we sow, and not upon the number of tares which we pull up. We may work ourselves to death in trying to undo what Satan has done, and we shall find him at last too agile for us to overtake him. We shall do better to work for God with all the energy of devout and devoted hearts, trusting him to bless his own Word, and bring to naught the devices of evil men and devils.

An earnest writer has well said: "Teachers have better work than to advertise the devil's nostrums." The best way, as a rule, to preach down error, is to preach up truth. Fill the mind and saturate the soul with the truth of God's word, and there shall be no room for error. Seldom attack error directly; but if you throw down the gauntlet to the devil, be sure you give him a deadly lunge. Error is a plant of such prolific growth, that the more you try to pull it up by the roots, the more you will cause them to sprout. Sow 'the good seed of the kingdom' in every spot of the ground, and you will choke out and keep out error by the presence of truth. We have paid too much respect to Satan. We owe him nothing but contempt and disobedience. Let us stop abusing the devil and the pope, and begin in good earnest to teach God's word. If that word abide in us richly, if we teach it fully, we shall have little occasion to mourn over the power of error.

"Never before has God more signally honoured his own Word. Never before was the Bible more bitterly opposed; never before was it so tenderly loved and widely read as now. Never before was prayer more questioned; never before was prayer more graciously answered. Truth is mighty; as God lives it will prevail. Let us believe it, teach it, and live it. Let us fill the minds of our children with the truths of God's word; and by his blessing, new trophies to redeeming grace shall be won in every class."—*From the Boston "Christian."*

The College Report for 1876-7.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT becomes more difficult every year to prepare a Report for our friends, because we have already said all that can be said, and said it in several ways. Our College is now in middle life, and this is at once the most laborious and the least romantic period of existence. We are quietly plodding on, doing nothing new, but persevering in downright hard work. Very prosaic, but at the same time very fruitful, is the history which can be thus summarized. We have gone on now for twenty years, aiding our young brethren to preach the gospel more intelligently, and we are by no means weary of the work, or shaken in our conviction as to its extreme necessity; but, on the contrary, we are more than ever wedded to the service, and are resolved so long as we live to continue in it. Our plans and methods are the same as at the first, because we have not been shown any reason for altering them, but have accumulated proofs of their efficiency. Instead of drawing back or changing our course, we are taking counsel for the continuance of the Pastors' College when we shall have ended our own personal career; and there are indications that the Lord will enable us to place the institution upon a permanent footing for generations yet to come.

Although there is nothing in mere plodding perseverance which can furnish matter for a sensational report, yet there is sterling value in it. Many can start an institution (for we have seen it done), but they lose their breath after a little running, and either let the work die, or turn it over to others, and try something newer and more dazzling. It has been our privilege to be associated with brethren who are not given to change, but are endowed with patient continuance in well doing, and so the College holds on its way without faltering. It is our duty to render praise to God for this, for whoever the labourers may be, he only can establish the work of our hands upon us. He only could have raised us up so many generous and faithful friends by whose liberality we are enabled to carry on the work, and he only could have sent success to the men who have gone forth. To him be grateful praise.

During the year the number of students has been greater than ever; it constantly varies, but it has reached at one time as many as one hundred and ten, but the funds have increased in like proportion, and there has been no lack. Men have been forthcoming in such large numbers as to enable us to make a very careful and jealous selection without fear of running short of accepted students. The men now with us are equal to any former body of brethren we have ever had, and many of them are preachers of great promise. Our brother and all the tutors have been spared to us in excellent health, and everything has worked as we could desire.

The Evening Classes, in which men who desire to serve the Lord can obtain a gratuitous education, have been very efficiently conducted, have gathered up large numbers of young men, and have been a great source of supply to the College, besides sending out colporteurs, city

missionaries, lay preachers, Sabbath-school teachers, and workers of all sorts. Between two and three hundred names are on the books of this Christian Working Men's College, and a fine spirit prevails among them.

We have now been able *to purchase the freehold* of the College, which was before held upon lease for eighty years, of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and we have put the property in trust, together with a sufficient sum to pay the rates and keep it in repair. This is a very glad event to the President, and he begs his friends to unite with him in gratitude to God. No debt, no rent, and virtually no rates: the College is thus housed by the gracious Lord, who has removed all difficulties and sent all supplies in answer to prayer. Our trustees are the brethren who conduct the Orphanage, and are at our side in every good work—in fact, the deacons of the church at the Tabernacle.

An old friend of the College sent us the other day the following remarks, which he thought should be incorporated in the Report, although he wished us to put them into other language. We shall not, however, hammer them on our anvil, but give them just as we received them, for we could not improve them.

"The wisdom and grace of God in the institution of this College are increasingly manifested every year. Such a necessity for its existence could not be foreseen by its first promoters. That there was some need for its origin for a better provision for the plain preaching of a plain gospel was seen and felt, but little did they think that a departure from the true faith would have proceeded so rapidly as to render this College so needful for the preservation of the old gospel as it has now become. 'This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes.' It was the Lord's doing that the President was led to the idea of a Pastors' College. It is the Lord's doing that young men in exact conformity with that idea have been provided. It is the Lord's doing that they have zealously and unitedly acquiesced in the instructions that have been given them. It is the Lord's doing that spheres of usefulness have been presented to them. It is the Lord's doing that they have faithfully adhered, almost without exception, to the doctrines for the maintenance of which this College was raised up both by God and man. It is the Lord's doing that those doctrines have been preached by them with unexampled success, and in few, if in any, instances in vain. Some have ranked among the foremost for distinction and usefulness in the denomination, the majority are increasingly influential and of solid worth, and the humblest of them are not less qualified for their own particular spheres. 'This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.'

"It is wonderful indeed that such a gospel should have been provided for lost and helpless men, and that it should please God by the foolishness of preaching (not by foolish preaching, but by what to wise men after the flesh may seem foolishness), to save them that believe; but having instituted this method of salvation it is not wonderful that this alone should receive the divine sanction and blessing. It is not wonderful that the plain and earnest preaching of a pure gospel should have the greatest influence upon the minds and hearts of men, because it alone comes within the promise for that end. Effects there may be

of a certain intellectual and moral worth from other preaching, but in proportion as they are the result of real gospel teaching, in that proportion only will they give real peace to the soul. It is by confining themselves almost exclusively to the fundamental doctrines of the gospel that the students from this College have awakened unusual interest, and have been favoured with unusual success. They owe their prominence in no small degree to the omissions of others. With or without learning and eloquence, they have shown what are the truths that are most blessed for the conversion of sinners and the consolation of the saved. Presented as living truths in their own experience, they have been received as such by others. Such, we are thankful to say, have been the results of the College, and such they continue to this day.

"Hitherto the College has been gradually increasing. Last month it was twenty years old, and it may now be considered to have nearly attained its full growth. There is a certain size for everything, in which it becomes most complete and most conducive to its own ends. It is so with flowers and trees, with animals and men, with families and nations, and communities of every kind. It is not less so with colleges. Universities do not furnish the best examples for religious purposes. The amalgamation of dissenting colleges has not answered the expectations that led to its formation. The Pastors' College is limited by its accommodation and its relation to a single pastorate, and, having come up to those limits, may be considered providentially to have arrived at its full growth. No great advance of its funds will be henceforth required, but only that they be well sustained. Already its supply of pastors is in excess of all the other Baptist colleges combined. It has outlived the jealousies and fears awakened by its first appearance, has gained the confidence of kindred institutions, and been recognised as an established power for great good both in the church and the world.

"If such have been the achievements of its youth, much more may be expected from its manhood. What if all that has hitherto been done by its instrumentality were undone! Where would the majority of the 380 men have been who have now successfully engaged, and some for many years, in the Christian ministry? No provision was made for them in other colleges, so that in all human probability they would have remained in the same private capacity, and upon the same level from which they came amongst us. Where would the many chapels have been that have been erected for their use, the new churches which have been formed, and the old churches which have been revived by their instrumentality? Where would the many souls have been if all that has been effected through their instrumentality were now to be undone? How many would have to quit their glorious high thrones in heaven, put off their spotless robes, lay down their golden harps, resign their crowns, and leave their blest abodes for regions of sorrow and despair? How many thousands of rejoicing pilgrims to the heavenly Jerusalem must go back to the world of sin and sorrow from whence they came? How many who have been comforted by their ministrations must resume their old burdens, and return to their perplexities and fears? How many awakened by their faithful appeals must return to their former indifference, without God and without Christ in the world?

The change would be felt by many in all lands, and when to these considerations we add the saving benefits which these many thousands may have conveyed, or may hereafter convey, to others, the blessings resulting from the College are incalculable. It is not an unfair method of argumentation thus to suppose all that has been done by the College to be undone. If we would know the benefit which the earth derives from the sun for a single day, we have only to suppose its light for that one day to be withheld; or the benefit of refreshing showers in a time of drought, we have only to suppose all their quickening and reviving influence to be withdrawn. To know the value of health, and outward mercies of any kind, we have only to think what we should have been, and where we should have been, without them. Why may we not judge in the same way of all spiritual good, with all the additional force it acquires from that good abiding for ever? Should the college now in its twenty-first year expire, it will not have lived in vain; but it has, we trust, a long life of a yet more vigorous and effective manhood before it, and its past benefits will prove but the dew of its youth in comparison with the showers of blessings which are stored up in it for many ages yet to come."

[*To be continued.*]

Storm the Fort.

BY REV. J. B. VINTON, BURMAH.

ONE of our returned missionaries thinks that the soldiers of Christ should be employed in storming instead of holding the Fort, and sends the following as a substitute for "Hold the Fort." He says, "If I read Jesus' signals aright, these are no times for lurking behind stone walls, but for storming them. The fort is not ours to hold, but the Devil's (John xiv. 30, xii. 31, xvi. 11). Holding forts is his work. Would that God would make all believers sing and mean the hymn I have written; then I could die, content with no greater work."

Ho! my comrades; see the signal
Jesus waves on high!
Satan's battlements are reeling,
Hear our Captain's cry.

Chorus—"Storm the fort, for I am leading,
I have shown you how,"
Shout the answer back to heaven—
We are ready—now.

"See the lofty walls are frowning,
Held by Satan's power
Sin enshrouds the world in darkness,
Now's the storming hour.

See! the prophets now are showing
How the fort must fall,
There is no such thing as failing,
Shout, my comrades, all!

Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
But the end is near,
Onward leads our great Commander,
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

—"*Watchman.*"

A Twelve Days' Missionary Tour in India.*

BY ROBERT SPURGEON, OF JESSORE.

OUR tent we had sent on on the previous day, but the men had pitched it directly in the town of Jadobpoore, and close to the market-place. Bullock carts are accustomed to stay there at night, and the straw left by them was scattered about the place. I knew too well the noise of a Bengal market also to wish to remain so near it. So, though it is no easy task, the striking and re-erecting a tent, I resolved to have it removed. We found a much better spot, in the centre of a mango grove, about a mile along the road nearer to Jessore. It was late that night before we could lie down to rest.

Morning brought a dense fog: a not uncommon thing in this damp district, where the rice grows in fields about one foot deep with water. In the afternoon a preacher and I visited the village that was nearest, intending to extend our work gradually from the centre we had chosen. We found a small village school, but the boys were anything but scholars. Hardly one of them could read. A man, whose house adjoined the shed where the school was held, brought out a mat, and the few people who came together seated themselves upon it. We both preached to them Jesus, and were about to leave when another lot of hearers arrived It was evident from the implements they carried, and the soiled appearance of their bodies, that they had only just returned from the fields. We could not go without preaching also to them, so we sat down again. They heard with great attention. It was quite late before we returned.

Early the next morning on rolling up the door of the tent we saw a number of hearers, to whom we had preached the night before, awaiting our arising. They had come to hear again. I at once seated myself in a camp chair, and Gogon, the native preacher, who was with me, sat on a mat by my side. Most of our hearers also sat in the Bengalee way. Whether fully in earnest or no we could not tell, but most of them seemed really anxious to know more of Christ. One man we know was not sincere. He asked us whether, if he became a Christian, he should be kept without work? If not, why should he be one? Were he but sure of getting a chair to sit upon like a sahib, there would be no hindrance to his believing. We sang a number of hymns, and some of them joined in them.

In the afternoon we went to a market some four miles off. There were so many heaps of rice upon the ground we could hardly find room to preach. No sooner do we enter a market place than an immense crowd gathers around us to hear. Hence it greatly inconveniences someone who has things for sale, wherever we stand to preach. On this occasion we saw an empty shop, and at once made towards it to seat ourselves on the board in front of it. The crowds followed. But almost as soon as we began to preach the shopkeeper arrived. We

* Our kinsman was one of the students at the Pastors' College, and is now an agent of the Baptist Mission.

could not therefore remain long, so we crossed over to the other side of the market place. There we had a clear place and an attentive crowd of hearers.

The next morning we went to another small village near. But we could get no hearers for a long time. At every house we found the people hard at work boiling date juice. There are immense date trees about here. As soon as the tree is above ground a piece is cut out of the side close to the feathery leaves, a slit cut in the centre, and a little slip of wood inserted along which the juice runs into a vessel that is tied to the tree. After a time a similar cut is made in the opposite side, and so on as long as the tree yields any juice, until the stem becomes a zigzag thing with a bunch of feathery leaves on the top. The juice, the natives boil into treacle and sugar. We saw numbers of large cauldrons boiling away over immense fire places made in the ground. Piles of wood and straw are around ready to feed the fire. Almost every one in the village was thus at work. Some were bringing in the juice, others feeding the fire, others stirring the boiling liquid. We could not, even by singing, attract them from their work. However, we explained the way of salvation to the half-dozen or so who did listen, and then returned to breakfast.

In the afternoon, by previous agreement, a large number of natives came to our tent. We sang, read, prayed, and preached for over two hours, and then if it had not become dark we should not have finished the service. My native brother first preached on the prodigal son. Then all who could read, read with us verse by verse. After singing, "Bengal in sin is burning up," I preached, taking the ideas of the hymn as the groundwork of my discourse. Not a sign of weariness was visible throughout the service. I do not know whether any one else has ever seen such a sight, I have not. We simply told them when to come and they came. Not an objection was raised among them.

Oh, how fruitless is our work without the aid and power of the Holy Spirit! There is a low caste Brahmin who lives close to us here. He has followed us everywhere, he has heard all our preaching ever since we have been here. I had begun to entertain some hope that he was being blessed. Early in the morning he was at our tent again. He had come to bid us farewell! "To-night is the worship of the goddess of science," said he; "I am going there to sing." He gets twenty-seven rupees a month, he says, for singing at the poojas. We were greatly disappointed. I spoke very earnestly to him, and tried to remind him of the awful guilt that he was incurring by aiding in the destruction of others as well as himself; but it appeared to be all in vain. He departed. We saw no more of him during our tour.

In the afternoon of that day we preached to very large crowds in the market. It is wonderful how attentively the people hear without receiving the truth into their hearts. They buy gospels, too, in great numbers. We even had to send to the tent for more. Had we reached the market-place earlier I suppose we might have sold double the number.

The next day, though we started early, we did not reach the market at Colooshee till it was half over. We found it double the distance we had imagined it would be. The pathway there is all over rough

ploughed fields, too. We had immense congregations; indeed, most of the people seemed never to have seen a sahib before. They crowded one upon another to get close enough to hear. The story of blind Bartimeus told upon them very much. We could not stay long, as the sun was setting, and we did not wish to lose ourselves in the darkness.

The women of the villages always watch our departure that they may come to the tent to converse with my wife. Of course they come through curiosity, but it affords a good opportunity for teaching them. When Mrs. Spurgeon has been in Bengal a little longer she will take care to preach Jesus to them. It will then become a fine addition to my own and the native brethren's labours.

On the Sunday morning early we again went to a very small village near. We were very much encouraged by our converse with the natives we got together. They are evidently gradually letting go their hold on idolatry. One of them has come to us almost every day since we have been here for the purpose of buying gospels. We could not help noticing him. Though about five-and-twenty years of age he is about as large as a boy of fourteen. He is so weak that when he walks his legs bend inward. His voice is very shrill and loud; indeed, one almost feels repelled at the sight of him. Yet one of the villagers assured us to-day that he was the teacher of the village. He teaches them the Ten Commandments, the unity of God, the sin of idolatry, and so on. I found that he had correct ideas upon many things, but he knew nothing of the future, nothing of a Mediator or his work. These things we tried to teach him and them. The people of the village are certainly well inclined, and have no love for idolatry. I offered to send a native preacher to live amongst them if they would receive him and give him a place to live in; but they did not feel prepared for that yet.

After a short service for ourselves and servants in the afternoon, we held another large meeting in front of the tent. The plague of fiery serpents among the Israelites, and the wonderful brazen serpent formed the basis of my address. It was all so new and wonderful to them. We preached until the moon had risen and the heavy damp had begun to fall.

On the Monday following we had another opportunity of preaching Jesus to large crowds in the market. If anything less than the conversion of the heathen could satisfy us, that Monday's experience would more than do it. Hearers there were unnumbered; their interest in the gospel, and their attention to our preaching, was all that one could desire; gospels were sold in large numbers, and the general tone of the whole was excellent. It was painful to have to leave the place.

The next day we revisited a village near, where some of the women had asked my wife to go. We found a number of women gathered together there on the verandah. An old woman amongst them cried bitterly, for she had lost a son only two days ago. In that very house, too, a shout of joy had been heard, for a son was born. They had great difficulty in finding anything for my wife to sit upon. For me they turned a dirty basket upside down. It was an opportunity not often allowed us missionaries. Women are usually prisoners in their zenanas. They listened very attentively to the story of the creation and fall.

None better than they can understand the curse our first mother brought upon herself.

Simlee is the name of the village where another market is held that we visited. It is a long way off. We started at midday, and did not return till late into the night. A man who professes to be desirous of serving Christ went with us to show us the road. He sang with us, and his boy has learnt a number of our hymns by heart. The most gladdening part of our visit to the market was the eagerness with which the people purchased the gospels. Before we left we saw a gospel deposited safely beside almost every vendor in the place, and as the people prepared to leave the market-place we could see them carefully placing one of them in their baskets. Surely, soon the day will come when the truth shall shine brightly in every home in Bengal!

The cry of the jackals and the shriek of the owls were, during our stay in the mango grove, as constant as the return of darkness. By day it is very pleasant. The trees afford an excellent shade, and so all day long we could sit outside to enjoy the breeze. Almost every meal we ate outside. Our food was cooked at the foot of a tree, like the natives are accustomed to cook theirs.

It is unnecessary to relate the rest of our experience there. From the above our friends in England can obtain *some* idea of the way in which the gospel in India is being preached. May the story of our trip to Jadobpoore awaken a deeper interest in our work, and call forth mighty prayers on our behalf. "Brethren, pray for us."

Sovereign Grace.

THEY say the head of the great river *Nilus* could never yet be found. It had been sought for, and many have travelled possibly some thousands of miles, but yet it cannot be found. But the head of *Nilus* will be found before men find any cause of divine love beyond the divine will. It speaketh a wonderful arrogance in men, to make God accountable for his acts of divine grace: what greater arrogance and vanity can be imagined than this? When a poor creature will not himself be brought to an account why he gives one beggar money and not another, or why he giveth to one child a greater portion than to another (though they both be the acknowledged fruit of his body), that yet this worm should dream that God must be accountable to his reason, why he showeth mercy to this man and not to another, when they are both the work of his hands. It is certainly enough to say, "He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy; and extend compassion to whom he will extend compassion." What pride, what arrogance is this, not to allow to God, whom we confess to be the supreme, and most free agent, the liberty which he will yet claim and challenge for another? This is flat rebellion against the Lord of all, whose sovereignty it dares to question.—*John Collinges.*

A Thought for the Believer.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."—Psalm ciii. 12.

RUMINATING upon this text the other day, it came to me with a peculiar sweetness after this fashion: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from"—himself? Yes, that is true, but the text says, "from us," from *us*. And this was what passed through my mind—"Then my sin is gone away from *me*, from *me!* Here am I, fretting that I am not what I should be, and groaning and crying before God about a thousand things; but, for all that, there is no sin upon me; for, 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from *us*.' From *ourselves* our sins have gone; from us, as well as from his book, and from his memory, they have been removed. "But *I* committed them," says one. Ah, that you did. Your sin was yours, yours with a vengeance! It was like that poisoned tunic which Hercules put on, which he could not drag from him let him do what he might, but which burned deep into his flesh and bones. Such were your transgressions. *You* could not tear them off. But God has taken them off—every one of them—if you have believed in Jesus; and where is that tunic of fire now? Where is it? It shall be sought for, but it shall not be found, yea, it shall not be, saith the Lord. It is gone for ever. I sometimes see believers troubling themselves as if all their sins were laid up like a treasure in an iron safe in some part of their house. It is not so; it is not so. Your guilt is carried to an infinite distance, and will never be charged against you. The eternal God has removed your sins, and they are removed; be ye sure of this. They are all gone; gone for ever. Satan may stand and howl for accusers, and say, "Come forth and accuse the child of God!" and you yourself may inwardly fear that they will come, and therefore you may put on your filthy garments, and go in before the great judge, and stand there like a wretched criminal about to be tried. But what does Jesus say when he comes into the court? He says, "Take away his filthy garments from him!" What right has he to put them on; for I have taken them away from him long ago with my precious blood? Take them off! Set a fair mitre on his head. This is one whom I have loved and cleansed: why does he stand in the place of condemnation, when he is not condemned and cannot be condemned, for there is now no condemnation?

Ah, we many times go down into the hold of the vessel and there we lie amongst the cargo, and the ship-men put the hatches on, and there we are, half stifled, when we might as well come up on the quarter deck and walk there, full of delight and peace. We are moaning and fretting ourselves, and all about what does not really exist. I saw two men, yesterday, handcuffed and marched to the prison-van to be taken off to gaol. They could not move their wrists for they were manacled. Now, suppose I had walked behind them, holding my wrists in the same way, never opening my hands, nor stirring them, but crying, "I once had handcuffs on." And suppose it was said, "Well, but are they not taken

off?" and I were to reply, "Yes, I have heard that they are gone, but somehow, through habit, I go about as if I wore them still,"—would not everybody say, "Why, that man must be insane!" Now you, child of God, once had the handcuffs on; your sins were upon you; but Jesus Christ took them off. When you believed in him, he took the fetters away; why do you go about in bondage? "I am afraid!" say you. What of, man? What of? Are you a believer and afraid of your old sins? You are afraid of things which do not exist. Your sins are so gone that they cannot be laid to your charge. Will you rise to something like the truth of your position? You are not only pardoned, but you are an accepted child of God. Go to your Father with joy and thankfulness, and bless him for all his love to you. Wipe those tears away, smooth those wrinkles from your brow: take up the song of joy and gladness, and say with the apostle Paul, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—C. H. S.

The Confessional.

ACCORDING to the papers a certain reverend "curate in charge" in the south has recently alluded to the subject of confession in the following select and instructive terms. He says:—"Let them come boldly to God's appointed priest to receive absolution. *They did not know what a tender tie would soon spring up between themselves and him —a tie more tender than ever existed between husband and wife or any other relation.*" This is very frank language and deserves to be well weighed. We do not dispute the truth of the assertion, but, on the contrary, believe it to be only too true. Who are the husbands whose wives are to be bound to the reverend father by this tender tie? With this warning before them are they going each one to march down to the church with his wife on his arm and see the good gentleman who intends to form this tender tie. Will the fathers and brothers of England also contemplate this tying process with cool satisfaction? Is our nation given up to a deadly lethargy upon the matter of popery, and will they allow these false priests for ever to go on from one thing to another till they fetch over the Pope and his cardinals, red hats and blazing stakes and all?

We are among those who would as warmly defend the liberty of a Catholic as we would our own, but liberty is not license, neither does liberty give leave to a servant to act as a master. The clergy are bound to do the religion of the nation in the way which the nation prescribes, and it has never yet, either by an Act of Parliament or by any other mode of expression, agreed to the practice of auricular confession. Summon the men of England and put it "yea" or "nay," "Shall your wives and daughters confess to the parish clergyman, who calls himself a priest?" and it would be carried in the negative amid much enthusiasm and waving of horse-whips. Why then are the Ritualistic gentlemen allowed, in the name of the national religion, to carry on a loathsome

practice, which has only to be mentioned to excite universal execration? The peace of families can never be maintained while the *confessional* exists, the word *home* may as well be left out from the Englishman's vocabulary when the women of the household have other confidants for their most secret thoughts besides their natural guardians.

The bishops appear to care very little what the papistical party may next proceed to do, legislative enactments are also impotent to restrain them; our servants have become our masters, and refuse to perform their functions according to order. What then? Would it not be better to give these gentlemen a quarter's salary and their full liberty to find other situations? At any rate if we close the Establishment to which they belong, if they continue at their pranks they will not then have the national authority to back them up. This "tender tie" business is not to John Bull's taste, we are quite sure. In the barbarous days of the past a sour apple tree and a less tender tie would have been the reward of any man who tried to "confess" Mr. Bull's daughters. Happily that period has passed away; but we hope that Paterfamilias will find gentle but equally efficacious ways of protecting the easily beguiled, and will in some way or other put an end to this very "tender tie" business. One of the best ways will be to refrain from entering Anglican mass-houses, and attending only at places where the gospel is preached without the admixture of popish rites. Too many attend Tractarian performances merely to see the embroidery, floriculture, and posturing; but from seeing the softer sort go on to admiring, and thence to accepting. Better cut the connection at once before any of these tender ties are formed.—C. H. S.

The Refiner's Fire.

"He is like a refiner's fire."—Malachi iii. 2.

No sorrowful cross
Of sickness or loss,
Has in itself virtue to purge away dross.

One furnace alone,
With breath of grace blown,
Can soften and hallow this heart of a stone.

With delicate skill,
And fuel at will,
The Saviour refineth and purgeth us still.

His love never tires,
But kindles new fires,
To burn up our idols and paltry desires.

The dross that will stay
In flames of to-day,
More fuel to-morrow shall melt it away.

As fresh scums arise,
Fresh faggots he tries,
And ever keeps melting, and thus purifies.

Where flesh can't survive
Grace gets a revive,
And in a bush burning will crackle and thrive.

Thine heavenly art,
Great Chemist, impart,
To separate tinsel and dross from my heart.

And let me not dread
The furnace to tread,
But conquer the world through Jesus my Head.

JOHN BERRIDGE (*altered*).

God's Anger Consistent with his Love.

THEON was one day reading in the Holy Scriptures, when he suddenly closed the book, and looked thoughtful and gloomy.

Hillel perceived this, and said to the youth, "What aileth thee? Why is thy countenance troubled?"

Theon answered, "In some places the Scriptures speak of the wrath of God, and in others he is called Love. This appears to me strange and inconsistent."

The teacher calmly replied, "Should they not speak to man in human language? Is it not equally strange that they should attribute a human form to the Most High?"

"By no means," answered the youth, "that is figurative—but wrath—"

Hillel interrupted him, and said—

"Listen to my story. There lived in Alexandria two fathers, wealthy merchants, who had two sons of the same age, and they sent them to Ephesus on business connected with their traffic. Both these young men had been thoroughly instructed in the religion of their fathers.

"When they had sojourned for some time at Ephesus, they were dazzled by the splendour and treasures of the city, and, yielding to the allurements which beset them, they forsook the path of their fathers, and turned aside to idolatry, and worshipped in the temple of Diana.

"A friend at Ephesus wrote of this to Cleon, one of the two fathers at Alexandria. When Cleon had read the letter, he was troubled in his heart, and he was wroth with the youths. Thereupon he went to the other father, and told him of the apostasy of their sons, and of his grief thereat.

"But the other father laughed, and said, 'If business do but prosper with my son, I shall give myself little concern about his religion.'

"Then Cleon turned from him, and was still more wroth.

"Now, which of these two fathers," said Hillel to the youth, "dost thou consider as the wiser and the better?"

"He who was wroth," answered Theon.

"And which," asked the preceptor, "was the kinder father?"

"He who was wroth," again answered the youth.

"Was Cleon wroth with his son?" asked Hillel.

And Theon replied, "Not with his son, but with his backsliding and apostasy."

"And what," asked the teacher, "thinkest thou is the cause of such displeasure against evil?"

"The sacred love of truth," answered his disciple.

"Behold then, my son," said the old man, "if thou canst now think divinely of that which is divine, the human expression will no longer offend thee."—*From the German.*

A Cow Teaching Theology.

BY DR. TODD.

OLD Mr. Bunnell was a peculiar man. When a little child he was peculiar. He didn't want to rock, or creep, or walk like other children. He seemed to prefer to creep sideways or backward, rather than forward. And when a boy, no play suited him, no plan was exactly right. When other boys wanted to skate he wanted to slide. When they wanted to slide down hill he wanted to run on the ice. When they learned to read in the usual way, he turned his book bottom upwards, and learned to read in that way. Not that he was cross or morose, but peculiar. He wanted everything done his own way. When he became a man, and rode bare-backed when others used the saddle, and milked his cow on the left side instead of the right, and used an ox harnessed with the old horse, why, people said, "Mr. Bunnell is a peculiar man," and let it all pass.

But there were places where he found it hard to travel with other people. Especially was this so on the Sabbath. He never could enjoy the singing in the church, because the chorister always got hold of the wrong tunes; and he could not enjoy the prayers, because they were too long or too short, too abstract or too common. They were always out of joint. If the heathen were prayed for, he thought that the heathen at home might as well be remembered. If the nations were mentioned, he thought the Jews ought to be mentioned by name. In all cases, somebody was left out or put into the prayers that ought not to be. He didn't "mean to scold or find fault," he said, but he did "love to have things done right." Poor man! he never had them done right!

But a greater trouble was the preaching. He professed to like his minister, and did like him as well as he could like anybody. But there were awful mistakes in his preaching. Sometimes a most important point, as he thought, was left out. Sometimes things were put in which nobody could understand. Sometimes things almost heretical were broached. What could he do? He gave hints and propounded queries to his minister, and his minister so gently and kindly passed them off, that it seemed like pouring water on a duck's back.

At length, when patience seemed about to give out and when he could stand it no longer, he went over to his neighbour, Deacon Wright, and poured his troubles into his ear. Now, Deacon Wright was a quiet man, said but little, but thought more. When he did speak, it was always to the point. He knew all about Mr. Bunnell, had great patience with him, and a great regard for him. He used to say, "Mr. Bunnell loves to growl, but he never really bites."

The Deacon was just going out to the barn to fodder his cattle, when Mr. Bunnell came up and bid him "Good morning—if I can call such a cold morning good."

"Now, Deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear our preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here! There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology!"

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see! I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick—you know sticks will get in the hay—and see how she tosses it one side and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it one side, and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and—goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a

stick or a weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would 'grow lean,' and my milk would be dried up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood silent a moment, then turned away, saying: "Neighbour, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."

Mors Janua Vitæ.*

BY PASTOR H. KING, OF BIRKENHEAD.

IT is a good and exceedingly helpful thing when the highest order of human intellect and genius is devoted to the elucidation of Christian truth. We are somewhat too apt to imagine that religious truth and religious feeling can only be expressed in the formal way of sermons and works of divinity. This is a mistake. As there are many voices of God in the world, so there are many ways of interpreting God's truth to men; and it is a priceless gain to the church when any portion of God's message becomes impressed upon the soul by the glowing inspiration of genius.

A poet whose soul becomes inflamed with a great idea, puts his thoughts into a poem, and there is given to the church and to the world such an immortal treasure as the "Paradise Lost," and the "Paradise Regained." A musician charmed with the pathos and beauty of the story of Christ makes audible to hundreds of thousands the music which has been ringing in his own soul in such an oratorio as the "Messiah." And the painter, as in the example which has suggested these thoughts, filled with a true inspiration, throws and makes permanent upon canvas his exceedingly beautiful conceptions.

It is not possible to estimate the good which such consecrations of genius may accomplish. Remembering how various are the ways in which God finds an entrance into the soul of man, there can be no reason why we may not hope that the divine Spirit will use the sweetness of music, the poet's song, or the painter's pencil, for the accomplishment of his blessed purposes as well as the preacher's voice. There are multitudes around us who do not care for the preaching of the gospel, who would never dream of reading a religious book, but who are attracted by the charms of genius.

"Mors Janua Vitæ" (that is, "Death the Gate of Life") is in the best sense of the word a sermon, a word of exceeding beauty and pathos on canvas. There are two central figures in the picture, one is a wounded and weary knight in armour, who represents the dying Christian. He is fresh from his last conflict with evil. Behind him there is the gloom of the dark valley through which he has passed, where the last fight was waged, the valley of the shadow of death. But now the conflict is over; he has been touched by the angel of death, and falls upon his knees in prayerful expectation. His face is turned upwards, and, while you see in it traces of the agony and the darkness through which he has passed, yet there is stealing over the countenance that strange light one so often sees on the faces of dying Christians, a bright fore-gleam of the immortal life beyond.

The other figure in the picture is the "Angel of Death." This figure is a wonderful conception, wrought out with unsurpassable beauty and finish. The "Angel of Death" is touching the knight with one hand, while with the other she is drawing aside the veil which separates heaven from earth, so that there

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* "Mors Janua Vitæ:" an allegorical painting, by Sir J. Noel Paton. [We must apologise to the writer, who so kindly sent us this article long ago. It has escaped us till now. We put it in small type to save our space.—ED.]

is shining upon the face of the dying Christian the light of his final dwelling-place. Death itself is drawn, not as human fear might paint it, but as depicted by Christian hope. It is a winged angel clad in white, of most calm and benignant aspect, with a halo of glory around her head. One side of the figure —with the hand which is drawing aside the veil—is bathed in light, the light of heaven; but the other side, with the hand, which is touching the knight, is still in the gloom, and the hand itself is that of a skeleton. So that on the one side the "Angel of Death" is dark and forbidding, the hand which touches the Christian is cold, grim, and repellant, but on the other the same angel is bathed in the glory into which she welcomes the departing soul.

There are some accessories which serve to intensify the one truth of the picture. Just where the veil which hides heaven from earth is drawn aside, there is seen, "within the veil," a lily, emblematical of the purity of the life of heaven, but on this, the earthly side of the veil, there is seen the poisonous hemlock emblematical of the sin of earth. A butterfly which has just left the chrysalis state is rising up and passing into the bright heavens, an emblem of the redeemed soul which ascends to be with Christ while yet the body remains in the grave. Behind the knight and the valley through which he has passed, you see the waning moon just setting behind the hills, suggestive of the earthly hopes and the earthly joys which are left behind for ever; and far up in the sky, shining serenely fair, is one solitary star, the star which cheers many a heart in its long conflict with sin, the hope of immortal life.

Such is our outline of this sermon upon canvas, the painter's mode of setting before us "the way of life and the way of death." There are some two or three things suggested by it on which it may not be unprofitable to dwell.

Life in Christ is a journey amid much darkness and sorrow. Death will let in upon it light and joy.

There is in every Christian a valley of the shadow of death. God forbid that any one, be he poet, painter, or preacher, should say that all life is a journey through a dark valley, for that would be a libel upon the gracious providence o our Divine Father. But there is to every one the appointed discipline c sorrow. There is to every Christian a valley through which, for the most par he must walk alone with a heart that only knows its own bitterness. The for bidding phantoms that crowd around it are not the same to each, we do not wrestle with the same doubts, nor are we assailed by the same fears, nor oppressed with the same burdens; but there are wrestlings, or temptations, or burdens for all. There are some whose timid faith is in continual conflict with some insidious doubt, and others who are crushed and bleeding at heart because bereavement has entered the household, removing the fairest and best—the prop of the family, or its brightest ornament. There are many of God's children for whom there are a crown and a throne waiting in heaven, who on earth have a hard struggle for daily bread; and some there are around us who carry about with them the perpetual burden of a grief too big for utterance, and too deep for tears.

My brother, whoever you may be, with a burden pressing upon your spirit, look upwards, be strong in faith. Between you and the streaming glories of the better world there is but a thin veil, and one of the most benignant of God's angels has been appointed to draw it aside for you at the proper time, so that with a single step you may pass from the shadow and the toil and the burden into the rest and glory that await you in the home of your Father God. Be strong in faith now. Pray for the grace which will enable you to endure as seeing the invisible. Remember that sorrow is the noblest of all discipline. It is a scourge which has healing in its stripes. To him who lives near to the cross the cup of suffering is after all only a spiritual tonic, bitter, indeed, to the taste, but strengthening to the soul. If you have to bear your cross, remember that for every Calvary there is an Olivet, for every mount of crucifixion there is a mount of ascension and fellowship with God.

Be strong in faith then, take all your burdens to the cross of your Saviour,

when the smart of your wounds is most severe remember him who was wounded for your transgressions and bruised for your iniquities. Christian faith is a song-bird whose sweetest melody should be heard in the darkest night. Look not so much at the things that are seen, but look more, far more, at the things that are not seen: for the things that are seen, be they good or evil, joyous or sad, are but temporal, they will pass away from your vision like a summer cloud from the horizon; but the things that are not seen—the Saviour who bought you with his blood—the Father who guides you by his merciful providence—the Spirit who comforts and enlightens your soul—the white robe of purity, and the palm branch of victory—these are eternal.

Life in Christ is a hope, bright indeed, but very far off: through death it grows into fulfilment.

It was a bright inspiration which suggested to the painter to represent Christian hope as a star shining serenely up above the clouds and shadows of life. Faith and hope are twin graces of the soul. *Faith* is the divine gift by which we realise the invisible, by which we become persuaded of the reality of things we cannot see, and *hope* pictures those invisible realities and presents them in all their living beauty to the imagination and the heart. Faith makes a man strong to grapple with present difficulties, and courageous in every present conflict, and hope fills the soul with the light of future victory and rest. The capability of being thrilled and strengthened by a good hope is one of the noblest gifts with which man has been endowed by the Creator. Christian hope brings to our hearts the pleasures of a life yet to be lived, and gives a foretaste of the joy which will fill us when we have finished our course and received the prize. It charms the soul with the sweetness of a bliss which as yet we have not tasted, and gladdens the heart with joys that are yet unborn.

The "Angel of Death" which draws aside the parting veil between time and eternity brings the Christian into a light brighter than Hope ever imagined, and glorious as the throne of God. Christian hope is a true prophet of good, and death leads to the complete fulfilment of every joyous prophecy. Many hopes implanted by God become fulfilled now, his divine providence is working out his gracious purposes, and thus the anticipations of one stage of Christian life became the actual possessions of another: but the great fulfilment will begin when like the butterfly rising from the chrysalis shell the redeemed soul at the bidding of death, God's benignant messenger, leaves the sin-stained body and ascends to its final resting place.

The great lesson to be learnt here is that we ought to encourage our hopes and not allow any querulous spirit of doubt to quench them. We do wrong to ourselves and rob our hearts of much comfort and peace by turning away from the bright star which God has set in our sky. I once heard a quaint old Christian say, "A Christian may often be hedged in, but he can never be roofed in." Our way in life may seem to be blocked, our path may be rugged and stormy, but we can always look up, and above our heads the firmament is ablaze with stars of hope.

Life in Christ is a conflict, death closes it with a victory.

It was not simply the painter's imagination which suggested that the truest way to represent the Christian was to portray him as a knight clad in armour. We have for this figure the authority of the Divine word. The apostle's injunction to his own son in the faith was to "endure hardness as a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ." We are recommended to put on "the whole armour of God." Every follower of the Lord Jesus Christ is a true soldier of the highest order of chivalry knighted by the King of kings. We have to do battle against sin—against the insidious foe within and the raging foe without. There are in every Christian life fears to be silenced, allurements to be conquered, passions to be overcome or to be controlled, and fiery darts of the wicked one to be quenched. To aid us in our conflict the great King from whom we hold our commission, at whose command we go forth to battle, has provided us with fitting armour. "The helmet of salvation," "the breastplate of righteousness," "the shield of faith,"

and the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." The conflict is incessant. The beginning of a life of faith in Christ is the dawn of a battle-day that only closes with the night of the grave. The new creature in Christ must struggle with the old nature till the sharp knife of death cuts them in twain. And then the battle ends. There is no foe to fight in the world where Christ dwells and where the brightest glory shines. When the touch of the angel of death is felt, the helmet with many a dint is laid aside, the sword is hid in the sheath, and the Christian warrior enters the home where he will celebrate for ever the ineffable victory that has crowned his life-battle with eternal repose.

There is one other truth which though not in the picture must not be left out here.

The starting point of the way which ends in the glory of heaven is from the cross of Christ. There is another way of life and another way of death as well as that drawn by the painter. Eliphaz, in his controversy with Job, speaks of the "old way which wicked men have trodden," and our Saviour tells us of the broad way along which thousands go. Reader, if you are treading that downward way, if your steps are now in that slippery path, turn aside, leave it, and leave it for ever. It is the way on which there rests the curse of God; it is the way that tends to the ruin of the soul, it is a way which ends in spiritual death, in the blackness of eternal night, where no star of hope ever shines. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" Turn to your Saviour. Bend your steps to the cross. You need forgiveness. Christ "hath power on earth to forgive sins." You need cleansing: the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. You need a spiritual physician to give peace to your troubled heart: he says, "My peace I give unto you." You need a guide to hold your trembling hand, and to make strong your faltering feet: he will be with you for ever and for ever. In the true life conversion is the first step, the cross is the starting point, it will lead you into peace now, and the glory of the eternal world hereafter.

Notices of Books.

Palestine Repeopled; or, Scattered Israel's Gathering. A Sign of the Times. By the Rev. James Neil, B.A. James Nisbet and Co.

It is more and more marvellous to us that some persons should be able to manufacture vast theories out of such slender materials of fact. "Palestine Repeopled" is a phrase supported by the assertion that there are now 30,000 Jews in Palestine. We are also informed that the number of the Jewish race is somewhere between five and ten millions and therefore taking the medium of seven millions, it appears that three Jews out of seven hundred are in Palestine, or less than half a Jew per cent. We believe that many times in history there have been more Jews in the Holy Land than there are now, even though facilities for travel were entirely absent. We look for the salvation of Israel and her restoration to her own land, but we see no sign of either at present, and are not disposed to be lenient to those who exaggerate every little fact into a great wonder. It may be pleasant to inspire hope, but the consequences of disappointment are too serious for us to allow the expectations of Christians to be excited by mere trifles.

The Opium Question. A Review of the Opium Policy of Great Britain, and its Results to India and China. By the Rev. Arthur S. Moule. Seely, Jackson, and Halliday.

Alas for the day in which our country fell into the great sin of the Opium Traffic, for it is so hard to make her retrace her steps. We are glad to see the multiplication of earnest pamphlets on the subject: perhaps in due time the public conscience will be aroused, and then with a voice of thunder England will demand that she should no longer be forced to be the wholesale poisoner of China's millions.

Texts misquoted and misapplied. By R. C. L. B. With Preface by Canon Ryle. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

Contains some very sensible remarks, and exposes some very common blunders. We do not accept all this author's criticisms, and we have a very low opinion of some of his authorities, such as Geddes; but still we could wish that all our ministers could receive the hints with which this little volume is so plentifully stored. Only a day or two ago we received the text recorded in Gen. xxxi. 49 as a parting word, and we tried to show the sender that it was a very inappropriate sentence, for there was no heap of stones between us, and we could trust each other without having a watchman to keep us from harming one another. We are all the more glad to find the following remarks so well sustaining our opinion.

"*The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.*" Gen xxxi. 49.

This is an exception to the popular texts under discussion, inasmuch as it is not one quoted by *preachers*; but it is sometimes used by Christian friends on the occasion of their parting one from the other, in the sense of invoking the watchful care of the Lord over each other during their separation. Whereas, it is evident, in looking at the context, that the speaker, Laban, is here expressing the greatest *distrust* of Jacob, and is calling upon God to be a witness between them that he (Jacob) should be true to the covenant respecting his daughters. 'And Laban said, This heap is a witness between me and thee this day: therefore was the name of it called Galeed (a heap of witness) and Mispah (a watch-tower); for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another,' etc. Nothing could be more inappropriate to friends parting in mutual confidence and affection.

Readings in Rhyme, from the Drama of Drink. By Harriet A. Glazebrook. John Kempster and Co.

Will be appreciated by Templars and Prohibition men. The rhymes are all alive, and we hope no Templar will be angry when we add that they are full of spirit.

Jennett Cragg the Quakeress. A Story of the Plague. By Maria Wright. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A prettily quaint story of a godly Quakeress, her venturesome journey to London while the Plague was raging, and her returning in safety with two orphaned babes in her horse's panniers. Jennett Cragg was a real character, and her journey was a well recorded fact, but imagination has filled in the details.

Principles of New Testament Quotations. By the Rev. James Scott, M.A., B.D. T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

The quotations made in one part of the Scriptures from another are a valuable guide to the authenticity of the sacred writings, and to the preservation of them in their original purity. The quotations from the Old in the New Testament writings are precisely such, both in their variety and degree, as might naturally be expected when referring to authorities with which those to whom they were addressed were familiar and which were reverenced by them. The quotations of the early Christian Fathers from their Scriptures are also of great use, as evidences of the books that were considered by them to be canonical. The whole subject is so thoroughly investigated that it may be said to be exhausted in the volume before us. That no pains have been spared to make it complete, the following statement will show: "Not more than 25 of the 39 books of the Old Testament can be said to be formally cited in the New. The passages once quoted are 220, but the whole number of repeated citations amounts to 290. Seventeen only of the 27 books of the New Testament contain quotations from the Old. The single citations may be estimated at 226, and their whole number by repetition at 284." The references to other passages without any formal quotation are, of course, still more numerous. An index is given of nearly four hundred partial or entire quotations of the New Testament from the Old. The value of this book to Biblical students from these few observations must be obvious to all.

Sermons to the Natural Man. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

A more searching, faithful, and thorough warning against limited views of human guilt has not appeared for many years. It is a complete vindication of the terrors of the divine law from reason, from conscience, and from revelation. Its trumpet-tones need to be sounded on both sides of the Atlantic, to rouse from their fatal dreams those who "speak smooth things, and prophesy deceits." The following words bespeak the character of the whole book. "Sinful man shapes his creed in accordance with his wishes, and not in accordance with the unbiassed decisions of his reason and conscience. He does not *like* to think of a holy God, and therefore he denies that God is holy. He does not *like* to think of the eternal punishment of sin, and therefore he denies that punishment is eternal. He does not *like* to be pardoned through the substituted sufferings of the Son of God, and therefore he denies the doctrine of atonement. He does not *like* the truth that man is so totally alienated from God that he needs to be renewed in the spirit of his mind by the Holy Ghost, and therefore he denies the doctrines of depravity and regeneration. . . . A hundred systems of philosophy, falsely so called, have come and gone, but the one old religion of the patriarchs, and the prophets, and the apostles, holds on its way through the centuries, conquering and to conquer." No one can do justice to the theology of the present age without including this antidote to its errors.

Messianic Prophecy. By Dr. Edward Rich. Translated from the German. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

This book is not very readable, and we are glad of it. Its subject is inviting in appearance only, and its composition is hard, dry, and cold. Whoever wishes to see the prophetic and priestly offices of Christ in both Testaments absorbed in his priestly office may here see it to perfection. We regret to see so much learned labour devoted to such a purpose.

Kindness to Animals. By Charlotte Elizabeth. S. W. Partridge & Co.

We wish well to all writers who try to teach children to be kind to dumb animals. Matters are somewhat better than they were, but there is still a great deal of wanton cruelty in the world among those who ought to know better. This little book may prevent the boys from growing up like their fathers, and therefore let it be widely distributed. Destroying birds and their nests, lashing horses, beating donkeys, torturing insects, and tormenting poor ministers with needless letters, are cruelties from which we hope the world will soon be free.

A Bible Dictionary; being a Comprehensive Digest of the History and Antiquities of the Hebrews and Neighbouring Nations. By the Rev. James Austin Bastow. Hodder and Stoughton.

A very good Bible Dictionary for the money—namely, half-a-guinea. We have tested it upon several words, and have found it sound in doctrine, compact in style, and both useful and discretionary in its information. We advise young ministers to purchase Smith or Kitto before they enter upon marriage and its expenses, but to a poor married student Bastow will be very useful.

Bible Evidences Summarized. By Henry Wash. Church Education Society, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Just what it professes to be, and we know not of any other equally clear and complete summary of the same kind. All the historic, rationalistic, and scientific arguments of modern times against the credibility of Scripture testimony are faithfully stated and ably refuted in few words. The work is not wholly controversial, but gives a brief enumeration of the contents of the whole Bible.

God's Training School. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

This is an exposition of Jacob's prophecy concerning his son Joseph as a fruitful bough. It is good of its kind, and abounds in appropriate Scripture references.

A Chronological and Geographical Introduction to the Life of Christ. By C. H. E. D. Caspain. Translated by Maurice J. Evans, B.A. T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

This is a book of immense research. Every page contains as much copious and well-digested matter as is often found in a whole volume. Its object is to ascertain from the most reliable sources, as far as Biblical criticism and personal observations have yet proceeded, the place and time in which the several incidents connected with the earth actually occurred. These incidents are specified and tabulated with a precision unknown before, as there is no other record of a similar amount of patient and scholastic toil having been expended upon that particular subject. To verify each quotation, and to proceed step by step through every train of reasoning, would require an amount of mental toil which few will be disposed, and fewer still will be able, to bestow. Some few deviations from generally received opinions may be discovered, but happily for the most part the usual notions in reference to Biblical chronology and topography are confirmed. The common opinion upon the day of the crucifixion is elaborately defended, but not to our entire satisfaction; especially as, upon that assumption, Thursday is acknowledged to be unaccounted for in the Passion Week, and there is no attempt to explain how, even in the Jewish mode of reckoning, one day and two nights of burial can be three days and three nights. We offer these suggestions, not to teach, but as still willing to be taught. As a book of reference this volume will be unusually helpful to Biblical students.

Sermons by the late Rev. David Loxton, of Sheffield. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

These sermons are of mixed merit, and yet all above the common level. The three entitled "The Inexpiable Nature of Human Guilt," "The glorious Gospel of Christ," and "The Peace of God," are worth all the rest; and the first of these, for its adaptation to the present age, is worth the other two. Listen to its tones: "The most fatal and damnable delusion which any man can entertain is the belief that he can make expiation for his own sins, either by his future obedience or his future suffering either in this world or the next. It is a delusion which silences the voice of conscience on the one hand, and prevents the sinner from coming under the saving influence of God's mercy on the other. It is a delusion which is calculated to raise man to that height of blasphemous presumption in which he sets God at defiance, and in effect says to him, 'You cannot, you dare not punish me eternally.'" These are weighty sentiments, in comparison of which all that has been written on behalf of annihilation, or universal restoration, is lighter than "the chaff of the summer threshing-floors."

The Holy Childhood. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

The sentiments are good, but the imaginary form of dialogue might, we fear, produce a taste for a class of reading which is more associated with evil than with good.

Nestleton Magna: a Story of Yorkshire Methodism. By Quintus Quarles. Elliot Stock, 61, Paternoster Row, London.

In other words, a religious novel, which, though the best of its kind, is not better than the best. It is founded upon truth, we are told, then why not upon truth only? why mingle the silver, and gold, and precious stones, with wood, hay, and stubble? Methodism, too, above all things decorating itself in the feathers of romance! Surely facts might be gathered from the fifteen millions of adherents of which it boasts sufficiently illustrative of its principles without resorting to fiction. Of course, what its best friends wish it to be is always better than what it is; but then it is for what it is they have really to be thankful, and to hold it up for the imitation of others. Methodism, especially in Yorkshire, and remarkably so in bygone days, abounds with real narratives which need no colouring to enhance their interest and instruction. With the sentiments of this book we are in full sympathy, but not with their borrowed dress.

The Faith once Delivered to the Saints; or, Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical Godliness Vindicated and Enforced, and the Errors of the Times Exposed. By the Late JOHN FOX. Elliot Stock.

THE late John Fox must have had a very odd notion of what is meant by cordiality, for he says of his little book,—"To the people, and to the ministry or servants of the various sectarianisms of the present day, this work and labour of love is cordially dedicated by the author." Grim cordiality this, which begins by describing the churches as "the various sectarianisms." Equal cordiality towards Baptists and Calvinists will be found all through the book; but the revisers of the work, who knew the author personally, assure us that "any acerbities of expression found in this book were not written in a spirit of bitterness or vindictiveness." We quite believe it, for it often happens that persons who write fiercely are among the meekest of men when the pen is out of their hands. We hope that the miniature portraits taken by the late excellent John Fox were more successful as works of art than this volume as a piece of theology. The good man's portrait of a Calvinist is so far from the truth that we are glad that we never sat to him, for he would probably have depicted us with horns and hoofs. It is among the ironies of history that this book is printed by a firm of sound Calvinistic Baptists, so that it is probable that all the good which will ever come from the production of the miniature portrait painter's book will fall to the share of one of the men whom he most vehemently denounces. Peace to his ashes! Calvinists can bear such assaults as his with unruffled serenity.

Central Truths. By the Rev. CHARLES STANFORD. Hodder and Stoughton; and *Power in Weakness*, by the same author and publishers.

THE issue of these volumes in plain stiff covers at two shillings and eighteen pence will, we trust, bring them within the reach of many poor men who have hitherto been unable to procure them. The books themselves are too well known to need our commendation. Their chaste style and mellow tone have long ago placed them among the Christian classics.

Winds of Doctrine. By CHARLES ELAM, M.D. Smith, Elder, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

THE most absurd theories will have their admirers if they come from men of great scientific attainments. Their speculations will be taken upon the credit of their actual discoveries. But as real wealth often leads to ruinous speculations, so real scientific knowledge often leads to more than ordinary folly. Those to whom we should look for real acquisitions and clear reasonings in natural science are the first to overleap its boundaries and to substitute their own reveries for established facts. They may reason themselves into the descendants of apes and lobsters and material molecules, but have no right, we think, to do so for others. As from nothing man gradually came—so we are required to believe—to nothing he gradually returns. "If this doctrine," says the book before us, "as now held by a large and powerful section of the scientific world, does indeed, as it professes, afford the only plausible solution of the various problems of ontology, then it follows naturally and of necessity that matter is all-sufficient, and that man is an automaton without spirit or spontaneity. Then is our immortality a dream; volition, choice, and responsibility are mere delusions; virtue, vice, right, and wrong are sounds without possible meaning; and education, government, rewards, and punishments, are illogical and mischievous absurdities. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall be carbonic acid, water, and ammonia." We are thankful for the author's scientific refutation of such errors, and are yet more thankful that our own common sense upon these subjects still remains.

After Work. A Magazine for Home Reading. WILLIAM POOLE, 12A, Paternoster Row.

A WELL-MEANING magazine, advocating temperance and virtue. It may be useful among working people, but it does not exhibit any very remarkable ability.

The Holy War by John Bunyan versified. By E. J. James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

It has often occurred to us that Bunyan's "Holy War" has received far less attention than it deserves. In metaphysics it is not surpassed by other works upon mental philosophy; nor in experience by other writers upon experimental Christianity. It might have even taken the place of "Pilgrim's Progress" if it had come out before it. Both allegories are powerfully descriptive of a type of true godliness from which, it is to be feared, the church is fast receding. This poetic version will serve, we hope, to direct fresh attention to the "Holy War."

Notes.

Our notes this month will be very few, for our College Address occupies all the space. We have to apologize for the great length of our first article, and of the accounts; but it was unavoidable, and we hope our friends have sufficient interest in our work to bear with it.

The College Conference, though a trying occasion to the President, who was incessantly occupied, was one of the most joyful seasons of our life. The brethren met in great numbers, with increased enthusiasm; every meeting was good, for *the Lord was there.* At Mr. Phillips' supper more help was given than ever, amounting to over £2,200; and we are most grateful to God, and to all his servants, specially to our bounteous host, and to the generosity of the chairman, and another friend, who gave £200 each. What hath God wrought! We do not look to money power; still money is needed and it has come, and the divine blessing with it.

Of our students Mr. Short, late of Sittingbourne, has gone to Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle: Mr. Ney, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Edgerton from the College to Amersham, Mildenhall, and Beccles.

Our brief reply to the Bishop of Manchester has created no little amusement in the North, for we spoke of the bishop's wife and daughters, and it appears that the worthy prelate is unmarried. We really are not to blame for that, nor for making the mistake; for on the ground that "a bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife," it was not a wild flight of imagination to suppose that the worthy prelate was married. One ferocious writer charges us with *gross ignorance* for this error, and wonders at our presumption in trying to teach others: well, we are afraid that upon the important matter of the bishops' wives and families we are somewhat at sea, and perhaps our critic will direct us to a work which will furnish us with all particulars, with the latest additions.

Any Independent church needing an old-fashioned gospel minister, and an experienced pastor, would we think do well if they were to hear our beloved father, who is at this time without a pastorate. He can be addressed Mr. John Spurgeon, Mount Pleasant, Barnsbury Square, Islington. We insert this without his knowledge, because we hope that some of our Independent readers may know of a suitable sphere for him.

Mrs. Spurgeon has handed us the following letter in reference to her Book Fund, and we beg special attention to it:

"My very dear Mr. Editor,—I am able to report the Book Fund 'very prosperous,' so far as the distribution of books is concerned, for as the work becomes more widely known the demands increase in number and urgency, and are met by a glad and speedy response; but I regret to say that the funds do not show a corresponding activity and energy, in fact, they are, as our City friends would express it, 'very dull and greatly depressed.'

So assured, however, am I that the work is the Lord's, and that he will not suffer it to fail, that I am full of expectancy, and am looking out every day for some fresh proof of his goodness in inclining the hearts of his people to help me in this sorely needed service. Not in vain did I stand by your side when, some time since, you were 'watching the ebb,' for I hope I then learned a lesson of patient waiting for the Lord's good time, which will sweetly avail me in this my hour of need. If you think fit to let our friends know how busy yet how bankrupt I am, it may be the Lord will send me help by their hands: anyhow, in the comfortable confidence that aid will come speedily,

I remain,

Yours very happily,

'The Manager of the Book Fund.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 26th twenty-one. By Mr. V. J. Charlesworth: April 5th, eight.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Miss Johnson	4	0	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	2	2	0
Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Mr. B. Colls	2	2	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. J. Leeson	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hanbury	120	0	0
Mr. G. Barrett	1	0	0
Mr F. Patterson	0	10	0
Miss Burrows	1	0	0
E——a C——k	0	10	0
Mr. McLeod	2	10	0
In memory of loved ones gone home during the year	0	10	0
Master Welton	0	5	0
Miss R. Swain	1	1	0
Mr. Falconer	20	0	0
Mrs. Falconer	10	0	0
Miss Steedman	10	0	0
Mrs. F. Jones	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. May	25	0	0
Mr. R. J. May	5	0	0
T. W.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Finch	5	0	0
Mr. T. Round	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Aldis	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	10	10	0
Mr. R. Hellier	2	2	0
Mrs. Hellier	1	1	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	3	3	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	10	0	0
A Student	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woollard	2	2	0
Mrs. Lindsey	1	1	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mansell	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. J. E. Alexander	1	1	0
Mr. C. Ball	8	0	0
Mrs. C. Ball	5	0	0
Mr. Romang	5	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Cronin	5	5	0
Mr. G. A. Warren	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Albany Chapel, Brentford, Bible Class	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Tompkins	5	5	0
Mr. R. Johnson	3	0	0
Dr. Swallow	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Pike	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Hickmott	0	10	6
Mr. A. West	1	1	0
Mr J. Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. W. Burnett	0	10	0
Mr. T. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Scott	2	2	0
Miss Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Miss Cornish	2	0	0
Mr. H. Virtue	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Miss Mead	5	0	0
Mr. Ernest J. Mead	5	0	0
Rev. J. T. Wigner	5	0	0
Mr. C. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. T. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. J. Davies	1	1	0
Mr. D. G. McBean	0	10	0
Mr. J. Stiff	100	0	0
Rev. J. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. T. Blake, M.P.	5	0	0
Mr. Hill	1	1	0
Mrs. Feltham	1	1	0
Dribblet	1	1	0
Mr. Withers	3	3	0
Mrs. and Miss Winslow	2	2	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	10	0
Mr. W. Evans	5	5	0
Mrs. Evans	2	2	0
Mr. J. Jarvis	1	1	0
Miss Jessie Hale	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Hale	5	0	0
Rev. G. Rogers	1	1	0
Country Cousin	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	2	2	0
A Friend	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Vinson	2	10	0
Mr. Rice	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sorrell	1	1	0
Mr. Oxley	2	2	0
Mr. Llewellyn	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller	10	10	0
Mr. S. Field	0	10	0
T. R. D.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Keen	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Partridge	2	0	0
A Friend	1	1	0
Mr. T. Goodwin	0	10	0
Miss E. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mrs. Teversham	2	2	0
Miss Tolcy	2	0	0
Mr. T. S. Clark	1	1	0
Mr. Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. N. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. H. Burgess	2	2	0
Mrs. Burgess	1	1	0
An Oxfordshire Friend	10	0	0
Mr. J. G. Abraham	2	2	0
Mr. F. Amsden	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. E. Amsden	1	1	0
Miss Osmond	1	1	0
Mr. W. Capper	5	5	0
Mr. Garner Marshall	10	10	0
Mr. J. M. Doyle	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Boggis	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hanneford	1	1	0
Rev. W. and Mrs. Cuff	2	2	0
Mr. A. Sawell	1	1	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mr. H. Hadland	1	1	0
Mr. Tyson	10	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Mr. Tyson	1	0	0
Miss Tyson	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Banson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Cowdey	2	2	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. Webb	10	0	0
Mr. T. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. E. Varley	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot	5	5	0
Mr. C. Mace	2	2	0
Mr. W. Mace	1	1	0
Rev. N. Hurry	1	1	0
Mr. R. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ashley	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pullin	2	2	0
Mr. W. Collins	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Payne	3	3	0
Miss Payne	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. H. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
B. H. G.	0	10	0
Miss Gittins	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rea	10	10	0
Miss Taylor	3	3	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. Greenwood and Family	100	0	0
Miss Summersell	2	2	0
Mr. T. Greenwood, junior	5	0	0
Mr. J. Case	1	1	0
Mr. W. E. Coe	1	1	0
E. A.	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. E. Howlett	2	2	0
Mr. J. Pugh	0	5	0
Mr. T. Goodwin	0	5	0
Mr. L. S. Watt	0	5	0
Mr. C. Russell	2	2	0
J. A.	2	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr...	7	0	0
Mr. H. W. Carr	1	1	0
Mr. Links	10	10	0
Mr. Williams	5	5	0
J. B.	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cross	10	0	0
Mr. S. Bellamy	1	1	0
Mr. J. Coxeter	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Oller	2	2	0
Mr. G. Pearson	1	1	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Miss Cook	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. T. Mills...	1	1	0
Mr. Walter Mills	1	1	0
Miss Mills	1	1	0
Mr. F. Carpenter	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blackshaw	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potter	10	0	0
Mr. M. Romang	5	0	0
Miss Martha Romang	1	0	0
Mr. G. Redman	5	0	0
Mr. S. Walker	5	5	0
Miss Walker	2	2	0
Messrs. Straker and Sons...	10	0	0
Mr. Edwards	20	0	0
Mr. Fox	5	0	0
Mrs. Elwood...	5	5	0
Mrs. Thorne...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. Higgs, jun., Brothers and Sisters...	25	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. C. H. Goode	5	5	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mr. Venables	1	1	0
Mr. Falkner..	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Padgett	5	0	0
Mr. Startin	5	5	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Parkinson	5	5	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Alder...	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Price	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horniman	10	10	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. F. Warnington	5	5	0
Mr. James Duncan	200	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	200	0	0
Mrs. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. J. Dafforn	1	1	0
Mr. A. Townend	5	0	0
Mr. F. Hill	5	5	0
Mr. J. Rains	10	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mrs. Murray	1	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Rev. S. Cowdy	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Townshend	0	10	0
S. M. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	4	0	0
Mrs. Priestman	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Toller	5	0	0
Mrs. Toller	1	1	0
Miss Alice Toller	1	1	0
Miss Clara Toller	1	1	0
Miss Esther Toller...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Murrell	10	10	0
Mr. W. Murrell	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Murrell	3	3	0
Miss Alice Murrell...	1	1	0
Miss Isabella Murrell	1	1	0
Mr. W. B. Metcalfe	5	5	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
F 58 71598	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hill	10	0	0
Two Friends at Herne Bay	2	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Gibbs	0	13	4
O. C.	20	0	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0
Mr. E. Ryder	0	10	6
Mr. R. Gibson	15	0	0
Mr. A. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mr. F. Freason	5	0	0
W. W.	40	0	0
Mr. Cole, per Mr. Usher	0	10	0
J. S.	10	0	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Charlotte Ware	1	1	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0
The Editor of "Christian World" ...	10	10	0
Dr. H. Gervis	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chilvers	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Barrow	5	5	0
Mr. W. R. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. W. T. Mayers	2	2	0
Mr. S. Mart	3	3	0
Mr. Vickery and Friends	10	0	0
Mr. T. A. Walker	10	0	0
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mr. J. S. Neal	1	1	0
Mrs. Rathborne Taylor	2	10	0
F. R. T.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Huntley	10	10	0
Willie and Lizzie Hunt	10	10	0
Mr. W. S. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. Dowsett	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Scott	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	1	0
Mr. W. Olney, junior	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	10	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hayles	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pearce	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	3	3	0
Mr. S. Barrow	10	0	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	3	0	0
J. R. M.	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Everett	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. S. M. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Mrs. Woodfall	1	1	0
Mr. J. P. Coe	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
Mr. J. H. Townend	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ross	7	7	0
Miss Ross	0	10	6
Mr. F. W. Straker	2	2	0
M. Quebec, per Mr. Fry	3	0	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Congreve... ...	5	5	0
Miss Jessie Congreve	2	2	0
Miss Minnie Congreve	2	2	0
Mr. G. Gowland	2	2	0
Rev. C. Testro	0	5	0
Rev. W. H. Knight	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. G. H. Hook	1	0	0
Collected at Salters' Hall, per Rev. A. Bax	12	0	10
Collection at Eastbourne, per Rev. A. Babington	5	16	6
Collected at Lake Road, Landport, per Rev. T. Medhurst	10	12	6
Rev. W. H. Elliott	1	0	0
Rev. J. W. Thomas	1	0	0
Rev. W. H. Smith	1	5	0
Collected per Rev. F. G. Marchant :—			
T. T.	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Sellwood	0	10	0
	1	10	0
Collection at King's Langley, per Rev. R. H. Channer	0	8	0
Collected per Rev. C. Chambers :—			
Mr. F. Edmond	2	0	0
Mr. J. Stewart	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. McCombie ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. Murray	0	10	0
Mr. T. Bryce	0	10	0
Mr. Rogers	0	5	0
	4	15	0
Collection at the Assembly Room, Ashford, per Rev. E. Roberts	3	0	0
Collection at Chesham, per Rev. C. A. Ingram	1	0	0
Collection at Shefford, per Rev. T. Smith	1	9	2
Collection at Bromley Common, per Rev. F. Sunshine	1	17	4
Collection at Bristol, per Rev. W. J. Mayers	8	0	0
Mr. S. Thomas	1	0	0
Per Rev. G. T. Ennals :—			
Miss A. Mathew	0	16	0
Mr. Watts	1	1	0
Mr. James Nutter	1	1	0
Mr. Maris	1	1	0
Miss Piper	1	0	0
Mr. Clear	0	10	0
	5	11	0
Collection at Leeds, per Rev. G. Hill :—			
J. B. B.	1	0	0
W. J.	1	0	0
G. H.	1	0	0
J. A.	0	10	6
	3	10	6
Collection at Colchester, per Rev. E. Spurrier :—			
Mr. Rouse	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hill	0	0	0
Mr. Bultitude	0	5	0
Mr. Hayward	0	5	0
Mr. Beckwith	0	2	0
	2	1	0
Collection at Broughton, per Rev. J. Green :—			
Mrs. Whicher	0	10	0
Miss Tomkins	0	10	0
Rev. J. Green	0	10	0
Bible Class and Prayer-meeting Offerings ...	0	13	0
	2	3	0
Rev. J. Palmer	0	10	0
Collection at Hucknell Torkard, per J. T. Almy	0	10	0
Rev. H. J. Dyer and Friends	0	15	0
Moiety of Collection at Blackpool, per Rev. S. Pilling	2	0	0
Collection at Cullingworth, per Rev. C. B. Berry	1	10	0
Collection at Rothesay, per Rev. S. Crabb	5	0	0
Collection at Clay Cross, per Rev. W. Williams	2	5	0
Rev. C. D. Crouch...	1	0	0
Per Rev. T. D. Cameron :—			
Lecture at Arbroath ...	2	5	0
Church at Lochee	1	0	0
	3	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Church at Farringdon, per Rev. T. Wheatley	0	10	0
Collection at Nailsworth, per Rev. R. Kerr	1	0	0
Collection at Boston, per Rev. G. West	3	0	0
Per Rev. J. Raymond :—			
Mr. G. Armstrong 2 0 0			
Mr. Page 0 10 0			
Mr. J. H. E. Kins... ... 0 10 0			
J. R. 0 10 0			
	3	10	0
Collection at Providence Chapel, Hackney Road, per Rev. W. Cuff	11	0	0
Collection at Pain's Hill, Limpsfield, per Rev. F. Cockerton	0	10	0
Collection at Ipswich, per Rev. W. Whale :—			
Mr. E. Edgley 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Neve 1 0 0			
Mr. R. Girling 1 0 0			
Mr. G. Archer 0 10 0			
	3	0	0
Rev. J. C. Forth	0	10	0
Rev. D. Honour	1	6	0
Mrs. Brown, per Rev. G. W. Cross ...	2	0	0
C. S., per Rev. E. Mason	1	10	0
Friends at Chipping Sodbury, per Rev. A. K. Davidson	1	17	6
Friends at Redruth, per Rev. E. J. Edwards	1	10	0
Friends at Bromley, per Rev. A. Tessier	2	0	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, per Rev. H. Wilkins	10	12	6
Friends at Uley, per Rev. W. Ewens ...	2	2	0
Collection at Lymington, per Rev. J. J. Fitch	4	13	0
Collection at Ulverstone, per Rev. T. Lardner	2	2	0
Mr. Fulks	1	0	0
Subscription at Salem Chapel, Burton-on-Trent, per Rev. J. T. Owers ...	1	0	0
Collection at Stroud, per Rev. F. J. Benskin	7	1	6
Mr. J. R. Cowell, per Rev. R. Layzell	1	0	0
Subscriptions at Watchett and Williton, per Rev. R. Middleton	1	14	0
Church at King Stanley, per Rev. W. Coombs	0	10	0
Bible Class, Malton, per Rev. W. Smith	1	0	0
Rev. H. H. J. and Mr. Garrett... ...	1	0	0
Collection at Streatham, per Rev. J. Johnstone	3	4	6
Collection at Ramsey, per Rev. G. W. Sankey	10	0	0
Rev. J. W. Genders	2	2	0
Friends at Dacre Park, per Rev. W. Usher	2	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. H. Winsor	0	5	0
Rev. C. A. Davis	2	0	0
Collection at Great Grimsby, per Rev. E. Lauderdale	4	4	0
Collection at Prince's Street, Northampton, per Rev. J. Spanswick	3	6	0
Rev. W. H. Priter	1	1	0
Per Rev. W. Julyan :—			
Service of Song, Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham ... 20 10 0			
Mr. Allen 1 0 0			
Mr. Coombs 0 10 0			
	22	0	0
Rev. E. S. Neale	4	0	0
Rev. J. T. Swift	4	0	0
Rev. E. Sones	1	0	0
Rev. A. G. Brown and Friends at East London Tabernacle	20	0	0
Collection at Southsea, per R. F. Jeffrey	12	9	6
Lecture at Nottingham, per Rev. E. Silverton	7	2	2
Mr. and Mrs. McDougall 1 0 0			

	£	s.	d.
A First Mite	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. C. Bodie	0	10	0
	2	0	0
Friends at Brimington	2	2	6
Collection at Sutton-on-Trent	1	1	0
Miss Buttery	0	10	0
Miss Galloway	0	10	0
	2	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Shrewsbury :—			
Per Rev. W. W. Robinson	3	15	0
Per Rev. J. Field	2	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Mar. 25	36	2	10
" " " April 1	29	5	5
" " " " 8	41	10	7
" " " " 15	55	0	0
	£2,479	7	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Jones	0	18	6
Miss Sargent	0	16	0
Master Scott...	0	1	0
Mr. Farley	10	0	0
Mrs. V. Peskett	1	2	0
Miss Gillard	0	12	4
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
Miss Black	0	8	8
Mrs. Farrar	1	3	6
Mrs. Whitehead	0	13	6
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. G. Morris	0	5	0
Mrs. Butler	1	3	6
T. A. H. P. W.	50	0	0
Miss Johnson	3	0	0
Mrs. Yackney	5	0	0
Per "Sword and Trowel"	0	10	6
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	2	2	0
Mrs. H. Richards	0	10	6
Mr. J. P. Jones	0	8	8
Communion Service, Brasted Mission Rooms	0	5	0
Miss M. Curling	5	0	0
Mrs. Bunker...	0	17	7
Mrs. Oxenford	0	19	11
Mrs. Hardwick	0	0	10
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Miss Fletcher	0	10	0
Rev. Wm. Mayo	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hanbury	100	0	0
Boys at Bruxton Reformatory School, per Mr. Babbington, Governor ...	1	0	0
A Friend	0	4	0
E. D.	0	10	0
Miss Burrows	1	0	0
E——a C——k	0	10	0
Mr. Dowsett...	1	0	0
In Memory of Loved Ones Gone Home during the Year	0	10	0
Mr. E. Boot	0	10	6
A Thankoffering, E. M.	0	5	0
Miss Esther Toller	1	8	0
A Friend, Brabourne	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
From Bristol, per W. J. Mayers ...	8	0	0
L. and G., Leeds, per Rev. Geo. Hill ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hopkins	0	4	2
Per Rev. H. Winsor, Milton Sunday School... ... 0 17 5			
Mrs. Winsor's Class ... 0 8 1			
Mrs. Winsor's Box... ... 0 0 9			
	1	12	3
Mrs. Berry	0	5	0
Per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Perkins	2	2	0
Mrs. Spreckley	1	0	0
Mr. S. Wigney	0	5	0
Mr. Murphy	0	5	0
Mr. Blanque	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Duncomb	0	5	6
Mr. G. Armstrong, per Rev. J. Raymond	3	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ferrier	0	6	6
Eizzil	0	10	0
The late Mrs. Stockburn and Daughters	4	0	0
Proceeds of Magic Lantern Lectures by Mr. M. Evans :—			
Ystaly fera 4 9 4			
Boyuaman 1 2 4			
	5	11	8
"Every Little Helps," R. E. S. ...	0	3	0
Clara E. Berry	0	1	0
H. M.	0	1	0
Mrs. Murray	1	0	0
Mr. G. Turner	2	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Rev. S. Cowdy	1	1	0
Rev. A. A. Rees	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Smith	1	0	0
J. C.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Begg, per Mr. Macdougal ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Townshend	0	10	0
S. M. S.	3	0	0
Mr. J. West, per Mr. J. C. Hopkins ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. Lewis	1	0	0
Mary	0	5	0
Mr. J. Waller	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Jayne	0	10	0
J. A. L.	0	10	0
J. K. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Priestman	0	10	0
Sunday School, Charles Street, Camberwell New Road	1	18	6
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	5	5	0
Alfred Leversha	0	3	0
Miss Palmer	0	10	6
Miss Fitzgerald	0	10	0
Moiety of Lecture by Rev. J. Henson...	44	13	7
Mrs. Wilkinson	0	7	6
Mr. J. Angus	1	0	0
Mr. R. Arnold	1	1	0
Moiety of Sunday Contributions at Gresham Sunday School	6	0	0
A Friend from Stockton	0	10	0
Aberdeen	1	0	0
C.	0	5	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mr. J. Clarke	10	0	0
Isaiah xl. 16...	3	0	0
Mr. E. Ryder	0	10	6
Mr. R. Gibson	10	0	0
Miss Galloway, per Rev. H. A. Fletcher	0	10	0
W. W.	40	0	0
Per Rev. A. A. Rees	2	10	0
Mrs. Aldred...	1	0	0
Master Arthur Charlesworth	0	7	7
Mr. Cole, per Rev. W. Usher	0	10	0
Mr. Nichols	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	3	14	0
M. Quebec, per Mr. Fryer	0	10	0
Richmond Street Sunday School ...	3	0	0
Mr. J. Hall	1	0	0
Mr. J. Douglas	1	0	0
Mr. W. Douglas	1	0	0
Mr. J. Middleton	1	0	0
Mr. J. McGregor	1	0	0
Mr. J. Gordon	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
Mrs. Gibbs	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	2	10	0
Collecting Books and Boxes—			
Master E. Phillips	0	14	1
Master W. Phillips	0	13	5
Miss Moulton	0	1	4
Miss E. Butler	0	4	0
Mrs. Davies	0	8	0
Miss Patrick	0	1	2
Miss Abbiss	0	13	0
Master H. Bates	0	19	4
Miss Sherwood	0	10	10
Master H. Crane	0	8	0
Master H. Perryman ...	0	4	1
Master Sullivan	0	3	6
Miss E. Pattinson	0	1	9
Mr. Doddington	0	15	7
Master F. Fordham ...	0	12	10
Master J. Stoars	0	1	5
Miss Moon	1	0	7
Miss Gater	0	4	2
Miss Underwood	0	6	11
Miss J. Maynard	0	5	7
Miss R. Hayball	0	2	2
Miss Howard	0	2	1
Miss Vigo	0	13	10
Miss Skinner	0	4	5
Miss Abbott	0	8	3
Miss Parker	1	18	6
Miss L. Watts	0	4	2
Miss Ross	0	16	11
Mrs. Emery	0	6	6
Master B. Hayball	0	1	6
Mrs. Fairman	0	12	3
Master H. Hubbard ...	0	4	7
Master E. Elmore	0	5	7
Mrs. Augar	0	5	2
Mr. A. Lines	0	2	6
Miss Lizzie Liberty ...	0	16	0
Mrs. Young	0	3	6
Master J. Webber	0	2	11
Master F. Drew	0	4	3
Miss Spreadbury	1	9	0
Master Pugh	0	4	9
Miss L. Chamberlain ...	0	12	6
Miss Raybould	0	10	0
Miss Peters	0	6	5
Miss C. Richardson ...	0	6	3
Miss E. Crofts	0	3	10
Mr. Gerrish	0	4	3
Miss E. Luxford	0	4	7
Master Goldston	0	10	0
Mr. Nicholls	0	8	1
Mrs. Romang	2	0	3
Miss C. Hughes	0	10	0
Mrs. Mills	0	8	6
F. A. Field	0	0	7
Mrs. Hertzell	0	14	0
Miss Blake	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Adams	0	10	5
Miss Court	0	6	6
Mrs A. Dines	0	4	0
Master Ballands	0	7	10
Mrs. Allbury	0	5	9
Miss Drake	0	6	9
Miss L. Balshaw	0	2	6
Master H. J. Brightwell ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Welsh	0	6	3
Master Blake	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss E. Field	0	0	2
Miss E. Balshaw	0	2	0
Mrs. Dougharty	0	13	6
Mr. Mitchell	0	2	9
Miss H. Payne	0	2	9
Mr. R. Hagnar	0	1	9
Miss C. Boot	0	2	9
Miss H. Viner	0	4	8
Miss E. Hughes	0	13	4
Mr. Allum	0	5	3
Miss Annie Charlesworth ...	0	13	0
Miss Larkman	0	3	11
Mrs. Smyth	0	4	3
Miss Grooms	0	1	5
Miss Viney	0	4	10
Mrs. Day	0	3	4
Miss Peddle	0	9	9
Mrs. Luff	0	6	0
Miss Stone	0	7	10
Miss E. Craig	0	9	10
Master Thomas	0	11	9
Miss Burman	0	13	3
Miss Loosely	0	7	9
Miss Perritt	1	8	0
Miss Marsh	1	0	0
Master Blake	0	4	0
Mr. W. J. Evans	1	2	6
Miss Badenoch	0	10	0
Miss Maynard	0	6	6
Mrs. Allum	1	16	6
Miss A. Woollacott ...	0	16	0
Miss Salter	0	7	6
Mrs. Fuller	0	4	2
Miss L. Baulf	0	8	10
Miss Smith	1	0	6
Miss Lenworthy	0	13	7
Mrs. Bowles	1	5	6
Miss M. Perry	0	6	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight ...	0	10	0
Miss Keys	1	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Miss Anderson	0	15	0
Mr. Crofts	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	0	3	0
Miss Weeks	0	7	2
Miss White	1	1	0
Miss Merritt	1	6	9
Mr. C. Howes	0	6	6
Miss Law	1	5	1
Miss M. A. Wells	0	6	0
Mr. Turner	0	10	6
Miss J. A. Langton ...	0	5	0
Miss Gobey	0	9	0
Mr. Luff	1	1	0
Miss Tutcher	0	12	6
Miss Kierman	0	9	9
Mrs. Mallison	0	11	8
Mrs. Hinton	1	10	0
Mr. Burrage	0	3	8
Mrs. Evans	0	12	6
Mrs. Fletcher, per Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Miss E. Fryer	1	6	0
Miss Dowsett	0	13	3
Miss Wallington	0	13	0
Miss Petty	0	10	9
Mr. Bantlek	1	10	0
Mrs. Bailey	0	5	10
Mrs. Deseroix	1	2	7
Mrs. Boggis	0	12	6
Master T. Blackwell ...	0	9	2
Miss E. Argyle	0	5	0
Miss J. Johnson	0	4	5
Master Delacott	0	4	0
Miss Chilvers	2	8	0
Mr. Lucas Collins	0	13	6
Miss Evans	0	1	2
Mrs. Tiddy	1	13	0
"Teacher's Room" ...	0	1	10
Mrs. Bonser	0	10	0
Miss Jephs	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Phillips	2	14	8
Miss H. Phillips	2	17	0
Mrs. Culver	1	5	6
Miss A. Moulton	0	5	0
Mrs. Culver...	0	5	9
Miss B. Hanson	0	7	5
Miss Day	0	5	6
Master J. Everett	0	14	9
Master Daniels	0	6	1
Miss Wyatt...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Ely	0	16	6
Miss E. Viner	0	5	1
Master Perkins	0	15	6
Miss Baverstock	1	2	6
Master Hanson	0	4	3
Master C. Drew	0	4	7
Master Dalton	1	5	8
Miss Ann Lefevre ...	0	17	6
Miss Hickinbotham ...	1	13	0
Miss J. Cherry	0	7	11
Miss Jones	0	16	10
Mrs. Lloyd	0	6	0
Mrs. Buswell	1	2	4
Mr. North	0	2	1
Miss Kate Smith	0	5	6
Mrs. Parker	1	2	6
Miss E. Hunt	0	6	6
Miss Nisbet...	1	10	0
Miss Law	0	6	7
Miss Fryer	5	0	0
Mr. Stringer	1	10	3
Mr. Woolard	3	5	0
Mrs. Seaton...	0	7	6
Master W. Mills	0	2	7
Per Mr. Charlesworth :—			
W. Finch	0	5	0
J. P. Draper...	5	0	0
J. Jones	1	5	0
Rev. D. Ashby	1	1	0
New Bushey Sunday School, per J. Bailey ...	2	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Semark	1	3	6
Collected by A. Jones ...	0	5	0
Collected by F. Simmonds	0	7	4
Collected by H. Sandford	0	5	6
T. Clark	0	10	0
A Friend, per Miss Fairey	0	2	6
The Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter... ...	0	17	1
			12 14 5
			£537 19 1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—CLOTHING.—6 pairs of Cuffs, 6 pairs of Socks, 6 Scarves, Mrs. Hamilton.

PROVISIONS.—A case of Eggs, Mr. Potter; 500 Buns, Mr. Russell; 130 Buns, 20 Loaves, Mr. B.; A quantity of Fruit Preserves, a Friend, per Mr. Plumbridge; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; a Quarter of Prime American Beef, Mr. J. W. Link.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. F. Jones	2	2	0
Stockwell Orphanage Young Christians' Band	0	9	5
Mrs. W. Evans	0	5	0
Miss Ann Morris	0	2	0
E. B.	25	0	0
J. Crossley, Esq.	0	10	0
G. W.	2	2	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Miss Johnson	3	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. R. Hanbury	50	0	0
E—a C—k.	0	10	0
E. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Hinton...	0	5	0
R. L.	0	10	0
S. M. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Gibbs	0	13	4
Mr. R. Gibson	10	0	0
W. W.	10	0	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
	£110	18	0

For Capital Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
James Duncan, Esq.	100	0	0

Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Hine Brothers, Maryport ...	10	0	0
Walsall Baptist Church	10	0	0
Skipsea District	10	0	0
R. Cory, Jun., Esq., Cardiff	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for St. Mellows ...	10	0	0
F. A. Homer, Esq., Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Blyth, per Rev. W. Embleton ...	2	10	0
Elders' Bible Class, Met. Tab. ...	5	0	0
Dorchester	20	0	0
R. Clark, Esq., for Cheddar	5	0	0
Leamington District	10	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Met. Tab.	5	0	0
Southern Baptist Association... ...	20	0	0
Cosely District	1	3	2
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Minchinhampton	10	0	0
Eyethorne Baptist Church	7	10	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association, for Ross	7	10	0
	£161	3	2

Of W. W.'s note for £100, we have acknowledged £90 as above, the other £10 was paid to Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund.

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, 1877.

The Brabe Picture in the House of the Interpreter.

A PAPER READ AT THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, APRIL 12TH, 1877, BY PASTOR GEORGE HILL, SOUTH PARADE, LEEDS.

TO crowd into a twenty-five minutes' paper anything like an adequate or satisfactory treatment of my subject seems impossible. I have done my best to meet the difficulty by leaving out of consideration many things which under other circumstances might naturally have claimed a place, and by dealing in the briefest fashion with the points selected for illustration. If, in spite of these precautions, I should be found unduly trespassing upon your time, what can I say but that, warned as I have been of the penalty which will follow swiftly on the heels of the offence, and more fearful of the ringing of the bell* than was Hamlet's ghost of the cockcrowing, at its first stroke I shall start "like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons," and immediately subside into the obscurity from which for a few minutes I have reluctantly emerged.

I will stop for no panegyric on Bunyan or the "Pilgrim's Progress," but come straightway to our parable and its interpretation. The parable is this: "Then said the Interpreter, Come in; I will show thee that which will be profitable unto thee. So he commanded his man to light a candle, and bid Christian follow him; so he had him into a private room and bid his man open a door, the which when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against

* Writers of papers for the Conference had been told that the bell would be rung at the end of twenty-five minutes.

the wall; and this was the fashion of it: it had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back, it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head." The interpretation of the parable is not difficult. Bunyan, indeed, adds his own interpretation, which I will not quote, because my purpose in what follows is to bring into prominence one or two points which are there passed over with a mere word. I trust, however, nothing in this paper will be found out of harmony with the spirit and words of our author.

Ministers have been known to make a careful study of the "Pilgrim's Progress" for the sake of acquiring a mastery of its terse and vigorous Saxon. Some have been attracted to the book by its life-like delineation of Christian character. One minister I know who declared that from the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Bible he had learned all his theology.* May I suggest as likely to be profitable, the study of the book for the sake of the valuable hints which abound as to the office and work of the minister of the gospel? The short extract I have read descriptive of what is called in the margin the "brave picture" in the house of the Interpreter puts before us in distinct outline *Bunyan's Ideal of the Christian Preacher.*

Passing by the meaning to be assigned to the Interpreter, the Interpreter's house, the lighted candle (over against the mention of which Bunyan significantly writes the single marginal word "illumination") and looking upon the picture itself, the first thing which claims notice is that which Bunyan has put first in his description:—THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER'S HEAVENWARD GAZE.

Bunyan doubtless intended to suggest by this that one mark of the true minister of Jesus Christ is that *he seeks strength for his work by communion with God.* The uplifted eye indicates the attitude of the soul. The soul looks heavenward, seeking—what when sought is always to be found, what is never found without the seeking—fellowship with God.

Nothing need be said in proof of the reality or possibility of the thing I speak about. That fellowship with God is something real, something within the reach of all of us, we *know.* We know it from the Scriptures. We know it from the testimony of Christians. Best of all, we know it from our own personal experience. Only by experience can it be at all fully understood. Words cannot make it plain. Yet to prevent misconception, it may be well to say that what we mean is not mere listless reverie, in which the thoughts are allowed to wander away without control. It is very far from being a state in which the soul is nearly or almost passive. In true communion the soul is awake

* The following notes may be interesting to some readers. They are from S. T. Coleridges's "Table Talk," p. 89:—

"I know of no book, the Bible excepted as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologiæ evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." "I read it once as a theologian, and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the book." "I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours."

and active; seeking, reaching after, finding, waiting upon God: realizing his presence, meditating upon his word, speaking to him, and listening as, in the soul's deepest silence, with voices inaudible to others, he speaks back again. And this communion with God is to the Christian, and to the Christian minister especially, a privilege and need for lack of which nothing else can make up. It is as absolute a necessity as breathing is to life, as rain or dew to the springing up of the tender herb.

We may look at this in two ways. First, I would ask, is not something of this kind possible as *the soul's abiding condition?* May we not walk with God? May we not live "as ever in our great Taskmaster's eye?" May we not so habituate ourselves to the recognition of his unseen presence that it shall be as real to us as the presence of the companion by whose side we walk, and that we shall as readily turn to speak to him of our joys and sorrows as to any most intimate living friend—nay, that he shall himself be the Friend with whom, while never less than profoundly reverential, we are most familiar too? May not this be so? Was it not thus with him in whom all Christian life finds its perfect pattern? Was not he always conscious of the presence of the Father whose will he came to do? Was not *that* fellowship—in its nature far liker the fellowship we may know than unlike it—maintained uninterruptedly? And the brief outbursts of audible prayer which occurred—sometimes in the midst of his works of healing, sometimes in the midst of his teaching—were they not indications of communion kept up constantly? Like the golden threads running through some pattern of tapestry, always in the fabric but coming now and then to the surface; like the outflashing of a love which never falters, but needs the special occasion to call forth the token of its presence. You, brethren, shall answer these questionings, and there can be little doubt what the answer will be. If the thing suggested seem to some of us like a bright mountain summit we have not scaled, or in whose brilliance we do not abide, we cannot, down in the mist of the valley, say the brightness does not exist up yonder. We will not deny the reality of the experience because we do not enjoy it. To say "the sun does not shine," because we are in a position where its beams cannot reach us is folly and something worse. Wisdom lives in our stepping out into the sunshine and sharing the light and warmth which gladden others.

But however readily we may admit that something like habitual fellowship with God is a thing possible, we must also admit that to form the habit and then to maintain it when formed, there must be *special seasons and* (I do not know what better expression to use than) *special acts of communion.* There will be little reality in that man's "abiding fellowship" who never seeks to contribute to his spiritual welfare by use of what we call "the means of grace." I should be disposed to have little faith in his "walk with God" who thinks he can dispense with private prayer and devout meditation upon the divine word. The preservation of the highest spiritual life has not become so easy and natural a thing even to the best among us that he can venture to be careless about it. To revert for a moment to our great Example, habitual fellowship with the Father can never become to us so

spontaneous and natural as it was to him; yet even he—surely not without need—was wont to retire to the lone desert and quiet mountain top and there continue all night in prayer unto God. The disciple is not greater than the Master.

That special seasons of communion are desirable and valuable we all allow, but who does not know how difficult it is to secure them! Hurried all day long with work which must be done, worried by a thousand cares with which, it may be, we have no business to be perplexed, but from which we cannot escape; wearied at night with the labours of the day and oppressed with anticipations of to-morrow's overwhelming tasks, it seems, at times, a thing next to impossible to set apart periods for prolonged devotion, if our work is to be done at all creditably and we are not to be brought to a dead lock by the accumulation of arrears. Yet this great Christian privilege must not be neglected. We had better fail anywhere, everywhere else than here. Nay, if we fail here we *shall* fail everywhere in some degree, and we *may* fail utterly and hopelessly. There are times when our truest strength is to sit still, when we may best consult our people's interests by shutting them out of our thoughts; when we may take the high-road to success in our work by turning right away from the work for a while; when we may most acceptably serve as we "only stand and wait." Certain it is that our piety will soon flag, as the frail flower withers for lack of water, if we seek not the throne of God and of the Lamb to drink of the life-giving stream which flows from thence. Prayerfulness and holiness are something like convertible terms: they are at least mutually inclusive. You cannot have holiness without prayerfulness, and you cannot have prayerfulness without holiness. To say nothing of the operation of divine grace in answer to our prayers, we grow into the likeness of the object with which our thoughts are busy, by the working of a law we can all understand. This is illustrated by the classic legend which tells that *that* nightingale always had the sweetest song which built its nest nearest the tomb of Orpheus; and by the grosser Roman Catholic legend of S. Francis, which relates how the saint through constantly gazing upon a ghastly crucifix came to have marks of wounds imprinted on his own hands and feet, corresponding with the wounds of Christ. Contemplation leads to transformation. "Beholding we are changed."

Three transfigurations are described in the Bible, and while all are connected with prayer, two are connected with prolonged fellowship with God. It was after forty days spent in the full blaze of a special manifestation of the divine nature, that when Moses went down from the mount the skin of his face shone; and though the prophet wist not of it, the people saw it and were afraid to come nigh, he reminded them so of God. It was when Jesus had withdrawn for devotion that "*as he prayed*" the fashion of his countenance was altered and his raiment was white and glistering. And holy Stephen, third of the transfigured trio, it was when

> *Looking upward full of grace*
> *He prayed*, that from a happy place
> God's glory smote him on the face.

May that upward look, and the spirit of devotion it signifies, be ours.

It is the opinion of some eminent Biblical critics* that the authorized version of Exodus xxxiv. which describes the transfiguration of Moses is somewhat misleading, and that what we should read is, not that Moses kept the vail upon his face till he had done speaking so that the people might look upon him while he spoke, but that the people did look upon his unvailed face while he addressed them, and then when he had done he assumed the vail to conceal the fading of the brilliance which had so much affected them. Absent from the manifested presence of God the brightness began to die away, and the vail was used, but when the prophet entered the tabernacle, where, from between the cherubim, the shekinah shone, the vail was removed that God's glory might again smite his face, and that with rekindled lustre he might come forth to speak to the people in the name of the Lord. How suggestive is this interpretation. No words of mine are necessary to give point to it. The Christ-likeness of our character, and our influence over men arising therefrom, will soon fade and die if we remain too much in the world and suffer the mercy-seat to be neglected; but if we go in, in solitude, before the Lord, if we seek constant or even frequent communion with Christ, in whom God has made the fullest revelation of himself, we shall be changed into his image. It is the law of this world as truly as of the world to come: we shall be like him *when we see him* as he is.

I said this heavenward look suggests *dependence* as well as communion. The Christian preacher seeks the divine presence, not only that he may be blessed in his own spiritual life, but that he may receive such blessing as is necessary for success in his work. Let me try to give emphasis for a moment to that idea. Who among us has not felt, at times, precisely what is here depicted: when from some cause mental preparation has been far from satisfactory, or physical weariness has depressed the spirits, when there has been experienced a sense of absolute dependence which has found expression in the uplifted eye betokening the uplifted heart, while the soul has cried out: "Now Lord! there can be nothing but breakdown and failure if there come no help from thee"? A painful experience, but is it not often, in its results, a very blessed one? We do not at all times feel our dependence as we ought, and yet it is always very real. When we have done our best to equip ourselves in every way for the work we have but whetted a weapon which will lie impotent till it be taken up by the Warrior's hand. *We* can work no deliverance. The Master must put words into our mouth if we are to speak with power in his name. Alone we are helpless. We are like the Æolian harp which waits for the wind from heaven before sending forth its melody; like "the statue of the Egyptian Memnon, dumb through the dark night and uttering a sound only when the rising sun touched him with his rays." We are

> "the trumpet at thy lips, the clarion
> Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy breath."

We are but instruments which, whatever they may accomplish when they are made vehicles for the might of his power, are but so much dead

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* See Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church," Vol. I., p. 134. Dean Alford on 2 Cor. iii. 13.

lumber unless he wield them. Our sufficiency is of God. Our hope is in the presence and help of the Divine Spirit who is as the wind that blows where it lists, and for this we must seek the breezy uplands of communion where that Wind always lists to blow. We need to make him our pattern who has taught us how to *work* as well as how to *live*, and of whom we read that "praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him." Let us but live as he lived, and the power which rested upon him will in our measure rest also upon us. He lived in fellowship with God. His thoughts and prayers rose to heaven in the midst of all his work. He spent long seasons in lonely devotion, and came down from the hill-top with more than the morning dew clinging to his robes and the mountain freshness lingering about him; he came clad with the Spirit of Power gained by communion with the Father. Let us live thus; let us go to our work straight from fellowship with God, and men will gather round to hearken to our message, and the confession will be renewed concerning our poor utterance—"The word was with power."

II. Passing to the second point: "the brave picture" represented one who had the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth written upon his lips. These two expressions suggest some remarks as to the CHRISTIAN MINISTER'S MESSAGE.

Believing, on evidence which seems to put the matter beyond reasonable doubt, that the Bible is the word of God, the product of divine inspiration, a revelation of God's will, *the* revelation of God's will, of its kind *the only* revelation of God's will,—regarding it as a communication which comes to us bearing the signature of heaven, we accept it with reverence; and as preachers we consider it our main work to endeavour by means of all spiritual and intellectual helps *to discover what the Bible teaches, and then to make known that teaching to others.* Our sole recognised authority in our work, as to what we are to do and the way in which we are to do it, is the Word of God, We may neither do as we like nor teach what we like. We carry with us instructions as to the will of him in whose service we are engaged, and whose representatives in some sort we are; and as to the method of procedure we must adopt in making known that will. We are heralds making an announcement,—servants who have not to express their own thoughts, but to deliver a message from their Master: a message which we understand, with which we are in fullest sympathy, which we may put into our own language, but which, after all, is not so much our message as his. That message we learn from the Word of God; that message *is* the Word of God, and we must neither add thereto nor subtract therefrom. True, in the still hour of communion God will speak to his servant, will put words into his mouth which he must speak to others. But the message thus specially communicated will be in perfect accord with the written Word. If there be any discrepancy it were better we should believe that we have been deluded than that God has contradicted himself. True, the Spirit of Truth is with us as our Abiding Teacher, and we may well covet earnestly the illumination he vouchsafes; but here again we must utterly distrust any teaching which contradicts the oracle. Better believe ourselves mistaken than that the Scriptures are wrong and unreliable. True, various voices in nature

and in human life speak of God to the listening soul, and no voice is without significance and value. Yet here again we must be on our guard: the voice may be true enough but our hearing may be indistinct; the theory all right but our application of it wrong; the revelation trustworthy but we looking with dimmed eyes or through a medium which distorts and misrepresents. In the use of all these methods of learning God's will there is a possibility of our being deceived. Then only can we feel perfectly safe in crying "thus saith the Lord," when we can adduce in proof the words of the inspired Book. Here is our authoritative message; here our standard of appeal. Here is the touchstone by which all teaching must be tested; here is (shall I say) the microcosm in which the whole world of revelation is epitomized, so that "whatsoever is not contained herein nor may be proved hereby" cannot be accepted by us as a subject of Christian teaching.

Our work is to preach the Word. "Read," said Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness. "Read." "What shall we read?" "How can you ask, there is but one Book,"—and for us, as we seek to instruct the living and to comfort the dying, there is but one book. In the ordination service of the Established Church the bishop places a Bible in the hands of the candidate, saying, "Take thou authority to preach the Word of God." When we, brethren, were ordained and authorized for our work the Great Bishop put the "best of books" into our hands, saying, "Go, make known my word"; and he who fails to do this, whatever else he may do, whatever else he may be,—fails to discharge the one great function of the Christian ministry and is unworthy to be called a preacher of the gospel of Christ. We *must* preach the Word. We are bound to this by the commission of our Master. We are impelled to it by the needs of our hearers, and by our desire to do them some spiritual good. Here are the means God has appointed to regenerate and sanctify. Men want to know just those things which the Bible teaches; and as we would be obedient to Christ and instrumental in the conversion and edification of men we must preach the Word.

To preach the Word implies *that we have faith in it as from God*, faith in it as an inspired book. This is of the first importance. Much of the scepticism which prevails results from unbelief in the inspiration of the Scriptures. When belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures has been cast away, belief in their full and final authority soon follows; and when these two are gone, then, without rudder, without compass, without anchor, to what "seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt" the frail vessel will be driven, and where at last the shipwreck will be made God only knows. Here I feel it unnecessary to enlarge. If there is one characteristic which more than any other has marked the men who have gone forth from this College, I am not wrong in saying it is unswerving loyalty to the Word of God,—unfaltering faith in its inspiration and supreme authority. The one thing needful to ensure our acceptance of any doctrine is that it come to us bearing the superscription, "It is written."

There is also involved here the *belief that the Word of God speaks clearly and distinctly*, that we may positively affirm its authority for the great doctrines we preach. Mr. Froude, in one of his "Short Studies on Great Subjects," says, "It often seems to me as if history was like a

child's box of letters with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose."* Now, we feel that for one to act thus in relation to history is immoral and dishonest; but what shall we say of those who hold a theory too much like the "box of letters" theory in relation to the Word of God; who think, or profess to think, the Bible may be made to say anything, or that it teaches nothing with absolute certainty and unqualified clearness? It is related of Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, that on one occasion, after explaining a passage of Scripture, he added, "these are my present views, but I am going a walk down the garden, and I may think differently when I come back;" and one has heard of ministers in one's own time who have boasted that they had no settled convictions on doctrinal matters; they were but students of the Scriptures, and were ready to welcome any teaching which commended itself to their judgment. Students of the Scriptures I trust we all are, and ready to welcome all truth from every quarter. But surely he has made poor use of his time in studying the Bible who has not learnt that it teaches definitely at least *something*. With this kind of thing we have small sympathy. Far more after our heart are the words of the American statesman Webster: "I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its language, since I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in such mystery and doubt that none but critics and philosophers can discover it. I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God, and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who has been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the college of fishermen." We, too, believe that the Bible is to be understood in its plain and obvious meaning, and we believe that its teaching with regard to the great essentials of our faith, is plain and obvious. We hold that such questions as whether Jesus Christ is God as well as man; whether salvation is by grace or by works; whether redemption is by sacrifice or by example; whether justification is by faith or by the deeds of the law; whether personal immortality is a fact or an illusion; are settled and placed beyond controversy for all who believe the testimony of the New Testament on such matters to be final. We may heartily agree with the noble Puritan pastor Robinson in thinking that "God hath yet more truth to break forth from his Word," but all truth is harmonious; truth can never be self-contradictory. Any further truth which riper scholarship and more perfectly equipped criticism may bring to light we will receive joyfully, but we are confident it can but supplement and can never contradict the truth we already know. And when we are asked to believe that although during the last eighteen hundred years some of the noblest intellects with which the world was ever blessed have been engaged in the study of the Bible—that Bible, which is to be received in its plain and obvious meaning—we have yet to learn the most

* Has not Mr. Froude supplied a remarkable illustration of his theory in his laborious endeavour to vindicate the character of King Henry VIII.?

elementary truths of the Christian religion, our answer is, "Gentlemen, the absurdity is too grotesque." Evangelical Christians are often taunted with credulity, but this is too much even for us. The credulity necessary for such a belief we must leave to the incredulous sceptic.

It follows from all this—from the fact that we have to preach the Word of God which we believe to be inspired, and therefore authoritative in its teaching, which is to be understood in its plain and obvious meaning, and whose meaning is plain and obvious in relation to all essential matters—it follows from all this that *we may speak with positiveness and certainty.* There is a dogmatism which is out of place, and there is a dogmatism which is eminently right and reasonable. When the preacher is giving utterance to his own speculations, modesty and the consciousness of fallibility demand that he should hesitate to speak with overmuch positiveness. But when the preacher knows he is declaring the truth of God, that for all he says he has the warrant of the Word of God, why should he be other than positive? If a man have no certain belief as to the authority of the Scriptures, or if he have no clear conviction as to the teaching of the Scriptures, then let him hold his peace, for surely no man is called of God to preach doubts and uncertainties. But if a man heartily believe in the truths which the Scriptures reveal then let him speak as one who has a firm unfaltering faith; let him speak boldly as he ought to speak. To this end let us *make the Word of God our constant study.* Luther said in his day, "We kiss the old shoes of the saints, but we never read their works." We must not lay ourselves open to a charge like that in relation to the Bible. Men must not be able to say of us that we pay a superstitious reverence to the book, but do not know what it contains. Let us seek to be thoroughly acquainted with its teaching; to be sure not only of what we affirm, but of the ground on which we affirm it, and then, confident than our doctrine is in harmony with the mind of the Spirit, we may even go so far as to say in the heroic words of the same Luther, "Here I take my stand, I can do none other. God help me. Amen."

III. The only other point on which I would make remark is the statement that the picture represented one who stood as though he pleaded with men. We have considered what we may term the Christian preacher's preparation and message, here is some indication of what the CHRISTIAN MINISTER'S METHOD should be.

We have to deliver our message plainly and faithfully, adding nothing, keeping back nothing. But Bunyan's idea is, that when all this has been done, we are not to think nothing else remains; that we have simply to state our case and leave it, trusting to the power of the truth and the operation of the Holy Spirit for the rest. *The preacher is to plead with men;* as though he had a personal interest in the matter, he is to bring all his powers to bear on the work of persuading his hearers to act upon what he teaches, to render the obedience his message demands.

I need hardly say this view has the support of Scripture. Whether we turn to Old Testament prophet or New Testament preacher we find the messenger of God to be one deeply interested in the success of the message he bears, anxious that they to whom he is sent should hear

and heed. We find him warning and beseeching, praying them with much entreaty that they would receive the gift; mourning and lamenting their conduct with sighs and tears when they turn away indifferent or negligent. And if we examine the preaching of men who in later days have been most signally successful in their work—Edwards and Payson, Baxter and Whitefield—we get the impression that when these preachers stood before men they set themselves with deliberate purpose to make their meaning so plain that they could not be misunderstood, and then to compel their hearers—so far as by force of persuasion they could compel them—to act on their instructions. Is not this the way in which we should work? Is not such a method both warranted and demanded by our belief concerning men's need and the gospel's value? Ought we not to teach and to *plead* too; to warn and to *exhort;* as though God did beseech men by us to pray them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God? We need not be afraid of going too far in this direction; of being too emotional, too pathetic; of letting our deep feeling overmaster us. The danger is lest through familiarity with the message our feelings should become blunted and deadened, lest we should feel too little rather than too much, lest we should suffer the grandest and most solemn truths to fall from our lips as if they were the tritest and most trivial of commonplaces. We need to cultivate sensitiveness of feeling, for are not our hearers far more likely to be impressed when they see that the truth we speak impresses us? And when earnestly pleading with men shall we not be in sympathy with him who not only declared himself the Rest of the weary, but invited them to come to him, and wept and lamented bitterly over the impenitent and disobedient?

I have selected from Bunyan's picture what seem to me the three most important particulars. Which of the three is of greatest importance we need not try to decide. All are important, all must be interwoven in our life and work as they are joined together here. Conscious of our dependence on heavenly help, we must seek that help in many an hour of quiet fellowship with God. Then, coming forth from his presence prepared for our work; speaking from a full heart the word he has given us to utter; seeking to declare "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" pleading with men in our Master's name and in our Master's spirit—our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord; we shall be gladdened by tokens of success attending our toil, and cheered as our uplifted eyes catch sight of the crown of gold which hangs over our head. Let us, as faithful pastors, strive to feed the flock of God and to bring back the sheep which have gone astray, "and when the chief Shepherd shall appear we shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

The College Report for 1876-7.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 216.)

WHILE diligently considering how we could give variety to our reports it occurred to us that it would be a new feature to print extracts from the letters which we have received. Our joy in reading the budget of epistles from all parts of the earth has been very great, and we hope that our thousands of donors will share therein. We feel deeply grateful to all our brethren who so kindly sent in accounts of their work. To print all would need a large pamphlet, and as we cannot afford that, we have picked a little here and there, leaving quite as good behind.

We shall intersperse our own notes and remarks as we cull from these letters.

It is with much pleasure that we see our beloved but much afflicted brother Archibald Brown still prospering abundantly in the great house which he has been enabled to build, and we are glad to see that London has gained other successful workers from our ranks, some of whom occupy leading positions. Mr. Cuff is urging on his great enterprise at Shoreditch, Mr. Collins has come to John Street, Bedford Row, and Mr. Bax to Salters' Hall, while such brethren as Mr. Tarn, of Peckham, Mr. White, of Talbot Tabernacle, Mr. Sawday, of Pentonville, Mr. Inglis, of Victoria Park, are a few among many soul-winners who are favoured with memorable success in our great city.

The ancient church of Broadmead, Bristol, has had a season of great prosperity under Mr. Gange; a few sentences will show what material progress has been necessitated by the spiritual advance.

"We are enlarging Broadmead for the second time since my pastorate commenced. The old chapel remained for over 200 years the size it was when built. We enlarged it five years ago, and are now spending £2,500 upon it. This will bring the old, long-hidden meeting-house out into a public street, so that Broadmead is now visible for the first time; and it will give us 400 more sittings, making ours one of the largest chapels in the provinces."

Other churches in Bristol have their song to sing, and we only omit mention of them from want of space, but the good secretary of the church in Thrissell Street has sent us such an excellent account of God's blessing upon Mr. Osborne's pastorate there, that we must give it entire.

"It is with great joy and thanksgiving that we send this our first report to you, and though we have for many years 'lien among the pots,' yet we can rejoice that God has indeed been mindful of us, and, like the dove, our wings are receiving the sprinklings of gold and silver. Thrissell Street Chapel, the only Baptist cause in a district containing 40,000 inhabitants, has for many years been in a very dead and desolate condition, but we bless and praise our heavenly Father that, in the answer to the prayers of some of his children whose minds were stirred up with anxiety concerning the state of this cause, there has been a grand revival. The Pastor, who had been settled here over thirty years, resigned a little more than two years since, when the few, who had for a long time sorrowed and moaned over their condition, immediately set themselves to prayer that God would cause the light of his countenance to shine upon them, which prayer was answered by his sending amongst us our present beloved

Pastor, the Rev. W. Osborne, a choice for which we have not had cause to regret, but to abundantly praise and give thanks. In the first place, our present Pastor came to a church in which there was no organization, certainly there was a school, but it was far from being in a working and satisfactory condition. Twelve months since one of our present deacons was led to take the leadership of the Bible Class, which at that time numbered only twelve, but which now, by the blessing of God, numbers over 100, and out of which twenty have been received into the church. Another one of our deacons was led to organize a Tract Society, which now is in thorough working order, and tracts are every week distributed in between twenty and thirty districts. Our next anxiety was concerning the School, but after much prayer we were able to see our way clear, difficulties were removed, and one of our earnest working brethren was led to take the superintendence of this agency, the result of which gives us great cause for thanksgiving, and we are rejoicing in the fact that not a few are deeply anxious concerning their souls' eternal welfare. For several years previous to Mr. Osborne coming into our midst the baptistery had been closed, but at the end of the first month it was opened, and since that it has been regularly opened every month, with but two exceptions, which were owing to repairs and cleaning. As you will see by the Report, seventy-six fresh members have been added to the church. We have also been enabled to thoroughly clean and renovate the Chapel and Schoolrooms, and, instead of being a dead church where all seem sleeping, we have a church full of workers, anxious for the salvation of sinners. Our Pastor's earnestness and zeal in his work, together with his geniality, seemed to have sent an electric current through the church, and to such an extent has God blessed him in his work that every Tuesday evening he is kept from 8.30 till 10 seeing enquirers. We feel now we want more room, and this is a matter which is occupying our minds at the present, and about which we are earnestly praying for guidance. In none of these things, however, do we take glory to ourselves, but bless and praise God for his mindfulness of us, and to-day we seem to hear his voice saying to us, 'For this my son was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found.'"

Many letters of similar character have been read by us, and have made our heart leap for joy, and if we do not print them all, it is not from want of appreciation, but lack of space. The extraordinary success of Mr. Silverton, at Nottingham, the steady work of Mr. Medhurst and other brethren at Portsmouth, and other tempting matters might call for notice, but we forbear.

The smaller churches often receive a larger proportionate blessing than those of greater size: here is a letter from Mr. Smith, Malton, Yorkshire, a brother in feeble health, and, like most of the brethren, with but small income.

"When I came down here I found the chapel empty and forsaken by all, with the exception of a few members. For the last ten years the place has been going down. Some could remember a baptism seven years ago of one person, but since then no members were added, and the church had become so low that they came to the conclusion they could not keep open any longer, but the Lord willed it otherwise. I was sent to preach for two Sabbaths as the last trial. I left the Tabernacle with our beloved President's blessing and his promised prayers. When I arrived at Malton I found, with all effort in posting bills, announcing a student from Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, only twelve persons were present at the morning service. At the close, I invited all who could to join me and help in an open-air service before the service in the evening. At the time appointed five persons came, and after much earnest prayer for divine help, we took our stand at a point where I could be seen and heard in four of the main streets in the town. We commenced by singing one of Mr. Sankey's hymns, and to our surprise the people came from every quarter until by the

end of our meeting not less than three hundred persons were present. We closed and invited all who did not attend a place of worship to come with us. Our friends led the way and the crowd came too, and that night the Baptist chapel was full, and not only was the chapel filled, but the Lord filled our hearts. We had a good meeting, and good was done. Many stayed behind for counsel and prayer. I could give you many most interesting and wonderful answers to prayer, and conversions; but I know your limited space, and therefore send you the result of our labour. I have been here one year and a half. Many have found the Lord. I have baptized over fifty persons, and they are useful, active members. We commenced a Bible class; five on the first Sunday, now over a hundred attend every Sunday afternoon. We had a Sunday-school numbering twelve, teachers included. Now we have two hundred, and twelve teachers, etc. Our schoolroom is so small, we are hoping to get a new and larger one. Our congregation has not fallen away, but is growing, and at the commencement of this winter some had to go away from want of room. We commenced improvements and enlargements. This has been done and nearly all the sittings let, and we have paid £200 for alteration, cleaning, and repairs. We have £30 yet to pay. When we have done that other things must be done. We commenced a mission station at Old Malton; and it has been very successful, many have been saved there. This year we commenced a local paper called "The Malton Monthly Magazine." We had four hundred copies monthly; next month we hope to increase to five hundred. We hold thirteen meetings in the week, all well attended, and growing in interest and blessing. We give our heartfelt thanks to the Lord our God who has blessed us and made us a blessing, and pray that we may still go on to glorify his holy name."

Very interesting is the news from Eastcombe, near Stroud, as showing what can be done in the villages if ministers have spirit and zeal. Mr. Brett and his excellent wife have done grand service to Nonconformity and to the gospel by their united endeavours.

"We are surrounded with High Churchism, and the only elementary school was connected with the High Church party. The children who attended were compelled to be 'christened,' or refused admittance, and told that they were heathen children. In view of this state of things, my wife and myself resolved to commence a day-school on the British and Foreign School system. We commenced it, and taught the children ourselves.

The Lord greatly blessed the effort, and now we have the joy of seeing the matter taken up, and a master has been engaged, who commenced his duties on the 1st inst. We have about seventy scholars, which has left the opposition with about sixteen. We all look to this as a future source of strength to the church and the cause of truth. We shall be tried this year, as funds are low. The preached word has been blessed to the conversion of sinners. Besides those received into the church during the past year, there are several persons waiting for baptism, and we have hopeful signs of many others. The congregation steadily increases. The week evening meetings are very well attended. There is evidently a spirit of hearing amongst the people. The Sunday-school is in a prosperous condition. During the past two years it has increased in numbers about forty. *The church during the same period has increased by nearly fifty members.* We have a night school, which has done much to check the influence of the Conformists. The temperance work in which we have engaged has given us more influence with the people, and has made many homes happier. We have been enabled to clear off nearly all the debt of about £200, besides paying for a new heating apparatus, and repairs done to chapel, etc. We bless God for what we have been enabled to do for him. Our strength has been sorely tried sometimes with meetings every evening during the week, Saturday inclusive, and always five meetings on Sunday; but our heavenly Father has been faithful, and has given strength equal to our day. We feel, after all, but very little has been done compared with what is to be done."

Villages where there are living churches and an earnest ministry become themselves centres of influence for the hamlets around, but the village bishop's office is no sinecure, as witness the work needed to carry on the operations of the church at Eythorne, in Kent.

"To write a *complete* record of the work here during the year would be to write a small volume, as will be seen by a simple statement of the various agencies in operation amongst us. First on the list is the work in Eythorne itself, with three Sunday services, Sunday-school, and prayer meetings. Next may be mentioned the chapel at Ashley, at a distance of two miles, where preaching services, Sunday-school, and week-evening meetings are regularly conducted. We have also a chapel at Eastry, four miles distant, where preaching services, Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, and various classes are most successfully carried on. Then, seven miles off, is our chapel at Barnswell, where Sunday services and school are constantly maintained. In addition to the work at these chapels we have regular Sunday and week-evening services at Barfrestone, two miles off; Adisham, five miles; and Woodnesborough, seven. Though the increase in the membership of the church has not been large during the year, the spirit of hearing is greater, the congregations being much larger at most of the chapels, and especially at Eythorne. We have a good earnest brother constantly working as colporteur, who is also an acceptable supply at our village stations, taking his turn with the pastor and the local preachers in the church. Many interesting facts might be mentioned in connection with the work, but, fearing to trespass on the President's valuable time, a simple outline of the sphere of labour must suffice."

Churches in a low estate have been greatly revived in scores of cases, and this is almost as difficult and quite as important a work as to found new interests.

Here is a letter which refers to Mr. West's work in Boston:

"If our statistics are to me *unsatisfactory*, yet we have had a year of what my people call 'great prosperity.' [The people are quite right, for there is a clear increase of thirty-one.] When I settled in January last year the cause was very low, not more than forty people meeting together in the morning, and the high pews rendering them almost invisible. We have since repewed the chapel, and substituted a platform for the old pulpit, in which I felt too near the skies to be in sympathy with the people; and now we have a comfortable place of worship. Our congregations have greatly increased, and in the evening our chapel is filled. The spiritual condition of the church is much better, and although we are still very imperfect, yet we are getting into something like working order. We have had several conversions and baptisms; amongst others three men and their wives."

The following is from Smethwick:

"When I came here, in July last, the church was in a very low condition, and consisted of fifty members, the average congregation being about the same. This was exceedingly distressing in a large population of about thirty thousand souls, and especially as this is the only Baptist church representing that vast number of people. But although our numbers were small, yet there were some warm and earnest hearts among the people who mourned over the low state of the church, and longed for its increased prosperity. For some few weeks matters did not seem to improve, until one Thursday night I preached from the words, 'Though thy beginning be small, yet thy latter end shall greatly increase.' This seemed to be the dawn of brighter days to our church, and after the service I met together with some earnest brethren, and organized a house to house visitation, as we knew that more than one-half the population attended no place of worship. This was successfully carried out in direct answer to prayer; our congregation began greatly to increase, and many came forward to offer

themselves for baptism. Since that time the church and congregation have steadily increased, and the number of additions reported on the accompanying form (namely, 49) does not nearly represent the direct evidence which we have had of God's blessing. There are many now who are still waiting for baptism, and a large number are anxiously enquiring. Amongst other special efforts that have been made there is one that has been particularly blessed, that is, a special service in the Public Hall for working men. We there had a congregation of nearly 700 of the working classes, the majority of whom attended no place of worship, and they listened earnestly and attentively whilst I preached very simply and plainly upon the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. We have had many tokens for good resulting from that service, and I shall be under the mark if I say that it was the means of a permanent increase to our congregation of 50 of the working men. There is a great deal of interest now amongst the people in reference to the subject of baptism, that point never having before been brought prominently to the front. It is then with much joy that I can speak of the work here, and there is only one thing which is a serious drawback to us, that is, we have not sufficient accommodation for our services. We have no school-room, consequently the Sunday-school is compelled to be carried on in the chapel. We have nearly 200 children, and if we had accommodation the number could at once be increased to four or five hundred. The chapel also is much too small for the congregation; it seats about 350, and generally on Sunday evenings we have 500 people there, as the aisles and every available place are occupied; even then many are often unable to gain admittance. We have decided to erect both chapel and schools, the former to seat about 800 people, but our great difficulty is want of funds."

Our brethren have been remarkably successful in raising new churches, but we can only give one typical instance, which will show how much the operation of breaking up new ground calls for liberal help from Christian friends, for at the first the young churches are seriously tried by financial difficulties, and we often marvel as we see them weather the storm. If friends would come forward with means, we know of scores of towns where we are as yet unrepresented, and where the presence of Baptists would be a means of benefit to all the other communities, stirring them up to greater zeal, if nothing else. Where are the Lord's stewards who will aid us in home and foreign missionary operations? This is the case we have selected.

"You will doubtless remember that in 1873, Mr. H. C. Field undertook the joint pastorate of Burslem and Newcastle, with the object of working both places up to the position of independent support, *i.e.*, for each church to have a pastor entirely to itself. This object has been reached this year, Mr. Field settling here entirely in July; Newcastle having just secured the services of Brother G. Dunnett from the College. In this we gratefully rejoice, having realised our object in three years' time. During the same period our progress in other matters has been very encouraging. In 1873, at Burslem, we had only 24 members and a small iron chapel, which would only seat 120 at the utmost, and which place was only worth £55 when it came into the market; now we rejoice over a membership of 59 and a beautiful tabernacle in course of erection, to seat 400 persons, at a cost, with land, of £2,200, half of which sum we have raised. The foundation was laid, and the ceremony took place, on September 5th, the receipts of the day being £150. We are worshipping until the new tabernacle is finished in the Wedgwood Institute, and can rejoice over increased congregations; our increase to church this year has been 18, and after deducting losses by death, dismission, etc., we have a clear gain of 13. The Newcastle church while in union with us was enabled to reduce its debt of £600 to £320, and to raise its membership from 24 to 51.

In many cases the reports are quietly worded, but mean very much,

as those friends know who are upon the spot. We know of no work more solid than that done by Mr. Lauderdale, at Grimsby, and by Mr Durban, at Chester. Here are the simple records.

"The church at Grimsby is abiding in the blessing of God. A deep interest in the work is very manifest. We have not seen all we desire or hope to see, but do not believe for a moment that we shall be disappointed in our expectation, for our expectation is from Him. We are erecting a new chapel in the chief street, and in a most eligible position, which will accommodate about 400 more than the one we now worship in. The latter will be retained, if possible, for school-room and lecture-hall, a want long felt. We have 600 scholars, but with the larger space we could have as many more. Toward the chapel our own friends have contributed nearly £2,000 during the past year, and the ladies are working hard to increase the funds. The entire cost will be about £5,000. The whole of our attention therefore must of necessity be centred in this great work. Help is much needed."

"The Baptist church at Chester, under the pastorate of W. Durban, is now well and fairly established, the membership being steadily on the increase. We are never without some happy conversions, and the church is among the most harmonious of communions. A new chapel is likely to be built this year, and altogether the prospects are full of promise and encouragement." [The Duke of Westminster has given the ground, his architect has prepared the plans, and the building will be a credit to the denomination.]

Thus could we fill page after page, but these specimens will suffice.

During the year we have sent out Mr. Hamilton to the Cape of Good Hope, where no Baptist Church existed, and his success has greatly cheered us. He says: "On Nov. 29, 1876, we began the church with 22; now we have 44, and 5 more applicants. Our Sabbath-school has 50 children, and 10 teachers. The attendance at all the services is good. There is a meeting for prayer or preaching every day of the week."

At the request of the friends in Christchurch, New Zealand, we sent them Mr. Dallaston, who has been received with open arms, and has the happiest prospects before him.

Our brethren in America, who are now numerous, appear to be usefully and successfully engaged, but they find as many difficulties in the States as others do at home. Letters of the most cheering character have, however, come from some of them.

The Australian brethren are doing well, and are not unmindful of "the old house at home."

During the year the brethren settled over the poorer churches have again participated in the bounty of a friend "unknown yet well known," who counts it a great pleasure to aid those who labour among a poor people. Mrs. Spurgeon's Book-fund has also been eminently helpful to the libraries of many who, without its assistance, would have no new reading to keep their thoughts fresh, and inspire renewed zeal. Our friends, when they find their exchequer in a healthy condition, cannot do better than assist our beloved wife in this most useful department of service. To give a preacher new books is like putting fuel upon a fire, or watering a drooping plant.

We end abruptly, but not without again praising the Lord, who has used a feeble instrumentality to produce results exceeding abundant above what we asked or even thought.

William Gadsby.*

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

IT will be long before the name of Old Gadsby, as he is affectionately and irreverently termed, drops out of memory in the north of England; and this, not only because of the originality and gracious unction which characterised his "savoury" preaching, but because his indefatigable labours as a minister extended far beyond the town with which his name was associated. Manchester, where he resided for more than thirty-eight years as pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, in St. George's Road, now known as Rochdale Road, was the centre rather than the sphere of his labours. It was for many years his custom after preaching there three times on the Lord's day, to walk on the Monday to Rochdale to preach afternoon and evening, returning on the Tuesday to his own people; starting off again on the Wednesday to preach at Oldham or Bolton or Bury; the next day walking on to preach at some other town, and returning home on the Friday. Another week he would procure a supply for the Tuesday evening service at his own chapel, and take a tour, nearly always on foot, to Blackburn, Preston, Accrington, or Rosendale. A third week he would go into Yorkshire, preaching at Halifax, Bradford, or Huddersfield; and a fourth week would be spent in like manner in visiting Derbyshire or Cheshire. In these four counties nearly forty places of worship were opened through his instrumentality, and hundreds were turned from darkness to light. In addition to this it was his practice to make an annual visit to the principal Strict Baptist churches in London, where his coming was always the signal for crowded congregations. It is not wonderful that such a man should leave a fragrant memory behind him.

He was born in the village of Attleborough, in Warwickshire, in January, 1773. His father, a poor man, worked on the roads, was twice married, had fourteen children, lived to the age of 96, and had the reputation of being one of the quietest men in the village; a character the very reverse of his second wife, the mother of our hero. It was not in the old man's power to afford his children much education, they were left to run about the village till old enough to be put to work. William obtained a little schooling at the Nuneaton church school, whither he was sent when a few years old, for two or three days a week. This education, according to his own account, did not amount to much. "I was taught a little to read, yet in my days of youth and folly I in a great measure forgot it, so that when I was called by divine grace, I was not able to read tolerably a chapter in the Bible." He was given to profane swearing even when a child, and, though often troubled in conscience, used to declare that he would never think about religion unless he was forced. "I remember when a youth I was not without solemn and awful twangs of conscience, expecting hell would open her mouth and let me in, and yet I do not believe that God's Spirit had quickened my soul at that time; and though I was terribly

* The materials for this sketch are derived from a brief "Memoir of the late Mr. William Gadsby, upwards of thirty-eight years pastor of the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Road, Manchester," by his son, John Gadsby. Published by Groombridge, Paternoster Row, in 1844.

alarmed about wrath, hell, and condemnation, I could commit sin and take pleasure therein in order to stifle my miserable feelings." On one occasion he resolved to reform. Going to church in this frame of mind, he was asked by a lady to run to her house for her prayer-book. When he returned she called him a good lad and gave him a penny. The penny and the commendation together confirmed him in the opinion of his goodness. The following Sunday, when again on his way to church, he was in such an exhilaration of self-righteousness that everything appeared to be holy; the people and the fields were holy, and even the bells, that so musically chimed, he thought were holy too. He felt thirsty as he passed through the turnip field near the church, and considered that as he was so good a boy he might take a turnip; but when the theft was committed he was seized with horrors of mind which dispelled this golden haze of goodness.

His father apprenticed him at the age of thirteen to a ribbon weaver, where his unscrupulous fun and humour made him a favourite with the other apprentices. From the top of a tub he would sometimes harangue them by the hour, keeping them in roars of laughter. "I was a mere fool, and so full of frolic that I was the provider of sport for all my companions. I recollect once when between sixteen and seventeen years of age I left a workshop, but three of my companions said to me that unless I came back they would leave the place too. Their full determination to have me again so filled my fleshly mind with delight that I went back. But in that very shop God met me; and O the wonders of grace! All their strugglings and wrestlings were of no avail then; they could not quench what God had put into my soul." And thus we come upon the story of his change of heart by the Holy Spirit.

His serious impressions were deepened by the spectacle of three men hanged at Coventry for housebreaking; he thought much of eternity, and began to forsake his ungodly ways. "When God the Spirit came and manifested sin in my conscience and opened a little of the mystery of iniquity, I then found that all my nature and practice had been nothing less than one constant heaving up of rebellion against a holy, just, and good God. If the blessed Spirit had not loved me with a peculiar love, he would never have taken such pains with so hard-hearted and vile a youth as I was. No, he would have said, 'Let him alone, let him seal his own damnation, and reap the wages due to his sin.' But O the mercy, the special mercy and love of our covenant God! When the set time came he arrested me, broke my heart, and brought me to stand and bow before his throne as a guilty criminal, brought me to sign my own death warrant. I gave God leave to damn me if he would. I had nothing to offer, and I could do nothing to save myself." These are grim words, but they express terrible realities. Conviction of sin is no child's play.

A bright change now took place. "I recollect the time when God was graciously pleased to reveal pardon in my poor soul at first. Oh! what sweetness and solemnity and blessedness there was in my poor heart. I sung night and day the wonders of his love, and I never dreamed but I should go singing all the way to heaven. I never expected to 'hang my harp upon the willows,' or even to find it out of

tune." But his new-kindled zeal for God was largely grounded in self; though saved by free grace he essayed to be made perfect by the flesh. Said he to himself, "I will keep this and cultivate it, and bring it more and more to maturity, till I grow up into such spiritual enjoyment that there shall not be one in the neighbourhood that shall excel me." In such a soil there naturally sprung up a spirit of censoriousness against others. "Two old men I cut off, the one for going to sleep in prayer, and the other because he told me he should not wonder if I got intoxicated that week—it was the fair time—'for,' said he, 'you seem so much lifted up with your power to keep from it.' I looked at the poor old man as a hypocrite. But before the week was out *there was* poor *I* intoxicated. Then I thought one night I would put out my light and never cease praying on my knees till God had pardoned me. Sometime in the morning I awoke and found I had been asleep on my knees; and so there was poor *I* that had cut off one old man for sleeping in prayer, and another for saying he should not wonder if I got intoxicated, actually getting intoxicated, and going to sleep in prayer into the bargain. *There* was the sentence of death upon all my joy; and for months I walked in the very depths of agony and distress." It was perfectly natural that in this state he should avoid the company of God's people. The story of his rescue is a beautiful instance of the helpfulness of faithful Christian fellowship. It reminds us of Bunyan's picture of Help drawing Christian from the Slough of Despond. "On one occasion a poor woman saw me coming and called out 'Are you going to Coventry?' I said, 'Yes, I was.' 'Wait a moment,' she said. 'My John is going there.' Now, I had rather it had been a bear, for I was swift of foot and might have outrun a bear, but I knew this John was a child of God. I shall be found out, thought I, and go about like Cain with a brand upon me. I must take care that John does not talk to me about religion; I will talk to him about trade and politics all the way to Coventry. And so when he came up I began about these things; but he cut the matter short and took me up at once, 'I want to know why you go to the meeting-house?' 'Do not ask me,' said I. 'But I must know,' he said. 'I really cannot tell you.' 'Well, what do you think of yourself,' said he, 'what are your feelings?' 'I dare not tell you,' said I, 'do not ask me, for I really dare not.' 'Nay,' said he, 'but let me have a little of it;' and so by pumping he got one little bit and then another, till at last he began to smile. And then I thought, 'he has found me out and is laughing at my calamity, and mocking when my fear is coming.' But at length he said, 'Now, who do you think taught you this? Nature never taught it you.' And he began to point out the word of God as suited to such a condition, and showed how it was the state that God led all his people into from time to time. God sweetly brought it to my heart, set my soul at liberty, and the Bible became a new Bible to me. It seemed to unfold mysteries that I never knew before; and thus my poor soul was led to walk in the truth of God."

His first attempt to engage in prayer in the house of Mr. Samuel Smith, at Coventry, was to his own sensations a terrible failure. He determined not to be such a fool again; he would have a prayer ready. And so one morning, as he set off to Coventry, he began to make a

prayer. At the end of the eight miles walk he was satisfied that he could creditably go through his performance. He was called upon in the prayer-meeting, and, says he, "I attempted; but, alas! all my prayer was gone—all went to ruin. I can compare myself to nothing else than to a man attempting to rob an orchard, but the boughs were too high for him."

His parents were Independents. Through conversation with Mr. Aston, a Baptist minister at Coventry, he was led to embrace the doctrine of the baptism of believers, and was baptized accordingly, with twenty-one others, by that minister, on the 29th of December, 1793. Mr. Aston said on that occasion he could "see something in the young man, although so illiterate and uncouth, that seemed blessedly to prove that he would some time or other be made very useful to God's dear family."

At the age of twenty-two he was compelled by weakness of the chest to give up ribbon making, which required the pressure of the chest on what was called a breast-piece. He took up stocking weaving in its stead, and soon became proficient.

He was married on the 17th of May, 1796, to Elizabeth Marvin, daughter of a stocking weaver of Hinckley, a village five miles from Attleborough. She, with seventeen others, had been baptized by Mr. Aston eighteen months before, and the little company was formed into a church which met for worship in a barn. At the next baptism she noticed a young man knee deep in the water, very active in assisting the minister, and mentally set him down as the one she would like for a husband. Soon afterwards, at a meeting in Bedworth, she beheld the same young man sitting on the floor blowing the fire, and learned that he was William Gadsby, of whom she had heard so much. William, on his part, had recently, in an evening walk to the Bedworth prayer-meeting, prayed that the Lord would interfere to break off his acquaintance with a young woman in whom he discerned signs of levity, and had been met on his way home by the young lady herself, who told him she would wait for him no longer, but would marry another.

It was not long before Elizabeth Marvin and he became acquainted. The story of their marriage ceremony affords an edifying glimpse of the interior of the village rectory. The clergyman was a dissipated man, continually in debt, in spite of an income of £500 a year. The marriage had been arranged as a special favour to take place as early as eight o'clock. The couple reached the rectory at the appointed time: the servant girl was engaged in blowing a few cinders and ashes to make the water boil for breakfast. "Where's your money?" demanded the minister. "How much is it?" "Four shillings; and it ought to be sixpence more for calling me up so soon." The money was paid. "Here, clerk," said the parson, taking the money, "there's the half-crown I borrowed of you; and here," turning to the girl, "is a shilling, go and buy a hundred of coals directly."

The young couple were not rich enough to rent a house; they took lodgings at Hinckley. Mr. Gadsby used to say that all he and his wife had when they married was her umbrella, which they sold to buy a deal table. If he was without money he did not lack energy. He soon commenced business on his own account, and had four apprentices

under him. Within six years he was selling drapery goods, and had so far prospered that he bought land and built himself a house, which, on his removal to Manchester, he sold for £400.

It was a year after his marriage that his mind first became greatly exercised about the ministry. For three years he had been accustomed to make remarks on various portions of the word of God, and those who listened to his powerful expositions believed that a life of ministerial usefulness lay before him. He himself looked upon the matter in a different light. He would rather die than be sent to preach. He rose from his bed one night distracted, and sat on the cellar steps that he might take cold and die. "Do not let me preach, Lord!" was his cry, "send by whom thou wilt send but not by me!" His scruples were overcome by the passage in I. Cor. i. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." "Well, Lord," he said, "if this is the way thou workest, thou never hadst a better opportunity, for thou never hadst a greater fool to deal with." His first sermon was preached in an upper room in Bedworth, on Whit Sunday, 1798. The text was I. Peter, ii. 7: "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." Commencing with the epistle in order to introduce his text he used to say if he might have had a world he could not have read the first and second verses, so he slurred over "Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia," by saying that it meant the elect all over the world and that was enough. From this time his mind was so much occupied with the importance of the work of the ministry that he was unable properly to attend to his business. His wife one day held up a stocking as a proof that it was time he gave up either preaching or weaving, for he had made the clock of the stocking at the front instead of at the ancle. He now preached constantly at Hinckley, Desford, and Bedworth. He was not without the violent opposition characteristic of those times. Through a hole in the roof of the barn where the services were held at Hinckley stones and brickbats were thrown, the barn was broken into and the forms smashed. The pulpit was taken out and thrown into a pit, and when the rogues tried to sink it by filling it with stones the bottom gave way, and the pulpit floated again. "The devil is in it," said they, "for we can sink neither the parson nor the pulpit." Mr. Gadsby was ordained July, 30, 1800, in the new Baptist Chapel at Desford, which was opened for divine service on the occasion. At this service when he had related his experience, made his confession of faith, and given an account of his call to the ministry, the ministers approached to lay their hands on his head. This ceremony did not square with our rustic preacher's notions; he evaded them saying he had popery enough about him without that.

During the seven years of his village ministry three chapels were built, namely, at Bedworth, Desford, and Hinckley. His own account of the raising of the Hinckley chapel will serve as a specimen of this part of his work. "I preached to a number of poor people in an old barn, and truly we had many precious visits from the Lord, which made

it a consecrated place to our souls, notwithstanding the thatch was off in so many places of the roof that we could see the sky through the numerous holes, so that when it rained the people had to remove from one part to another during preaching to prevent getting wet through; and what was worse we were too poor to get it repaired. An additional torment was that our enemies, who consisted chiefly of professors of religion, often broke our locks off and did us much mischief. Thus, annoyed with the rain and ungodly men, we came to the conclusion to build a chapel. We bought the land, and consequently became a laughing-stock to the whole neighbourhood, they knowing our poverty. I went about the country preaching and begging, and the Lord was with me, for I soon gathered £60, which enabled us to commence building. This made our enemies rejoice, and say, 'We shall soon be clear of Bill Gadsby; his preaching race is nearly run, for he'll be in prison for the debt of this building before long.' But to the honour of the Lord he supplied us with money through my preaching and begging as fast as was required, until the chapel was finished."

Gadsby was already accused of Antinomianism, a charge which was laid against him more or less throughout his life, and which has been often preferred on insufficient ground, arising from the misinterpretation of rash unguarded statements of the Scriptural doctrine of the believer's relation to the law. "There lived in the neighbourhood a wealthy farmer who, though a professor of religion, was a great enemy to us, and I was often told that I durst not go to beg of him. I resolved to go. I met him in the farmyard, and laid our case before him. Said the farmer, 'There's a good deal of bother about religion now-a-days, and a set of Antinomians have risen up who are a pest to religion, preaching that they may live in sin, for if they are elected they'll be saved.' 'I know of no such people, and assure you I am not one of that sort,' I replied; 'but what do you mean by Antinomianism?' Farmer: 'Why, they'll have nothing to do with the law.' Seeing a number of corn stacks, I observed, 'These are your corn stacks?' Farmer: 'Yes.' 'If you were under them they'd give you a tolerable squeeze.' He laughed. 'Yes, but what of that?' 'Then because you are not under those stacks are we to conclude you have nothing to do with them?' Farmer: 'No.' 'So *we* say; we have to do with the law, and the law with us; it makes a seizure upon us, demands full payment, we painfully find we cannot pay: consequently we are held fast until Christ comes and pays the debt, delivers us from that wherein we were held, becomes the end of the law for righteousness to us, and liberates us from it; which made Paul feelingly triumph and say, "We are not under the law, but under grace." Thus there is a difference between having nothing to do with the law, and being under it.' Farmer, amazed: 'Why, I never thought of that; here's a guinea for you.' I thanked him, and was going away; the farmer called after me and said, 'That's wonderful! I never heard it so explained,' and he gave me another guinea."

In 1805 he left Hinckley with his wife and three daughters for Manchester—a removal which was brought about through a visit paid to that town for the purpose of begging for the Hinckley Chapel. He had heard of a gentleman there who bore a character for liberality. He

had heard also that the Baptist church in Manchester was without a pastor. Putting these circumstances together, he determined to go there and beg; accordingly he wrote to one of deacons that he had business in Manchester, and would supply for them, if desired, for three or four Sundays. He was requested to supply the place for a month. Knowing something of the controversy raging at that time between the High Calvinists and the followers of Andrew Fuller, he purposely arrived by the last coach at eleven o'clock on Saturday night. The deacon met him, took him home, and asked what he would have for supper. Gruel was his chosen dish, but no sooner was he comfortably sat down to eat than the deacon began. "Pray, sir, are you a Fullerite or a High Calvinist?" Gadsby endeavoured to parry the question, but the deacon pursued his point. "You know there is a division amongst the Baptists, don't you?" "A division!" said Gadsby. "Don't you know that there are some Baptists here that they call Fullerites, and some that are not?" "I think I have heard something about it." "Well, now," said the deacon, "I should like to know which of the principles you embrace, for there have been some strange parsons from your part of the country." "Sir," Mr. Gadsby answered, "let me alone to-night and you shall know all about it before twelve o'clock to-morrow." "No," he said, "I must know to-night." "Well," said Gadsby, not at all relishing this seasoning to his gruel, "I am not a Fullerite." The deacon was well pleased with this answer, for he was suspicious of the orthodoxy of the country minister in drab and brown for, as Gadsby remarks, "I don't think I had a bit of black about me, except inside me!" He preached the next morning: his sermon created a great uproar among the Fullerites of the congregation, and an equal triumph amongst the High Calvinists. The congregations increased, and at the end of four weeks he returned to Hinckley, carrying with him the hearty esteem of the great majority of the congregation, and £100 towards his village chapel. A second visit to Manchester issued in his receiving an urgent, though not unanimous, call, for the minority were as strongly bent on preventing his coming as the majority were resolved to effect it. Mr. Gadsby accepted the invitation, and removed to Manchester in October, 1805. The chapel which had been built in 1789 was then situated in Back Lane, Angel Meadow, at *that* time a respectable neighbourhood, with very few houses, *now* a district which would be better described by the qualification, Black-angel Meadow.

The section of the church and congregation which disagreed with Mr. Gadsby's preaching seceded not long after his settlement and built the chapel in York Street. "I recollect," says Mr. Gadsby, "going to Liverpool while the new chapel was being built, and no doubt they imagined that by building it they would upset me, and one of the friends there said 'They are building a chapel in opposition to you, are they not?' 'No,' I replied, 'they are not.' 'Why, are they not building a chapel in York Street?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but let me ask you a question. You keep a shop for selling drapery; now, if anyone should set up an ironmongery shop, would that be any opposition to you?' 'No,' he replied, 'it would not, but that would be because they don't deal in the same sort of stuff.' 'And that is just

our case in Manchester,' I replied." Such was Mr. Gadsby's view; the church in York Street, however, held on its way, and became the parent of another church, in George Street, now transferred to Grosvenor Street. The old chapel in York Street was recently pulled down to make room for a warehouse; and commodious buildings have been erected for the church and Sunday school in Moss Lane.

The opposition Mr. Gadsby encountered from the neighbouring ministers was very strong. Not only in Manchester, but also in the county and in Yorkshire they seemed resolved to resist him strenuously. There was doubtless a great deal of misconception at the bottom of this opposition. Antinomian was no true title for him, and his ministry was greatly used by God to meet the distress of tempted souls, and for the guiding of the convicted into the way of peace. This was the object on which he set his heart, and hundreds have testified that they were led to Jesus through his preaching. But the blessing was often given in a way not anticipated. One of his wealthy hearers had two sons, for whose conversion the minister greatly longed. If the Lord would put his grace into their hearts, thought he, how useful they might be. Sunday after Sunday he could think of scarcely anything but these young men. One day he was requested to see a poor dying cripple. He went, but did not recognise him. "Have you ever been to chapel?" asked Mr. Gadsby. "Yes," said the poor youth, "many a time, and many a blessed hour have I had there." "Indeed, I don't remember having seen you." The youth replied, "I used to wait outside till all the people had gone in, and then I crept on the gallery stairs." And in a most sweet manner he recounted the dealings of the Lord with his soul. "Dear Lord, I said to myself, what a poor fool I am, thou hast been at work on the gallery stairs with this poor cripple, while my thoughts have been among gentlemen in a baize-covered seat."

Mr. Gadsby had his own rough way of elbowing the Arminians in his preaching. A Baptist minister in Leicestershire had a sheep which got fast in a hedge; unable to release it, he took up a heavy stick and killed it. This minister, we are told, had always plenty to say against Antinomianism. Shortly afterwards Mr. Gadsby was preaching in the place. In the course of his sermon he described a poor sheep of Christ in a backsliding state, running from the sheepfold and getting entangled in the thorns and briars. In his own good time the shepherd went out to seek his sheep, "and what does he do when he finds it? Why, of course he takes up a cudgel and knocks the poor thing's brains out. No, no, if he were an Arminian shepherd he might do that, but Jesus, the good Shepherd, carefully pulls out the thorns and lays the sheep on his shoulders." Very true! but it would have been better, one thinks now-a-days, if ministers had expended less energy in calling one another hard names.

Mr. Gadsby was sometimes carried away by his theme so as to become oblivious of the lapse of time. An impressive discourse delivered at Oldham remained for many years in the memories of his hearers. After the service two friends on their way home passed the church clock. "Why, James," said one of them, looking up and seeing it was past ten, "what is to do with the fingers?" "I don't know, but I see

the clock is wrong," said the other. Soon they arrived in the centre of the town, when the closed shops convinced them of the lateness of the hour. "Where has the man been carrying us to?" said one of them, "the sermon has been so blessed to my soul that I did not think it longer than usual."

Mr. Gadsby always insisted that if the truth took possession of a man's heart, it would make his hand find its way into his pocket. He was in the habit of preaching for a friend in the ministry who was very poor, and who had in his flock a wealthy member. This man always went to the vestry after service, and professed to have been "much blessed under the sermon." Mr. Gadsby at last enquired who he was. The pastor replied, "He is the greatest mystery I have in the place. He is always saying how much he profits under me, and yet, though he is worth thousands, all he gives towards the support of the place is eighteenpence a quarter for his sitting!" On Mr. Gadsby's next visit this brother went into the vestry with his usual tale. "I don't believe it," said Mr. Gadsby. The man surprised, assured him it was true. Mr. Gadsby replied, "Then the Bible cannot be true, for it says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and if all your fruit is one shilling and six pence a quarter the root cannot be worth much!"

Mr. Gadsby's preaching had a wide-spread reputation for humour, which, as is usual in such cases, was exaggerated. His eccentric wit sometimes came out in the pulpit, but was to himself a source of uneasiness. His preaching was rather characterised by its uncompromising and rugged hostility to the system of doctrine to which he was opposed, and which he summed up in the epithet "Arminianism," and by its doctrinal and experimental fulness. He laid bare the depravity, deceit, and helplessness of human nature—he traced the work of divine quickening in the cries, desires, and sensations of the living soul, and the various trials and temptations of the afflicted people of God. The union of the church with her covenant head was his favourite theme. He dwelt prominently upon election, and he loved to display the doctrine of the Trinity as the grand foundation stone of revealed truth, showing how from the triune God flow all the blessings that are bestowed on the church of Christ. The riches of matchless grace, as he himself used to phrase it, was a theme on which he delighted to dilate; and his originality and a certain natural majesty of manner, with the rich anointing of the Holy Spirit, made his proclamation of these great truths attractive and effectual, and won for him during the thirty-eight years of his Manchester pastorate a place and fame peculiarly his own. During this period the chapel was rebuilt and the school erected and enlarged; it was, on the whole, a prosperous period though chequered by difficulty and division. His two sons were born in Manchester; one of them is well known as the author of a book of travels in the East. For the last twenty-two years of his life a heavy domestic burden was laid upon him in the mental affliction of his wife.

And now at the ripe age of seventy-two years the time was come for him to die. On Lord's-day Jan. 21st, 1844, he preached from the text, Isaiah xliii. 2, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither

shall the flame kindle upon thee." He closed this sermon with the remark, "The last flood that a child of God has to contend with is death." In the evening he concluded the service with the prayer that the Lord would raise up the young to call him blessed "when our old heads are laid in the grave." He was carried home to his rest before another Lord's-day dawned. On Tuesday morning he took to his bed, suffering from inflammation of the lungs, and during the remainder of the week talked sweetly with the friends who came to visit him. A little before his death his friend Mr. Ashworth gave him some wine and water to moisten his tongue. "Wine!" he said, "it has ruined many a young man. Shun it, John, as you would shun the devil." His friend said, "Do you feel Christ's presence?" "Not with that power I could wish," he said, "but unto them that believe he is precious." "You believe?" "Yes," he replied. "Is he precious to you?" "Yes," he firmly replied, "King, Immanuel, Redeemer, all glorious." "You will soon have done here." "I shall soon be with him, shouting victory! victory! victory! (raising his hand) for ever!" Shortly afterwards he said "Free grace! free grace! free grace!" and then about 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, January 27, 1844, he smiled and fell asleep in Jesus. A vast crowd attended his body to the grave in Rusholme Road Cemetery, Manchester.

And so closed the earthly career of an eminently useful man, who perhaps more than any other left his mark upon the little group of churches with which he was peculiarly identified. His influence upon them was much more wholesome than that of some other of their ministers. His strength of character and genial kindness made him a power even where his opinions were not accepted; and his genuine love of souls prevented the sterility of heart into which a misunderstanding of the doctrines of grace has led some who have professed them. We are not called upon to be more orthodox than God himself, of whom it is written, "God so loved the world." We may not agree with Mr. Gadsby in all he held, and said, and did, but we know how to recognise a devoted servant of God, and to magnify the grace that gave him to be in his generation a blessing to the church of Christ.

Is God Dead?

"AT one time I was sorely vexed and tried by my own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died. 'Do you not know?' she replied: 'God in heaven is dead.' 'How can you talk such nonsense, Katie?' I said: 'How can God die? Why, he is immortal, and will live through all eternity.' 'Is that really true?' she asked. 'Of course,' I said, still not perceiving what she was aiming at; 'how can you doubt it? As surely as there is a God in heaven, so sure is it that he can never die.'—'And yet,' she said, 'though you do not doubt that, yet you are so hopeless and discouraged.' Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness."—*Luther.*

"What is Truth?"

BY THE REV. F. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D.

IN the whole of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, with the exception of the words prefixed to our present meditation, we do not find a single passage which sounds anything like the complaining enquiry which so often reaches our ears, "Who will give us light and solve the dark problem of human life?" On the contrary, we everywhere meet with the presupposed fact that truth has not first to be sought, but has long since been bestowed upon man. The different relations in which the pious and the impious stand to it are not those of belief and doubt, but of a willing submission and a wicked resistance to it. The words in Deut. xxix. 29, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever," stands immutably firm for all. He that would render it dubious, whether God had ever spoken to the sojourners upon the earth, would have seemed to the Israelites like one who should doubt at noonday whether the sun stood in the firmament. The complaint of a want of certainty with respect to that which is above the senses is a folly of modern date, and a relic of heathenism. It is a question long since infallibly answered, both as regards the origin and object of created things, and the calling and destiny of the human race; and the cheering fact that it is so is testified by the words of Moses we quoted above. Those things which are revealed belong unto us and our children for ever. But when, by the Holy Spirit, he states, that "the secret things belong unto the Lord our God," he intends we should understand that the truth is only revealed to us to the extent of our capacities, and as far as is necessary for our salvation. This conviction greatly tranquillizes us, in the face of so many unsolved enigmas which meet us in the doctrines of faith which are preached to us. When, for instance, our attention is directed to the doctrine of God's eternal existence, of the Trinity, the creation of the world, the fall of the angels and of man, the twofold nature in Christ, the final consummation of all things, etc., we rack our reason in vain, and our hearts and minds are distressed by their incomprehensibility, we ought then to say, in the words of revelation, "Secret things belong to the Lord our God." He has only partially revealed these things to us, but that which we do know abundantly suffices for the attainment of the great object of our salvation. We know in part what we shall hereafter know perfectly. For that period we patiently wait, and feel assured, that when it shall have dawned upon us with its all-pervading and enlightening radiance, doubt and darkness will be for ever dispelled, and give place to never-ending and admiring adoration.

These brief observations may serve as an introduction to our present meditation, by which may the Lord be pleased to establish us in the conviction, that he himself is the Truth, as well as the Way and the Life!

"He that is of the truth," said our Lord at the conclusion of his reply, "heareth my voice." Pilate then said unto him, "What is truth?" Some have found in these words a gentle sneer; others the expression of a complete indifference to religion; but neither of these explanations fully accord with the man's character. The words are more profound

and important; they shed light upon an entire age, and upon the inmost state of mind of thousands of its children.

We have already observed that Pilate lived in days which might be designated as those of the mature education of mankind, so far as we understand by that expression intellectual and moral culture, to which the children of Adam, left to themselves, and by the exercise of their own natural powers and abilities, are able to attain. Not only had art reached its highest perfection, but philosophy was also at the summit of its boldest investigations; and even to the present day we admire the systems which, by the effort of highly gifted reasoning powers, they called into existence: but still there was no satisfactory basis for them to rest upon. Although the human mind had brought to light much that was probable, yet anything certain and infallible was sought for in vain. Even the greatest of all the sages of antiquity confessed that only if a God were to descend from heaven would it be possible for men to attain to that which was sure. Nay, the saying became commonplace that only one thing was certain; which was, that we could know nothing of things above the reach of the senses, and even this was not entirely certain.

Such were the views which first gave rise in Greece to that frivolous philosophy of life which, renouncing everything of a superior and supersensible nature, placed the whole destiny of man in the enjoyment of this world and its pleasures, and which, in a short time, with all its attendant excesses and vices, became the religion of the great mass of the population. In the Roman empire, a certain moral discipline was preserved somewhat longer than in Greece; but after the Romans had subjugated the latter to their sway, those who had thus become their subjects soared above their conquerors in an intellectual and social point of view, and bequeathed to them, along with their unbelief, their frivolity and their sins. In the higher circles the traditionary belief in a number of deities was not only laid aside, but ridiculed as worthless and visionary; and thus the celebrated Roman orator, Cicero, made himself sure of the applause of his hearers when, addressing an assembly of the people, he alluded to the punishments of the lower world only in an ironical manner. Scarcely any one any longer believed in Orcus, and its shades and horrors; and just as little faith did they place in the systems of the philosophers. In short, they believed nothing; yet still the negation of the head was by no means able to silence the cry for light and peace from the hearts of thousands.

Pilate stands before us as the true representative of the social culture of his age. Though we must not take it for granted that he ever deeply studied the various systems of philosophy, yet, like others of his own rank, he was doubtless acquainted with the essential results of philosophical investigation, whilst to the literature of his age he was doubtless no stranger. This man's path through life brought him into contact with the Lord from heaven, and thus placed him in a spiritual atmosphere, in which feelings and presentiments again awoke in him which seem to have been long stifled by the breath of the frivolous culture of the age, which he had imbibed with his mother's milk. Christ, whose very appearance produced a strange effect upon this heathen, speaks to him of another world, of a heavenly kingdom, and

finally of a truth which had appeared, and which, therefore, might be really found and known. Pilate then breaks out into the remarkable words, "What is truth?" The polished heathen of that age, and one of the better kind of them, displays to us by this question his inward state. Something of free-thinking frivolity certainly strikes us in this question on the outset, which causes the enquirer to smile, not only at the popular belief in idols, but, generally speaking, in everything which had reference to the sphere of religious ideas, as nothing but childish dreams and fantastic delusions. "What is truth?" was at that time the language of thousands: "That which we see with our eyes, and feel with our hands, is the only thing which is certain under heaven. No mortal eye sees beyond the limits of the region of the senses; and though the plea of a poetic imagination may be able to satisfy those upon one stage of life and culture, it cannot satisfy all."

In Pilate's question we may further perceive the sceptical philosopher of rank, who is not only aware that the researches of human thought lead to the most diversified and opposite results, but who also cherishes the idea that he has himself reflected and ruminated upon the labours of the wise of this world, and that by his own reasoning upon them, he has arrived at the conviction that nothing can be known or ascertained of things which lie beyond the bounds of visibility. "What is truth?" he exclaims—"One man calls this truth, another that, which is perhaps something quite the opposite. Systems rise and fall. The man who seeks for truth sails upon the sea without a haven or a landing-place."

In Pilate's question, is also apparent the boundless pride of the Roman citizen, who, as respects enlightenment and culture, thinks himself far above all the other nations of the earth, and the Jews in particular. Pilate utters his inquiry with a degree of inward, though transient excitement, as if he would say, "Thou, a Hebrew Rabbi, wilt surely not think that I, a Roman patrician, am going to seek instruction from thee?" The pervading tone of Pilate's question is, however, of a better kind, and is only slightly tinged with the discords hitherto mentioned. It breathes of melancholy, dejection, and even the silent despair of a heart which, with the belief in the existence of a world above the stars, cannot throw away the wish and the feeling of necessity for such a world. The soul of Pilate finds itself unhappy and desolate in the dreary waste of absolute unbelief, into which it is banished.

Were we to elucidate the governor's question, and explain it as proceeding from the inmost recesses of his soul, it would probably imply what follows: "Thou speakest of truth, alas! Truth was never given to a poor mortal to be the companion of his steps. We inquire after it, but echo, as if in ridicule of our anxious desire, only returns our question back to us. We plant the ladder of investigating cogitation, but its steps only lead us into impenetrable mists. Not a single truth has rewarded the many thousand years' research of philosophic thought, and yet thou, Man of Nazareth, speakest of truth as of a resident on the gloomy earth! Death has been silent from the first; the grave below is silent as well as the stars above; and dost thou wish to be regarded as having loosed their tongues and unsealed their mysteries?"

In Pilate there was doubtless something of the proud philosopher, something of worn-out indifference, something of the professed sceptic, something of the frivolous free-thinker and scoffer, and something of the hasty, jealous, and haughty blusterer, who, with his inquiry, "What is truth?" also meant to say, "How could you venture to trouble me with your Jewish matters of faith, who have things of greater importance to think of?" But still there is something besides this—something better and nobler—an unperverted inquiring mind—a longing for deliverance, but bound down, alas, by the impure and gloomy elements which enthral him, so that he cannot act at liberty.

As often as this question of Pilate's occurs to me, it appears to me as if it had not been asked eighteen centuries ago, but as if uttered in the present day; nay, it even seems to sound in my ears as proceeding from my immediate vicinity. It strikingly indicates many philosophers of our own times, and the so-called "height" which modern intellectual refinement has reached; only that the question in the months of our contemporaries sounds infinitely more culpable than from the lips of the Roman, whose eyes have not seen what we have; for at that time Jesus was not glorified, nor his Spirit poured out from on high, nor the world subdued by the preaching of the gospel, nor the wondrous edifice of the church of Christ established. But, after all this has taken place, for a man to step back again to the position of Pilate, a mere heathen, is something no longer human, but devilish. An infernal spark now burns in scepticism; and the dubiousness of the Roman, compared with the unbelief of our baptized heathens, is almost like an innocent lamb contrasted with a wily serpent. Unbelief is now no longer the blind bantling of a heart ensnared and deluded by the spirit of this world; but the light-shunning offspring of a wicked and rebellious will. We feel a degree of pity and compassion for Pilate, but for infidels of the present day nothing is left them but the fate of those who refuse to come to Christ, that they may have life, to whom is reserved "the blackness of darkness for ever."

"What is truth?" It is soon found, when earnestly sought. There are many who inquire respecting certain truths, but studiously turn their backs upon the truth of the gospel wherever it meets them. They would be glad to see solved a number of problems in nature and in human life; but all their research is a mere effort of the imagination, and the interest they take in it only vain curiosity. They take part in discussions respecting the creation of the world, existence after death, and the kind of life beyond the grave. But they shun the truth as it is in Jesus, and seek in a variety of ways to avoid and evade it. Dost thou still ask if truth really exists? I tell thee it is in thy heart and in thy mouth, and thy hands lay hold of it. Are not these truths, that thou existest, that thou bearest indelibly in thy bosom a consciousness of a higher destiny, but that thou art a sinful being, removed far from thy legitimate aim, and findest, in thy soul, no peace which can stand the test? Further, that eighteen hundred years ago a man appeared upon earth, whom no one could convince of any other crime than that of calling himself "the Truth"; and of having announced himself as the Messiah, who should eventually subdue the whole world to his spiritual sceptre; and that thou, with all thy boasted liberty and independence,

art now experiencing the consequences of the fact, that a long time ago, at a great distance, in a despicable corner of the earth, yonder despised Rabbi of an inconsiderable nation, was executed like a slave; and that on his own account thy destinies, in all their relations, are entirely changed from what they would otherwise have been—all this is beyond a doubt; and is not this therefore the truth?

Follow the clue of what thou acknowledgest as so irrefutable; and thou wilt soon become conscious that mankind is guided by an all-overruling power, and wilt then be able to swear that a God, who is love itself, must inevitably have revealed himself to his poor dying creatures. And it will not be long before thou wilt behold these revelations, beaming in a clear light from the writings of Moses and the prophets. Truth meets thee in the nomadic tents of the patriarchs of Israel, as well as in the encampments of the people of God, when wandering in the wilderness. It speaks to thee in a voice of thunder from Mount Sinai, and in gentler tones from the hills and valleys of Canaan. Thou hearest her voice on Bethlehem's plains, in the harmonious psalms of the "sweet singer of Israel;" and it greets thee in the halls of the temple, in significant types and mysterious hieroglyphics. Thou approachest Jehovah's seers, and thy astonished eye looks up to a brilliant starry firmament. They are thoughts of truth, which shine upon thee with such supernatural radiance. Led by the hand of these holy seers, thou goest forward, and art greeted at length by the Truth in person. "I am the Truth," says One, everything about whom points him out as more than human: and all who long for the light are heard exclaiming, "Thou art he!" That above the clouds there reigns a supreme governor of the world—who this God is—what is his will with respect to his creatures—for what purpose man was created—what is his high calling and true destiny—all this is revealed to thee, beyond contradiction, in Jesus Christ. In his manifestation, the depths of Deity, the counsels of eternal love, the abyss of divine mercy, the secrets of life and death, of heaven and hell, are unfolded. To every question—be it respecting the essence and marrow of the divine law, the nature of true virtue and holiness, the model of human nature, or whatever it may be—he is himself the decisive and personal reply. And when he speaks and acts, the spirits of doubt, delusion, and falsehood flee away, and light, certainty, and confidence, approach us with their heavenly salutation of "Peace be with thee!"

Then let the question of Pilate, "What is truth?" no longer be heard upon earth. It can now only be asked by imbecility or obstinate self-deception, and diabolical hatred of the light. Truth has made its entry into the world, and dwells confidingly amongst us, accessible to all who sincerely seek it. A philosophy that acts as if it must first bring up truth from the deep, or fetch it down from heaven, will be punished for its base ingratitude towards the God of grace, by being left to grope eternally in the dark, to grasp at shadows, and never to reach the end of its fruitless investigations. The true object of philosophy now would be to fathom and exhaust the inmost consciousness of the human spirit, and, free from prejudice, to try the effect upon its indelible necessities of the truth which has appeared in Christ. If this were done, it would soon moor its bark, after its long aberrations, on the

shores of Mount Zion, and joyfully exclaim, "I have found what I sought, I have reached my goal." All who seriously and sincerely inquire for truth will inevitably land, at last, in the haven of the gospel. Hence the Saviour was able, with the greatest confidence, to say, "He that is of the truth heareth my voice."

Let us thank and praise the all-sufficient God for the unspeakable gift he has bestowed upon us. "Behold, the night is far spent, and the day is at hand." The prophetic call to "Arise and shine, for thy light has come" has long been fulfilled. May the admonition which that call includes be responded to by us, and its promise be experienced! Let us cheerfully make room in our hearts and minds for the Truth, which stands at our door, and let us walk as children of the light. He is the Truth, who is at the same time the Way and the Life. Let us cast the viperous brood of doubts beneath his feet, that he may trample upon them, and make him our all in all, for life, death, and eternity.

The Jewish Brothers.

THE late Dr. Capadose, a converted Israelite and Christian minister in Holland, used to relate the following touching incident:

"My worthy grandfather was a very affectionate but passionate man. He had a brother for whom he felt a tender love. They had once fallen into a dispute with each other, and had returned to their respective homes in a rage. This happened on a Friday. At the close of the day, when it began to grow dark, my good grandmother, like another Martha, began to make all things ready for the Sabbath. She called out,—'My beloved Joseph, it is already dark; come and light up the Sabbath lamp.' But he, sunk in profound sadness, paced the room backwards and forwards, to the increasing anxiety of the good old woman, who exclaimed, 'See! the stars are already in the firmament, and our Sabbath lamp is still dark.' My grandfather then took his hat and staff, and with visible perturbation hurried out of the house; but in a few minutes he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. 'Now, my beloved Rebecca,' cries he, 'now I am ready.' He offered up the prayer, and with evident feelings of delight kindled the lamp. He afterwards made known his dispute, adding, 'it was not possible for me to offer up the prayer and light the lamp before I was reconciled with Isaac.'

'But how came it to pass that you returned so quickly?'

'Why,' said he, 'Isaac, like me, could not rest,—it was with him as it was with me,—he also could not enter upon the Sabbath without being reconciled. We met each other in the street,—he was coming to me, I was going to him,—we fell into each other's arms weeping.'

"When, many years after, I first read in the gospel of our Lord the words: 'Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift,' this event, which had affected me when a child, presented itself anew to my mind, and I thanked God that he had still left such indications of life amid so much death in that people who are my flesh and bones."

Will Watch making Observations.

WILL WATCH feels at home among the hills and the dales, the fields and the woods. Give him a sniff of the salt sea, or a breath of wind from the downs, and he revives, and as old George observes "feels as fresh as a red-herring." But Will has been fixed in London, where there are no trees in the "groves," and no hedges to the lanes, and he does not like it, but every now and then gets downright home-sick, and declares that if he could only lie among the sere leaves at the bottom of a dry ditch for one hour and watch the rabbits he should be as happy as a king. However, grumbling does not sugar sour gooseberries, and so Will never gives way to it, but tries to make the best of what he calls his banishment. One of Will's trials has been his having nothing to make him think. Fields sprinkled with flowers are sermons beautified with illustrations, but what sermons can be found in the York stone of the street pavements, or in gas-tar and Val de Travers asphalte? Every forest tree is a library where even a torn leaf bears a golden legend, but what can be learned from long miles of bricks and mortar? So Will Watch has felt like an Oxford scholar wrecked on a desert island, where he could see nothing in print but the foot of a savage on the sand. He feels that this huge Babylon is no resting-place for one who lifts up his eyes to the hills, and he sighs to himself, "O dear! O dear! Would man have left Paradise if he could have foreseen Pentonville? Would he have forfeited Eden if he could have imagined Bethnal Green?" How near the truth the poet was when he said "God made the country and man made the town."

Will Watch is trying both to endure and to cure his imprisonment in the overgrown city by setting himself to notice what is to be noticed, and to learn what is to be learned. "Don't be a fool, Will," said he to himself, "if you can't see the high hills you can see the high roads; if you can't smell the hay you can watch the horses; and if you may not bathe in the brooks you can plunge into the stream of traffic. Make the best of a bad bargain, old fellow, and never say die!" Thus braced up for better things, Will Watch on his next ride through the streets resolved to take a subject and study it as he went along. He was unable to observe "common objects by the sea-side" and so he determined to look sharp at the common objects of the busy thoroughfares. His text on this trial trip was

CARTS.

The word had a countrified smack, and this made him like it all the better. He had three miles of streets to pass along, and his eyes were opened to gaze upon *carts*, and nothing but *carts*, carts on wheels, we mean, not cartes de visite. He could have imagined a great variety of carts, from donkey-carts to dog-carts, and he could also have drawn a few fancy pictures, but he resolved only to jot down what he should actually see in a short run of about twenty minutes. Here you are, No. 1—*a slop cart*. There is no need to ask anyone what it is, for the sides, the wheels, and the shafts are covered with an inch deep of dry mud. A man's character, company, and life-work soon show themselves even in his exterior; his speech betrays him, his face bears

witness against him, and his general manner accuses him. We know a furious man who carries volcanoes in his face, and a specially large one, by no means extinct, has its crater upon the summit of his nose. The inward spirit registers its dwelling-place upon the flesh. You cannot long carry mud in your heart without its bespattering your whole being and letting the most common-place observer know what you are. It was further on (say No. 5) that Will Watch saw a cart used for lime or cement, and its white appearance backed up the moral of the slop-cart: in each case the cart was conformed to its business, and you could not conceal it. It would be of no use to call the slop-cart a sanitary chariot: under any other name the dirt would show as plainly. The cart had been driven in mud, and loaded to the brim with mud, and of mud and things muddy it savoured. He who goes into sin, however craftily he may hide it, will find that it will cling to him, and that ultimately it will betray him. On the other hand, when a choice spirit is loaded down with the sweet-smelling spices of grace and holiness, the very exterior of its life is fraught with the divine aroma.

Will Watch was not able there and then to make a note of his reflections, for other carts had caught his eye. Pulling up quickly opposite a gentleman's mansion a tradesman sprang from his light cart, and before he ran in with his goods he *locked a wheel*. He twisted a piece of chain round one wheel only, and so fastened it to the body of his cart, and effectually prevented its going on. There was no need to fasten more than one wheel,—that settled the whole business. Just so one of a married couple can most effectually destroy the usefulness of the pair, and even of the entire family: and one person in a church may prevent the progress of the whole community. A conservative deacon may put his foot down and stop all advance. Will Watch says he has seen it down in Suffolk dozens of times, but the evil is in all countries alike. In a machine the stoppage of one valve only, or the clogging up of a single wheel, may bring the whole work to a dead lock. We so act and react upon each other that for good or evil a man leads many lives in one. Will Watch thought that he knew several professing Christians who are the devil's locked wheels, and he half wished that he could borrow a stout hammer and go about breaking their chains.

At this moment there slipped down the road *a new cart*, decorated with superabundant colour, and shining like a looking glass with bright varnish. Pony, harness, and driver were all to match: they could not be said to look as if they had just come out from a bandbox, for everybody knew that no bandbox could have held so large a concern, but it was quite natty enough to have been so described. Ah! thought Will Watch, young beginners again! And more of the sort that makes young enders too! These fine *turn-outs* don't mean business. Cutting a dash is one thing and real success is quite another. Many Christian professions are without scratch or crack, no care and trouble have marred their unbroken serenity, no temptation or sense of inward sin has extorted the groan of self-abhorrence: what then? Why this is the new cart, and if it be in such splendid condition just because it belongs to a new convert, all well and good; but if within the next few months it does not lose some of its smoothness, shine, and beauty, you may depend upon it the reason can only be because no business is

being done, and the man is only playing at religion. Those painful experiences of which believers speak are only evidences that they have in very deed battled with Satan; and their present sense of weakness and infirmity, and their confession of shortcomings are only tokens that they have been made useful among their fellow men. We say of things which are battered and worn, that they look "as if they had been in the wars;" and so the wear and tear of godly experience make men look as if they too had been in the wars for Jesus. Some of our very perfect brethren, with their faultless years to brag about, would sing another song if they had really been doing business for the Lord among the sons of men. Carts that have carried much show it on the surface in many a scratch and a batter. The fresh-bought trap, so daintily done up, has yet to be tested. Very pretty! very pretty! my dear sir, but your turn-out is either very new or very little used.

A couple of country people came along, bumping and thumping, looking as if they would be very glad to get their cart upon a country road again, and away from the pavement and macadam, for it had *no springs*. Reader, have you ever known the sweetness of riding for many miles in a cart without springs, or nearly so? If so, you are able to draw on your memory, and Will Watch is very glad of it, for he is quite unable to describe the tumble and jumble and rumble, and consequent grumble of all his internal organs, after going with Neighbour Goodman across Drifty Fen; it was well that Nature knows which are the various organs, for it would have been impossible to have sorted them out after that ride, as they were all in a state of general mix, and very like a lamb's fry when served up at table hot from the pan. All things considered—let carts have easy springs if mortal men and women are to ride in them. Life is all the better for having springs of innocent mirth and domestic love: cheerfulness, contentment, joy in God, and holy hope—these make our daily lot something more than endurable. A man may ride along the road of life for four score years and ten, and never weary so long as he has learned in every state to be content; the rough places of the way he will scarcely feel if his cheerfulness remains unabated, but it will go ill with him if he has a surly soul which does not go on springs, but bumps and thumps all riders. Our grumbling friends have a jolting life of it, they feel every rut and stone in the road: the more they feel the more they murmur, and the more they murmur the more they feel, and so the evils increase each other: their minds are about as happy as the man whose eyes were filled with Cayenne pepper, and their tempers are as sweet as that of a bear robbed of her whelps. It's a great pity the dear souls could not ride in a cart with springs.

Will Watch noticed a man riding on a *loaded cart*, on the very top of his load, but as far back as he could get, so as to balance the weight for the horse. Not far from the load were two young lads in an empty cart, who sat as near the back as ever they could to keep the shafts up and make the trap run easy. There's a good deal in the art of arranging your load, and we ought to exercise this art in trying to make life as easy as possible to those who serve us. Don't give servants more to do than there is need for, especially on Sundays. Don't get your own business into a muddle, but plan it so as to let your brains

save your legs and your hands. It often happens that the seat wants moving or else the poor animal in the shafts will be inconvenienced. Adjust! Arrange! Balance! And life will be the more pleasant both to yourself and others.

Will Watch made notes of quite a number of carts which *advertised their owners'* trade in the boldest style. Sewing machines and pianos on the hire system, family ales, and aërated waters, and the like, are made known to the admiring world by inscriptions upon the panels of the carts which are supposed to convey precious articles to the "free fair homes of England." Almost all the carts seem to be circulating advertisements. And why not? Should not every Christian be an advertisement for Jesus in every place he enters? Should he not make known his Master wherever he is seen? "Epistles of Christ, known and read of all men:" such should all believers be. "Ye are my witnesses" saith the Lord. Whatever we are doing, let us show forth the name and glories of our divine Master.

These are only a few of Will's memoranda upon carts, but he has no time to give more than his last jotting. Opposite a public house stood a cart loaded with hay; a little further back stood a horse and cart whose master was in the aforementioned tavern, testing the beer: a very necessary operation with a good many drivers of carts. The smell of the hay attracted the horse nearer and nearer till he had reached the happy condition in which Will beheld him. He was eating from a couple of trusses with deep satisfaction, and heartily pulling out fresh morsels of the dainty meat. Sensible horse! May the two drivers take a double time over their half-and-half that you may enjoy yourself to the top of your bent. What can I learn from the earnest manner in which the good creature pursues his favourite food? What indeed but this, that *food attracts?* An empty cart might have long stood in front of the horse before he would have drawn up under its lee, but the hay had a magnetism in it which he could not resist. If we would draw people to our places of worship we must feed their souls. Good measure, sweet doctrine, simple language, "food convenient for them"—let these be provided and the people will come. Throw a handful of oats down in the road and you will soon see that the race of sparrows has not died out in our city. They seem to have been watching for you, down they come, and at once they proceed to clear away. Even so when golden grains of the gospel are scattered in a town, it is soon seen that a chosen company had been on the look out for the spiritual food, and they fly to it at once. Nothing draws men like that One glorious Man, who is the bread of heaven, the food of men's souls.

So far Will Watch's trial trip. He wants to know if it will be worth his while to send us the log of another. That is to say, do we think enough of it to ask him to write again? Well—on the whole—we—think—he may—try us.

"Time Enough."*

A YOUNG man, about eighteen, was anxious about his soul. He had strong convictions of sin and of the danger of his lost condition. The word of God had reached his conscience, and he was persuaded that he must repent and seek the Lord, or he could not be saved. The Spirit of God was striving with him, but he would not yield; there was "time enough,"—it was not a convenient season. He was taking a new situation where there were many ungodly men, and he dare not confess Christ, so he purposed to wait awhile, and say nothing about religion until the way was easier. From that time he fell back; he gave it all up, he became as careless and unconcerned as ever; he forsook the house of God, and went right back to the world.

But the Lord was merciful to him, and did not leave him without fresh calls. About the age of five-and-thirty he had again many serious impressions. He began to enquire and to pray, and seemed on the very threshold of the kingdom. He truly wished to become a Christian and follow Christ the rest of his life, but the old temptation came back in a new form. He had reached the prime of life, but he was again led to delay further. He was now taking a business for himself, and he was assured that it could not be carried on without Sunday trading; the customers would be supplied on that day, or go elsewhere.

Unhappily he yielded to the snare. He made up his mind to turn to God, but not now. A few months or years could not make much difference he thought, so he again put off the matter. He could not decide yet, it was too great a sacrifice to give up all for Christ. Alas, again he quenched and grieved the Spirit, and became hardened in his unbelief and sin! Business prospered with him, and he was content to live without God. Many years passed by, and he thought nothing of the great eternity to which he was fast hastening.

By-and-by old age crept on him, and his latter end was rapidly approaching. At the age of seventy-two he was brought low and compelled to look death in the face; but now the hope of peace and salvation seemed very far off. There was nothing but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. A faithful minister of Christ visited him from time to time, but the word of promise and pardon seemed to find no entrance. To the very last the servant of the Lord was by his side, hoping against hope, telling him that Christ was able to save to the uttermost, and reminding him of the dying thief, and urging him to accept mercy, but there was no response. There seemed a barrier in the way: darkness and despair shut out the view of the merciful and long-suffering Saviour. At last he raised himself in the bed, and three times raising up his hands he exclaimed, "I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!" So saying, he fell back on his pillow and expired. Such an end tells its own tale. Such was the issue of all the man's purposes and resolutions; such was the result of delay in deciding for Christ.

"Time enough," you say, and go carelessly along the road that leadeth to destruction: but if God has given you time enough he has given you none to spare, and certainly none to waste in neglect and sin. Life has its twelve hours and not thirteen; and woe be to us if we be content to waste ten, eleven, or the twelve in forgetfulness of him whom we should serve every day and moment of our lives.

"Time enough," you say, and abide in unbelief and beneath the guilt of all your sins. Nay, brother, sister, believe it, you need pardon this very moment more than anything else in the world. You need peace with God, and you need it now. You are never safe until you have it.

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* From "The Wrong Train; or Common Mistakes in Religion." By Rev. George Everard.

You know nothing about to-morrow. To-morrow may find you lying in your coffin. To morrow the final summons may have come and the door of mercy be shut. To-morrow you may be laid low with fever and the mind have lost its power. To-morrow you may have fallen into some terrible snare, and be further from God than ever. To-morrow the sign of the Son of Man may appear in the heavens, and you may have to stand before him unsaved and unprepared.

You know nothing about to-morrow: but you know much about to-day. To-day is the best time, and the only time you can be sure of for seeking God. To-day the gate of mercy stands ajar,—left ajar for you! To-day you are invited to the King's feast, and the King himself is waiting to welcome you. To-day the table is spread, and all things are ready. Pardon is ready, so that you may be cleared of every farthing of the debt you owe; the Holy Spirit is ready to teach you, and to give you new desires, and to strengthen you to do right; eternal life, everlasting salvation is ready for your acceptance, if you will only stoop down and take it as a lost and perishing sinner. But wait not for a more convenient season; halt not between Christ and the world. Yield yourself to God: believe in Christ with all your heart, and without delay follow in his footsteps.

"Time enough," you say, but you will be undeceived before long. "Too soon," was the cry of the sailor lad when asked to come to Christ. A few days passed and he fell from the mast. "Too late! too late!" was his cry then, as the same friendly voice again pleaded with him.

"I am too young to be religious yet," was the reply of a young girl of seventeen, when asked to join a Bible class. But a month passed away and the same young pilgrim to eternity was lying beneath the sod in our quiet cemetery.

"Time enough," you say, but think how mighty is the force of habit; its chains grow stronger day by day. Habits of indifference and Sabbath-breaking —habits of formal worship, of worldliness, and of sin—these grow constantly by exercise, and make it harder to lead a Christian life. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." Jer. xiii. 23. And remember that as the power of habit grows stronger the power of conscience grows feebler. Sin darkens the window of the soul—sin blinds the judgment—sin hardens the heart. The man who once trembled at the commission of the least wilful sin, learns to commit the greatest sins without fear or shame. The man who once never thought of death without purposing amendment, goes down to the grave without one anxious care about the eternity to which he is bound.

"Time enough," do you say? Nay, cast away utterly this delusive hope. Turn to the Lord to-day; begin at once. Kneel down and ask God to forgive you all that is past: look upward with an earnest prayer for the power and help of the Holy Spirit. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. xxvii. 1.

The Cards; an American Incident.

FROM W. HASTINGS' "CHRISTIAN."

SOME time about the commencement of the year 1871, a train was passing over the North-western railroad, between Oshkosh and Madison. In two of the seats, facing each other, sat three lawyers engaged at cards. Their fourth player had just left the carriage, and they needed another to take his place.

"Come, judge, take a hand," they said to a grave magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, but this apparent refusal only increased their eagerness to secure him.

"O, yes, yes! We can't get along without you, judge! Come, only just

one game." They persisted in their urgency, until finally, with a flushed countenance, the judge slowly rose and took a seat with the players, and the playing went on.

A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the judge from her seat near the end of the railway carriage. After the game had progressed awhile she arose, as if urged by some strong impulse, and tottered forward along the aisle until she stood face to face with the judge.

"Do you know me?" she said in a tremulous voice.

"No, my good woman," said the judge, while he and his companions looked at her inquiringly. "Where did I ever see you before?"

"You seen me at court in Oshkosh, when my son was tried for—for robbin' somebody; and you sentenced him to prison for ten years—and he died there last June."

The tears began to chase each other down the woman's face, and the card players seemed to have forgotten their game as she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to prison, judge; for he cleared our farm, and when his father took sick and died he did all the work. He was a stiddy boy till he got to card-playin' an' drinkin', and then he'd be out all night at it, every night gamblin' away money, and he went down and down."

Overpowered with her emotions she stood weeping in the aisle, while the crowd of passengers gathered around, leaning forward to hear her story. She continued:

"He ran away finally an' took with him all the money there was left on the farm. I didn't hear from him for five years, and then he writ to me that he had been arrested. I sold my house to git money to help him, and went on to court. There's Squire I—— (pointing to one of the four euchre-players), the lawyer that argued agin him, and you, judge, sentenced him ten years to the State-prison."

The old lady shook with emotion, and her voice was choked and broken with grief, as she gasped out:—

"Oh, it does seem to me that if my boy had never larnt to play keards he wouldn't a gone down—an' he'd been alive now!"

The judge and his companions, and all that stood around, were melted to tears by the power of the old woman's words. There was no more card-playing in that carriage; the players threw their cards away, and some of them, it is believed, determined to play no more. The desolate, broken-hearted woman had taught them a lesson which they will never forget.

Possibly someone who reads these words may have enquired, "What is the harm of a social game of cards? Respectable people play cards, judges play cards, fashionable people play cards, what hurt does it do?"

Could they have witnessed that scene, and marked the anguish of that widowed, childless, broken-hearted mother; and could they read the history of hundreds of young men who have been allured to their ruin by these "harmless games of cards," however strong might be their confidence in their own ability to withstand temptation, they would, for the sake of others who are weaker and are in danger, put away these implements of temptation, and say in the language of the apostle, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Cor. viii. 13.

We have no right to make our liberty a stumbling-block to unwary souls. Let us solemnly consider our responsibility, and let the lesson which the judge received that day be a lesson to others to beware of placing temptation in the way of those around them, or by their action setting an example which others may follow to their own destruction.

Notices of Books.

The Wrong Train; or, Common Mistakes in Religion. By the Rev. Geo. Everard, M.A. W. Hunt and Co.

Printed in large type for the aged, and written in a most telling style. In one chapter only we discover an allusion to infant baptism, but in all else this little work is really a model of a book for the unconverted. The several chapters are pointed, vigorous, heart searching, Scriptural. A visitor to the sick poor might read one at the bedside with great effect, and from the lightness of the book, and the boldness of the type, an aged man might lie in bed and read it through. We commend Mr. Everard's book very heartily. It is only one shilling in limp cover.

A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures: Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical, with special reference to Ministers and Students. By John Peter Lange, D.D. Translated from the German, by Philip Schaff, D.D. (vol. xiii. of the Old Testament: containing Ezekiel and Daniel.) Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

There has long been great need for something more on Ezekiel and Daniel, for although there is a somewhat extensive expository literature already extant, there is nothing exactly of the kind for the average minister. This new volume of the Lange series in its English form is the product of a considerable number of eminent divines, and therefore contains a breadth of varied thought, and suggestive comment. We are all under great obligations to Messrs. Clark for issuing the many noble volumes of the Lange Commentary. No library is half furnished if it is destitute of these learned tomes.

The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church: a series of Discourses on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By R. W. Dale, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are glad to see this work in a fourth edition. As the work of a devout and cultured mind it deserves attention. It is not all that we could wish, but it is far better than we might have feared. Mr. Dale has a more definite evangelism about his preaching than can ordinarily be found in the modern congregational school: he is too gracious ever to become a success as a heretic. Some of his brethren also make but small headway in that direction, but their failure arises not from want of heart but from lack of brains. It needs some sense to play the fool; and the role of a modern-thought free-lance requires also a little wit to make it come to anything; happily that little wit is not to be found in every heretical skull. Had Mr. Dale's active brain been unbalanced by an adoring heart he could have done great mischief, but our confidence in him is exceeding great, knowing as we do the grace which abides in him. We heartily wish he would return from his wanderings in reference to the annihilation fable. Ungodly men are not mere animals: our soul refuses to sink to this worse than heathen dogma.

Earnest Words for Honest Sceptics. By Mrs. H. V. Reed. Kellaway and Co., 10, Warwick-lane, E.C.

If there be such a thing as an honest sceptic, let him carefully peruse this little volume and he will be an *honest* sceptic no longer. If honest in his inquiries into the inspiration of the Bible, he will be convinced of all, and acknowledge that God is in it of a truth. He will here see that other historical facts are believed by him upon far less testimony than those of the New Testament, and that it is in his heart he has said, "There is no Christ!" For all secret and unavowed scepticism also we would recommend this book as an effectual cure. It is an excellent compendium both of the external and internal evidences of inspired truth. To similar testimony no other religious teaching can possibly appeal. All that is new upon the subject comes too late, while age after age pours in its tributary streams to the overwhelming evidences of the facts of the Scripture testimony and of the doctrines and duties that are founded upon them.

Woodleigh Park; or, the Power of Home. A Domestic Story. By Martha C. France. S. W. Partridge and Co.

The framework of this book is a tale, and so far as that is concerned we are by no means carried away with admiration: but the gospel is thoroughly well interwoven with the story and the practical parts of godliness as well, and therefore we commend it. It is best suited for families of the wealthy order, and we only wish there was any hope of their reading it, for the teaching is sound, healthy, and well put. We do not often come across "a story" which we would so willingly read through, though we have no wish to do so even in this instance.

Forgiveness of Sins; or God reconciled in Christ. By the Very Rev. Henry Law, M.A., Dean of Gloucester. William Hunt and Co., Holles Street, and Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row.

This is a good specimen of the preaching of evangelical clergymen of the Church of England in their best and earliest times. It is the pure and whole gospel without any denominationalism. There is less need for learned and rhetorical display when character and position suffice to secure a respectful and attentive hearing. These sermons are equally suited to the cathedral and to the humblest village pulpit, and what higher commendation could be given to gospel preaching.

The Best Wish; and other Sunday Readings for Home. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. 75, Shoe Lane.

A good Christmas gift; a gift for every season of the year; a gift for the careless, and the worldly-minded, for the anxious inquirer, for the suffering, and for the dying. Though written by a clergyman, it rises above all denominational peculiarities, and lives and luminates in the regions where all true Christians are of one mind and one soul, and have all things common. It is equally free from doctrinal peculiarities, and is remarkable for its simplicity of style and fervour of devotion, not in itself so much as it is unhappily made so by comparison with the writings of others.

Life Struggles. By the Rev. J. L. Hillocks. Glasgow: John S. Mark and Sons. London: Simpson, Marshall, and Co.

Some live for others more than for themselves, and are designed for the prominent illustration of certain principles of divine government. This accounts for the life story of Mr. Hillocks, and abundantly justifies its publication. It shows how much may be done, by strong determination and self-cultivation, towards rising, amidst the greatest disadvantages and discouragements, from a humble and obscure to an honourable and useful position, both in the church and in the world. It shows that "go" without "culture" is better than "culture" without "go"; because the "go" provides the culture that is needful for the attainment of its object, and culture of the exact kind that is most required. The many changes of employment in this life story are not for general imitation so much as the indomitable energy that in such a variety of circumstances was displayed. If with such frequent transplanting such vitality was preserved, who shall say what the growth and fruitfulness might have been if the whole life could have been expended in one sphere. These changes, however, seem to have occurred more from necessity than from choice, and serve without doubt to give interest to the narrative, and force to the lessons it inculcates.

Saint Augustine. A Poem in Eight Books. By the late Henry Warwick Cole, Q.C. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

We cannot work our way through so huge a mass of verse as this. We are glad to see that the theology is as sound as Augustine's, and we do not doubt that the facts of that great man's life are correctly narrated; but we fail to discern the poetic flame, and without that so vast a poem becomes burdensome. Few we fear will ever read this work through, and we regret that so much talent and labour has been spent to so little purpose. The volume is well brought out, and the whole bespeaks the taste, the erudition, and the industry of a man of rare ability.

The Greatest of Miracles. By Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

The greatest of miracles! what can it be? Is it the incarnation of Christ, or his death, or his resurrection? It is all these, with all their antecedents, attendants, and consequents in one. The whole of creation, we presume, is one miracle; the whole of providence is another: and the whole of redemption is the greatest of the three. Professedly Jesus in his human person is the greatest miracle, but this is at once expanded into the whole of Christianity. The work before us is truthful and instructive, and will not be without its attractions to a numerous class of readers.

Bible History of the New Testament. By the Rev. Coleman Tuens. William Collins, Sons, and Co., London and Glasgow.

There is more in this book than at first sight appears. It is well adapted to give consecutive views of all the events related in the four gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles.

Lectures to Professing Christians. By the Rev. Professor Charles C. Finney. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, London.

No one doubts the sincerity of Mr. Finney's faith and zeal. His "Lectures on Revivals of Religion" produced a considerable sensation some years ago, and have had their influence upon all subsequent revivals to the present time. The "Lectures to Professing Christians" are less peculiar, and are substantially more in harmony with those of "like precious faith." The following brief quotation may suffice to show where we are at one, and where the root of the matter lies. "You must bring the sinner to see that he is entirely dependent on free grace; and that full and complete justification is bestowed on the first act of faith as a mere gratuity, and no part of it as an equivalent for anything he is to do. This alone dissolves the influence of selfishness, and secures holy action." To this element of gospel truth, accompanied with the most heart-searching appeals for immediate and entire acceptance of a free salvation, together with a prayerful dependence upon the Spirit of God to make those appeals successful, the great usefulness of Mr. Finney's teaching is to be attributed. All revivals have been permanently successful, in like circumstances, in proportion to the sound doctrinal basis upon which they have been founded. With the notion of Christian perfection attainable in this life, as stated and defended in these lectures, we have no sympathy. The less perfect we think ourselves as Christians here, the more perfect we become. Complete in another we may be, but not in ourselves; and it is a sense of our unworthiness that enables us to see our completion in him. It may be more a difference of words than of experience, after all, but why not continue to call things by their proper names?

The Inductive Method of Christian Inquiry. By Percy Strutt. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The province of reason with respect to revelation is here admirably defined. Scripture no less than the laws of nature will bear the test of sound reason. Both were given by the same author, to the same minds, and for the exercise of the same powers. No science is opposed to the Scriptures but that which is falsely so called. The truths of revelation, however, do not depend upon reason alone. They have a greater witness in the moral consciousness evoked by them, and in the supernatural influence with which they are accompanied. Reason may go far with us on the way, but the time comes in which revelation says to reason, "Abide here, and I will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." There are heights in revelation, as well as in creation, which reason cannot climb. The "one thing I know, whereas I was once blind now I see," refutes volumes of human reasoning. Less learning, therefore, is required to defend the gospel than to oppose it; but whenever equal or even more learning has been required for its defence, it has invariably appeared. In this the peculiar excellence of the volume before us consists. Are men fond of the inductive method of inquiry? They may here see that it can be employed as triumphantly in the discovery and confirmation of evangelical as of philosophical truths.

Advance Thought. By Charles E. Glass. Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill.

Advance thought may be in error as well as in truth, and there can be little doubt in the minds of those who understand the difference between them to which the advance here belongs. It is an advance from revelation to reason, and from reason to spiritual mediumship, as it is here called. The author professes to be inspired as much as the penmen of the sacred oracles. Be it so, but certainly not with the same Spirit. He speaks of "the immense influence which leading minds like that of Jesus, or in our own time that of Thomas Carlyle or J. S. Mill, exercise over mankind," which may suffice to show that he is not one to whom "discerning of spirits" has been given. We should advise him to beat a retreat rather than advance any further.

The Highway of Salvation. By H. K. Wood. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

Amid so many books pointing downwards, we gladly welcome every addition to those which point out the way upwards to life eternal. The highway of salvation is clearly delineated in this little volume. Elementary as it may be, it may attract some by its numerous anecdotes, both new and old, whose interest might not be awakened by any other means.

Memorials of the Life and Work of the Rev. William Johnston, M.A., D.D., Limekilns. William Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

This same Dr. Johnston was one of the notables in Scotland of the 19th century. He was not a Chalmers, or a Macleod, or a Guthrie, but he was not unworthy to be mentioned in connection with them. He was pre-eminent both in his pastoral influence and in his public career. He was little known in other countries, but well known in his own land. He was ever in advance of the above-named divines in advocating the most liberal measures of his own times. His memoir, and specimens of his sermons and speeches upon public occasions, are here comprised in one volume. Young ministers will do well to peruse it for the promotion of their own piety and zeal.

Our Social Relationships and Life in London. By Rev. William Braden. James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet St.

It is not from what these discourses are, so much as from what they are not, that they are not in full sympathy with our ideas of a gospel ministry. We could not afford to give up so large a portion of our public teaching almost exclusively to social relationships, and especially in the early part of a ministerial career. Judging from the place which the duties of social life occupy in the teachings of Paul and of Peter, and the instructions given to Timothy upon the subject, and the motives by which they are enforced, excellent as these discourses may be, there is a still more excellent way. Men do not want to know what their social duties are so much as to be instructed in the gospel principles from which they will spontaneously flow.

The Three Caskets, and other Essays. By Miss E. J. Whately. W. Hunt and Co., 12, Paternoster-row.

A curious title of fabulous origin is here applied to three principal schools of theology in the present day. The connection between the things and their name is not, we think, very clear or very interesting. This, however, is but a small part of the volume. The essays that follow upon Christian doctrines and duties have that clear ring of gospel truth which will find an echo in every renewed heart. This lady is a better theologian than the majority of preachers in our day. Nor is it for want of ability to comprehend, or of culture to appreciate the various phases of modern thought that the old paths are preferred to the new, for she is fully aware of all the novelties and their arguments. The two chapters upon "Thoughts on Prayer" cannot fail to be helpful even to those who are most familiar with the subject. The composition will bear comparison with our first-rate authors.

Notes.

We do not make these notes a record of the news of the churches, because all that kind of information our readers have already met with in the weekly papers, and they will have the "cauld kail het again" in several of our cotemporaries.

The first week of the May meetings belonged to the Baptists, and it was as happy and enthusiastic a feast of brotherly love as could be well looked for this side heaven. Owing to great changes in the arrangements of our Societies, several brethren were removing from offices long occupied with honour, and therefore there was an unusual amount of thanking and testimonializing, but this was quite unavoidable from the peculiarity of the circumstances and quite unregretable from the excellence of the persons who were the recipients of our denominational honours. It is far better to have too much congratulation than too much contention.

It was a great joy to find that Dr. Landels and his coadjutors had obtained promises of £52,000 towards the Annuity Fund. The proper course will, we hope, be followed promptly, namely, to strike while the iron is hot and get in £80,000, for all will be needed to keep aged ministers from starving. We know the need; facts upon our memory are almost too bad to be written. Our friends who hold the promises would do well also to remember that they will probably lose 10 per cent. of them. Deaths, removals, failures, and so on, render any subscription which extends over five years, among the best of people, a matter requiring heavy discount. We are delighted to think that the fund has been so far established, and we both hope and believe that it will be of essential benefit in binding the brethren together; the greater have herein helped the less, and given a pledge to do so in other matters also. The Baptists are no longer a heap of units; we are coming together, cohering and uniting in one, and in all this ultimate designs of God for the spread of his truth are manifesting themselves. Never were the signs more hopeful. God is with us; and the whole brotherhood feel the value and need of that presence. We see everywhere the true evangelic spirit, in happy contrast with other quarters where intellect is idolized and novelty of doctrine sought after.

April 26th. The Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society at Exeter Hall was thoroughly good, and well sustained throughout. The Society's income has increased, and part of its debt is gone, but it is still in arrears. Annual subscribers of a guinea, or half-a-guinea, are wanted to increase the reliable income. There must be many well-to-do Baptists who are not subscribers, and *the heathen are perishing*. All through our churches there is a sound missionary spirit but the fire needs stirring. Brethren! sisters! can we let our mission remain in debt? By the love we bear to our Lord, it must not be. Write Mr. Alfred Baynes, Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, London.

May 1st. We had the pleasure of preaching for our friend Dr. Landels at Regent's Park, and of speaking at a meeting, during which Sir Robert Lush, in the name of the church and congregation, presented our good brother with £1,000. *It served him right.* Few can conceive how hard he has worked during the past years for the Annuity Fund, and how he has concentrated all his faculties upon the accomplishment of the benevolent purpose. His church has had to put up with a good deal on this account, and it has not only done so most patiently, but, to crown it all, shows its appreciation of its pastor in this royal fashion. May the happiness of pastor and people abound yet more and more.

It has long been our desire to speak with the merchants and gentlemen of the City of London upon the weighty concerns of religion. The way opened through our being invited to address members of the Stock Exchange at Cannon Street Hotel. The meeting was so successful that we looked round for a place to repeat the service, but could find none except the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate. To the honour of these brethren, conservative as Quakers are apt to be, they lent us their largest meeting-house very freely, and on *May 2nd*, at one o'clock, we found the house filled with city notables, to whom we spoke of *the Claims of God.* A few earnest friends had quietly given away tickets, and an audience of 1,000 or 1,200 was thus secured without a single bill or advertisement. On *May 8th* we had a second assembly of like character, only the feeling was deeper and more evident. It was a grand sight to see those city men—men only, streaming in to the moment, and then listening with discriminating earnestness as we pleaded for faith in Jesus. Brethren in Christ of all denominations surrounded us and begged us to continue such hopeful work. We have arranged for two addresses in June, but, alas, our physical strength has failed

us, and while we write this we are laid by the heels in the Lord's prison-house, whereof the north-east wind is the jailer. The kind brotherliness of the Society of Friends affects our heart; some in that Society are very dear to us. Will brethren in Christ seek for a blessing upon this effort?

May 2nd. *Liberation Society Meeting.* "Politics at the Tabernacle," said one. Yes, politics, or anything else when duty calls. While the crown rights of Jesus are insulted by a church taking her laws from Cæsar it is not for the world to protest, but for the people of God. Reforms in social arrangements may be left to that common sense of justice which still lives in many, but ecclesiastical crimes are not readily judged by carnal men, and it needs that spiritual men should speak out emphatically where Jesus and his glory as head of the church are concerned. This is not a matter to be left to sceptics and worldlings. We hope that in Scotland the question will be fought out upon religious grounds only, and the keen sense and theological acumen of the people will soon settle the controversy. The meeting at the Tabernacle was enthusiastic to the utmost possible degree; our friends are reckoning upon easy and speedy victory—*we are not*, but victory for the truth will come all in good time, and we are content to struggle on.

We hail with great satisfaction the advance towards a settlement upon the Burials Bill. The subject is not appropriate for party strife, and we do not wonder that the Archbishops felt that to maintain the exclusiveness of the past was not desirable, either from a Christian or ecclesiastical point of view. Dissenters must see to it that whatever is done is done thoroughly, to prevent future heart-burnings. Although we are not among the *sensible* Dissenters who accepted an invitation to Lambeth Palace, we are nevertheless fully confident that the Archbishop of Canterbury desires to conciliate his Nonconformist brethren, and has quite faith enough in them to leave the conducting of services at the grave to their discretion; but this is not the question: we must not leave the humble village pastor to the mercy of the pompous rector, whose dignity at home, where he is a little pope, it is not easy for those to conceive who only see him during his visit to town, where he resides among ordinary mortals as one of themselves.

May 7.—The colporteurs were many of them brought up from the country to have a few days of prayer and conference. We spoke to them in the afternoon, and were pleased to see so fine a band of Christian men. The Tabernacle Colportage Society is doing a world of good. Its peculiar agency suits the condition of affairs, and meets the case of sparse populations. It is wrong to wish for riches, but if we could stumble on a gold mine we would at once multiply our agents by ten, and the sixty should become six hundred. Instead, however, of finding treasure in that wholesale way, we have to mourn that comparatively few friends encourage this grand work. The general funds are sustained with difficulty. The capital fund still needs £400 even to go on with, and for enlargement, which is our aim and desire, we shall need still more. How can we trade without capital and keep on increasing the agents with nothing in stock? At any rate it would never answer in trade, and in our case, it puts us to all sorts of trouble. The responsibility, however, lies not with us, but those of God's stewards who withhold their help. Mr. Corden Jones, Colportage Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle will be happy to send a Report to any address, and also to hear of likely young men with consecrated hearts, who will undertake Colportage work.

On Sabbath, May 13, the Tabernacle was open in the evening to all comers, the congregation having been requested to stay away. To our great delight our regular attendants were all absent; never surely were people more hearty and unanimous in carrying out the wish of their pastor; but then that wish commends itself so thoroughly to their judgments that it is the less wonder that they yield to it. We want to bring in outsiders, and when we looked at our audience, crowded to the last degree of endurance, and saw also the great masses who had to be turned away as soon as service began, we saw more than ever the need of these clearings out of the saved ones to let the uncalled ones come within hearing of the gospel. We had help from on high, and we look for many converts as the result of the evening's work. At the close of the service we felt the fell stroke of our bodily enemy, and went home to learn for some few days the varied forms which pain is able to assume. Brethren, pray for us that the fiery furnace may be of essential service by fitting us more completely for our Master's service.

Baptist and Independent Churches should never choose a minister without enquiring as to his standing among the people with whom he last laboured. No church would wilfully choose an unworthy person as pastor, but we know a man who has gone from church to church and

disgraced himself again and again. Even now he is seeking a pastorate, and will probably get one if he can manage to keep the deacons from enquiring as to his previous career. We were shocked the other day to see a man announced as a newly recognized minister whose character is of the foulest. Of course, as soon as matters are made known the pretender is discharged, but meanwhile what evil is done, and what dishonour is brought upon the cause of God. Our organisations are more than sufficient to enable the churches to protect themselves, but if they will neglect the most ordinary precautions they are themselves most blameworthy should they find their pulpits profaned by unholy men. In the cases of men claiming to belong to the Pastors' College, it will always be well to write to us for the list, and if the name is not there the fact will be instructive.

Mr. James Wilson of our College has become pastor of the church at Shotley Bridge, Durham.

We rejoice to find that our Tabernacle young ladies have taken up with vigour *a Flower Mission*. Flowers are given away at the hospitals with texts of Scripture appended to them. Country friends can help by sending flowers, carriage paid, so as to arrive on Wednesday, directed, Secretary of the Flower Mission, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

ORPHANAGE. The annual fête day will be held on the Pastor's birthday, Tuesday, June 19th. Will country friends please take this as an intimation to send on goods for the sale which will be held on that day, and also to come up themselves and see the buildings and the boys.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. G. Sheppard	10	10	0
Mr. R. Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. J. Benham	5	0	0
Mr. Haywood	2	0	0
Mr. H. J. Shipley	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
J. T. D.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hurst	1	1	0
Mrs. Hill	0	10	6
W. G.	2	2	0
Mr. G. Jenkins	2	2	0
A Friend, per Mr. W. Higgs	2	2	0
Miss Hill	1	0	0
Miss Wigner	1	1	0
Mr. Sharp	1	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson	3	0	0
Mr. J. Curtis	1	1	0
J. D.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Varley	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	5	0	0
Mrs. Bloom	1	10	0
Mr. Bloom	1	0	0
Mr. H. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. R. S. Pearce	5	5	0
Mrs. Pearce	1	1	0
Miss Emily Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	2	6
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Rose	5	5	0
Mr. Green	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lewis	1	0	0
Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. E. Weeks	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	0	10	0
Mr. G. Jolley	0	5	0
Mrs. Richardson, per Rev. J. Jackson	2	2	0
Mr. T. Garland, jun.	5	5	0
Mr. Stiff	100	0	0
Mrs. Corrie	0	2	6
Mr. J. Deverell	1	19	11
Mr. J. Evered	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frowd	3	3	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
Mr. D. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0
Miss Callam	5	0	0
Mr. Gothard...	1	1	0
A Friend	20	0	0
Mr. J. Innocent	0	1	0
Mrs. Hugh Paterson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Town, Leeds, per Rev. G. Hill...	2	0	0
W. S. S.	1	1	0
E. R.	1	0	0
328261	50	0	0
Mr. S. Barrow	0	10	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. W. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. W. Wollacott	10	0	0
Mr. G. Goldston	2	2	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers	2	2	0
Mr. W. D. Pearson	2	2	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. Bartlett's Bible Class	74	0	0
Rev. J. Jackson	2	2	0
Per Rev. H. Wilkins	2	12	6
Proceeds of Lecture by Rev. W. G. Hailstone	2	5	6
Friends at Horncastle, per Rev. J. Wright	1	10	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	20	0	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	5	5	0
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	2	2	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	2	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Apr. 22	26	10	6
" " " " 29	49	9	5
" " " May 6	33	0	3
" " " " 13	41	16	7
	£638	4	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Lawrence	0	13	10
Mrs. Lawrence	0	18	9
Mr. and Mrs. Lachner	5	0	0
Mr. R. E. Noble	15	0	0
Per Rev. W. Jackson:—			
Miss M. C. Few 1 0 0			
Miss A. E. C. Few 1 0 0			
Miss H. C. Few 1 0 0			
	3	0	0
L. and H.	10	10	0
Miss Anderson	0	2	6
One of John Ploughman's poor friends	0	2	6
Mr. G. James	3	0	0
Mrs. Quinaw	0	2	6
Mrs. Howard	20	0	0
Mrs. Bloom	1	10	0
Mr. Bloom	1	0	0
The late Miss Pearce	1	0	0
Eurie Free Church Sabbath School	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cubey	2	10	0
W. A. M.	0	4	0
Ernest E. Oakley	0	1	6
Mr. W. Cooke	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Hall	5	0	0
Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. D. McKay	5	0	0
Mrs. Arres	1	0	0
Mr. B. Brightman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	0	10	0
Mr. G. Jolley	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cook	1	0	0
Mrs. Henry	0	6	0
Mr. E. James	0	10	0
Mrs. Herbert	1	0	0
Mrs. Hassall	1	10	0
J. R., New Zealand	10	0	0
Lizzie	0	1	0
Mr. T. Smith	1	1	0
X. O., Balham	2	0	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at Metropolitan Store	1	2	7
A Trifle	0	5	0
Mrs. Shurman	2	0	0
Mr. H. Smythe	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Fry	2	2	9
J. D., a Thanksgiving	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	5	0	0
Mr. G. F. Butcher	1	10	0
Mr. Isaac Atkinson	0	10	6
Rev. J. T. Brisco	0	10	6
Friends, per Rev. J. Smith	2	0	0
Southport	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Darby	10	0	0
Mrs. Glenman	5	0	0
J. and M. Kelley	0	10	0
Legacy, late Dr. Barlow	50	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
Mrs. Edward	1	0	0
Mr. Priestley	3	0	0
Mr. G. P. White	1	1	0
Mr. J. Breeze	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Clements	5	0	0
M. B. M., Bridlington	0	5	0
Miss Lily Potter	0	13	3
Mr. Sharp	2	10	0
Mr. Sleigh and Friends	0	10	0
Mrs. Gooding	3	15	0
Master W. Jago	0	4	7
Mr. W. Thomas	5	0	0
Mr. Charles C. Irvine	2	0	0
A. E. R. B.	0	6	0
A poor Widow's Mite	0	2	6
Mr. R. Law	0	2	6
Two Widows	0	5	0
A Thankoffering from L. R.	5	0	0
Mr. T. Hackett	1	0	0
Mr. A. B. Todd	0	2	6
M. P. L. W. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. J. Johnman	0	2	6
Mr. G. Aubrey and Friends	1	2	0
Mr. J. Town, Leeds, per Rev. G. Hill	2	0	0
Mr. W. S. Dendy, per Mr. J. O. Cooper	5	0	0
Mr. J. Omer Cooper	5	0	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Mr. G. Mill and Friends	1	15	10
A. M. W.	0	10	0
L. P.	0	5	0
W. S. S.	1	1	0
J. R.	1	0	0
328261	25	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	2	2	6
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mrs. Wright, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	1	0	0
Richmond Street Mission Sunday School	0	10	0
Per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. E. Edgley 0 10 0			
Mr. R. L. Everett 0 10 0			
Miss S. Everett 0 5 0			
Mr. C. Clarke 0 5 0			
	1	10	0
Friends at Carley Street Chapel, Leicester, per Rev. J. C. Forth	0	16	0
Mr. Tebbett	2	0	0
Mrs. Sisman, per Mr. Osborn	1	0	0
Mrs. Luckham, per Mr. Osborn	0	2	6
Mr. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. Batirum	0	10	0
Mr. J. Armitt	1	2	0
Mr. T. Osborne	2	10	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers	5	5	0
Mr. T. Pocock	2	2	0
Mrs. Hazel	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	5	6
Mrs. Mills	1	0	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Miss Chisholm 0 2 6			
A Friend, Dalston 1 1 0			
The Girls of the Practising School, per Miss Potter 1 2 6			
By Sale of Goods in Sale Room 5 0 0			
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as per annexed List 48 11 3			
	55	17	3
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. J. Edwards 0 5 0			
Mr. Mason 0 5 0			
Mr. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mrs. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
Miss Humphrey 0 5 0			
Mr. Coe 0 5 0			
Rev. W. Munnery 0 5 0			
	2	0	0
Mr. J. R. Cowell	1	0	0
Mrs. Mortlock	1	1	0
	£362	0	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—CLOTHING.—17 Articles for Sale Room, L. Trevenan; 3 pairs Boots and Box Paper Collars, Mr. Davis; 6 pairs knitted Socks, Miss Chisholm; 50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield.

PROVISIONS.—20 Hams, W. Thompson; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hillyard; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; some Rhubarb, Mr. Murrell; a Sack of Flour, Messrs. Eisdell and Soudry.

THE ORPHAN BOYS' CANNS.—Almeroth, J., 4s; Austin, R., 7s 11d; Burnett, H., 2s 3d; Butfield, G., 9s; Burt, A., 5s; Bailey, G. T., 10s 3d; Brown, J., 6s; Baker, T., 10s; Blundell, G., 8s 1d; Biss, H., £1 0s 1d; Barrett, C., 2s 6d; Bowers, A., 2s; Bluntach, W., 2s 6d; Cornwall, J., £1 6s 7d; Coman, J., £1 14s 8d; Conquest, W., 4s; Clamtree, H., 3s; Cook, E. J., 3s 6d; Christmas, J., 1s 2d; Clark, H. B., 1s; Cockerton, T. W., 2s; Crisp, T., 3s 7d; Cockerton, A., 3s; Clark, W., 2s; Clarke, A., 3s 4d; Corpe, F. E., 7s 4d; Davies, C. H. S. and W., 13s; Davis, C., 3s; Dangerfield, W., 8s 6d; Eves, G. B., 15s 6d; Emmett, G., 2s 6d; Ehlers, R., 9s 3d; French, E., 3s 8d; Fulton, H., 4s; Finch, H., 7s 3d; Flemming, G., 5s; Glaysher, G., 5s; Goodman, W., 3s 6d; Goodger, G., 7s 6d; Gubbins, S., 3s 6d; Hewitt, W., 10s 6d; Hart, R., 5s 3d; Hart, L., 10s; Horley, B., 4s; Hawes, D., 3s 4d; Howard, J., 4s; Hards, H., 8s; Hilton, J., 3s 6d; Hart, R. E., £1 1s 9d; Hutt, C., 8s; Hadden, H., 3s 7d; Hicks, A., 4s 7d; Hunt, G., 2s 6d; Jordan, H., £1 5s; Jacobs, A. E., £5; Johnson, G., 5s 3d; Jones, A., 3s; Kentfield, E., 6s 7½d; Kitchen, T., £1 6s; Lavender, C., 4s 6d; Lonnon, A., 5s; Leake, F. J., 2s 6d; Lewis, E., 10s; Morgan, A., 3s; Mumford, A., 5s 8d; Mills, H., 4s 10d; Marsh, H., 2s 6d; Marley, W., 1s 2d; Morgan, J., 3s; McKenzie, W., 3s 6d; Mitchell, J., 5s 6d; Manktelow, R., 10s 6d; Madigan, W., 3s 6d; Neville, H., 13s 2d; Nearn, J., £1; Owen, A., 2s 6d; Osborn, D., 2s 1d; Oliver, T., £1; Pearce, T., 10s; Poole, A., 4s 6d; Peckham, V. H., 3s 4d; Payne, E., 2s 6d; Pitt, F., 3s 8d; Parker, F. T., 5s 7d; Rogers, W. E., 3s; Richards, G., 4s 8d; Reddall, G., 6s 10½d; Ramell, J., 3s; Ruffhead, F., 10s; Smith, H., £1; Smith, G., 7s 9d; Snell, T., 4s.; Simmonds, G., 5s 1d; South, F., 7s; Stanley, G., 5s; Sanford, H., 7s 3d; Scott, G., 10s; Thornton, H. C., 5s; Taylor, E. D., 2s 6d; Thornwell, F., 5s; Trotman, W., 6s; Valler, W., 9s; Wilshire, C. G., £1; White, C., £1; Ward, S. and C., 10s, White, H., £1 9s 5d; Webster, G. W., 4s 8d; Williams, A., 8s 6d; Wright, J., 3s 4d; Witherden, H., 10s 4d; Walter, H., 3s 2d; Walton, H., 10s 6d; Bates, W., £1; Clarke, M., 15s 4d.—Total, £18 11s 3d.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
R. Hanbury, Esq.	50	0	0
Ryford Sunday School, per Mr. Taylor	0	5	0
Jas. Dodgshun, Esq.	2	0	0
Rev. W. A. Blake	1	1	0
Mr. Greening	0	2	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	29	4	1½
Mr. Carr	0	10	0
Mr. Cockerill	1	1	0
Miss Keys	0	5	0
Mr. Hale	0	10	0
Mr. Armstrong	0	10	0
Sale of Reports	1	4	5
Collected by Miss Ellis	0	17	0
Mrs. Wood, per Mr. J. Moody	0	11	0
Mr. E. J. Page	0	5	0
Mr. A. L. Brander	1	0	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Mr. E. Russell	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Boyd	0	2	0
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Subscriptions for Districts:—			
Wilts and East Somerset Association	17	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Cosely District	10	0	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Cradley, per Mr. T. Lewis	2	10	0
Dudley District	10	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup	10	0	0
Chesterfield District	10	0	0
Mr. J. Green	0	10	0
Delayed Birthday Offering	0	10	0
X. O., Balham	1	0	0
Mrs. Morgan	0	10	0
Mrs. Clift	3	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	10	0	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
Miss Newman	3	0	0
Mr. Priestley	2	0	0
M. B. M.	0	5	0
Mr. Sharp	2	10	0
Mr. W. Thomas	5	0	0
Mr. J. Town, Leeds, per Rev. G. Hill	1	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	2	10	0
J. R.	1	0	0
328261	25	0	0
Miss McClellan	0	10	0
Mr. Orchard	5	0	0
Mr. Knight	1	0	0
G. P.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
	£236	3	6½

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, 1877.

Feed my Sheep.

THE CLOSING SERMON DELIVERED TO THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, APRIL 13TH, 1877, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He saith unto him, Feed my sheep."—John xxi. 16.

THIS commission was given at a suggestive time. After Peter and his companions had dined with their Lord, and enjoyed the most intimate intercourse with him, he said to them, "Feed my sheep." My sermon comes after dinner; for you have all feasted, not only with one another in brotherly fellowship, but also with your Master in heavenly communion; so now that you are refreshed and able to bear it, it is right that you should listen to his word of command.

Those whom the Lord addressed, and especially Simon, had been fishermen. Just before they dined "Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes." In the early part of your career most of you were fishermen, or men-catchers, and truly to be fishers of men should be your ambition all your lives; but you have now become something more: the fisher has developed into a shepherd. The fisherman represents the evangelist who casts the net into the waters and draws the fish to land, but it is not to him that Christ says "Feed my sheep;" that is reserved for those of greater maturity and experience. Many of you have now for years been settled in one sphere, and while you will continue to fish I trust that more and more you will remember that you now have other duties to perform; you have to feed as well as to fish, to handle the crook as well as the net. We now leave the sea wherein we were drifted to and fro, and we abide among our own flocks, standing and feeding in the strength of the Lord: we cease not to do

the work of an evangelist, but we pay special attention to the duties of the pastor, for he who once said "Cast the net on the right side" now saith to us, "Feed my sheep." I am addressing disciples to whom the Lord hath shown himself; may he now at this happy season commission us anew, and send us home with the word which he spake to Peter resting in our hearts.

I. This was a sort of ordination of Peter to the pastorate. He needed to be publicly recognized, for he had publicly offended; and his ordination commenced with AN EXAMINATION BEARING ON THE WORK. "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Our Lord does not admit any to the oversight of his flock without first of all questioning them as to their inner condition; neither should any man dare to accept such an office without great self-examination and searching of heart. Many questions should be put to our hearts and answered as in the sight of God; for no man rightly taketh this honour upon himself but he that is called thereunto, neither is every man fitted for the work, but he alone who is anointed of the Lord. You will observe that the examination was directed to the state of Peter's heart, and so it *touched the innermost spring of all his religion;* for if love be absent all is vain: the heart of godliness is missing where love is lacking.

You will not need that I press that question upon you, and insist upon its absolute and prime importance, for you know it. You constantly impress upon your hearers this truth, that without love to Christ all religion is vain and fruitless: what you have told to others you doubtless believe for yourselves.

Love is the chief endowment for a pastor; you *must* love Christ if you mean to serve him in the capacity of pastors. Our Lord deals with the most vital point. The question is not "Simon, son of Jonas, knowest thou me?" though that would not have been an unreasonable question, since Peter had said, "I know not the man." He might have asked, "Simon, son of Jonas, knowest thou the deep mysteries of God?" He did know them, for his Lord had called him blessed for knowing that which flesh and blood had not revealed to him. Our great Bishop of souls did not examine him with regard to his mental endowments, nor upon his other spiritual qualifications, but only upon this one—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" If so, then, "Feed my sheep." Does not this plainly show us that the chief endowment of the pastor is to love Christ supremely; only such a man as that is fit to look after Christ's sheep. You will fulfil that office well if you love Jesus: your love will keep you in your Lord's company, it will hold you under his immediate eye and supervision, and will secure you his help. Love to him will breed a love for all his sheep, and your love for them will give you power over them. Experience testifies that we never gain a particle of power for good over our people by angry words, but we obtain an almost absolute power over them by all-enduring love; indeed the only power which it is desirable for us to have must come in that way. I have had the high pleasure of loving some of the most objectionable people till they loved me; and some of the most bitter I have altogether won by refusing to be displeased, and by persisting in believing that they could be better. By practical kindnesses I have so won some men that I believe it would take a martyrdom to make them speak evil of me.

This has also been the experience of all who have tried the sacred power of love. My brethren, learn the art of loving men to Christ. We are drawn towards those who love us; and when the most callous feel "that man loved me" they are drawn to you at once; and as you are nearer to the Saviour than they are, you are drawing them in the right direction. You cannot look after God's people, and properly care for them in all their sins, temptations, trials, and difficulties unless you love them; you will grow sick and weary of pastoral work unless there be a fresh spring of love in your heart welling up towards them. A mother tires not of watching by the bedside of her sick child, because love sustains her; she will outlast the paid nurse by many an hour; love props her drooping eyelids. Even so "the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep," but "the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." If you really love the sheep you will be ready to spend your life for them, or even to lay it down for their sakes. Love, then, I take to be the chief endowment of the pastor; although, having that, I trust you will not fall short in any other respect, but be thoroughly furnished unto every good work. Do not forget what you have been told about study and culture, but remember at the same time that the heart has more power in pastoral work than the head. In this ministry a humble, godly, ill-educated man with a great, warm heart will be blessed far more than the large-headed man whose heart is a little diamond of rock-ice which could not be discovered without a miscroscope, even if he were dissected.

The Lord Jesus Christ connected his examination upon the matter of love with the commission "Feed my sheep," because *our work in feeding the flock of God is a proof of love to the Lord.* Do we not tell our people that love must be not in word only but also in deed? We judge whether any man has love to Christ by testing what he will do for Christ. What suffering or reproach will he endure for him? What of his substance will he consecrate to his service? What of himself will he use for the Lord? We can tell which of us, as a minister, is proving his love to Christ by ascertaining who is really shepherdizing Christ's flock, and laying out himself for the benefit of the Lord's redeemed. The man to whom Jesus said, "Lovest thou me?" was the same who before had said, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." Some among us would readily venture upon that water-walking, for it would be something extraordinary and brief, and this would suit us, for we are not given to plodding perseverance. Our zeal is great, and we dash off as Peter did, though soon like him we begin to sink. Note well that Christ does not say, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Go and walk the water." The Master seems to say, "You have done enough of that in your young days, now go and quietly feed my sheep. It is hard, tiring, quiet work, and if you have no love to me you will soon weary of it." "Feed my sheep," "Feed my sheep," "Feed my sheep," three times I bid you do it, that you may continue in the work as long as you live, for thus will you have given proof of the reality of your affection for me. Brethren, go back to your flocks and feed them well, and so give fresh evidences of your love to your Lord.

This pastoral work for Christ is the craving of love in every heart that

is set apart for it of the Lord. Every soul that truly loves him longs to do something for him: it cannot do otherwise, love must serve its beloved, it yearns to go and lay its offering at his feet. No pressure was needed to make the forgiven sinner wash Christ's feet with her tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head, and anoint them with precious ointment: her heart suggested it, and she hastened to obey. If you, my brethren, are true pastors, you cannot help looking after the wandering sheep, you naturally care for your people, you have a sacred instinct which compels you to be lovers of men's souls. You see how little girls, as if it were in them naturally to act as nurses, will kiss their dolls, and fondle, caress, dress, and care for them as mothers do for their children; and just so we have seen mere lads converted to Christ and intended by the Lord to become pastors, who before they have been out of their teens, have began to speak of Jesus to their little friends and companions. The Lord has caused them even from their new birth to feel a shepherd's propensities strong within them. It was so with some of us, we could not have helped preaching even if we would, we were born to preach when we were born again; let us then indulge the sacred passion to the full.

Brethren, since we have been at this work, it has been to us *the stimulus of love.* The way to love another more is to do more for him. When a man has done a kindness to you, he will love you; the receiver may be unmindful of the favour, but the giver has a better memory. There is no fear of our Lord's ceasing to love us, since for us he has suffered even unto death: the supreme sacrifice made once for all renders it impossible that he should do otherwise than rest in his love. Even so if we labour and pray, and practise self-denial for others, we are sure to love them all the more. Then, too, as you go on feeding Christ's sheep, building up his people, and cheering his discouraged ones, you will love your Master more, and your love for him will act again upon you and cause increased love to the people, and so on evermore. Those over whom you have most agonized have delighted you most when at last they have been converted; your joy has been increased as you have waited for the realization of your hope.

This feeding of the sheep is to the love which was the matter in question *a sphere of communion;* "Feed *my* sheep" unites us in service with Jesus. Love longs to be with Jesus and in fellowship with him. The Lord was about to ascend to heaven when he said to Simon, "Feed my sheep," and Simon could not as yet go with him, but if he would accompany his Lord while abiding here, he must follow on his Lord's work and abide with his Lord's flock. If we will undertake labours of love for those whom he has redeemed, if we will go wherever his sheep are lost, seeking

> "With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
> To snatch them from the fiery wave,"

we shall soon find ourselves where Jesus is. He is always at that business, he seeketh poor sinners still, and if we are engaged in the same search we shall be with him, we shall enter into his feelings, we shall share his desires, and feel his sympathies. When thus with him we shall witness his heart-breaking throes and almost see his bloody sweat

streaming down when he was agonizing for souls, for we shall in some feeble measure feel the same. You cannot understand your Lord till you have wept over your congregations: you will understand *him* then, as you see him weeping over Jerusalem. If you feel towards your hearers that you could die to save their souls you will then have fellowship with the death of your Lord. In grief over backsliders and joy over penitents you will commune with the Redeemer in the most practical manner. You must feel a shepherd's feelings and give practical proof of it by daily feeding the flock, else will your fellowship with the Great Shepherd be mere sentiment, and not a fact.

So much about the previous examination of the candidate for the pastorate. But it is worth noting that the examination is often needed in after life, for we need to be kept right as well as to be made so. Our Lord comes to us this morning with the old question, he pauses at each man and questions him just as at the first. He seems to say, "You have read many men's books, do you still love *me?* You have heard many conflicting opinions, do you still love *me?* You have been very poor and hardworked, do you still love me? Your people have treated some of you very badly, you have had to go from place to place, you have been slandered, reviled, maligned, do you love me still? You have been sore put to it to find discourses, I have sometimes left you, as you thought, to make you own your weakness, do you still love me?" Imagine that he changes his tone, and says, "Simon, son of Jonas, you have not been all that you promised. You thought you would go to prison and to death with me, and you never dreamed that you could have been so cold-hearted in my service as you have been, and have lived at so great a distance from me as you have done; but do you still love me? If so, remember that in going back to your ministry you must gather renewed strength from renewed love. Love me more, and then feed my sheep." We rejoice as we listen to his gracious voice, and we answer, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee; and I will feed thy sheep."

II. Secondly, let us LOOK AT THE PERSON EXAMINED IN RELATION TO THE WORK. Perhaps he may bear the same relation to you as he does to me. Painfully do I know myself to be a successor of one of the apostles—not of Judas, I hope, but certainly of Peter. I could have wished that it had been John whom I had succeeded, but although it is only Peter it is some consolation to know that he also was "an apostle of Jesus Christ," notwithstanding his terrible fall. Why did the Saviour examine Peter rather than any other? Because *Peter was in peculiar need of a re-ordination.* Had he not received it from his Lord some would have said in after days, "Was he really an apostle?" and others would have replied, "He thrice denied his Master, surely he is not one of the twelve." We cannot help feeling that blindness has seized the church of Rome when she boasts of the commission to feed Christ's sheep having been given to the apostle Peter, when with half an eye anyone can see that our Lord addressed these words to Peter because at that time he was the least of the twelve. He had denied his Master, the others had not, and, therefore, was the one concerning whose apostleship distrust was most likely to arise. The sheep would in all probability have refused to recognize him; they might have said, "We

cannot receive food at your hands, for we remember how you were frightened by a silly maid, how you denied your Lord, and supported your denial with oaths and curses." Therefore came the voice to Peter, who needed it. If there is one with us now who feels like conscience-stricken Peter, let him hear the text. Dear friend, if you have any doubt about your call, and even if there should be as grave cause for that doubt as there was in Peter's case, yet still if you feel that you love the Lord, hear him again commission you with "Feed my sheep." In your present condition, which is rather that of the weeping penitent than of the assured believer, it will be well to go to your work very steadily; for it will comfort you, deepen your piety, and increase your faith.

Our Lord called Peter to this work because it would be peculiarly beneficial to him. He knew how sincere was his repentance, and how hearty was his grief on account of his great sin, and therefore lest he should be overtaken with too much sorrow, he said to him, "Feed my sheep." If nothing had been spoken personally and specially to him he might have mourned heavily, saying, "Alas, I denied my Master, I swore that I never knew him"; and when the Lord was gone up again into glory, instead of standing up as he did on the day of Pentecost to preach that ever-memorable sermon, he might have been found at home weeping; instead of going up to the temple with John at the hour of prayer, he might have kept his chamber and there mourned all the day. Grief is best expelled by other thoughts; when you have been cast down, it is well when some important engagement has called off your attention from your trouble; and I think the compassionate Master raised Peter out of what might have grown into a morbid condition of continual grief by bidding him feed his sheep. He seemed to say, "Come hither, dear disciple. I know you are sincerely penitent, and I have fully forgiven you for denying me as you did. Mourn no longer, but go and feed my sheep." Then as the Lord fed the sheep by him, and blessed him to the conversion of others, he would feel certain that his Lord did not remember his faults, and thus he would learn how perfect was the pardon he had received. I do not know that there is a brother with us this morning who is in the condition of Peter, but if I did know such a one, and could read his heart, I would go out to him and say, "Come, brother, we are not going to cast you out; we consider ourselves lest we also be tempted. You have been converted once as a sinner, you must now be converted as a minister, and when you are converted, strengthen your brethren. Yes, my brother, get back to your Lord and Master, and then, with all your soul inflamed with love for him, feed his sheep, and the Lord bless you in so doing."

Dear brethren, in Peter's case we see a man zealous for his Lord, but of imperfect character, and we see how *his failure had been overruled by God to prepare him for his life-work* of feeding Christ's sheep. John did not want such preparation, and the other nine did not require it. It was only Peter who needed to be thus rebuked by a display of his own weakness. This man was too great, too self-confident, too much Peter, and too little a disciple; and he must therefore come down. Probably nothing could have brought him to his true bearings like

his being left to see what was in his heart. We speak with bated breath when we say that to some men a painful break-down has been the making of them. They became from that time free from their former self-esteem, and were as cleansed and emptied vessels, fit for the Master's use. A deep sense of our weakness and a humbling consciousness of unworthiness form a considerable part of our qualification for dealing with Christ's sheep. Because you are a sinner you will deal lovingly with sinners; because you know what backsliding means you will be very gentle and forbearing with backsliders; because you have broken your own bones you will be very careful how you handle those who have broken theirs.

You see, then, that this feeding of the sheep, as I have already shown you, would benefit Peter in the particular condition in which he then was; and it is not hard to see that *it would benefit him by keeping his rashness in check*. I know some beloved brethren who are impetuous—and, God bless them, I love them none the less for that, especially when they know now to bridle their impetuous spirits, and only allow them to dash out against evil—but some are rashly impetuous and strong-headed, and it will need considerable discipline to make them into useful, workable men; but when the Lord has done this they will become those determined, independent, resolute men of mark and mind who are so valuable to the church of God. Such brethren want the education of a pastorate at once to curb and to develop them. You did not know how foolish you were till you had to deal with fools, and found that you could not suffer them gladly. You did not know how passionate you could be till you had to meet with quick-tempered people like yourself. You did not know how rash you could be till you fell into the society of a dozen rash men like yourself, who egged you on in your fool-hardiness. You have now discovered that where you fancied there was a great deal of strength, there was a vast amount of weakness. I believe that the Peter of the epistles grew out of the Peter of the sea of Tiberias and the Peter of the denial, by means of the grace given him while feeding the flock of God. Peter was a bigoted, narrow-minded Jew, and could not readily believe that any other beyond the chosen nation were to be saved; but when he mixed with mankind and was sent to the house of Cornelius, his heart grew larger, although it was not as large as it should have been, till Paul boldly withstood him to the face because he was to be blamed. "Feed my sheep" is, therefore, beloved, a commission intended for your own good as well as theirs.

It touched me very much to find our Lord addressing Peter by his old name of Simon son of Jonas. I do not know why he should not have said, "Peter, lovest thou me?" John writes, "Jesus saith to Simon Peter." Why did not our Lord call him so? Was it not, in the first place, to remind him of his natural weakness: he is not called Petros, the stone, the rock; but the "son of Jonas," the son of a timid dove; and it is under that name that he is commissioned to feed the sheep. Brethren, if this morning you are filled with a consciousness of your own weakness and unworthiness, the Master says to you, "Still go and feed my sheep." If you are not in your own opinion fit for the work, still let the sheep be fed. Do not let *them* suffer because you are

not in a right state of mind and heart. These sheep, what have they done? Why should they starve? It is only too true that you have sinned, but let not that sad fact rob the people of a full display of the gospel next Lord's day. "Feed my sheep." Go as Peter, if you can, but when you cannot do so, go as "Simon, son of Jonas."

But I think there was a deeper reason, and one which touched me more, why our Lord said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" This was his old name before he was converted, for when Jesus first saw him, he said, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jonas." Nothing will help you to feed the flock of God, brethren, like recollecting the time and circumstances when you were first brought to Jesus. If it were possible, which it is not, I should like to be converted every Sunday morning before preaching. At any rate, I should like to feel just that tenderness of heart, that admiration for my Saviour, that all-absorbing love to my Lord, and that wonderment at the grace of God toward me which I felt when I was converted.

There may have been another reason why Jesus said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Perhaps it was because when Simon had discovered that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, his Master said to him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." By repeating that name our Lord bade Peter recollect, in addition to his conversion, the many happy seasons which he had enjoyed, in which the Lord had manifested himself to him as he does not unto the world. We are bound to preach of the things which we have tasted and handled. If, like John, we have been in Patmos, let us not cease to talk of him that walketh among the golden candlesticks. Come down from the mount to tell of what you have yourself seen there. Be filled with recollections of all the blessed intercourse you have enjoyed with Christ, and then speak about him to others; thus the joy of the Lord shall be your strength. You will have no doubt then of your call to the ministry, but you will say, "that which was from the beginning, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the word of life, declare we unto you." "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

III. In the third place, I must confine myself to giving you a mere outline of THE WORK ITSELF, as our time is flying so fast. What have we to do, then? "Feed my sheep." In the English you have the command three times over, "*Feed my sheep.*" What are we to do with the sheep? *Feed! Feed! Feed!* That seems to be the whole of our business, "*Feed* my sheep." Truth to tell, the middle Greek word Ποίμανε properly means shepherdize them, guide them, lead them, go before them as a shepherd does. The first and last words are the same, *feed.* In each of the three sentences there is a minute difference, but twice out of three times in the original the word is *feed.* If I mention nothing else but feeding as the pastor's duty, it will be the very best lesson I could have given you, even if other valuable duties are cast into the shade. Wherever you are weak, be strong in the pulpit. Give the people a good hearty meal whenever you preach. They will put up with a great many defects if you will only feed them. An

Englishman is in a good condition if he is fed. Feed him, and he will be all right; but if you dress him and do not feed him he will not care for the clothes you put on him however fine they are. You may wash him if you like, but you must feed him. There is an inward, powerful persuader which convinces a man that to be happy and healthy he must be fed. Now, God's people are the hungriest people in the world, they never seem to be satisfied. If you watch a flock of sheep feeding in a clover field you will be surprised to see how they will eat: they eat, and eat, and eat; and so God's people are a hungering, craving people. It is written, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." They "shall be filled"; it does not say they shall have a nip and a bite and then be driven away; and therefore we are to treat them as God would have them treated,—feed them, feed them to the full. Never be afraid of being too free with the food, or of giving them too much sound doctrine and gospel provender. Some want to drive the flock, but that will never do; we must feed, not drive. We will lead them, say you; that is very good, but do not lead lean sheep; feed and fatten them, and then they will follow gladly. Perhaps you wish to govern them; well, the middle word does mean govern after the gospel fashion,—but if you somewhat govern, yet give two supplies of feeding for one of ruling. You will be sure to succeed if you keep to the feeding. Blessed be God, you have not to invent a new food for his sheep; it is written, "Feed them," but it is not written "invent food for them." God has appointed the proper food for his sheep; hand that out to them and nothing else. The Pope of Rome, who claims to be the lineal successor of the apostle of whom we are speaking, attempts to feed in a strange manner. I wonder how many of the sheep are able to feed on his allocutions, and other specimens of cursing. He seems to be mainly engaged in uttering maledictions upon the wolves, I see no food for the sheep. How is it that he has founded no Bible Societies in Rome for the circulation of the pure word of God? One of his predecessors has called the Protestant version "poisonous pastures." Very well, then, why not circulate a pure version? Why not spend a part of Peter's pence in distributing the epistle to the Romans? Why not exhort priests, cardinals, and bishops to be instant in season and out of season, preaching the gospel according to the commission of the Lord? Verily, Peter at this day is crucified head downwards at Rome. The tradition is symbolic of the fact, for the apostle is placed in a wrong position, and exalted to honours which are a crucifixion to him.

Brethren, you have to *feed* Christ's sheep. The text says, "Feed! Feed! Feed!" It begins with "Feed *my lambs*." My little lambkins, or young believers,—these need plenty of instruction. "Feed *my sheep*" comes next: feed the middle-aged, the strong, the vigorous: these do not require feeding alone, they also need to be directed in their Christian course, and to be guided to some field of earnest service for Christ,—therefore shepherdize them. Then in the last "Feed *my sheep*" you have the grey-headed believers in Christ. Do not try to govern these, but feed them. They may have far more prudence, and they certainly have more experience, than you have, and therefore do not rule them, but remind them of the deep things of God, and deal out to them an

abundance of consoling truth. There is that good old man, he is a father in Christ, he knew the Lord fifty years before you were born; he has some peculiarities, and in them you must let him take his own course, but still feed him. His taste will appreciate solid meat, he knows a field of tender grass when he gets into it—feed him then, for his infirmities require it. Feed all classes, my brethren, that is your main work: mind that you not only get good food for the sheep, but feed them with it. A farmer one day, after he had listened to a simple sermon, which was the very opposite of what he generally heard, exclaimed, "O Lord, we bless thee that the food was put into a low crib to-day, so that thy sheep could reach it." Some brethren put the food up so high that the poor sheep cannot possibly feed upon it. I have thought as I have listened to our eloquent friends that they imagined that our Lord had said, "Feed my camelopards." None but giraffes could reach the food when placed in so lofty a rack. Christ says, "Feed my sheep," place the food among them, put it close to them.

But perhaps you say, "I cannot go on for ever feeding, feeding, feeding; I want my people to work." Very well, then, feed them up to it, feed them into workers. If you need members of your churches to be fit for deacons, feed them up to it—that is the way. Many horses are poor miserable things when they are first bought at the fair, but they become fine steeds through good feeding and grooming. You cannot whip a lean horse into a fat one, you must feed it; and you cannot scold a weak Christian into a strong one, you must feed him.

Take care also that you *feed yourselves*. "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free": we will alter the line into—"Who feeds Christ's sheep should feed on Christ himself." A preacher who is starved in soul will be likely to starve his hearers. Oh fatten yourselves on Christ, dear brethren. Ask to have the promise fulfilled: "I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness, and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord." May the Holy Ghost work this in you.

Having fed them, your work should also comprehend all the rest that a shepherd does for his flock. Neglect none of these things. Go before them, set them an example, encourage them, and direct them in difficulty. Let your voice ever be familiar to them, carry the lambs in your bosom, gently lead those that are in circumstances of pain and peril, care for all the flock, be tender with any that may wander, seek after them and bring them back. Watch over them all, but above all things feed them.

Now what does all this involve? *Knowledge.* You must "feed them with knowledge and understanding." *Watchfulness.* No shepherd can afford to slumber; and at one part of the year he must be up all night, for the lambs are being born. When you have a lambing time on, or, in other words, a blessed revival, you will need to be especially watchful; and, as the wolf comes not only at a lambing time, but at all other seasons, you should be always vigilant against him.

One of the chief qualifications of a true pastor, and one that is not very common, is a great deal of *patience.* Perhaps you say, "These

people are so sinful, and erring, and foolish." Yes, they are like sheep, and if they were not so, they would not need you or any other shepherd. Your calling would be abolished if all Christ's people were strong, and able to instruct others. Be very patient with them, as a nurse is with the child committed to her to watch, and love, and teach. What an honour this office puts upon you! To belong to the College of Fishermen with Peter, James, and John, is a great honour, but the work of the pastor is nobler still. Well did they speak of old of shepherd-kings, for the shepherd's business is such as is worthy of a king; indeed, amid his flock he is the truest of kings. What a line of shepherds can be traced right through the word of God! Your business is one which the first martyr followed, for Abel was a keeper of sheep: stand like him in the midst of your flock, ready to sacrifice life itself at God's altar. You are following the business of Jacob, who said to Laban, "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes." Yours is the calling of Joseph, who even when exalted to a throne was still "the shepherd and stone of Israel." Whatever your position may be, brethren, be shepherds still. You are following the trade of that noblest of woman born, I mean Moses, who kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, in the desert, and there beheld the bush on fire, out of which God spoke with him. He who led the people like a flock all through the wilderness was ready like a true shepherd to lay down his life for the flock, even asking to have his name blotted out of God's book if by that means they might live. You are following the occupation of the man after God's own heart. If a man in these days is after God's heart let him be a shepherd of the flock. "He chose David also his servant, and took him from the sheepfolds: from following the ewes great with young he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance." I hope, my brethren, that like him in your youth you have slain both the lion and the bear, and that if an uncircumcised Philistine comes in your path you will defy and destroy him in the name of the Lord. You are following the trade of God's only begotten Son. The Lord had but one Son, and he made a shepherd of him. Imitate that *good* Shepherd of the sheep, who loved them and laid down his life for them. Trust that *great* Shepherd of the sheep, whom "the God of peace has brought again from the dead through the blood of the everlasting covenant"; and by-and-by you shall see the *chief* Shepherd, and shall receive a crown of life that fadeth not away.

Observe that Peter never forgot that the Lord had said to him, "Feed my sheep." In his first epistle to the strangers scattered abroad he earnestly exhorts the elders that were among them to "feed the flock of God." Peter exhorted others to do what he had done himself. He could not forget the great error that called forth Christ's words; and remembering how he had fallen a victim to pride and boasting, he warned his fellow-elders.

Never forget that it is *his sheep* that you have to feed. Jesus says, "Feed *my* sheep." Many find fault with the churches of the present day, and the easiest work in the world is to find fault: but, my dear brethren, bad as I know some of the churches to be, I know no better people than God's people, and with all their faults I love them still.

I find my choicest companions and my bosom friends among them. I love the gates of Zion, for

> "There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
> There God my Saviour reigns."

I always feel in reference to my own people, that if they can put up with me I can very well put up with them. They are Christ's people; therefore love them, and feel it to be an honour to do anything for those who belong to Jesus.

Much honour lies in the fact that our Lord says to each of us personally, "Feed my sheep." I think that I see him here among us: he of the pierced hands and the marred countenance, with the thorn crown about his brow, stands in this hall and speaks to us. Or, if you will, with all his glories on he comes among us, he looks on us all, and even on me also, my dear brethren; and he says to each of us, "Do you see those poor tempted people? They are my sheep. I have loved them from before the foundation of the world; will you feed them for me? I have called them out of the world by victorious grace, will you feed them for me? I have provided abundant pasture for them, will you feed them for me? I have bought them with my blood, behold the memorials of my purchase in my hands and my feet, my head and my side; will you feed them for me? I have loved you also, and you love me; will you feed my sheep for me? I will feed *you*, will you feed *them?* Your bread shall be given you, and your water shall be sure; will you feed my beloved ones for me? I have gone to prepare a place for them in my own sweeter pasturages on the hill-tops of glory? Will you feed them till I come again? I will feed them through you by the Holy Spirit, will you be my instruments?" Do we not all reply, "Beloved Master, we think it our highest honour to be privileged thus, and cost us what it may we will spend our lives in feeding thy sheep?" Brethren, say not much by way of vow, but say much by way of prayer. Lord, help us all henceforth to feed thy sheep. Amen.

Social Converse.

I DO not find where Jesus was ever bidden to any table and refused. If a Pharisee, if a publican, invited him, he did not hesitate to go, not for the pleasure of the dishes, but to do good . . . . If he sat with sinners, he converted them; if with converts, he confirmed them; if with the poor, he fed them; if with the rich in substance, he made them rich in grace. At whose board did he ever visit and left not his host a gainer? The poor bridegroom entertains him, and hath his waterpots filled with wine. Simon, the Pharisee, entertains him, and hath his table honoured with the public pardon of a penitent sinner, and with the heavenly doctrine of remission. Zaccheus entertains him; salvation came that day to his house with the Author of it. That presence made the publican a son of Abraham. Matthew is recompensed for his feast with an apostleship. Martha and Mary entertain him, and, besides divine instruction, receive their brother from the dead.—*Bishop Hall.*

Three Ha'pence a Week in the "Book of Remembrance."

BY JAMES L. STANLEY, BRISTOL.

"No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest wine."—Cowper.

OUR blessed Lord did not think it beneath his dignity on one occasion to take particular notice of a certain contribution dropped into the Temple treasury. It was not the great current value of the offering which attracted his attention, for it was but "*a farthing*," nor was it the high social status of the offerer, for she was but a "*poor widow*." But that which engaged his interest and drew forth his commendation then, was the fact, that she had "*cast in all that she had, even all her living*." According to our Lord's valuation, that farthing was worth more than all the other offerings to the treasury. It has often been a comfort for us to know that his thoughts are not as our thoughts, and it is very encouraging to know that his *arithmetic* is not as our arithmetic. That temple is gone, and that treasury too; but in his temple "not made with hands" he still sits over against his treasury, and every offering dropped into the empty pockets of his saints, or contributed to the pecuniary necessities of his gospel service, is set down at its divine estimation in the "Book of Remembrance."

Having such data to guide us we can form some idea of what our Lord thinks about the "*three ha'pence*" we are interested in, and about the dear old pilgrim, who at the ripe age of eighty-one years has just been called home. We first became acquainted with him about eleven years ago, and were led to take special notice of him by his regular visits to our Tract Repository every Saturday evening, when he invested in *tracts* to the amount of "three ha'pence," and no more. Occasionally the sum would be raised to twopence, but very rarely. To use Butler's illustration concerning analogy, if a man *once* observed the tide to ebb and flow, it would afford some kind of presumption that it would do so again to-morrow, but if he saw it repeated day after day, he would have an assurance that it would continue. So with regard to the visits of our old friend. The first time we did not take any special notice of it, but after a while we looked for his coming regularly with the arrival of Saturday night, and for more than eleven years, whether summer or winter, light or dark, rain or fine, seldom has the day come round without bringing in our old customer for his "*three ha'puth of tracts*."

He was very feeble, and partly supported himself by working at his trade as a tailor, his advanced age and infirmities preventing him from undertaking more than a few trifling repairs. The small sum earned in this way was supplemented by an allowance from a benevolent society connected with his trade, and these constituted his sole income. But though he could ill afford to spare even a penny of such a scanty pittance, the "*three ha'pence*" was steadily devoted week by week to the purchase of some tracts. For this sum he used to obtain from thirty

to fifty of these little messengers, and a portion of the Sunday was occupied in their distribution. The *selection*, was by no means a matter of indifference to him. Some tracts were special favourites: such as—"The Dying Robber," "Your Dying Hour," "The Flood," "Are you afraid to die?" &c., and his standing description of the kind he required was,—"*Let me have some good reproof ones.*" The old gentleman evidently aimed at the conscience, and in order to reach it was always anxious to find something that contained the echoes of Sinai. In the work of distribution he had a special regard for one particular class, whom he considered to be specially depraved, and to stand greatly in need of such "*reproof*" as the tracts administered.

The class referred to consists of those small gangs of ominous looking men, with still more ominous looking curs, who may often be seen on a Sunday sauntering in the direction of the country, either to idle away their time, or spend it in debasing and cruel sports. For these our good friend was always on the look out, and went about his business in a wary and cautious manner. Like one who knew the truth of Solomon's words, "surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," he used to walk along with his hands behind him, holding his small stock in one hand, and in the other, a tract, folded, and ready to be delivered as soon as the right moment came. When that arrived, the tract was plunged into the hand of the person marked out by him, almost before he could be aware of what was going on. He was in fact something like a cautious sportsman, whose stock of ammunition is small, and who therefore endeavours to discharge every shot to the best advantage. There was no slovenliness about it: it was a little service which he felt he could do for his Master, and he did it well.

We often had some chat with him, when he paid us his weekly visit, for he was generally glad of a little rest, and at such times it was delightful to hear him speak of *his Saviour, and his home.* To him, Jesus was a real person, with whom he talked, as a man talketh to his friend. Heaven, was *his country, his home*; and week by week he was just waiting for the summons, and longing for it. He would sometimes say, "I hope he'll take me soon, I don't want to stay here, there's nothing here worth stopping for," and in other similar ways he would give utterance to his longing after—home. He always treated us in a very fatherly style, generally greeting us with "Well, my child, how be 'e," and then he would say, "here I be once more, not gone home yet. I shan't be here much longer, I got a better home above." Faith in Jesus was with him no mere theory, but a great reality, and it was more refreshing to us than we can tell to listen to his simple utterances of hearty confidence in his Saviour. It is no empty flattery when we say that the visits of the dear old saint were verily a means of grace to us, and we shall perhaps never know how much good we derived from our brief conversations with him. It was like reading a living volume of the evidences of Christianity. Diabolus' army of Doubters could get no foothold on his territory. Death had no terror for him at all, it was rather, as Herbert says—

"Grown fair and full of grace,
"Much in request, much sought for as a good."

His glorious, unwavering confidence was one of the most striking features of his character, and it was impossible to witness it so frequently without having our own faith strengthened thereby. He was in fact perfectly triumphant, and it was doubtless this holy joy which added another interesting feature, that of *perfect contentment.* Though very poor, and feeling the infirmities of age, we never heard a single word of complaint, and whenever any reference was made to his bodily weakness it was generally with a hearty laugh, and some cheerful remark to the effect that it would not be for long.

Not less remarkable was his steady perseverance in his quiet little service as a tract distributor. In the course of these eleven years he must have circulated about sixteen thousand tracts, at a cost of about three pounds ten shillings. Not a very great matter indeed when compared with some of the gigantic operations with which we are acquainted, but

> "What will the harvest be?
> Oh, what will the harvest be?"

who can tell? but even now the realms of the blest may be peopled with some who owe their bliss instrumentally to these feeble efforts. Sure we are that these labours have not been in vain in the Lord, and if it be true that a faithful messenger refresheth the soul of his master, then, indeed, this service has been a sweet savour of Christ.

"If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." The servant who had received but *two* talents, yet gained by them two talents more, was equally commended with the one who, with a larger number of talents, showed only the same proportion of improvement. The day is approaching when the Lord of the servants will come and reckon with them, and in that day this little service will in no wise lose its reward. Meanwhile, of this aged and obscure servant of Christ we may truly say, that he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him. He departed to be with Christ on May 2nd of this year, just seven weeks after the departure of his beloved wife, who was only three years younger than himself. The loss of his wife evidently told upon him. Speaking to us about a week after her death, he said, in a somewhat depressed tone, "I've lost me missis," and "I d' miss her:" and to his daughter during his illness he said, "I d' miss y'r mother." No doubt the two lives had become so blended that it was almost impossible for the one long to survive the other.

We shall miss his regular visits, his familiar form, his happy face, his cheering words, but we rejoice to think that his long-cherished hopes are now realised. "The memory of the just is blessed." His memory will be ever fragrant to us, and will stimulate us to follow him, as he followed Christ. We believe that we are the better for his acquaintance, and shall be the better for his memory. With nothing around him to render life naturally attractive, he furnished one of the brightest examples of those who are "poor in this world, but rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love them."

In temporal circumstances, cheerful contentment, and simple faith,

he strikingly reminds us of the cottager whom Cowper so beautifully sets in contrast to the infidel Voltaire.

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content, though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day;
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much:
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true;
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers."

The Sluggard's Purpose.

THE desire of the slothful killeth him, because his hands refuse to labour (Prov. xxi. 25). He is full of wishing, but far from working. As the cat, he would fain have the fish, but is unwilling to wet his feet! His desires are destitute of suitable endeavours, and therefore rather harm him than help him. Like Ishbosheth, he lieth on his bed till he is deprived of his life. He thinketh to be hurried in haste to heaven, to be carried as passengers in a ship, asleep in their cabins, to their haven, but is all the while in a deceitful dream. There is no going to those heavens where Christ is in his glory, as the sick man came to the house where Christ was in his estate of ignominy, let down in a bed.—*Swinnock.*

Marriage.

"LIFE or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, . . . and she is more under it because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal against the causes of unkindness. But though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours he remembers the affliction that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply." These are the words of Jeremy Taylor, and unmarried people should ponder them.

Charles Kingsley.*

BY the exhibition of manly virtues and a sacred devotion to his calling; by the persistent advocacy of intense convictions and laudable attempts to ameliorate the condition of his fellow men; by the utterance of "Thoughts that breathe in words that burn," in village sermons, charming poems, and brilliant novels, Charles Kingsley made for himself a name as widely known as the language, and secured for himself a place in the muster roll of English worthies. He followed not with us in theology, neither was his course after our manner, but in his own fashion he was a true-hearted man, and his story is well worth reviewing.

The materials of his biography, rather than a life, have been given to the world by his widow, in two portly volumes of a thousand pages in all. The reader, who brings the analytical faculty to bear upon the study, will experience little difficulty in evolving a true idea of the man. By a few loving touches of the editor's pen, some of the many phases of his full-orbed humanity are brought into prominence, for the rest the student is left to his own resources. As far as it was possible, however, the editor has left the thoughts and deeds of her revered husband to convey their own impressions, and no one can rise from the perusal of the book without the conviction that Charles Kingsley was a man of rare nobility of character and an enthusiast in his consecration to his life work. If his foibles are held to be blemishes, his manly virtues are thereby made more conspicuous by the contrast.

Like all strong men, he had his weaknesses, but his sympathies were always with the good and true. His early education accounts for his antipathy to nonconformity, and explains some of the anomalies which otherwise it is difficult to understand. While he advocated the universal fatherhood of God, he pleaded for the retention of the Athanasian Creed; avowing the broadest sympathies, he did not conceal his impatience of Dissent. He was the slave, rather than the disciple, of Maurice, and was fascinated by the daring speculations of Darwin into concessions which, as a student of the Bible, he must have found it difficult to justify. His convictions, however, were always honest, even though at times he lacked the courage to avow them. The reader cannot fail to recognise a few touches of self portraiture in the following lines from his "Saint's Tragedy," the earliest of his poems:

> "Thou shalt be judged by thy works, so see to them,
> And let divines split hairs: dare all thou canst;
> Be all thou darest;—that will keep thy brain full.
> Have thy tools ready, God will find thee work—
> Then up and play the man. Fix well thy purpose—
> Let one idea, like an orbed sun,
> Rise radiant in thy heaven; and then round it
> All doctrines, forms, and disciplines will range
> As dim parhelia, or as needful clouds,
> Needful, but mist-begotten, to be dashed
> Aside, when fresh shall serve thy purpose better."

* Charles Kingsley; his Letters and Memories of his Life. Edited by his Wife. London: Henry S. King and Co.

His supreme conviction held him amidst all the speculations and controversies in which he become involved, that the world is God's world, not the devil's, and that from

"This chaotic state of human things"

the all-wise will evolve his grand design and cause everything to subserve his highest glory and man's eternal good.

During his earlier years, which were spent partly in the Fen district and partly in Devonshire, he was buoyant to the last degree, and entered into such pursuits as lay to hand with a zest which characterized him through life. He cherished an ardent love for nature in all her moods, and his devotion to natural science soon became a master passion, which was never relaxed. On the appointment of his father to the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, he entered as a scholar at King's College, London, where he qualified himself for admission to Magdalen College, Cambridge. "He was then full of religious doubts," says his biographer, "and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungering look, bore witness to the state of his mind." At college, "the conflict between hopes and fears for the future, and between faith and unbelief, was so bitter that he became reckless and nearly gave up all for lost." He resolved, more than once, to quit Cambridge, and seek relief as a wild prairie hunter in the far west. Such works as Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," and "Carlyle's French Revolution," lent him by a friend, were scarcely calculated to lead him to the true ground of rest, especially as, in addition to mental doubts, his mind was, as he confesses, in a "be-Greeked state." Only the unseen, but potent hand of a wonder-working God kept him, at this critical juncture, from making utter shipwreck, and turned this discipline in the school of doubt to good account in completing his education. The change, eagerly sought but long delayed, came at length, and he wrote, "I am liking, more and more, the experimental religion of the Low Church School." This is the first indication we meet with of his conversion, the reality of which was exemplified in his after life. While under examination for ordination he wrote: "Can we restore harmony to the church unless we have restored it to ourselves? If our own souls are discords to the celestial key, the immutable symphonies of which revelation gives us to hear, can we restore the concord of the perplexed vibrations around us? We must be holy! and to be holy we must believe rightly as well as pray earnestly. We must bring to the well of truth a spirit purified from all previous fancies, all medicines of our own which may adulterate the water of life! We must take of that, and not of our own, and show it to mankind. It is that glory in the beauty of truth, which was my idol, even when I did not practise or even know truth. But now that I know it, I can practise, and carry it out into the details of life; now I am happy; now I am safe!"

He struck the key-note of his ministry on his appointment as curate of Eversley. He says, "I intend to preach repentance in a different form from what is generally done. The evangelicals preach to sinners as if they were heathens, and to them the regular history of a man's mind is that he should live as a heathen till he is eighteen or twenty, and then be converted and suddenly commence a strong profession; as

if he had not been all his life a member of the church, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven! I would say, 'You *have* had the grace of God given you, you *are* a Christian whether you like it or not, you have taken vows upon you, and your guilt is the greater, because you have thereby swindled heaven (if I may use the expression) out of so many blessings by promising what you have not performed.'" This is full-blown sacramentarianism, honestly avowed; and he thus commenced his ministry a victim, as we believe, of the most flagrant delusion by which the arch deceiver ever beguiled poor blinded man. The State Church has enshrined this precious heresy as though it were the truth of God, and still maintains its consistency by refusing Christian burial even to a little child, which has died innocent of the mock regeneration of priestly baptism. If it be proclaimed by clerical authority, sanctioned by the State, that men "are Christians," whether they will or no, by virtue of their baptism, they will come to regard their sins as mere peccadilloes which do not affect their heritage. We hold that under the influence of such teaching the morals of the nation are more than imperilled. As he claimed for baptism the basis, so he saw in the Lord's supper the bond of brotherhood. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that he found "the Baptist form of dissent one of the troublesome things of his parish," concerning which he sought the advice of Maurice. That his theory failed to prove a potent charm for alluring the working classes into the fold of the church as ready-made Christians does not excite our wonder, for every honest man's experience gives the lie to such a theory, pleasant as it is to believe it. "The carnal mind is enmity against God," and the enmity remains untouched by all the jugglery of priestcraft. The Saviour has never relaxed the condition which he imposed upon the "man of the Pharisees," and the "kingdom of heaven" still demands, of those who would enter, the qualification expressed in the stern imperative, "Ye must be born again!"

The first error which this theory embodies lies in confounding the church, as it now exists, with the kingdom which is yet to come—the former being eclectic, the latter universal. The church exists in the world but does not comprehend it, and the sword is the Saviour's chosen symbol to express the antagonism between the two. The second error lies in the exclusion of such passages as the following, in all the awfulness of their significance—"That which is born of the flesh is flesh." "He that soweth to his flesh (*religiously* as well as *sensually*) shall of the flesh reap corruption"; and "Flesh and blood (as such) cannot inherit the kingdom of God."

Poor Kingsley's faith in his theory must have received a rude shock when he witnessed the Chartist demonstration on Kennington Common; class being arrayed against class in bitter antagonism, though the members composing each were, for the most part, "children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven," if their baptism had really conveyed the grace pretended. We cannot but feel intense pity for a good, brave man who proclaims, as his gospel, that "men are Christians whether they like it or not," and need only to be summoned to take up the privileges of their baptismal covenant But so long as the State pays for it we must expect to find men willing to teach it as

though it were the truth of God. It is but just to intimate that some of Kingsley's later utterances indicate a slight modification of his theory, although he never surrendered the claims of high-churchism. Thus in 1851 we find him defining the business for which God sends a Christian priest into a Christian nation—"to preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood," which he elaborates thus—"A man is free to do what he ought; each man has equal power to educate and use whatever faculties or talents God has given him; all are brothers, not by the will of the flesh, or the will of man, but by the will of God, whose children they all are alike." That the sermon containing this passage was denounced by the incumbent of the church in which it was delivered, at the close of the service, does not prove that Kingsley misinterpreted the teaching of his church, but that the incumbent shrank from endorsing the logical issue of the system which he espoused.

As a preacher and a lecturer Charles Kingsley was deservedly popular, having acquired the rare art of speaking the language of the people. The beauty of the diction, and the charming simplicity of the style, make his "Village Sermons" eminently readable, although for the most part the evangelical element is conspicuous by its absence.

Although he kept abreast of the scientists of his day he never contracted the slightest taint of atheism. To him the world was ever God's world and Christ its King. He did not pursue science for its own sake, but because he saw in every rock the impress of the Maker's foot, heard in every melody that breathed the echoes of His voice, and read in every page of nature the wisdom and love of the All Father. "He was always reverent, yet never superstitious; wondering at the commonest, yet not surprised by the most strange; believing that every pebble holds a treasure, every bud a revelation." Dean Stanley said of him, "That eagle eye seemed to discern every shade and form of animal and vegetable life. That listening ear, like that of the hero in the fairy tale, seemed almost to catch the growing of the grass and the opening of the shell. Nature to him was a companion speaking with a thousand voices. And nature was to him also the voice of God, the face of the Eternal and Invisible."

The poetry of Wordsworth was his special study and delight, interpreting, as it does, the divinity that shines through all things. He could say with the poet,—

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

His "Glaucus" and his "Water Babies" are books which embody, in the most charming style, his researches as a naturalist. His "Town Geology" affords an introduction to one of the most fascinating sciences, in language as free from technicalities as possible, the chapters having been originally delivered as Popular Lectures. "Madam How and Lady Why; or, First Lessons in Earth Lore for Children," reveals some of the mysteries of nature, and points out the lessons which lie to hand. These books should find a place in every school library.

His devoted labours in the interests of social and sanitary reform were as much the outcome of his generous enthusiasm of humanity as the sequence of his creed. He was intensely human, and therefore

laboured for the common weal; but believing, as he did, "that the Son of God has redeemed all mankind, body, soul, and spirit," he came to "look on the physical and intellectual improvement of every human being as a duty no less sacred than his spiritual welfare." Speaking at Willis's Rooms, at the first meeting of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, he referred to a remark made by the chairman, the Earl of Shaftesbury, that there were "a hundred thousand preventable deaths in England every year," and then proceeded: "I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is outraged nature. Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning note of preparation; she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. Silently, I say, and insidiously she goes forth; no, she does not even go forth, she does not even step out of her path, but quietly, by the very same laws by which she makes alive, she puts to death. By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills, and kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that nature is only conquered by obeying her." His persistent advocacy of his views compelled attention to sanitary matters, and his influence was felt in towns as well as rural parishes. The ballad on "The Bad Squire" is one of the most vigorous protests he ever penned against the culpable neglect or harsh treatment of the poor.

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
There's blood on your pointer's feet;
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there's blood on the game you eat.

"You have sold the labouring man, squire,
Body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

"You made him a poacher, yourself, squire,
When you'd give neither work nor meat,
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children's feet.

"When packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day.

"When we lay in the burning fever
On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
At the dreary workhouse door.

"We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hack and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?"

* * * * *

In his home relationships his conduct was marked by the most tender solicitude for all about him. Everything was regulated with the utmost good taste, and the recognition of the Fatherhood of God was the order of the rectory household. He taught his children to see in the wonders of nature hints of the divine presence, and to acknowledge in every dispensation the loving hand of God. His society was sought and valued by many kindred spirits, and his friendship was the coveted prize of some who still live to translate into history the noble dreams of his life. All who knew him speak of the ennobling influence of his society, and even the memory of his friendship is held to be a sacred heritage. His example saved many a young man from the recklessness which comes from despair, and his counsels were acknowledged to have been successful in leading some from the labyrinth of doubt to the paradise of truth and hope. "Home was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life," says his son-in-law, "and there all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre." We do not wonder that, with his great idea of brotherhood and his strong social sympathies, he should protest against the growth of conventualism in the present day. Separation from society and seclusion in a convent he held to be a violation of natural instincts, and fraught with perilous consequences to those who were beguiled by its imaginary purity and bliss. He saw that Christianity is opposed to monasticism, as it recognises all human relationships, and seeks to sanctify and ennoble them, and he spared no pains to enforce the lesson. Upon this question he was at one with Keble in sentiment, and a deal better in practice.

"The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

Regarding the teetotal agitation as an ascetic movement, he opposed the organization as such, while avowing the fullest sympathy with the object contemplated. He says, "I deeply sympathize with the horror of our English drunkenness." That he was misunderstood is not surprising. That the alternative he proposed—"the establishment of small associate home breweries, in which a dozen workmen's families, for a fixed capital of three or four pounds, may brew themselves the best of malt and hop ale at a far lower price than they can buy the salt, and grains of paradise, and cocculus indicus of the scoundrel publicans, and thus free themselves at once from wretched public-house tyranny and neglect of their families"—was little better than a visionary scheme must be admitted by all who know how impossible it is for working men to be satisfied with merely quenching their thirst with beer. Nothing but the most intense conviction that the scheme was sound and practicable could have led him to brave the wrath of the party he opposed. However mistaken he might have been, yet, when he says, "I honour every teetotaler as I honour every man who proves by his actions that he possesses high principle and manful self-restraint," we think he deserved a little more kindly treatment than he appears to have received. Having studied every system of asceticism, and recognizing, as he did, in teetotalism another in the list, which was likely to

"beget that subtlest of sins, spiritual pride and pharisaism," he would have been false to himself had he courted the peace which comes from ignoble silence, by suppressing his honest convictions. The struggle between good and evil is, alas, too fiercely contested to justify the refusal of any auxiliary, and it is a mistaken policy to treat as opponents those who, though pursuing different methods, are still battling for the right. It is surely time the uncharitable spirit which found expression in the demand, "Forbid him, Lord, he followeth not with us," were tempered by the wise reply of the Master we seek to serve, "He that is not against us is on our side."

Charles Kingsley's was a busy, restless life, and though he had a splendid physique, and occasionally broke the monotony of professional routine by fishing and botanizing, yet, as it was only a change of toil to him, his health frequently gave way. He did not sufficiently heed, in his own case, the laws of health which he so vigorously expounded to others. He worked at high pressure, and his sympathy with his object was so intense that periodical reactions were inevitable. It was the consciousness of being overtaxed which induced his frequently expressed longing for the release which death brings to the weary.

There is a touch of sadness in the closing scene of his life, if not something akin to the tragic. Mrs. Kingsley was seriously ill, and hope of her recovery was very faint. The tender consolations with which he sought to soothe the sufferer were, sooner than he expected, needed by himself. He said to her, "It is not darkness you are going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there." Having taken a violent cold, pneumonia ensued, and he was compelled to keep his bed. Making a desperate effort one day, he proceeded to pay what proved to be a farewell visit to his wife. "Taking her hand in his, he said, 'This is heaven, don't speak;' but after a short silence a severe fit of coughing came on, he could say no more, and they never met again." A correspondence was maintained, in pencil, between the two sufferers, who, though sundered by an inexorable necessity, were never more truly one. "It is all right—all under rule—all as it should be;" these were some of the ejaculations frequently reiterated as he lay a-dying. Thinking that his wife would die about the same time as himself, he said to his faithful attendant, "Ah, dear nurse, and I too am come to an end; it is all right—all as it should be." Interrupted in a reverie on one of the last nights, he exclaimed in the hearing of his daughter, "How beautiful God is!" We see exemplified in this death struggle the truth he had once expressed to a friend who had rejected Christianity. "The more I see of him the more I learn to love the true doctrines of the gospel, because I see more and more that only in faith and love to the incarnate God our Saviour can the cleverest as well as the simplest find the peace of God which passeth understanding."

The last words he was heard to utter, shortly before his death, were from the burial service of his church—"Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts, shut not thy merciful ear to our prayer, but spare us O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee." Thus came to him the

moment to which, in all his struggles, he had been looking, and concerning which he often said—"God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity."

As we think of the Eversley home, from which the dear brave man was borne to his quiet resting place, we are reminded of the quaint lines of Henry Vaughan,—

> "He who hath found some fledged bird's nest
> May know, at first sight, if the bird be flown.
> But what fair field or grove he sings in now
> That is to him unknown."

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Servants in Latimer's Days.

IN these days persons are always complaining of servants, as if the times were in this matter worse than any which have gone before. We should like to hear what the maid-servants and the footmen have to say on their side of the question, for it is very probable that they see a sad decline in masters and mistresses. Now, we may rest assured there is nothing new under the sun, not even new grumbling. Hear what Hugh Latimer said of servants in his day: "There was once a fellow who asked a philosopher a question, saying, 'How is a horse made fat?' The philosopher answered, saying, 'With his master's eye,' not meaning that the horse should be fed with his master's eye, but that the master should oversee the horse, and take heed to the horsekeeper, that the horse might be well fed. For when a man rides by the way, and comes to his inn, and gives unto the hostler his horse to walk, and he himself sits at the table and makes good cheer, and forgets his horse, the hostler cometh and saith, 'Sir, how much corn shall I give unto your horse?' He saith, 'Give him a good feed;' I warrant you this horse will never be fat. Therefore, a man should not say to the hostler, go, give him, but he should see himself that the horse have it. In like manner, those that have servants must not only command them what they shall do, but they must see that it is done. One other man asked that same philosopher this question, saying, 'What manure is it that makes a man's land most fruitful in bringing forth much corn?' 'Marry,' said he, 'the owner's footsteps.' Not meaning that the master should come and walk up and down, and tread the ground, but that he would have him come and oversee the servants tilling the ground, commanding them to do it diligently, and go to look himself upon their work; this shall be the best manure, saith the philosopher. Therefore, never trust servants, except you are assured of their diligence; for I tell you truly, I can come nowhere but I hear masters complaining of their servants. I think verily they fear not God, they consider not their duties. Well, I will burden them with this one text of Scripture, and then go forward in my matters. The prophet Jeremy saith, 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently,' or, as another translation has it, 'fraudulently:' take which you will."

At a Party of Night-school Graduates.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

SOME time ago we were invited by Mr. Kirkham, who until recently has been associated with the Mildmay Conference Hall, to pay a visit to a flourishing night-school, which, during several winters, he has conducted at that institution. Speaking generally, the academy in question is unique; for while numbers of night-schools may exist in the broad area of known and unknown London, we have never met with another precisely corresponding in pattern with that at Mildmay Park. Though persons needing the most elementary instruction are welcome, the classes are not intended for mere boys; and, consequently, the scholars range in age from seventeen to forty. The knowledge imparted is also as varied as the condition of the learners, some having to plod through the alphabet, while others are taking lessons in geometry, shorthand, and drawing. The callings of the pupils are varied; sweeps, beer-bottlers, brickmakers, butchers, postmen, blacksmiths, being samples, one or more of these professions helping to swell the mixed company of each winter session. The scholars, in point of fact, represent one hundred and seventy-six occupations, some of which have probably never been heard of even by knowing Londoners. The classes now number thirty-two, and the highest attendance on any one evening through the last session was three hundred and eighty-four, the average being somewhat below those figures. As our visit to the school took place on the festive occasion of breaking up for the spring and summer vacation, no opportunity was afforded of witnessing the routine of a working evening, though an excellent view of the students in a compact body was obtained. Like other Englishmen, they are of opinion that the beginnings and endings of things should be celebrated with eating and drinking; and if a dinner, after the manner of the wealthier classes, is too *recherché* an affair to be thought of, the programme may at least include that favourite repast of the poor, a dinner tea. It must be borne in mind that the teachers are all ladies, many of whom are highly educated, while all are professed disciples of Christ, pledged to spread by all means the gospel of his grace. On the occasion of the tea banquet each of these accomplished teachers sat at the head of a table as the entertaining hostess of her own class, the sight being as pretty as flowers, tastefully arranged tables, and cheerful faces could make it. The history of this school has proved beyond all doubt what some of us knew before, that the most potent influence which can be brought to bear upon the working classes is that of educated Christian women. The pupils themselves will frankly admit that this is the case; and the most ignorant man among them would scorn to speak any word of rudeness to the woman who for his sake practises self-denial genuine and unmistakable.

After tea, Captain Moreton distributed a vast heap of guinea family Bibles, every man who had attended through the session without missing a single night being entitled to a copy. Other books of lesser value were also freely bestowed on the students, the spectacle being an example of open-handed liberality in the matter of prizes we have never seen equalled. As to the wisdom or unwisdom of this expensive method

of attracting a constituency there will be difference of opinion: but the system will be condemned by the majority because it is unsound in principle. When everybody receives a costly gift for mere attendance, the prize, which is intended to provoke wholesome emulation, degenerates into a bribe, and the scholars are less likely to value for their own sake alone the benefits conferred. It is not our intention, however, to discuss questions like this, nor even to refer to the speeches which enlivened the celebration of "breaking-up." By invitation of Mr. Kirkham, half-a-dozen of the men were subsequently invited to assemble in private to drink tea together, and, in their own homely, unrestrained manner, to speak of their life adventures, their conversion, and the special advantages which have come to them through the school. The invitations were very heartily responded to, and one honest fellow, to prevent all mistakes, as well as to show what progress had been made, notified at the foot of his neatly-formed round-hand letter, that he had written all of it himself. We accordingly assembled at Mr. Kirkham's house, in the vicinity of old-fashioned Stoke Newington Green, on an evening in April of the present year, when, after partaking of tea, coffee, and also of the viands of our host's liberally furnished table, the guests found themselves in that condition of good-humoured garrulousness which was most convenient for our purpose.

Our company was as representative as it was select. Mr. Giles, a quondam soldier, could tell of hard service and exciting adventure. Of a stout build and weather-beaten features, three good service medals glittered on his breast, a kindly gleam lit up his deep-set eyes, while religion seemed to have imparted geniality to the tone of his hard bass voice. Though he had fought desperately for his country in all the celebrated battles of the Crimea, he had yet known more of scars and broken bones in civil life than he had done in war; and having been favoured on the field of mortal strife, his career since the date of conversion had been one of surprising prosperity. His Turkish good service medal—a reward from the government of the "Sublime Horror"—he was recommended to fling from London Bridge into the muddy waters of the Thames on the very first opportunity, the "honour" being of a kind which an Englishman is best honoured in discarding; and though Mr. Giles did not seem disposed to yield to this advice, another massacre or two of women and children may possibly turn the scale. Of his obligations to the night-school and to Mr. Kirkham he could not say enough—the value of what he had received would outweigh all the riches of the world. His story was in substance as follows:

"You are a native of Yorkshire, Giles?" remarks Mr. Kirkham by way of making a beginning. "Yorkshire!" quickly replies the Crimean hero, in something like a tone of indignation, "Berkshire, if you please,—the royal county." He was born in the year 1828, and though his father was a terribly strict disciplinarian the personal eccentricities of the elder Giles may be partially accounted for by the fact of his having had a wife and nine children and an income of only eight shillings a week. The family enjoyed the additional advantage of living in a cottage of their own, and the mother sometimes earned sixpence a day in the fields, but still it remains unexplainable to this day how eleven mouths were regularly supplied on such resources. Meat, with the

exception of about half a pound on Sundays which "father used to have," was of course a luxury unknown to the little circle. How they managed to get along is a miracle Mr. Giles does not himself understand; he never expects to understand it, but, nevertheless, knows well enough that they not only existed, they actually thrived on their short commons. As was the case with other peasants in England of forty years ago, their life was very animal-like; no reminiscences of schools and schoolmasters enter into his earliest recollections; when too young to bear the fatigue of long days he was carried to work by his father and home again at night. Still as to health and the development of muscle he was not a whit behind the best fed cattle on the farm; for when he enlisted at the age of twenty-four he weighed fourteen stone, six pounds, and measured forty-four inches around the chest. Such was his condition when he fought and conquered in the Russian war, in connection with which he is able to give many harrowing narratives. At one time disease killed more than the guns of the enemy. At the battle of the Alma he was knocked down by a spent shot and escaped unhurt. At Inkerman three rifles successively were shivered in his hand, while he himself escaped without a bruise. But though he came from the conflict victorious, like a soldier of fortune, that day of carnage has horrid memories such as still haunt the imagination. The weather was inclement; the men were ill clothed and half starved, such being the confusion into which the commissariat department was reduced by red-tapeism and general incompetency, that on the eve of the battle no regular rations had been served out for some days. At five in the morning they were on the alert preparing for the fight, and after charging three times, and fasting till four in the evening only one out of three in his company answered to the roll-call. Such being the hazard and adventure of war Mr. Giles appears to have had quite enough of the glories of a soldier's life when his term of military service expired in 1862.

In his young days, when toiling as a peasant boy down in Berkshire, his heart had been tender in regard to the blessedness of the gospel; he once even supposed himself to be converted, but though touched he was not changed. If he had been converted Mr. Giles does not believe he would have gone back into the world to have lived so utterly indifferent to the claims of Christ as he appears to have done amid the disease, death, and uncommon dangers of the Crimea. Though grossly ignorant, the seeds of former religious teaching were in his mind, and he was actually called into the fold of Christ before he was able to read a chapter of the Bible. Let those who are dumbfounded at this remarkable experience mark well the sequel. After conversion Mr. Giles was gradually raised from that condition of humiliating ignorance which until this momentous crisis had been the bane of his life; and he can now write a letter, as well as read the Testament, to his unspeakable comfort. How well he remembers the time and the spot when and where the divine peace, like a direct message from heaven, flowed into his longing soul. He tells the story like an old soldier, like one who has seen many victories, all of which combined were not worthy of being compared with the one achieved in and for his soul by the Spirit of God. In 1862, when he left the army, Mr. Giles found that evil days

had come upon him. He had fought for his country, and though with a whole skin and three medals, he was more favoured than thousands who perished on the field; his funds were as low as work was scarce. One day he made one unit among the passengers of Cheapside, a solitary man, notwithstanding the crowd, shut up with the desponding thoughts oppressing his heart. A miserable place is London to the man who is really in distress. On all sides there are evidences of that amazing wealth which abounds in the great city; but with no friend at hand to speak a kind word, or to suggest where help may be found, the unfortunate draw no more sympathy from the crowded stores than he does from the rocky pavement which blisters his feet. Amid the busy or pleasure-seeking crowd Mr. Giles was only conscious of being "hard-up," of having no employment, of seeing no immediate prospect of relief. As he walked bitterly along, shut up within himself, and unheeding the din of commerce, or the eager conversation of those with whom the pulse of life beats high, a passage of Scripture familiar enough, in the days of youth forcibly returned to his mind like a friend in time of need. Such were the seemingly distinct tones of the message that Mr. Giles turned quickly round, half thinking that someone behind was speaking—"*But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.*" Great was his joy; it could scarce have been greater had an angel come expressly from heaven to preach to him the gospel. "By thy strength I will!" he said to himself, and went forward feeling as though heart and body were revivified. Since that memorable day he has abundantly verified the truth of the promise; he is in fact one of the most extraordinary instances of working-man thriftiness we have ever encountered, his property at this moment being worth a thousand pounds. How did Mr. Giles contrive to amass that comfortable little sum, do you ask in very genuine surprise? A peasant's son, who has spent ten years of his life as a soldier, worth a thousand pounds? Well, the explanation is quite in accordance with those economic laws which exist for the good of all: and as he sits with one hand in his pocket, and one arm on the table supporting his chin, Mr. Giles is quite willing to enlighten you as an interested party. He works hard at his calling, his wife as a laundress toils also, and when the money comes they "do not fling it away," though they devote a portion to the cause of God. What will not the gospel do for those who live up to its privileges? In a country like this the case of Mr. Giles is far more singular than it should be. Many who like him can show the marks of hard service, and are able to tell of adventure in field and flood, have no better reward than blighted hopes inspired by the ghosts of golden bygone opportunies. He wishes it to be clearly understood that he should not have been quite what he is but for the night-school—that lever used to raise him from the lowest state of ignorance; and gratitude to Mr. Kirkham, and to his governess is now a part of Giles's constitution. A gentleman present remarks that he would not take twenty pounds for the benefit *he* has derived from the school; but Mr. Giles would not barter his knowledge for twenty thousand, nor even give it in exchange for the whole world.

Mr. Smee, a friend at our left, is so far a contrast to the last example that he is a reclaimed prodigal, who has squandered a fortune instead of

saving one. He is a stout-built, broad-chested, full-faced man, wearing spectacles, and a moustache, and showing some energy of character. What he owes to the night-school, in which he has been a scholar four years, will appear as we proceed. Besides learning to read and write he was converted through its instrumentality, and he is now a colporteur working on his own account in and about London.

Mr. Smee is a native of the ancient seaport of Hull in Yorkshire, and appears to be about forty years of age. His father, who was comparatively well-to-do in the world, paid little or no heed to the future welfare of those dependent upon him, allowing them to waste their golden days of childhood in petty service instead of giving them a training at school. At seven years of age our friend was sent to labour in a rope-walk at twopence a day, and quite in accordance with his own wishes at the time, he continued at that laborious occupation for two years. At the age of nine he was able to command a wage of three shillings and sixpence a week as assistant to a mixer of paint; and after bearing up under this drudgery through four years he was apprenticed to a cooper. He was bound for seven years, but two years before the expiration of that term Mr. Smee struck his master, and thus brought their contract to a sudden termination. He then, as a youth of eighteen, and unable to read or write, finally left home to battle with the world on his own account, and being strong and willing he did not long want employment. He accepted a situation on board the *Rantishire* at a pound a month, and in that good vessel made three voyages to the English possessions in North America. Subsequently, in other vessels, he visited various parts of the world. He saw the fortifications of Cronstadt, as well as the anomalies and contrasts of New Orleans—the beautiful suburbs, the low parts of the town, where desperadoes would brain a man for a penny, the slave-market where the traffickers felt and examined their human chattels as a butcher in England would handle an ox. In such places cheap rum is the bane of the sailors, many of whom are muddled, if not roaring drunk, during the time of their stay in that port. After seeing the varied beauties of the sunny south Mr. Smee returned to England, his next adventures being in the extreme north amid the storms and icebergs of the Greenland coast. His wages as a cooper on board the whaler were £5 a month; and it was in that inhospitable region he made the discovery how a basin of coffee may warm the system better than a glass of raw rum. According to Mr. Smee the pursuit of whales is a very exciting business, and what he has seen, done, and heard would supply materials to competent hands for some exceedingly graphic descriptions. "A fish ahead!" cries the man in the "crow's-nest." "Where, Where?" is the eager response of all on deck. The monster is seen; the boats are manned; the harpooners take a deadly aim, and then away darts the stricken victim, leading a chase for miles before yielding to its captors, who now proceed to cut up the carcase and stow it away in casks for boiling down on shore.

But the adventurous part of Mr. Smee's existence did not end in the North Sea. Having enjoyed a sufficient taste of whaling, and desiring to relinquish a seafaring life, he started for America, to settle as a journeyman cooper in New York. He lived in that wonderful city for

two-and-a-half years, and his recollections of the uproar, the flying brickbats, the drunkenness which characterized a certain fourth of July are vivid, and are likely to remain vivid to the end of life. We will now, however, deal with something more serious, by showing how Mr. Smee was led to forsake the bondage of sin for the liberty of those who are the Lord's freemen.

The vessel in which he returned to England from America happened to be the identical ship that had carried him out more than two years before, and those in command were a disreputable set, ribald and profane, from the captain downwards. On a certain night the mate was found to be ill-using one of the boys by ordering some alterations in the rigging, which were beyond the lad's strength and capacity to effect. Understanding something of such matters, Mr. Smee volunteered to do a little climbing for the sake of lending a helping hand. This interference gave offence, led to angry words, and in the heat of quarrel the mate received a blow; and by way of revenge Mr. Smee was put in irons and fed on dry biscuits and water for three days. The striking of the blow was manifestly wrong, it showed moral weakness; but the suffering as well as the humiliation entailed by three days' solitary confinement so violently incensed the prisoner against the foul-mouthed, drunken Irish officer, that a fearful resolution was taken to have the miscreant's life. When the two were on one occasion at large at Liverpool, the mate prudently avoided crossing the enemy's path, well knowing what there was reason to expect. When he removed to London, Smee was still a victim of this passion for vengeance, he only awaited an opportunity to complete the design, and, had not the grace of God arrested the would-be murderer soon after, a crime would have been committed which must have been expiated on the gallows.

The malice referred to, amounting almost to chronic insanity, lasted for five years, thus gaining force like smothered fire working upwards towards the air, instead of yielding to the wearing action of time. While in this condition, and wandering from one great town to another, Mr. Smee came into possession of some property, in value £632; but as this was wasted with mad prodigality, at the rate of a hundred pounds a month, he was as beggared as ever at the end of seven months. It must be borne in mind that all this time he had a wife who never touched strong drink; and who reared her children respectably without allowing them to taste the liquor which had so far encompassed their father in ruin. Such women command our honour, and they are commonly rewarded by coming off conquerors in the end.

Now came the crisis which in a few hours transformed the drunkard into a new creature, and gave his miserable companion a new lease of his life. Smee and his wife removed to London, and he now undertook such casual work as fell in his way, until he was overtaken by serious illness. Day by day he lay languishing in one of the London hospitals, and during this solemn season he was visited by one of the ladies of the Mildmay Conference Hall. Though a gentle creature with a soft voice, and of genuine earnestness, the visitor was still an unwelcome intruder; for among other supposed shortcomings she was plainly an Irishwoman, and Smee hated the Irish with all heartiness. The renegade mate was Irish, and that fact alone was deemed sufficient

for detesting the race in general. Still, it was not easy work even for the Old Adam to resist the persevering winsomeness of a gentle Christian lady. Her presence was endured, then she was welcomed, and at last her visits were eagerly longed for as those of a sinner's friend. Convinced at length of sin, the invalid realized that the pains of disease were not so acute as the agonies of remorse. He knew that his course had been bad beyond description, that what he had gone through was unfit to be related to the nearest relative, and now, undaunted by daylight, and unhidden by the darkness of night, the spectres of deeds the soul would fain have forgotten seemed to hold a hellish carnival around his haunted bed. As he lay from morning till night, and from night till morning, sins rose up one by one with all the vivid distinctness of recent committal. Yet, while severe, the conflict was mercifully brief. He had been a great sinner; but he had only to look to a greater Saviour; and the one message brought by the lady was, "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." The penitent lay for some days; he learned to pray, and when he left the hospital he was a new creature in Christ. Among other things the gospel taught him his ignorance; so that he resolved to accept an invitation to go to the night-school, and he was there taught by the lady who all along had been his benefactor. Thus he began his education at the age of thirty-five, when he could neither read nor write. At the end of the first winter he began to spell, and at the close of the first session he could read. Since leaving the hospital he has never tasted intoxicating drinks, though the teetotal pledge was not formally taken. When he had come to himself and regained his strength, he was moved by a desire to be engaged in some aggressive Christian work; and having made a beginning by selling framed texts in the streets, he is now a colporteur in and about London, disconnected with any society, entirely dependent on his sales for support. It has hitherto been supposed that colportage cannot be made self-supporting; but from what we know of his energy of character there is some probability of Mr. Smee's being an exception to the rule.

The other members of our party are all interesting examples of young men who have been socially raised by means of the school, and spiritually benefited through the instrumentality of those who conduct the classes. Take the case of Mr. Prince, sitting on the side of the table opposite to the old soldier. He is one of a family of eight; he received an average education in youth; but as he is head gardener to a good family, he finds that a little geometry assists him in designing flower-beds and rustic ornaments. It did not appear that he had yet effected a passage over the *Pons Asinorum;* though by the end of another session the world may be prepared to learn that Mr. Prince has walked triumphantly over that classic bridge of sighs.

Mr. Baum, who is also a gardener, is a still more striking instance of the way in which a working man may be blessed beyond the power of words to express, by a little timely assistance of the sort which does not pauperize the receiver. When he first put his head inside the schoolroom door, attracted by the singing, the man's condition, and also his state of mind, were wretched in the extreme. Trouble, arising from more than one source, weighed down his heart and soul. According to

his own account, the world must have been an unattractive place, without enjoyment and without hope. As he stood just within the schoolroom door, almost fascinated by what he saw and heard, and wondering whether he could speak to any one, he found an opportunity of speaking with Mr. Kirkham, who at once perceived what was wanting and prescribed accordingly. Mr. Baum wanted an education, not being acquainted with the A B C of learning; still more urgently he needed a Saviour to save him from sin and self, and it was his happiness to find both of these unspeakable blessings in the night-school. The social advantages which he has reaped are manifest at a glance; but mere temporal gain is as nothing in comparison with the miraculous moral transformation which has taken place within. His last struggle was with bad language; the evil one made a terrible weapon of a habit which had become chronic in his constitution, and by grace alone was he permitted to triumph. The awful profanity of her working population is the least hopeful phase of England's national life.

The above are fair samples of the trophies won by a London night-school, and of the conquering power of woman's influence when used for Christ. We say *fair* samples because we believe there are dozens of others who could tell similar stories. The educationalists of Mildmay Park have gone about their work in a straightforward Christian manner, and they are reaping their reward. There has been no sentimental dread of the Bible giving offence to Jew or Romanist; reading with prayer has concluded each evening's studies, and consequently the Old Book has proved a power in the school; it has shown the poor what many great ones would be the better for knowing, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Doctrine necessary.

"IT is the merest mockery to constantly iterate the invitation, 'Come to Christ,' or to repeat perpetually, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' without at the same time telling who Jesus is, and explaining what is meant by believing on him or having faith in him. But to do this involves doctrine, and at this point we are met with a popular outcry against doctrinal preaching. 'Preach Christ,' they say, 'and leave the doctrines alone!' This is impossible, and the demand is absurd. Any explanation about Christ is based on some doctrine as to his person. If we attempt to explain his crucifixion and death, these also involve doctrine. Even beneath the clamour itself there is the doctrine that it is no matter what a man believes, so long as he is resting in Christ. But doctrinal preaching is not confined to the evangelical ministry alone. They who teach that Christ is but a man, or that his death is but the death of a martyr, are equally teaching or preaching doctrine. The truth is, that if men would preach that there is any significance whatever in the gospel, it is impossible to escape the use of doctrines. The bare recital of the story of Christ's life and death is not a gospel, nor does it become such except by the presence of doctrine as touching his person and his death."

WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.

Bible Flower Mission for the Sick Poor of South London.

BY A VISITOR.

A FEW years ago two or three spring flowers were enclosed in a letter to a Christian worker in the east end of London, who, after passing them round her class of poor women, sent them to three dying ones, who were refreshed by the sight; one of whom when dying clasped them fondly in her hands. Seeing the pleasure thus given, suggested the idea that many sufferers might be cheered in the same way.

The work was commenced in prayer and faith, and as love is ever ready to devise fresh means of conveying the gospel message, a card in the form of a leaf, or scroll, with a suitable text very clearly written upon it, was tied round each little bouquet. It was soon discovered that many who would decline a tract could not refuse a flower, even though a text of Scripture was attached.

The work has steadily increased, and a great number of hospitals, infirmaries and workhouses, where there is so little to relieve the monotony of the daily life of the suffering, are under regular visitation: and in the stifling rooms of some of our back streets weary invalids are now gladdened by the sight and fragrance of flowers.

Few, as yet, have heard that a depot has been opened at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by the members of thr Young Ladies' Bible Class, for the purpose of extending the mission in the south of London. This depot was opened in April, when, having obtained the ready consent of the Board of Guardians, we began by visiting the Lambeth infirmary and workhouse, which together contain about thirteen hundred inmates. Though anticipating that the flowers would be gladly welcomed, we had little imagined the actual delight which they would give. To see the eyes of the sick and suffering light up with pleasure, as they extended their emaciated hands to receive the little bouquets, to which were appended some precious gospel invitations, or rich words of promise, more than repayed us for our labour of love. And in the workhouse too, the gratitude with which the flowers were received was, if possible, even more manifest. Could our country friends, who have never known what it is to be without these gladsome messengers of God's love and care, have heard the buzz of delight which went round a ward in which were seated about three hundred aged women, they would have been filled with astonishment and joy to think that God should have given the opportunity of cheering and brightening human lives by sending them some of the sweet fresh flowers of which they have so great an abundance. It must be remembered that many among the poor would positively refuse to receive the gospel message were it not for the little gift of flowers by which it is accompanied. But few indeed there are who will say "No" to a "posy," and thus we get precious opportunities of saying a word to them about him who is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. Yet they are not all of this class, there are some who are longing to hear the glad tidings of salvation, who are thirsting for the

water of life, and who listen eagerly to the good news that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Here and there we meet those who are the followers of Jesus, and from their lips we learn lessons of faith and patience, and are encouraged to go on our way rejoicing, knowing that their God is our God, and will keep us even as he has kept them. Not only, however, do we seek to tell them of Jesus by means of the text, but also by singing sweet gospel hymns, and this also seems fully appreciated, as testified by the perfect silence during our singing, which has sometimes been followed by applause and clapping of hands when the hymn was finished.

Another way of doing good has also been opened up. There are many in the infirmary who are fond of reading, but cannot gratify their taste, owing to the lack of good books to read. One man was found studying a dictionary, and on being asked why he chose that book, replied that he must read something, and that was all he could get. We have since then taken little books, etc., such as Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, "John Ploughman's Talk," and "Christie's Old Organ," and find that they are very much liked. But though we are glad thus to cheer and brighten their lives, we cannot be satisfied till we know that souls are won for Jesus, that work is done which will last not only for time but for eternity, and we ask the earnest prayers of all our friends that these efforts may be crowned with the Master's own blessing. Hitherto we have met with every encouragement, but *we are still wanting a much more abundant supply of flowers*, as although we have been giving away more than a thousand bunches weekly, we have not yet enough to enable us to carry on the work efficiently. Besides those used at the workhouse, a colporteur and a Bible nurse are supplied with a few bunches to give away at the houses of the sick poor. Will not the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* help us in this matter, not only by their prayers, but also by sending flowers and texts? Donations will also be thankfully received to defray the expenses incurred for porterage, correspondence, and carriage of hampers, etc. Friends sending flowers are requested to pay the carriage, for though this is little for one, it becomes a very great expense if the little Society has to pay for all. Nearly all the railway companies will send hampers at a greatly reduced rate on application to the station-master of the station from which they are sent. They should be timed to arrive at the Tabernacle either on Tuesday night or very early on Wednesday morning, and should be addressed to the Secretary of the Bible Flower Mission, Class Room, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London.

Robert Hall's Opinion of Novel Reading.

NOR can I reckon it among the improvements of the present age, that, by the multiplication of the works of fiction, the attention is diverted from scenes of real to those of imaginary distress; from the distress which demands relief to that which admits of embellishment; in consequence of which the understanding is enervated, the head is corrupted, and those feelings which were designed to stimulate to active benevolence are employed in nourishing a sickly sensibility.

Encouragement to Pray.

AN INCIDENT IN CONNECTION WITH THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

THOSE of us who have had the inestimable privilege to graduate from the "Pastors' College" can never forget the seasons of blessing we had on Wednesday afternoons at the students' prayer meetings. They were summer days to us in our spiritual history. We remember a book was kept, in which all special requests for prayer were recorded; and if that record could be scanned, many direct answers to prayer would be found therein. We can also remember those Friday afternoon prayer-meetings, when, after sitting at the feet of our honoured President, the spare half-hour would be utilized by asking the divine blessing to rest on every brother on the coming Lord's-day. Even now we fancy we can hear the hearty responses to those petitions. Not only were the students given to prayer when at College, but we call to mind the meetings for prayer at each other's houses, when objects in relation to our private life would be the burden of our petitions. It is in connection with those home gatherings I am going to give the following incident, trusting that many Christians may be encouraged to believe and use the promise of the Saviour, "That if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?"

A student had a brother who was a sailor, for whose salvation he was very anxious. He with two others agreed to have special prayer meetings at their homes for their unsaved friends. The evening about which we are writing was one of those evenings set apart for the above object. The sailor was the special object of their prayers that night. He was hundreds of miles away, and was quite unconscious that his brother ever prayed for him. After this meeting, they had a consciousness that prayer would be answered. It WAS ANSWERED. God had verified his promise. The ship in which the object of their prayers sailed was at that time lying in harbour, waiting for a fair wind. The sailor had been on shore, spending his time in a gambling saloon. As usual, he had lost his all; but this being a frequent thing, he took no more notice of it then than he had done before. Returning on board, he leisurely walked the deck, when in a careless way he asked himself, "What will you say you have done with your money this time?" "God knows," thought he, "I don't." That thought, "God knows" was an arrow shot home by the Omnipotent. The thought, "God knows," could not be shaken off; sin after sin in his past life came to his mind, till at last he felt almost crushed beneath a sense of his great guilt. He paced the deck in an agony of despair; he sought sleep, but no slumber would come, nor could he put aside the thought, "God knows." The wind having changed, in a short time the ship's chains were unloosed, and to the favourable breeze she spread her wings, homeward bound. None on board knew the agony of heart of that young man. Night came on, and the sailor had made up his mind that in the darkness he would quietly drop over the vessel's bow and thus seek to end his misery. He stood and watched the ship parting the waves like a thing of life; and sending the spray dancing from her bow, like many sparkling diamonds. He had almost taken the fatal plunge, when, another God-sent thought went went to his heart,—"If I do, God will be there, and to meet him I dare not." He turned away, and Satan was again nonplussed. For several days this agony of soul endured. The convicted soul was there, upon the lonely ocean, no Bible on board, and none to point him to the sinner's Friend. One evening he left the quarter-deck and went to the ship's forecastle, intending to drown his sorrow by mirth

but he found the sailors seeking rest: carelessly lying down in a coil of rope he put his hand on a piece of paper, wet and much covered with tar; holding it to the dimly burning light he could just read the words, "They that seek me early shall find me." He went on deck, and before the ship's windlass, to the astonishment of the look-out, he prayed and used the words he had found as an argument for God to give him peace. It was there, it was then, while sailing o'er the crested sea, and beneath the star-gemmed sky, he felt that God had forgiven him his sins. His shipmates stood in mute wonderment; but he told them how he was convinced of his sinful life, and how God had now pardoned him. Satan became more busy now with the new-born soul by suggesting, "How do you KNOW you are saved? No one has told you as yet; besides, people who go to chapel, and hear the gospel, are the people who get saved." These insinuations of the Evil One caused him much anxiety, and he longed to get home to see someone to whom he could relate his experience. He, however, could not help rejoicing, under a precious conviction, that if he were to die then, he would go to heaven. The ship, after a tedious passage, at last reached London, and having to lie at anchor for the tide, he sought and obtained permission to go on shore: his object being to seek out a minister and get advice. While on this errand his eye caught sight of a large poster, which announced that Archibald G. Brown would preach there that evening. He entered, and from the first he thought the hymns, the chapter, and the prayers were all for him; but when the preacher gave out, "And to know the love of Christ," he became riveted with attention as the preacher, step by step, showed how a soul could KNOW the love of Christ. There he sat, with tear-streaming eyes, listening to what appeared to him to be an angel voice, giving to him the assurance he so much needed. The people wondered to see a sailor so broken down, and to hear the heart-sobs of a soul seeking assurance of immortal life; they spake kind, loving words to him, asking him if he was possessed of the love the preacher had been speaking about. He told them his story; and how, through coming into that place, he had now no doubt about his soul being saved. It seemed to him a double conversion. The next day he saw his brother at the College; he so desired to tell him the good news that he had him called out of his class. Upon enquiry it was found to be the cheering fact that at the very hour of the same night they were praying for him he was convicted of sin; and at the very hour of the following prayer-meeting he was kneeling on the ship's deck a humbled sinner, seeking and finding mercy.

He afterwards became a missionary to sailors. He was prayed for by students of the College; and confirmed in his conversion by a student. Eventually he became a student of the same College.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

THE SAILOR STUDENT.

The Legend of St. Marguerite.*

BY J. DUNCAN CRAIG, D.D.

THE peasantry of the Litoral tell a singular legend of the first founder of the Abbey. They say that when St. Honorat arrived on the island shore he was accompanied by his sister, St. Marguerite, who had a number of nuns as her companions. The mind of her brother, however, was not satisfied at seeing thus the island occupied by the female portion of the community;

* We extract this from "Meijour," by Dr. J. D. Craig. Our readers may remember that in our Notes of our winter journey we spoke of Honorat and the island off Cannes where he lived and laboured for the Lord.

and yet he did not know what to do. The two islands at that distant period formed but one. However, he thought much upon it, and at last he proposed to his sister that she and her companions should betake themselves to the farthest shore, near where the fortress of St. Marguerite now stands, and that he and his monks would retain the abbey. Still he did not feel happy about it; and at last, after a restless night, during which loud peals of thunder reverberated among the mountains, and lightning flashes played along the snow-girt peaks of the Alps, and the tall pines were torn up by the roots, and the fierce waves moaned around the abbey shore,—when St. Honorat went forth at dawn, he saw to his amazement that a deep broad channel now intervened between the islands—the island having been rent in twain.

For a time St. Honorat was content. He used to pay a visit occasionally to his sister; and as he dearly loved strawberries, he chiefly then, when this fruit was in season, went to his sister's isle, where, in the sunny shelter of this the warmest spot of the Litoral, the fruit used to grow abundantly. At last his over scrupulous mind began to question whether it was even right for him to visit the island at all. Many a restless night the saint passed, his mind oscillating between affection for his sister and the overstrained dictates of a morbid mind.

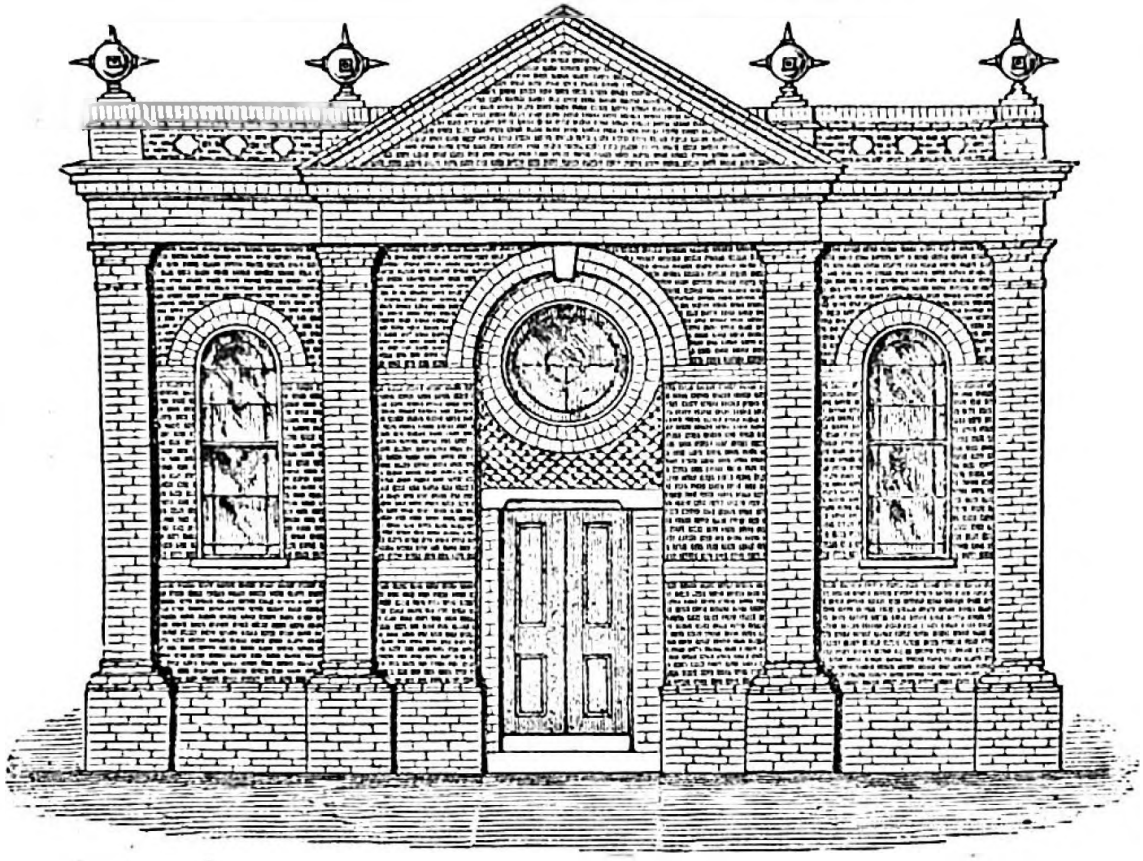
When St. Marguerite, who had no such manner of scruples, perceived that her brother came not as often as before, she reasoned with him, and at last he agreed still to continue his visits as long as the strawberries should bear fruit, but for the rest of the year he determined never to visit St. Marguerite. And now his sister dispatched messengers to all the countries round, and charged them to bring back the earliest and the latest flowering strawberry plants that they could find. In fact, she managed it so well that one quarter of the island became an immense strawberry bed . . . .

Many an anxious hour was spent by St. Marguerite on her own island, as she superintended the work of strawberry planting in the sunniest spots of the myrtle-shaded shore. St. Honorat had now been a long time without paying her a visit. And as she paced along the margin of the blue waters, and gazed towards the white crests of the maritime Alps that towered far inland, and marked the grey gnarled olive trees, that like a woodland sea extended beneath the nearer heights of Pezou, Grand Pine, and the crest on which Mougins lifts his walls, many a time she grieved that her brother should have listened to the too rigid suggestions of an ascetic mind, when she had rejoiced in listening to the holy counsels and loving admonitions which flowed from his lips.

The winter passed away—the spring came on—the mistral came blowing fiercely from his caverns in the Esterelles; and at last a messenger announced to Honorat that the season for strawberries had arrived. Gladly he passed over to see Marguerite, and to pick the fruit. The next day he came again; a week passed, and still he came; a month was over, and still more strawberries. Three months passed, and lo! daily a fresh supply of rich fruit was witnessed. Half-a-year passed, and yet the strawberries came on without cessation, and at last December saw some coming freshly in; and when Honorat witnessed spring again bringing its ripe fruit, he was constrained to tell Marguerite that such a wondrous plenty of strawberries was a plain manifestation that he was wrong in coming to the decision of only visiting her rarely, and that henceforth he would come to see her, without let or hindrance, from day-to-day.

So far Dr. Craig: now for a moral of our own. We may preserve fellowship with our Lord Jesus by cultivating those sweet graces which he loves. If we would bring forth the flowers of holiness all the year round, we might see his face every day. Are we as earnest to use means to detain him, as Marguerite to win her brother's company? It is to be feared not: let us henceforth be more anxious to obtain daily, hourly fellowship with our Lord.—C. H. S.

Letter from C. and T. Spurgeon.



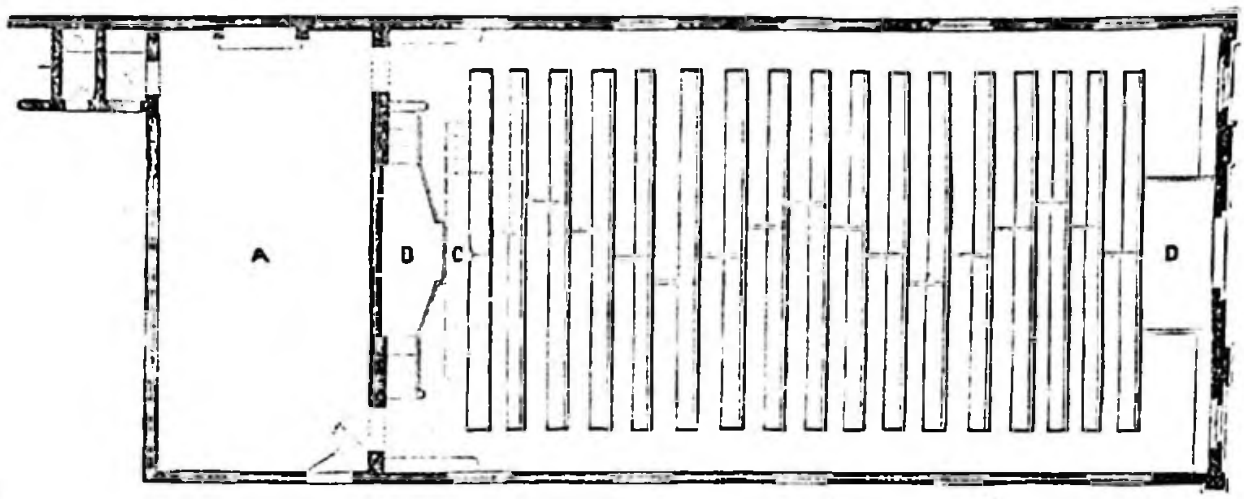
BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHATHAM ROAD, WANDSWORTH COMMON.

To the Readers of The Sword and the Trowel.

DEAR Friends,—In drawing your attention to the above engraving, and the Mission for whose enlarged operations the building is intended, we gladly submit a few items concerning the rise and progress of the work which we trust will create interest and procure support.

More than twelve years ago the cause for which we are about to plead was commenced in a very humble way. Mr. G. Rides, a working man, having been converted at an open-air meeting on Clapham Common, determined to become "a working man" in the service of his new-found Master, and at once began to tell his neighbours "how great things the Lord had done for him." He became the leader of an evangelistic movement, and against great opposition, continued year after year conducting open-air services with considerable success. So determined were Mr. Rides and one or two zealous supporters, that, in spite of discouragements which were at one time severe enough to keep them silent for a season, they persevered till some singularly direct answers to prayer bade them go on in the strength of the Lord, and in the power of his might. After some time our good friend was enabled to hold the meetings in his house, and gave up to the Lord's cause two rooms, which are still in use. Here he continued his labours, assisted from time to time by friends interested in the work, and occasionally by students from the Pastors' College. We have reason to believe that during this time great good was done, but the cause did not seem to gain strength, possibly through being entrusted to so many hands.

It was in August, 1875, that its present promoters were first interested in this work. Knowing of a thickly-populated neighbourhood, near our own abode, and hearing of an effort already started, we discovered on inquiry that a small band of Christians would be glad of assistance. We, therefore, cheerfully responded



A—Vestry or Class Room. B—Platform. C—Baptistery. D—Lobby.
The Building will seat 258 persons.

to their invitation, "Come over and help us," and for nearly two years we have been endeavouring to spread the light of the Gospel. By the Divine blessing we have had a good measure of success, and several conversions have made us glad. Open-air preaching during the summer months has been, we have reason to believe, attended with good results, and the various meetings and societies in connection with the Mission are progressing most favourably. Notably so the Band of Hope—and this is a very encouraging fact, for the neighbourhood is plagued with drunkenness and its attendant vices. Efforts to bring up the young in the way in which they should go have been very successful, the Sunday School being well attended and efficiently conducted.

Everything is growing except room for operation, but that, too, by this time has commenced to increase, for we have been forced to seek better accommodation and ampler space, and this brings us to the real object of this appeal, viz., to state that funds are required to erect a new place of worship in the immediate vicinity of the Mission Room. Our own people are poor, but have done well in the matter of subscriptions. An appeal is, therefore, made to the generosity of friends who long to see the Redeemer's kingdom spread. A suitable plot of ground has been obtained at a cost of £150, and building operations have already commenced. The Chapel is to cost about £850, so that the total expenditure may be estimated at the very moderate amount of £1000. By every means at our command—by donations, collecting cards, entertainments, and public meetings—we have succeeded in raising £700, and now ask that a final effort may be made to enable us to open the Chapel free of debt.

All who have at any time worshipped with us, and especially those who see how increase of prosperity is hindered by want of space, will readily admit the need of a larger building. We are at present unable to reach the very people who stand most in need of the Gospel, for few of those who do not really love the truth will regularly enter *a private house* and submit to the inconvenience of a small and crowded room. We confidently expect that the new Chapel will soon be filled, and hope ere long to be able to form a church and extend our labours in every direction to the praise of our Saviour and the good of the people.

Having thus given a brief outline of the work, and mentioned the pressing need of aid, we appeal to the generosity of the Christian public to help those who have helped themselves, and to award us their prayerful sympathy, at the same time not forgetting the more substantial assistance which is so much required. The work is the Lord's, and in commending it to his people, we trust he will incline their hearts to devise liberal things.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

CHARLES & THOMAS SPURGEON.

Loan Offices.

WE have lately been looking through Mr. James Greenwood's "Low Life Deeps." He is an author who can expose social abuses with a trenchant pen, though perhaps rather inclined to use more than enough of colouring material. In his latest work Mr. Greenwood drags into the daylight a number of things which reflect disgrace on us as a community, and which we may hope only need exposure to secure removal. Among other evils he deals with Loan Offices, and our observation leads us to believe that this is an evil which even in a religious journal it is well to touch upon, lest our readers should become victims.

"A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, with a few thousands at his command, is desirous of negotiating loans of small amount—say from five pounds to twenty-five—with persons of integrity who are temporarily embarrassed. Tradesmen, clerks, and others must be prepared to furnish credentials as to their respectability, as the system of enquiry adopted by the principals of ordinary loan offices is dispensed with. The gentleman has no connection with professional money-lenders, and makes the offer of a *bona fide* loan to the public, on a new and improved system, whereby all respectable persons can have immediate cash accommodation. The rate at present charged, and until the alteration is publicly announced will so remain, is five per cent. Prospectus free. No office fees. No preliminary charge of any kind."

. . . It must be an instructive spectacle to witness a passage of arms between the two—the Private Gentleman protesting against the abominable roguery of the vulgar professional loan negotiator, and the other agreeing with every word, asserting that *he* could never have been induced to apply for assistance to such a ravenous horde, and that it was only because of his implicit faith in the Private Gentleman, etc., etc. But the Private Gentleman gains something by the interview. The wolf peeps out of the lamb-like eyes, and discovers in the applicant a fellow creature of prey, though of meaner capacity than himself, and from that moment there is as much hope of his obtaining a loan from the Private Gentleman as of that individual turning honest. Still the latter cannot have his time wasted completely. "Oh yes, he has no doubt that what is desired may be done. He cannot say off-hand, of course. He must submit the proposition to his lawyer, without whose advice he never acts, and his lawyer's fee is ten shillings—a mere trifle only, in fact, ninepence in the pound, but it must be paid in advance. It is not for the Private Gentleman's benefit. He is prepared to act strictly in accordance with the terms of his advertisements, and to charge not one farthing for his personal expenses, or for enquiry, but these legal men, my dear sir"—

And twice out of three times the would-be borrower, wide awake and experienced as he is, is taken off his guard by this eccentric and decidedly un-loan-office-like way of doing business, and parts with the ten shillings, and there is an end of the transaction.

. . . . It is a fact within the writer's knowledge that there is a broker and auctioneer in one district, a district of the east of London, who is kept constantly going, and has as much as he can do to sell by auction at his "rooms" the seizures made on bills of sale, which are provided him by only *three* loan offices.

. . . . It is common for a magistrate to remark to a poor fellow who comes to him to declare that the loan office vultures have pounced on his house and cleared it out, from attic to kitchen, that if he has been guilty of the monstrous absurdity of allowing another man to rob him with his eyes open he must bear the consequences; but it may be said that the victim does *not* so commit himself with his eyes open. A man's faculties are not generally at their keenest and coolest at the moment when he is about to receive the amount he has experienced so much difficulty in borrowing, and for the use of which his dire necessity makes him in such red-hot haste; and then, again, it should be borne

in mind that loan-offices as a rule are little, dingy, ill lighted dens. and when a borrower is requested "just to put his name down here—for the mere form of the thing," he has no reason to assume that he is dealing with rogues and rascals. . . . . It makes no difference what are the implements of "hocus-pocus" used; a rogue will naturally apply himself to such tools as he can exercise with most dexterity, and it seems quite clear that the man who by conjuration, peculiar to the line of business he has adopted, makes it appear that another man has signed away goods of the value of thirty pounds, when at the time of signing he was led to believe that he was pledging himself only to ten or fifteen pounds, is as crafty a swindler as he who inveigles you to trust him to take a short walk away from you with your purse in his possession as a test of your faith in his honesty, and who walks off with it altogether.

The moral is—do not borrow, or if you do, let it be of a respectable person to whom you can offer good security. If you cannot do this, it is very probable that you will have to smart for it, but at least do not bare your back without knowing what you are at.

Notices of Books.

From the Curate to the Convent: a Narrative belonging to the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. By a Churchman. Haughton and Co.

This comely volume is intended to open the eyes of Englishmen to the Romanizing influence of the High Church, and to the wiles of the Jesuits, who are using the Establishment for their own ends. We are told that it is well written, and equal in interest to the average of such literature. Much as we sympathize in the object of the tale we cannot undertake to read it, having other fish to fry; but we are glad to know that it is composed of actual facts woven into a narrative, and is not, therefore, mere fiction. Those who must and will read novels had better read this book, for never is fiction turned to better account than when it exposes the abominable fictions of Romanism. If ever the devil and his imps are incarnate upon earth, it is in the form of Jesuits. Yet even these are outdone in this last quarter of the nineteenth century by certain of our own paid servants. For honest Catholics one can entertain respectful feelings, but towards those deceivers who remain in a Protestant Establishment and teach Popery we can have no such sentiments; they are even worse than the Jesuits, and we have just expressed our opinion of those creatures. Our wonder is that Churchmen, who can see so clearly the evils which are hatched beneath the wings of their church, can remain in fellowship with it, and so countenance men holding sentiments which they themselves abhor. It is probably the worst fruit of the Establishment system that it leads so many good men to sink their convictions that they may remain upon what they consider to be a vantage ground. They do evil that good may come, fully believing that it is not evil to do so. The latest developments of High Churchism in the form of loathsome books upon the Confessional ought to sicken the nation of such a system: but, alas, men put up with anything nowadays.

The Village Chapel. By the Rev. William Luke. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The author states that his tale is solely made up of facts, and he may easily substantiate the statement, for he tells the old, old story of every struggling dissenting church in a squire-and-priest ridden village. The chapter about "The Spoilers" has also its abundant justification, the aforesaid "spoilers" hailing from Plymouth. What dissensions they have fomented in families and churches only the judgment-day will reveal.

Miejour; or, Provençal Legend, Life, Language, and Literature, in the Land of the Felibre. By J. Duncan Craig, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

This is an exceedingly handsome volume, and when read in the south of France it will no doubt prove to be one of the most entertaining volumes ever produced. Its style appears to us to be florid, jerky, and fragmentary, and at the same time loose and inaccurate. As for the substance of the book, the most is made of small matters; but yet for those who resort to the sunny south it will be a very pleasant companion, and an instructive guide. Many interesting facts and sweet verses have been collected, and the result is most pleasing. We only wish we had possessed the volume when we were at Mentone, for many a spot in the Riviera would have been lit up with new interest by its light. The author's industry must have been exceeding great, and his knowledge of Provençal literature very extensive; we are glad also that all his sympathies are with the truth as it is in Jesus.

Messrs. Dyer Brothers, 21, Paternoster Square, have brought out a number of penny biographies, including Sturge, Lawson, Garrison, Elihu Burrit, Bright, Cobden, and others. Among the rest is a very appreciative life-story of C. H. Spurgeon, of which we will only say that it is more correct than the portrait.

Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures. Parts I., II., III. R. D. Dickinson.

These are very wonderful lectures. We bless God for raising up such a champion for his truth as Joseph Cook. Few could hunt down Theodore Parker and all that race of misbelievers as Mr. Cook has done. He has strong convictions, the courage of his convictions, and force to support his courage. In reasoning the infidel party have here met their match. We know of no other man one half so well qualified for the peculiar service of exploding the pretensions of modern science as this great preacher in whom Boston is rejoicing. Some men shrink from this spiritual wild-boar hunting, but Mr. Cook is as happy in it as he is expert. May his arm be strengthened by the Lord of hosts.

Preachers and Hearers; or, What does the Pew expect from the Pulpit?

The Forgotten Truth. The Gospel of the Holy Ghost; or, "The Word received with Joy." By the Rev. Chares Bullock. D.D. "Hand and Heart" Office, 75, Shoe Lane.

Two little pamphlets; the first costing one penny and the second two pence, and both containing important truths which people are far too apt to forget. The author hopes that the second may be useful to those who are trying to do spiritual work without a spiritual agency. Alas, that so many should be making so foolish an attempt.

Sanitas Sanitatum et omnia Sanitas. By Richard Metcalfe, F.S.S. Two Vols. Co-operative Printing Company, Plough Court, Fetter Lane.

This work is quite out of our line, but as it has been sent for review we cannot do less than say that it contains a valuable mass of sanitary information, and a large amount of medical advice upon Turkish baths and other matters.

Robert Buchanan, D.D. An Ecclesiastical Biography. By the Rev. Norman L. Walker. Nelson and Sons.

This biography is so thoroughly ecclesiastical that it might serve as a history of the movements which led up to the formation of the Free Church, and as a record of the proceedings of that excellent body. Dr. Robert Buchanan was the Cavour of the Free Church. Had he been a statesman he would have become prime minister, and being a divine he was the helmsman of the community to which he belonged. Sound in the faith, and devout in spirit, he also possessed a balanced mind and a keen eye, which enabled him to perceive the narrow channel between the rocks and quicksands along which alone it is safe for a vessel to be steered. We should like to have known more about Robert Buchanan himself in his inner and personal life, but the biography is in other respects ample. To Free Churchmen it will be one of the most important of their historical records.

Personal Visits to the Graves of Eminent Men. By the Rev. James Bardsley, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Bardsley chats very interestingly about the tombs of Wycliffe, Rowland Taylor, and other saints of the old times, and then he takes us to the graves of more modern divines, such as Hervey and Grimshaw. Many quaint anecdotes are interspersed among the interesting descriptions of the sleeping-places of the departed, and the whole book is thoroughly interesting. The plan of allowing other persons to choose a wife for you receives two illustrations. The first arises from the life of Hooker, who does not seem to have been very judicious in marriage, and the other from Bishop Hall, to whom the lines fell in pleasant places.

"When Hooker went from Oxford to preach at St. Paul's Cross, he arrived there wet and weary, at the house of a Shunammite of the name of Mrs. Churchman. She nursed him so tenderly, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. She told him he was a man of tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him, such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable; and, she added, such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry. Suffice it to say, she recommended to this Nathaniel her own daughter Joan, who, as Izaak Walton says, 'neither brought him beauty nor portion;' and for her conditions they were too like that wife's compared by Solomon to 'a dripping house,' so that the good man had no reason to 'rejoice in the wife of his youth,' but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, 'Woe is me that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar.'"

Bishop Hall's case may be quoted on the other side.

"Being now, therefore, settled in that sweet and civil county of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was then extremely ruinous. When done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single house-keeping drew my thoughts after two years to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me. For walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun-week with a grave and reverend minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely, modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding dinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife.' I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

The Young People's Illustrated Edition of "Uncle Tom's" Story of his Life. By John Lobb, F.R.G.S., with a Preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. "Christian Age" Office, 89, Farringdon Street.

Mr. Lobb renders good service to his fellow men by editing the "Christian Age," which gives us light from beyond the seas, in the form of sermons by American divines. He also performed a really philanthropic act when he became the pilot of Mr. Henson, alias Uncle Tom. For him he worked with indefatigable zeal, and when he shared with him the honour of a visit to royalty, it was only fitting that it should be so. *Uncle Tom's Life* has sold to the number of seventy-five thousand, and the Young People's illustrated edition will, no doubt, have a large circulation also. Mr. Henson's life has enough of lively incident in it to keep his memoir up to the mark in interest, and the author has worked these into a story which in tone and spirit are all that we could desire.

The Symbolic Parables of the Church, the World, and the Antichrist. Being the separate Predictions of the Apocalypse, viewed in their relation to the general truths of Scripture. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Our author does not interpret the book of Revelation by secular history, but by the rest of holy Scripture, believing that the Bible was written for ordinary Christians, and is to be understood without extensive human learning. We like his tone and spirit, but we are not impressed by his interpretations. He mentions that there are upwards of a thousand works upon the Revelation now in the British Museum: we believe that the main result of his own labours will be to add one more to the multitude. We value the book of Revelation, esteeming it to be equal in inspiration to the rest of the Scriptures, and therefore worthy of profound study; but of most of the attempts to expound it we can only say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Studies in the CL. Psalms: their Undesigned Coincidences with the Independent Scripture Histories, Confirming and Illustrating both. By Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A. The Christian Book Society, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi; and Hodder and Stoughton.

Having some time ago received an intimation that Mr. Fausset was at work upon the Psalms, we looked forward to the issue of his "studies" with much expectation, and we are not disappointed. The line of thought which our author follows is the illustration of the Psalms by the personal story of David, and by the events of the current history of his kingdom. This is a valuable and abounding vein of instructive truth, and Mr. Fausset works it well. The Psalms are not expounded in full, nor mentioned in order: the book is not a comment, but what it professes to be—"studies." The author is one of our most learned exegetes, and having produced a valuable commentary, he here turns his laborious researches to further account for the edification of the church. We greatly prize the productions of Mr. Fausset's learned and gracious pen. We cannot help copying the line with which he concludes his preface: "If we would taste the honey of God, we must have the palate of faith."

Memoir of Philip P. Bliss. Edited by D. W. Whittle: with contributions by Rev. E. P. Goodwin, Ira D. Sankey, and George F. Root, and Introduction by D. L. Moody. F. E. Longley, Warwick Lane.

As the life of an earnest Christian worker, and popular religious composer, this book will be read by many, and the mournful interest surrounding his death in the great railway accident in America will awaken a sad interest in multitudes of hearts; otherwise we see nothing very striking either in the matter or the style of this memoir. Writers of readable biographies would appear to be more scarce than the materials to work upon. Mr. Bliss has served his generation according to the will of God, and fallen on sleep, but he will be remembered by his attractive music so long as the revival movement dwells in human memory. Since the above was set up we have received another edition of this book from *Messrs. Morgan and Scott*, who announce that the profits of their edition will be given to the sons of Mr. Bliss.

Outlines of Biblical Psychology. By J. T. Beck, D.D. Translated from the third German Edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Tough reading. We should think that the translator found that he had no easy task before him when he began to transfer this work into English. Those whose tastes lie in a metaphysical direction will be much pleased with this condensed Psychology, and they will not be led by it into any modern theories as to the mortality of soul and spirit, and therefore we feel safe in commending the treatise to their perusal. The generality of readers would make neither head nor tail of the book—it is for cultured and studious persons only.

The Training of the Twelve; or, Passages out of the Gospels, Exhibiting the twelve Disciples of Jesus under Discipline for the Apostleship. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A great book, full of suggestion and savour. It should be the companion of the minister, for the theme is peculiarly related to himself; and he would find it a very pleasant and profitable companion, for its author has filled it with good matter. The subject is a large one, and brings in much of the gospel history; it is also exceedingly practical and spiritual, and therefore a volume upon it from such an author as Mr. Bruce is sure to be valuable. He takes more notice of the Tubingen school and other heretics than they deserve, but as he gives us the marrow of many sound authors, it was but natural that he should mention those of another class. We place the volume on our shelves with thanksgiving that the Free Church still contains able theologians; may the speck of heresy which is appearing here and there speedily vanish away. There are excellent indices to Dr. Bruce's book, and these greatly increase its usefulness.

The Apostle of the Gentiles: a Hand-book on the Life of St. Paul. With Notes, critical and illustrative. By B. P. Pask. Special Notes on Ephesus; by J. T. Wood, Esq., F.S.A. Sunday School Union.

What can the man do that cometh after the king? What can B. P. Pask accomplish after Conybeare and Howson? Yet we are bound to confess that Mr. Pask's volume has a peculiar adaptation for its own purpose, and contains more new and interesting information than we could have thought it possible to gather upon Paul and his travels. To Sabbath-school teachers who cannot afford to buy larger and fuller works we recommend this hand-book, for it will answer all practical purposes and be a great assistance to them in preparing for their classes. The book is very properly got up in that neat and sober style which becomes expository writings. It will be a valuable addition to the teacher's library.

Beacons and Patterns: or, Lessons for Young Men. By the Rev. W. Landels, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are glad to see these "lessons" in the third thousand. The beauty of the style will commend to many a reader the weighty instructions of the preacher, and all young men and women who read his earnest admonitions will feel that they have been in contact with a warm heart and a wise mind. Dr. Landels is intensely practical, and aims at winning the soul for Jesus and for holy living: may the best of blessings rest upon his efforts, both with tongue and pen.

"Whose Dog is it?" or, the Story of Poor Gyp. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A clever antivivisection tale. We felt ourselves shivering while reading the little book; but it ends pleasantly, and so we recovered our equanimity.

Philological French Primer; with a Classified Vocabulary and familiar Phrases and Dialogues. By A. Cogery, B.A., L.L. Relfe Brothers.

M. Cogery teaches French in our day-school, and does his work very efficiently. We are glad to see that his conversation book is in the second edition, for it is carefully prepared.

Education Progressive through Life. Essays for Students. By Henry Trigg. Elliot Stock.

Very respectable essays. Young men who will read them with care will not regret doing so, for they contain wise advice put in a scholarly form.

The Word of God on True Marriage. [Anonymous]. Trubner and Co.

This book will meet with no readers on this side the Atlantic. It proves what we all believe, namely, the Scripturalness of Christian marriage and the unholiness of Mormonite polygamy; but it goes further, and asserts that Biblical authority neither sanctioned nor tolerated a plurality of wives among the people of Israel. The author is greatly in earnest against the admission of the territory of Utah into the Union, and well he may be so long as the Mormon abomination remains, but the evil is too gross to live.

Notes.

During the early part of the past month we were called upon to suffer the Lord's will rather than to do it. Engagements at Liverpool, Norwich, and Maze Pond were unfulfilled through inability. Friends must excuse our refusing for some time to come to make any promises, since we have no power to perform those already made. We are just able to do the home work, but no more at present. The choice seems to lie between being laid aside pretty frequently with depression of spirit and pain of body, and steadily keeping on with home duties; we prefer the second, because we hope that the comparative quiet may bring greater strength for future endeavours.

College. Mr. Harrington leaves us for China-man's Flats, Victoria, and Mr. Hancock settles at Tonbridge, in Kent.

Here, perhaps, we may be allowed to notify to our Australian friends that our son, Thomas Spurgeon, left us for Melbourne, on June 15, taking a voyage in the *Lady Jocelyne* for his health. We shall be grateful to any friends who will extend kindness to him. He will be willing to preach as opportunity may occur.

Messrs. Clark and Smith, two worthy students of our college, will commence evangelistic work next August. We have engaged to find them a maintenance, that they may go through the length and breadth of the land and preach Christ. They are very lively and able speakers. Mr. Smith is a singer, and also plays upon a cornet, by which means he not only fetches in the people to the service, but interests them when they are gathered together. We have made him a present of a new silver trumpet, upon which is engraved a verse from the Psalms, "With trumpet and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord the King." Both Mr. Clark and Mr. Smith have been greatly useful in conversions, and we send them forth in the name of the Lord, with high hopes of blessing. Their appointments from time to time will appear in the *Sword and Trowel*. Our friends may confide in these brethren, and feel quite safe in helping them. They go first, we believe, to Hartlepool and the northern towns. The expenses will be considerable, and therefore we shall be willing to be assisted in this effort by any who would like to have a share in the enterprise. Both the evangelists are authorized to receive subscriptions, but no one is asked to give.

May 22—24.—A number of friends some time ago united with Mr. Coxeter to accept the vote of the London Baptist Association of £1,000, and erect a new chapel at Highgate Road. Mr. Coxeter generously gave the ground. The chapel is opened, and work has hopefully begun. Knowing that the little band were striving nobly, and had a heavy debt, C. H. S. invited Mrs. Coxeter and her friends to bring the remainder of her Bazaar to the Tabernacle. Friends came up to the mark to help, though the Pastor was absent from illness, and the very useful sum of about £250 was realized. It is a healthy thing, even when we are loaded with home service, to lend a hand to brethren in whose enterprise we have no selfish interest; thus the purest Christian feeling is brought into exercise. Thanks are tendered to the ladies who got up a Tabernacle Stall on the shortest possible notice, and carried on its operations with so much vigour. Indeed, the whole incident caused the Pastor great pleasure, as remarkably illustrating the willingness of the people to aid in every good work.

June 4.—The Annual Meeting of the Home and Foreign Missionary Working Society, was held before the prayer meeting. The pastors were present, and both spoke in high praise of this association. Many boxes of clothes have been sent to poor pastors during the year, for themselves and their wives and children. Very grateful letters were read. Mrs. Evans, at the Tabernacle, would be very glad of half-worn garments, remnants of material, and other gifts which could be used by families. Many ministers are very poor, and the clothing of large families is a heavy expense; a box from this society is a great blessing, and as the ladies work up the materials, the outlay is much less than the value of the goods distributed. Are there not many drapers and others who have materials which are out of the fashion, which they could well spare? If so, send them on, for we do not care about the fashion so long as the poor ministers' children are clothed. Boots and shoes, and garments of all sorts and sizes can be all utilized, and cash too. There is serious distress in many a poor minister's home; let us relieve it. Address Mrs. Evans, Tabernacle, Newington Butts.

June 6.—Although we are quite forbidden to take any services beyond our home work, we felt able to go down and lay the foundation stone of a school-chapel near our own house in Nottingham Road, Upper Tooting. Here a little band of true-hearted believers have formed a church, and given generously to build a place wherein to worship. We had great pleasure in helping them, and as they will need about £400 more, we shall be glad if others will help them too. Any sums sent to us will be duly appropriated. Baptist friends in London ought to know that these good people have not gone round to them, or received a penny from the Association, but have helped themselves as God has enabled them. We hope that there are at least a few who will admire this effort of a very slender band and send them aid without being waited upon. Such giving would be of the very best kind. Note that *this is not our sons' chapel*. It is near it, but in quite another district, with a common between. Friends can help both, or either, and we shall be equally glad. Partiality might have made us wish to see our sons raise their amount first, but in the Lord's work we know no such feeling.

We find that we have given offence by saying that there was no Baptist Church in Tooting. We really thought so, but we are informed that there is a small one, and therefore we heartily apologize to our brethren for appearing to ignore them; for whatever their views, or however obscure the site of their chapel, we would not wilfully overlook any member of the family. We have been through the little town scores of times, but have never seen the building: may your friends increase and multiply, and come to the front. We ought to have a large and influential church in Tooting, where there are many Baptists who remain unattached, or travel for miles to worship, showing that they do not feel that they are provided for. A movement is on foot for a church of the same faith and order as that at the Tabernacle, and there is plenty of room.

June 11.—Our Almshouse Sunday School gave a tea to the parents. We are greatly gratified at the success of the many operations carried on in our Almshouse premises. The efforts there form an important branch of our work.

June 18.—At the prayer-meeting some of the preachers of the *Baptist Country Mission* gave accounts of their stewardship, which were particularly pleasing. Churches have been formed at Putney, Carshalton, Walthamstow, &c. We never attended a better meeting. Our young brethren visit villages and country towns near London and labour to raise new churches in them. One of them has already commenced in *Tooting*, of which we wrote in a former paragraph. These earnest evangelists are ready for more work. If they were informed of destitute suburbs, where a few resident helpers would throw in their strength, this society would soon send a man to preach the gospel on the green, or in a room, and raise a Baptist Church. Address Mr. Bowker, Elder, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts.

The *Tabernacle Evangelist's Society* is another organization altogether, which finds speakers for special services in London, and works in connection with the churches. Thus much good is done in co-operation with settled agencies. Mr. Elvin, the secretary, may be addressed at the Tabernacle. His workers do not restrict themselves to any denomination, but are willing to aid all pastors who are willing to accept their help for a short series of meetings. Besides this, they carry on open-air preaching and lodging-house visitation.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund is rich in opportunities for doing good, but it is very poorly off as to the means of meeting those opportunities. A fine vein of Primitive Methodist applicants has been opened, and very large numbers of books have been sent out; but it does not happen that any wealthy Primitive has been eager to contribute. Our dear suffering one never doubts that the Lord will send in what he intends her to send out, but requests from needy pastors are very numerous and urgent, and she hopes that she will not have to say them nay. Many needy preachers in Ireland are now applying, and it is important that they should be supplied: *but where are the means?* Our beloved begged us to express her thanks for valuable books to Mr. Hodge and Mr. Gibson, of Glasgow, and to Dr. Carson and Mr. Robert Haldane, and others; but, alas! ere we can thank Mr. Haldane our Lord has called him home. One of his last acts was to send Mrs. Spurgeon a number of the works of the famous Mr. Haldane.

June 19.—This was a very happy day for the friends of the Orphanage who were able to gather to the *fete*, but most of all for the Pastor, whose forty-third birthday was thus celebrated. Nearly 3000 persons in all came to the Orphanage grounds, and all seemed delighted, and especially were all unanimous in congratulating the Pastor, who was overwhelmed with their love. The sermon in the afternoon was from Genesis xxx., 27: "I pray thee, if I have found favour in thine eyes, tarry: for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake;" and the Pastor dwelt upon the fact that he had received countless blessings through his faithful people, and he hoped that they would all continue with him for many a year to come. The Public Meeting in the evening was held in the open air, and was enthusiastic throughout. Our good friend Thomas Blake, Esq., M.P., worthily occupied the chair, and was well supported by the speakers. C. H. S. mentioned that he had that morning received 71 letters of congratulation, all containing help for the Orphanage, amounting to about £70, together with £43 from a friend, to tally with the number of his years, and the same from a trustee. To all these thoughtful friends he tendered his warmest gratitude. He also mentioned that no praise whatever was due to himself in managing the Orphanage, but to his beloved brother and the other trustees who so regularly conduct the business, and to Mr. Charlesworth and the very efficient staff who

do the actual work. All glory is due to God, but it is right that any meed of honour given to men should be justly distributed. The Orphanage is so well conducted by its officers as to cost its President the minimum of care.

On the *fete* day the public saw for the first time the very handsome fountain presented to the Orphanage by our esteemed friend Mr. B. Vickery. It is a very useful present, and an enduring memorial of his deceased wife. We thank the donor in the name of the trustees, but more especially on the behalf of the two hundred and forty thirsty boys, who appreciate it much during the hot weather.

Thanks are due to Mr. Murrell and the friends who helped to refresh the vast assembly. So admirable were the arrangements that there was no inconvenience experienced by a single person, so far as we could learn, but "all went merry as a marriage bell." God was very gracious in sending so fine a day, and our friends in their thousands not only enjoyed *themselves*, but one another. They little know the thought and labour which was expended to carry out such a day's proceedings: our invaluable deacon, Mr. Murrell, laboured like twenty men rolled into one; and his staff of helpers seemed fired by his example. We cannot tell the exact net proceeds of the day, but they cannot be much under £400. The small bazaar realised a nice little sum, but if more friends would send us goods somewhere near the time we could largely increase the income from this department. All sorts of things can be sold, especially useful articles, and those who cannot afford money might help us in this way. We notice in the auditing of the accounts that our subscriptions were less last year than the year before. Friends will not allow any falling off—will they? Our heart is cheered, and we begin another year of our life with more pleasure than we can express. Very earnestly do we thank our kind friends, the best any man ever had. More solemnly do we bless the Lord who has dealt so graciously with us, and will do so evermore.

The churches at Walworth Road Chapel and Park Road, Peckham, have both made collections for the Orphanage without being solicited to do so; we are greatly gratified by this unsolicited kindness.

Mr. Cuff wishes us to report progress with regard to the Shoreditch Tabernacle, which is so greatly needed. He has obtained promises of £6000 out of £8000 which he desires to raise this year. He has heavy work before him: he has to build an immense house for a poor people, in a poor neighbourhood, and unless wealthy friends from other regions help again and again the work will hardly be accomplished. It is to be done, and will be done, the Lord being our friend's helper.

Our short article upon the Confessional has gone the round of the papers, and we are glad it should. The more that detestable matter is looked into the better—it is so filthy a business that no decent person could write the whole of what he knows about it: it ought not to be tolerated in civilized society. The questions which we have read with our own eyes fastened up inside the confessional boxes in Italy were so loathsome that we would not like to give a hint as to their subjects. Anglican confession shows strong leanings towards the same putridity. If we must have an Established Church we hope our spiritual pastors and masters will keep their house as sweet as they can, for at present there is an odour of something rather high. Parents write to us about children decoyed by Popish devices, and we are grieved that families should be liable to such invasions; but, whatever we may have to put up with from Romish priests, there can be no reason why we should breed a second set of these creatures inside the church which the nation favours with its partialities.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
J. O. C. S.	20	0	0
A Widow	1	0	0
Mr. J. Barran, M.P.	20	0	0
A Sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
Mr. T. S. Child	5	0	0
Mrs. Carter	1	0	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	1	0	0
A. B.	0	10	0
Mr. T. Paterson	1	0	0
The Misses Drunsfield	2	2	0
Mr. J. Owens	2	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	6
A. B. H. N.	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
West Haddon	0	5	0
Mr. J. Groom	1	0	0
Mr. Rooksby	1	0	0
Mr. T. T. Field	1	1	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. Bonallack	1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	5	6
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Pledge	1	10	0
Mrs. Paterson	1	0	0
A small acknowledgment of the value of Commenting and Commentaries	0	7	6
Mr. A. Hodges	1	0	0
Mr. G. James	1	10	0
H. E.	2	0	0
S. S. B., per Mr. G. Anderson	0	10	0
Ashchenaz	1	0	0
Miss Pavey	1	0	0
Miss Bowley	0	10	0
A. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. Hodge	0	10	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	90	0	0
Miss Haggar	0	10	0
Miss Winslow	2	2	0
Miss Nay	0	5	0
Collection at John Street, Edgware Road	8	7	10
Collection at Park Rd. Chapel, Peckham	5	10	1
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., May 20	12	3	5
" " " 27	41	16	7
" " " June 3	34	19	0
" " " 10	36	2	10
" " " 17	20	11	1
	£331	16	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Lucky Money	0	1	0
Almanacks at Dresden	0	3	0
Mr. J. Wilcock	0	1	0
Clapham Omnibus Driver	0	11	0
Ashford	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hammond	0	5	0
Mr. S. Thomson	0	2	6
Mrs. Thomson	0	2	6
Mr. W. Thomson	0	2	6
Miss C. Bell	0	2	6
Miss Leathers	1	15	0
G. M.	0	2	6
Mr. A. Paxton	0	9	11
M. B.	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Taylor	5	0	0
Fifty-seven	2	0	0
Mrs. Mulligan	0	10	0
Mrs. Cherry	0	5	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
Mrs. Dewan	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bate	1	0	0
E. D.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Houston	5	0	0
Mr. T. Hackett	1	0	0
Two Fishermen's Widows	0	5	0
W. P.	3	0	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6
Odd Farthings and Half-pence taken at the Metropolitan Store	1	5	0
Mr. T. S. Child	5	0	0
Mr. W. Hollis	1	0	0
Miss E. A. White	5	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne	2	0	0
For Jesus' Sake	0	5	0
Mr. Blake	0	1	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	1	0	0
A. B.	0	10	0
H. E.	0	2	6
G. W.	5	0	0
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel," Dumfries	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	5	0
M. H. B.	1	0	0
Dr. Mill	1	0	0
Friends, per Mrs. Williamson	0	10	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	6
Two Readers of "Christian Herald"	0	5	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Legacy, late Mr. Shoobridge	50	0	0
J. O. C. S.	20	0	0
Mr. J. Groom	1	0	0
W. H., Thornton Heath	5	0	0
Wellington Hall Sunday-school, Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewin	1	0	0
Miss Bailey	0	16	0
Nellie, Charley, and Affie Jackson	0	10	1
Clara and Friends	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	6
A. O.	0	10	0
Widow Chesterman	0	10	0
Mr. G. James	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Chisholm	3	1	3
S. M.	1	0	0
Miss M. Curling	5	0	0
Clara	0	0	6
Rev. C. A. Davis	1	0	0
Ellen	0	3	0
C. Cooper	0	2	0
Mr. J. Ward	0	1	0
M. L.	0	2	6
Mr. T. J. Latimer	0	10	0
James v. 16	0	2	6
Mr. Amos Beken	1	1	0
C. F. W.	2	2	0
Mrs. Pitts	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader	0	2	0
Mrs. Jordan	0	2	6
Mr. G. Tingey	1	0	0
Mr. Winsford	1	0	0
Mrs. Adam	0	3	0
Ashchenaz	1	0	0
Mrs. Ogilvy	0	5	0
Mr. A. Chapman	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hawley	2	0	0
Mr. Howell	1	0	0
Mrs. Wood and Friends	0	10	0
Sermon Reader, per Mrs. Greig	0	10	0
Mr. S. Rudd	0	10	0
Miss A., Edinburgh	0	2	6
Thankoffering	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	4	0
E. W.	0	5	0
Sermon Reader, Dumfries	0	10	0
Mrs. Tipple	0	5	0
Doune	0	5	0
Dalkeith	0	5	0
Kirkcaldy	0	6	0
Mrs. Jack	0	2	0
E. H. J.	1	0	0
G. V. A.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Cox	0	5	0
Mrs. Browning	0	11	6
A Constant Reader	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Walker	0	5	0
A Widow and Orphan	0	2	6
Alfred	0	3	0
Mrs. Knapp...	1	0	0
C. F. L.	0	3	0
A Servant	0	1	0
Sermon Reader	0	1	0
Mrs. Russell	0	2	6
Eizzil...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	2	0
S. D.	0	2	0
Mrs. Knott	0	3	0
H. W.	0	2	0
Mrs. R. James	0	10	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Miss Bowley	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cornthwaite	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Rosseter	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jackson	1	1	0
Marian and Agnes...	1	10	0
Three Ladies, per Mr. J. Adams ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Tatcher	0	10	6
Miss K. Hanbury	5	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	10	0
Mrs. Slay	1	1	0
Mrs. Brown...	0	10	0
Mr. Pearson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Jenkins	2	0	0
Collected by S. A. Hancore	0	12	0
Mrs. Aikman	1	0	0
A Reader of Sermons, Yorkshire ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hobill	2	2	0
Mrs. Newing	0	10	0
A. D.	1	0	0
Mr. E. Taylor	1	1	0
Mrs. Allen	1	1	0
Mrs. Sargent	1	1	0
A Widow's Thankoffering	0	10	6
Mr. W. Hearn	0	5	0
Mr. W. Barnes	0	5	0
Friends, per Mr. Hopper...	0	10	6
Mrs. Hodge	1	0	0
Mrs. Brine's Bible Class	0	8	0
Mrs. Macfadyn	1	0	0
Mr. W. G. Cooper	0	12	0
Mrs. Oliver	0	10	6
L. S. E.	0	10	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Mr. Wadland	0	10	0
Miss E. Whitehead, per Mr. Turner ...	31	10	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Miss Lizzie Brown	1	1	0
Mrs. Ambrose	1	1	0
Miss Ambrose	0	10	6
Mrs. Mott	2	1	6
Mrs. Jenkins	90	0	0
Legacy, Late Miss Dodwell	300	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	0	8
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
234 Coins in Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates... ...	3	0	0
Boys' Collecting Cards:—			
G. Coles	1	0	0
— Seamen	0	11	2
A. Fourness...	0	15	6
Stamps	0	1	0
E. A. N. P.	0	2	6
Stamps—Two Readers ...	0	2	0
	5	12	2
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. Abingdon	0	5	0
Mrs. Abingdon	0	5	0
Mr. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Miss Smith	0	5	0
Miss Emily Smith	0	5	0
	1	10	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Mrs. Davies...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Haward	2	2	0
Mr. F. Fisher	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Salmon, Jun.	1	1	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Leach... ... ... 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Dewe... ... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Gregory... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. P. Davies 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Withers 0 5 0			
Miss Howell... ... ... 0 3 10			
Mrs. Blackman 1 1 0			
	3	11	11
Collecting Books and Boxes—			
Master J. Webber	0	2	0
Master Marsh	0	6	2
Miss Shaw	0	10	0
Miss E. Butler	0	2	10
Mrs. Furrar	0	18	8
Miss E. Sidery	0	4	0
Miss E. Pattison	0	2	11
Miss Maynard	0	2	4
Mrs. Pickering	0	4	8
Master Love	0	2	8
Miss Keen	1	11	11
Box without Name or Number	0	15	2
Mr. S. T. Evans	0	15	0
Mr. F. Chalk	0	4	5
Master Brightwell	0	3	11
Miss C. Turner	0	6	0
Miss Eames	0	2	8
Master Stoars	0	7	8
Master John Stoars	0	1	9
Miss E. Sandell	0	3	5
Miss Maria Wade	1	4	4
Master Thos. Mills...	0	2	4
Box without Name...	0	4	6
Mrs. Wheatley	0	4	9
Master Horne	0	4	3
Master W. Hubbard	0	6	5
Master Allum	0	5	6
Mrs. Emery	0	4	4
Mrs. Buck	0	7	2
Master Henson	0	5	7
Miss Kirman	0	6	3
Mrs. Gisby	0	2	0
Miss A. Conquest	0	1	8
Miss E. Spratt	0	5	5
Miss Liberty...	0	11	3
Miss Deacon...	0	4	6
Miss Underwood	0	2	6
Miss E. Ridley	0	10	1
Miss Salter	0	3	3
Mrs. Glover	0	4	1
Master Kershaw	0	5	6
Miss Salter	1	17	0
Mr. Laker	0	5	0
Miss R. Patrick	0	2	6
Master W. J. Wadey	1	1	3
Mrs. Kerridge	0	6	5
Miss Johnson	0	6	5
Miss J. Hubbard	0	7	0
Master Brooker	0	14	5
Miss Salter	1	1	1
Master Delacourt	0	3	9
Miss Maria Gooding	1	1	3
Mrs. Hinton...	0	6	6
Miss Rosa M. Grose...	0	11	5
Miss Descroix	2	6	9
Miss White	0	6	3
Master Kemp	0	4	1
Miss Viner	0	1	1
Mrs. Welch	0	7	9
Master R. Wagner...	0	0	10
Miss Butcher	8	0	0
Miss Winslow	1	14	0

	£	s.	d.
Master W. Philips	0	8	0
Box without Name	0	2	7
Master Philips	0	12	0
Miss Crawford	0	7	10
Mrs. Gibbons	0	15	5
Miss R. Payne	0	2	3
Miss Harriet Smith	0	2	3
Mr. Buckmaster	1	6	8
Mrs. Wigney	0	3	11
Miss Carig	0	7	0
Miss Annie Field	0	2	11
Mrs. Smith	0	12	6
Miss Field	0	11	0
Mrs. Smith	0	6	5
Miss Laura Munday	0	1	6
Miss E. Croker	0	5	2
Mrs. Doddington	0	18	6
Master J. Ballards	0	2	10
Miss Doubty	0	1	1
Miss Charlotte Hughes	0	7	5
Miss Elizabeth Hughes	0	10	3
Mrs. Meller	0	3	1
Mrs. Frisby	1	1	5
Miss Fanny Gurr	0	3	8
Mrs. Richardson	0	2	3
Master H. Bates	3	2	0
Mrs. Day	0	2	3
Miss Badenoch	0	19	2
Miss Seward	1	3	3
Mrs. Rainbott	0	9	0
Mr. W. J. Evans	0	15	0
Mrs. Prebble	1	7	0
Box without name	0	11	5
Master W. Rugg	0	6	6
Master Horace Rugg	6	6	7
Miss Turner	0	5	9
Master Ranford	0	5	9
Miss L. Chamberlain	0	8	8
Miss Larkman	0	5	2
Compositors and Readers at 170, Strand, by Mr. J. Pickering	0	11	3
Miss Joyce	1	0	11
Miss Lydia Field	0	17	7
Miss Hudson	1	5	4
Miss Choat	2	14	2
Miss Dickens	0	4	10
Mr. Nicholls	0	3	4
Miss Richardson	0	3	8
Master Dupont	0	8	10
Miss Batten	0	6	0
Mrs. Burridge	0	4	7
Box without Name	0	8	8
Mrs. Brown	0	1	7
Mrs. Hopkins	1	13	8
Mrs Joslin	1	9	6
Mr Giles	0	4	11
Mrs. Hemmons	0	5	5
Miss Fitzgerald	0	10	0
Mr. Rooksby	1	0	0
Mr. H. Denby	1	0	0
Surbitonians	5	5	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	10	0
B. E.	43	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Proceeds of an Entertainment by Miss Goldston and Friends	0	12	6
Miss Jephs	2	0	0
Mrs. Duncombe	0	7	0
Mrs. Abbott	1	1	0
Mrs. Mackrill	1	0	0
Mr. Bantick	0	16	6
Mr. Dickey	1	1	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Maddox	0	2	6
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Watney	1	0	0
Widow's Mite	0	2	0
A Constant Reader	5	5	0
Mr. Barrett	3	15	6
Miss Bonsor	0	16	6
Miss Maynard	0	6	0
Mr. J. Malcolm	1	0	0
Montrose	0	5	0
Bessie Kerridge	0	2	6
Mrs. Ile	1	0	0
Mr. Taylor	1	0	0
Mrs. Hooper	0	5	0
W. T.	0	2	0
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Mrs. White	0	10	0
Mrs. Evans	0	13	0
Mr. Hobson	2	10	0
Willie Blimlet	0	5	0
Miss Reid	0	8	6
Miss Powell	0	18	6
Mrs. Hubbard	1	10	4
Miss S. E. Cockrell	2	10	0
Miss Parker	0	12	0
Mrs. Ranford	0	10	0
Master Everett	0	1	8
Master Dalton	1	6	5
Mrs. Knight	1	1	0
Miss Langton	0	7	6
Master Conquest	0	5	0
Miss S. Warner	0	5	10
Miss M. Wilson	1	1	0
Mrs. McDonald	1	0	0
Miss Hallett	1	0	0
Miss J. Bull	0	9	5
Mrs. Culver	0	8	0
On Table	0	5	10
Miss Hale	0	11	0
Mrs. Heal	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gallant	0	14	0
Mrs. Dipple	0	10	0
Mrs. Spry	0	10	0
Mrs. Parker	0	5	0
Mrs. Duncourt	0	15	0
Mr. Turner	0	14	0
Mr. Hellier	1	1	0
Miss M. A. Wells	0	3	0
Miss J. E. Cockshaw	2	0	0
Miss Cockshaw	1	11	6
Mrs. Cornell	1	8	0
Miss H. Phillips	1	13	6
Miss Chamberlain	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	1	0	0
S. A. S.	0	6	0
Miss Nisbet	1	0	0
Mr. Nisbet	1	1	0
Miss Heath	1	0	0
June 19th	0	5	0
Briton Ferry	0	2	6
Mrs. Vezey	0	10	0
Mr. E. Bithray	2	2	0
E. C.	0	10	0
Sophy	0	5	0
Mr. Goodwin	5	0	0
Mr. G. Tomkins	2	10	0
Miss Numon	2	0	0
Per C. H. S.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs	43	0	0
An Old Boy	0	10	0
A. W.	1	0	0
H. B.	1	0	0
A. W.	0	1	0
Mrs. Hinton	2	2	0
Collection at Walworth Rd.	13	9	8
Stamford Hill	0	5	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Miss Furry	0	10	0
Master A. Atkins	0	4	0
Mrs. J. E. Simmonds	0	13	8
Miss Hose	0	10	0
Friend from Scotland	0	6	2
Miss Rushton	0	5	0
Mr. C. Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. Pope	1	15	4
Mr. Hawkins	1	10	0
Miss Nay	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Marsh ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Brownridge ...	0	5	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	2	8
Miss Burden...	1	3	0
Master E. Balls	0	2	6
Mr. Pope ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Waights	2	2	0
Mrs. Bowles ...	1	1	4
Mr. C. Howes	0	4	6
Miss Thompson	0	15	0
A Friend ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Taunton	1	10	0
Miss J. Hogg	0	10	0
Miss M Perry	0	3	7
E. B. P.	1	0	0
Miss Keys ...	1	0	0
Miss Hickinbotham	0	17	0
Miss Leaworthy ...	0	12	0
Mrs. Whitehead ...	0	18	6
Miss Smith ...	0	10	0
Miss Alderson	0	10	0
Miss Goslin ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Hill ...	0	13	6
Miss E. Jones	0	9	0
Mr. Crofts ...	0	13	0
Mrs. Fisher ...	1	6	0
Miss S. Fryer	1	2	0
Mrs. Goslin ...	0	12	6
Mr. Priestly	0	16	0
Mr. Everett, Jun. ...	1	2	4
Mr. Mansell	2	0	0
Mr. Hale ...	1	0	0
Rev. — Tyler	2	2	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Miss Rogers	0	14	0
Miss Harden	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lawson	0	10	0
Miss Evans	0	0	9
Miss Hobbs ...	2	1	6
Collection ...	9	12	7
Bazaar ...	24	0	0
Refreshment Stall ...	50	0	0
	£965	19	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS.—30 Loaves, "B."; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; Sack of Flour, Mr. Saunders; 6 dozen Meat Pies, J. T. Crosher.

CLOTHING.—25 Articles (Sundry), Miss Butcher; 250 Bows, C. and H. Wilson.

SUNDRIES.—50 small Glass Lamps, Miss Butcher; 4 Baking Dishes, 6 Iron Ladles, Mr. Adams.

Articles received for Bazaar and Sale Rooms from the following friends:—"A Reader of Sermons," C. Humphrey, Mrs. Moritz, L. S., Miss Cook, Mrs. Tipple, J. Pearce, E. Parfitt, Rev. F. White, M. H. Salmon, Mrs. Gong, E. Sharpington, Mrs. Stockwell, A. Frean, Mrs. Keely, Miss Derry and Friend, Mrs. Mathewson, C. E. Wilson, G. A. Calder, E. D. Hubbard, M. Gooding, C. and H. Taylor, Mr. Hockey, Mrs. Seamen, Mrs. Hodge, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Woodward, Miss Leeder, Miss Taylor, E. A. N. P., a Friend, per "Bonsor."

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
E. B. ...	31	16	3
J. H. ...	0	5	0
A Friend ...	1	1	0
B. Vickery, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Thomas Olney, Esq.	5	0	0
Per Miss Fitzgerald	1	3	0
Mr. James Davies ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. West...	0	5	0
A Friend ...	50	0	0
A. H. Jones, Esq. ...	1	1	0
An Orphan ...	0	10	0
Mary ...	0	2	0
Fifty-seven ...	1	0	0
W. P. ...	2	0	0
A. B. ...	0	10	0
P. W. A. ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Groom	1	0	0
Mr. Rooksby...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	0	10	0
Ashchenaz ...	1	0	0
Miss Bowley...	0	7	0
Mrs. Hodge ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. White	0	10	0
Mrs. Jenkins	40	0	0
Miss Gardner	5	0	0
	£151	1	3

For Capital Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
G. Shepherd, Esq., Sen. ...	10	0	0

Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Ludlow District ...	10	0	0
Cardiff No. 3, per James Millward, Esq.	10	0	0
Wellington, Salop ...	10	0	0
Sevenoaks ...	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., St. Melons...	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow ...	10	0	0
Ditto ditto Witney ...	10	0	0
Worcestershire Assoc., for 3 Colporteurs	30	0	0
Ditto ditto ...	20	0	0
Northamptonshire Association, Bulwick District ...	10	0	0
Cinderford District...	7	10	0
F. A. Homer, Esq., for Sedgley...	10	0	0
Samuel Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton ...	10	0	0
Parkend, per Rev. T. Nicholson...	7	10	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde ...	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Clarke, for Cheddar	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffiths, Esq., for Fritham ...	10	0	0
	£195	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.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE

FOR

Fatherless Boys,

CLAPHAM ROAD,

1876-7.

Trustees.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President.* J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

Mrs. A. HILLYARD.
WILLIAM HIGGS.
WILLIAM OLNEY.
WILLIAM C. MURRELL.
B. WILDON CARR.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.
THOMAS R. PHILLIPS.
WILLIAM MILLS.
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THOMAS GREENWOOD.

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J. COOPER FORSTER, Esq., F.R.C.S.

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Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Solicitor.

Mr. THOMAS C. PAGE.

Master.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary.

CHARLES BLACKSHAW.

London:
Printed for the Orphanage by
PASSMORE & ALABASTER, 31, LITTLE BRITAIN.

REPORT 1876-7.

THIS Orphanage, originally founded by the self-sacrifice of an esteemed sister in the Lord, is conducted by C. H. SPURGEON, assisted by his brother, and a body of Trustees. *It receives destitute Fatherless Boys, without respect to the religion of the parents.* The buildings are arranged for the accommodation of Two Hundred and Fifty Children, who are eligible for entrance *between the ages of six and ten.* Orphans are received without putting the mothers to the trouble and expense of canvassing for votes: the Trustees themselves selecting the most needy cases. The family system is carried out, the boys living in separate houses under the care of matrons, and not in one vast building like a workhouse. The great object is to train the boys in the fear of the Lord, hoping that by God's blessing they may be truly converted before they leave us: at the same time the Institution provides them with an education which fits them to take good positions in the world.

The Institution is mainly supported by spontaneous gifts, no Collector being paid, and no Subscriber being waited upon to pay year by year, although a number of donors send as regularly as if they were expected to do so. The Lord alone supplies the needs of the work by means of his people's generous gifts, but he sometimes tries the faith of those who conduct it. *Upwards of* £10 *per day is wanted* to pay for the Board, Lodging, Clothing, and Education of the Boys.

In presenting the Eighth Report, the President and Committee have to record again their testimony to the goodness and lovingkindness of the Lord, by whose gracious help they have been sustained during another year, and by whose bounty the necessities of the Institution have been supplied. "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness," suggests at once the duty and the privilege of those who have received, "from the beginning of the year to the end of it," daily manifestations of his love. That the Institution enjoys the smile of "the Father of the fatherless" is seen in many ways, and the gratitude we feel finds expression in the language of the Psalmist—"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

I.—STATISTICAL.

The growth of the Institution will be seen in the following table of figures :—

Report.	Date.	Admissions.	Total.	Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
1	From Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	148
2	From April, 1870, to March, 1871	42	196	7	13	183
3	From April, 1871, to March, 1872	38	234	9	22	212
4	From April, 1872, to March, 1873	21	255	15	37	218
5	From April, 1873, to March, 1874	36	291	38	75	216
6	From April, 1874, to March, 1875	63	354	42	117	237
7	From April, 1875, to March, 1876	28	382	29	146	236
8	From April, 1876, to March, 1877	46	428	52	198	230

It will be seen that a greater number than usual left during the year, and although at the close of the year the average number of inmates was reduced, there are, at the time of issuing this report, a larger number in residence than at any previous period of our history.

Of the 52 boys who left, no less than 47 were supplied with situations and received a good start in life; 1 entered the Marine Society's Training Ship for the sea ; 2 were removed by friends whose improved circumstances enabled them to support them; and 2 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers.

It is gratifying to be able to report that in many instances the employers who have taken boys from the Institution apply for others as vacancies occur in their establishments. In one large house in London no less than 12 boys are now engaged, all of whom are steadily rising in their respective departments.

II.—DOMESTIC.

The general conduct of the boys is praiseworthy, and the moral tone prevailing is excellent. Fewer troubles have arisen by the admission of new boys than in any previous year, although many of the new comers had suffered in many ways from the disadvantages and evils incident to orphanage and poverty. Until our new recruits fall in with the general discipline of the Institution they are a source of anxiety, as only a lengthy residence fully reveals the moral taint which they have incurred,

and manifests their disposition, which is so difficult to eradicate or control, if bad, and foster and develop if good. An earnest Christian spirit prevails amongst all the workers, who endeavour, in a thousand ways, to compensate as far as possible to the boys the loss of those natural privileges which their bereavement implies.

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals, by the Head Master and his assistants. The service is occasionally taken by the President, or a member of the Committee, or a visitor to the Institution who may happen to be present. The Word of God is read and expounded, hymns sung, and prayer offered, and the whole of the boys repeat a text selected for the day. A religious service is conducted for the elder boys every Wednesday evening, when addresses are given by ministerial and other friends.

On the Lord's-day morning the elder boys attend the service at the Tabernacle; a second detachment is accommodated at the Wynne Road Chapel; and a suitable service is conducted for the rest at the Orphanage, by Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. Mr. W. J. Evans still superintends the Sunday School in the afternoon, assisted by a large staff of earnest teachers, and Mr. Macgregor presides over the Evening Service, assisted by Mr. C. Carpenter. All these good friends, who labour with commendable zeal to win the children to Christ, have been connected with the Institution from its commencement.

Some of the boys who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a "Young Christians' Band," which numbers, at the present time, 92 members. During the year several were admitted to the fellowship of the Church at the Tabernacle.

The annual meeting was held in June to celebrate the President's birthday, and the annual excursion took place in September when all the boys and the staff were kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Richard May, in their grounds at Dulwich.

During the Midsummer holidays, friends were found to take several of the boys who, but for such generous kindness, would not have been able to leave the Institution. We shall be glad to receive the names of those willing to receive one or two boys for the whole or part of the time between July 25th and August 22nd of the present year.

The Christmas season was a joyous time, friends from all parts of the country kindly sending all sorts of good things for the boys. Mr. William Harrison sustained the precedent of former years by sending a box of figs for each boy, and was again the medium for conveying 240 new shillings, fresh from the Mint, from a friend who chooses to be known only by two initials, "J. D." The old boys, as usual, mustered in good force, and were the heroes of the day. Through the kindness of the President all the members of the staff received a useful present, and "Christmas at the Orphanage" will always be a precious memory in the history of all who participate in its festivities.

During their term of residence in the Institution all the boys are total abstainers, no alcoholic liquors being allowed, except by order of the Medical Officer. A Band of Hope is conducted under the presidency of Mr. A. Dunn, which numbers at the present time 152 members, who

are enrolled by their own free will, and with the approval of their friends. The elder boys attend the monthly meetings, and all are present at the lectures which are given from time to time.

A goodly number of the boys who have left the Institution are engaged in Sunday Schools, and others assist in Evangelistic Services at Mission Stations and in Lodging Houses. "We have no greater joy than to know that our children walk in the truth," and adorn the doctrines they profess, by devoutness of spirit, consistency of conduct, and earnest Christian labour in the Lord's vineyard.

III.—EDUCATION.

The Schools have been efficiently maintained, and the progress of the boys in the subjects of an ordinary English education is alike creditable to both teachers and pupils. The extra subjects are French, Drawing, and Music. The French classes are conducted *gratuitously* by Madame Blim, an accomplished French lady, who devotes two afternoons a week to her classes. Mr. F. G. Ladds (formerly a boy in the Orphanage and now one of the teachers), and Mr. F. Simmonds, one of the masters, have given instruction in vocal music, and Mr. Smith has continued his class for the harmonium.

Drawing is taught by our own teachers, all of them being qualified to present the boys for examination in connection with the Science and Art Department.

We presented 186 boys for examination in Freehand, Geometrical and Model Drawing, with the following results:—61 gave satisfactory evidence of having been taught drawing; 78 obtained certificates for proficiency; and 42 secured prizes for excellence. The sum earned was £15 5s. 6d., apart from the value of the prizes. A lower scale of payment has been adopted this year, which considerably reduced the grant. The progress indicated by this report is most encouraging, for, notwithstanding the higher standard of merit adopted, the boys obtained 28 more certificates, and 21 more prizes than last year. Only four boys failed to satisfy the examiners.

The object being to give a useful rather than an ornamental education, the success achieved by the boys who have passed through the institution fully justifies the methods pursued and the limits prescribed.

IV.—SANITARY.

During the past year a wide-spread epidemic prevailed, and although several isolated cases of small-pox occurred in the Institution, we are thankful to report that, with the blessing of God upon the measures which were promptly taken, the disease was arrested without a second individual taking it from another.

No death has occurred in the Institution for three years, a fact which, while it calls for special thanksgiving to God, may be accepted as an evidence of the sound sanitary condition of the Institution.

The visit of Dr. Mouat, from the Local Government Board, who is engaged on an enquiry into the various systems adopted for the maintenance and education of the children of the poor, elicited the following report, which is of the most encouraging nature :—

"I have to-day visited for the second time the Stockwell Orphanage, and examined into the system of training and education pursued in it, with special reference to an enquiry in which I am now engaged, regarding the pauper schools throughout the country. In many important particulars this institution is well in advance of most kindred establishments which I have yet seen. The plan of feeding and clothing in particular is excellent, and the instruction of the class rooms is conducted with intelligence and life. The boys look healthy and happy, and I shall only be too glad if I succeed in transplanting some of the advantages of this place to the pauper schools in which they are much needed. I have seldom enjoyed a visit to any school more thoroughly than that of which I am now leaving this most imperfect record.

(Signed) F. J. MOUAT, M.D.

Formerly Secretary to the Council of Education, Bengal."

V.—FUNDS.

There has been no falling off in the funds; donors sending as regularly as though they were pledged annual subscribers. Gifts in kind have been as numerous and varied as in former years. The young ladies of Miss Dransfield's educational establishment, the Ladies' Working Association, of the Wynne Road Chapel, and the Juvenile Dorcas Society in connection with New Cross Chapel, have sent their usual supply of shirts, thereby saving the Institution a considerable sum. Miss Winslow has enlisted the co-operation of her pupils in knitting woollen comforters for the boys during the winter months. It would be impossible to enumerate all the presents sent by generous friends, and which are duly acknowledged every month in the *Sword and Trowel;* they are all received with gratitude, and we take this opportunity of repeating our thanks. It is a cause of grief to us when friends do not receive a prompt acknowledgment of their gifts, but in almost all instances where this has occurred, the donor has failed to send *name and address with the present.* We are too grateful for any help, however small, to risk giving pain or offence to those who remember us, and we respectfully request to be informed of the transmission of presents *at the time,* and their receipt shall be duly acknowledged. As the work is carried on in dependence upon God, and as His blessing evidently rests upon it, we are confident the means will be forthcoming as the need arises.

The work is of the Lord, and therefore the Lord's people should help us in it Will it need much pleading? If so, we cannot use it, as we shrink from marring the willinghood which is the charm of such a service. No collector shall ever draw a commission from us for dogging unwilling subscribers, nor will we press and squeeze niggard

gifts from reluctant hands. God will see to his own work, and though we do not use the method of sitting still and waiting without action, but rather stir up the minds of the Lord's stewards by way of remembrance, yet we are sure that he who feeds the ravens will give his children bread.

Subscriptions, large or small, will be gratefully received by C. H. SPURGEON, Nightingale Lane, Clapham, London, S.W. Gifts of Food, Clothes, Books, Toys, and other useful articles, are always welcome, and should be directed to Mr. CHARLESWORTH, Head Master, the Orphanage, Stockwell, London.

VI.—MODE OF ADMISSION.

Applications for the admission of children should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars given. If the case appears eligible, a form of application is sent, the questions on which must be answered by the applicant, and the form returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the immediate rejection of the case. After the case is entered on the list of candidates, the Trustees, as soon as convenient, appoint a visitor to make personal inquiries into it. Should these be satisfactory, the child appears before the committee and the doctor, and, if duly elected, enters the Institution as soon as there is room. As the number of most necessitous candidates is largely in excess of our accommodation there is no difficulty in supplying vacancies as they occur. The Trustees, therefore, issue forms of application very sparingly, as they consider it unwise to encourage hopes which are not likely to be realized. Friends, who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested, must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees, if it is proved by them to be less necessitous than others. The election of children not being determined by subscribers' votes, the Trustees endeavour to maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need has the loudest voice with them.

In every case certificates of the marriage of the parents, the death of the father, and the birth of the child will be required. The cases of illegitimate children are not within the scope of the Institution.

Applicants are requested not to call upon the Trustees privately, as they are bound not to attend to them otherwise than officially. Cases will be considered on their own merits, and they will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. Mr. SPURGEON *cannot personally see any applicants, and should not be written to.* All letters on this business should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. CHARLES BLACKSHAW, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

The Orphanage is open for the inspection of the public on the afternoons of Tuesday and Thursday in each week. At other times an order is necessary, which can be obtained of Mr. SPURGEON, or any of the Trustees. All letters requiring an answer must contain a stamped envelope.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st MARCH, 1877.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations:—			
General	3,015	3	8
Collecting Boxes and Books	690	5	10
	4,605	9	6
„ Legacies	208	1	0
Annual Subscriptions	132	4	4
Balance of Interest and Rents	1,268	5	10
Total Receipts during the year	6,214	1	5
To Balance to Credit, March 31, 1876	1,240	1	7
	£7,454	3	0

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	1,094	13	0
Provisions	2,521	9	5
Clothing	997	17	2
Washing, Soap, &c.	225	8	10
Fuel, Gas and Water	406	10	2
Books and School Requisites	58	10	0
Gardening and Sundries	35	8	6
Medical Expenses	74	15	8
	5,414	12	0
„ General Expenses:—			
Printing, Stationery, Expenses of Office; Collectors' Meetings, &c.	208	18	6
„ Furniture, Alterations, Repairs and Insurance	401	16	2
„ Poor and General Rates	93	19	2
Total Expenditure during the Year	6,119	6	7
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund	56	16	3
„ Balance to Credit 31st March, 1877	1,278	0	2
	£7,454	3	0

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, and compared the same with the Books and Vouchers, and find it correct.

15th June, 1877.

S. HOPE MORLEY,
WILLIAM IZARD, } *Auditors.*

CHARLES BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1877.

How the Book Fund prospers.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

FOR many weeks past I have had a great desire in my heart to write out the gracious details of the Lord's dealings with the Book Fund during the present year, but almost constant pain has fettered both head and hand, and rendered the fulfilment of the heart's wish well-nigh impossible. But even the "school of affliction" has its "holidays" (true holy-days these), and as the "good Master" has granted me one such to-day, I will consecrate it to his honour and glory by telling what great things he hath done for me and my work since I wrote last. The commencement of the new year was marked by an offer of six volumes of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit to every minister who had formerly been a student of the "Pastors' College," and so enthusiastically was it responded to that in three months' time 164 of our own old students had received 980 volumes! I had intended this effort to be an *extra* one, and extend over the entire year, but the Lord had more work for me to do than I knew of, so he would allow of no lingering, but graciously gave me strength to accomplish easily what at first sight seemed a formidable task. During this time the usual work of the Book Fund was not neglected, all applications being cheerfully responded to, one notable feature of interest being the sudden and simultaneous awakening of Primitive Methodist ministers to the fact that they could have the "Treasury of David" by asking for it. Nearly 100 of their "travelling preachers" have received the four published volumes since January last, and if God grant his blessing on

them (as he certainly will) we may look for a hundred-fold harvest from *such* seed sown in *such* soil. Very poor in this world's goods, these brethren are rich in good works, and as a rule labour more abundantly than any of their brethren. They must urgently need books, and it is certain that their terribly small allowances cannot procure them, and therefore it is a true Christian charity to relieve their mental need. A good book given to an idler is a doubtful speculation: to a worker it is a sure benefit.

For a short time during the months just flown by it seemed as if the Lord were trying my faith by sending me more "needs" than "supplies," but I am almost ashamed to speak of fears which then possessed me, they have been so utterly routed and destroyed by subsequent favours. Now I see that the Lord only brought a cloud over the sun to veil its brightness, lest the heat of labour should overpower his weak child, and cause her to faint under the burden of the day. So, blessed be his name, he "leads on softly" as "we are able to bear it." Turning over the pages of my "day-book" I cannot but rejoice to know that already nearly 3,000 volumes have been distributed since the beginning of this year, and though this number falls woefully short of supplying the need which exists, yet I thank God and take courage. The few following extracts from letters will show that the intense appreciation and loving eagerness with which these gifts were at first received has not abated one whit. The first letter, written by a venerable pastor, a true "bishop" in his district, runs thus:—

"My dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Last night I received the parcel of books, and what shall I say? I hardly know how to express my thanks to you and your excellent husband for such generous and Christian kindness. As I could do nothing else, I asked the Lord to bless you and reward you most amply for such a valuable gift. I can say it is to me better than thousands of silver and gold could be; for I could never get from earthly riches what I this morning obtained from reading Mr. Spurgeon's comment on Psalm xxiii. The books may well be called the '*Treasury* of David;' I shall keep it as a 'Treasury' for my own use, and will never let it go out of my family, the Lord so helping me. You cannot tell what a nice show the volumes make in my little library; and while I am quite proud of the outside I delight myself with the thought of what I shall find within, both for my own comfort and I trust for the benefit of others. I am quite a book-worm, I assure you, and it pleases me beyond expression to find so many good old authors quoted in the 'Treasury.' I pronounce it one of the most useful works a minister can have in his library. When I think of such Herculean labour as this, together with so many other things, I am lost in astonishment as to *how* Mr. Spurgeon pushes through all as he does. But a passage comes to my mind which solves the mystery—'By the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.'"

"My dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Though I have watched with interest and pleasure, the birth, growth, and usefulness of your 'Book Fund,' I little thought I should ever be so deeply indebted to you as I find myself to-day. The nice parcel you so kindly sent came as 'cold water to a thirsty soul,' and judging from the feelings of gratitude and delight produced in my own breast I feel your work of love has made not a few pastors' hearts to 'sing for joy.' I rejoice also to know that the work yields such sweet solace of joy to you in your affliction; I really think it must be *one* rose at least on this sin-blighted earth '*without a thorn.*'"

What this dear brother says is perfectly true. The Book Fund is the joy of my life, and ever since the Lord gave the sweet service into my weak and unworthy hands he has led me by green pastures and beside still waters, and crowned me with lovingkindness and tender mercies. The next letter is from a much-tried servant of God, who, with a wife, invalid daughter, and four young children to support (there are nine children living) on eighty pounds per annum, may well be "unable to buy books."

"My dear Madam,—Most gratefully do I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the four volumes of the 'Treasury of David.' The gift, I can assure you, is a most acceptable one. Often when at the homes of my brethren I have seen the work, and longed for its possession, deeming the desire however quite Utopian, seeing that the purchase of such books is altogether beyond the limit of my slender income. Ten years have elapsed since my return from ——, where for a long time I laboured, and those years have been one long protracted struggle for bare existence. Blessed be God, that is not *all;* for if my tribulations have abounded, so also have my consolations, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.' The Psalms of David are ever a tower of comfort to tried saints, and your honoured husband's work is to my mind the best book that I have seen, in that it brings out the marrow and fatness of the text. Again, I thank you most deeply and sincerely for the gift, as also for the good wishes by which it was accompanied."

The foregoing letter (and, alas! I have hundreds like it) reminds me of a few sentences which I read the other day, translated from the German of Pastor Harms, of Hermannsburg. They are so quaint, and so much to the point, that I cannot resist quoting them. He says, speaking of a representative country minister in the "Fatherland," "With temporal goods, however, this pastor is not specially well provided; and, were it not that he has a living God in the heavens, he must many a time grow anxious and dispirited, which, in truth, he does not always escape, as he himself humbly confesses. For if you have a small benefice, a large family, and a couple of children at school to boot, sometimes that gives even a believer the headache; though, indeed, there is no need for that, were faith but strong and prayer simple enough."

The two letters which follow are from a "Methodist" preacher and a "Baptist" minister, both being charming expressions of a glad and grateful heart. When I receive such epistles I always wish they could be passed round to every kind friend who has contributed to the "Fund," that they might catch glimpses of the abounding happiness which they thus bestow on others.

"My dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—The parcel containing four vols. of 'Treasury of David' arrived all safe yesterday. I had been rejoicing over my good fortune in getting, as I supposed, one volume of Mr. Spurgeon's great work; but the receipt of such a gift was a surprise for which I was wholly unprepared. I am entirely at a loss to express all I feel respecting such kindness; but I beg to offer my heart's deepest gratitude, and my earnest prayers that heaven's richest blessings may come down upon yourself and upon all through whose disinterested generosity you are able to carry on such a work of love.

"This is a gift indeed! May God help me to use it for his glory. One may, I think, justly feel proud of having four such volumes in his library, and the aid they will afford in my work no one can fully realize but myself. Probably

there are hundreds of grateful hearts lifted up from day to day in prayer for yourself and your indefatigable husband; if my feeble prayers can be of any possible advantage, most gladly will I pray daily that in your affliction the Lord will impart a large measure of his soothing grace, that your soul may always be filled with the brightness and peace of the Saviour's presence, and that you may long be spared to continue the noble enterprise, which has already sent relief, joy, and light into hundreds of homes, and brought blessings into probably thousands of minds."

"Madam,—The very handsome present which you have so kindly sent me (Mr. Spurgeon's 'Treasury of David' four vols) arrived quite safely about half-an-hour ago. It has come upon me as a pleasant surprise, for your kindness has much exceeded my expectations. I thought you might send me *one* volume—I never even hoped, so far as I remember, for more than *two*; and yet here are the whole *four!* A valuable present, truly, in more senses than one. I have already been tasting its quality with relish, and feel certain that I shall find it, as you kindly wish, 'a treasure indeed.' Thank you very, very, very much for it; and for your letter with all the kindness of heart which it reveals. Whatever may be the needs and privations of some village pastors, you, at all events, are trying to minister to their joy, and to make them more efficient in the service of the Master. And you know, without my suggesting it, that he will give you your reward. Again I thank you with an earnestness which increases as I continue to look into the volumes."

The Book Fund has received this year some splendid additions as gifts, to its stores of works by other authors, and I have rejoiced greatly to have at my disposal such standard volumes of divinity as the works of the sainted brothers Haldane, Dr. Hodge, and others. But the fact becomes more and more evident to me every day that *unless already possessed of the "Treasury of David,"* our pastors look upon no other volumes as *my* gift with *complete* satisfaction, and that in applying to me for books they fix their heart's desire upon the "Treasury" or the "Sermons" as the "*summum bonum*" of their happiness. And I think this is very natural and very proper, so long as the management of the Book Fund rests entirely in these feeble hands; but I trust that some day when all the churches awaken to a sense of the urgent need there is that "the poor minister's bookshelf" should have plenty of books upon it, many a noble volume, both ancient and modern, will take its place beside the "Treasury of David."

As to old books which sometimes come to me troublously fast, I am obliged to smuggle them in with the coveted works of my dear husband, and but a very faint echo of any welcome they receive ever reaches my ear. I really fear that some people think that *anything* in the *shape of a book* will do for a minister, or they would scarcely send such things as "Advice to Wives and Mothers," "Essays on Marriage," or "Letters to a Son" as aids to pulpit preparation!

On looking over the list of contributors for last year I find a falling away of *some* old friends, which somewhat grieves me, for the work is more deeply needed than ever. The famine is sore in the land—not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but a deeply felt and widespread need of mental food, by those under shepherds who have to "feed the flock of God," and I had hoped that all the friends who had so generously aided me at the commencement of my work would have "continued with me." To the *many* who have done so I tender my most heartfelt thanks. "God bless you," dear friends, and return into your

own bosom some of the joy, and gladness, and gratitude with which you have filled mine. New friends, too, are cordially welcomed to co-operation in the blessed work, and every gift that comes for the Book Fund is offered to the Lord as a sacrifice of thanksgiving. I am just now rejoicing over the fact that the Lord has inclined the heart of a dear friend to whom I am already greatly indebted to give me a large donation for the purpose of supplying all the Presbyterian ministers in Argyleshire with the "Treasury of David," and I have another sum of money given by one who is a great sufferer, set apart for the distribution of the same precious volumes in Ireland. So, for the next few months, dear friends, you may know that the "work of the Book Fund" will be in the full swing of business, and I pray you to remember that you can truly and tenderly help me by asking the Lord to set the seal of his blessing on every book sent out. Does any one care to know that my lovely lemon tree is in vigorous health and perfect beauty? I have not dared to count its leaves lately, because I feel it has far outstripped the proportions with which my fancy fettered it; yet I never look upon it or think about it without blessing God for making it grow so wonderfully in my sick room that winter, where it heralded, and illustrated, helped forward, and finally became the emblem of the "Book Fund."

"I never cared for their Souls."

A REMINISCENCE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A MINISTER will never, I should think, forget his earliest converts. He lives to see hundreds begotten unto God by his means, but of of these who were the children of his youth he still treasures delightful memories, for are they not his firstborn, his might, and the beginning of his strength? I can recall at this moment, though a quarter of a century has passed, the form of an elderly woman who had found peace with God through my youthful ministry, and especially do I recollect her wail of woe as she told of the days of her ignorance, and the consequent godless bringing up of her children. Her words were somewhat as follows, and I write them down for the good of mothers who labour hard out of love to their dear ones, and provide them with all necessaries for this life, but never think of the life to come. "Oh, sir," said she, "I should be quite happy now, only I have one sore trouble which keeps me very low. I am so sad about my children. I was left with eight of them, and I worked hard at the wash-tub, and in other ways, morning, noon, and night, to find bread for them. I did feed and clothe them all, but I am sure I don't know how. I had to deny myself often both in food and clothing, and times were very hard with me. Nobody could have slaved worse than I did to mend and clean and keep a roof over our heads. I cannot blame myself for any neglect about their bodies; but as to their souls, I never cared about my own, and of course I never thought of theirs. Two of them

died. I dare not think about them. God has forgiven me, but I can't forget my sin against my poor dears; I never taught them a word which could be of any use to them, poor dears. The others are all alive, but there is not one of them in the least religious. How could they be when they saw how their mother lived? It troubles me more a good deal than all the working for them ever did; for I'm afraid they are going down to destruction, and *all through their cruel mother*."

Here she burst into tears, and I pitied her so much that I said I hardly thought she was *cruel*, for she was in ignorance, and would never intentionally have neglected anything for her children's good. "Don't excuse me," said she, "for if I had used my common sense I might have known that my children were not like the sheep and the horses which die, and there's an end of them. I never thought about it at all, or I might have known better; and I feel that I was a cruel mother never to have considered their souls at all. They are all worldly, and none of them goes to a place of worship, year in and year out. I never took them there, and how can I blame them?

"As soon as I was converted I went down to my eldest son, who has a large family, and I told him what the Lord had done for me, and entreated him to come here with me to the services; but he said he wondered what next, and he had no time. When I pleaded hard with him he said he was sure I meant well, but 'it was no go'—he liked his Sunday at home too well to go to hear parsons. You know, sir, you can't bend a tree; I ought to have bent the twig when I could have done it. Oh, if I had led him to the house of God when he was little! He would have gone then, for he loved his mother, and so he does now, but not enough to go where I want him. So, you see, I can do nothing with my son now. I was a cruel mother, and let the boy go into the fields or the streets when he should have been in the Sunday-school. Oh, that I could have my time back again, and have them all around me as little ones, and teach them about my blessed Saviour. They are all beyond me now. What can I do?"

She sat down and wept bitterly, and I heartily wish all unconverted mothers could have seen her and heard her lamentations. It was very pleasant to know that she was saved herself, and to see in her very sorrow the evidence of her genuine repentance; but still the evil which she lamented is a very terrible one, and might well demand a life of mourning. Young mother, do not, as you love your babe, suffer it to grow up without divine instruction. But what am I saying,—how can you teach your child if you do not know the Lord Jesus yourself? May the good Lord lead you to give your heart to Jesus at once, and then you will train your dear little ones for heaven.

Pulpits.*

PULPITS have much to answer for in having made men awkward. What horrible inventions they are! If we could once abolish them we might say concerning them as Joshua did concerning Jericho—"Cursed be he that buildeth this Jericho," for the old-fashioned pulpit has been a greater curse to the churches than is at first sight evident. No barrister would ever enter a pulpit to plead a case at the bar. How could he hope to succeed while buried alive almost up to his shoulders? The client would be ruined if the advocate were thus imprisoned. How manly, how commanding is the attitude in which Chrysostom is usually represented! Forgetting his robes for the moment, one cannot but feel that such a natural posture is far more worthy of sublime truth than that of a person crouching over a sheet of paper, looking up very occasionally, and then revealing no more than his head and shoulders. Austin in his *Chironomia*† very properly says, "Freedom is also necessary to gracefulness of action. No gestures can be graceful, which are either confined by external circumstances, or restrained by the mind. If a man were obliged to address an assembly from a narrow window, through which he could not extend his arms and his head, it would be in vain for him to attempt graceful gesture.



* Extracted from the second series of "Lectures to my Students," by C. H. Spurgeon, now in the printers' hands.

† Chironomia; or, a Treatise on Rhetorical Delivery: comprehending many precepts, both ancient and modern, for the proper regulation of the Voice, the Countenance, and Gesture, and a new method for the notation thereof; illustrated by many figures. By the Reverend Gilbert Austin, A.M. London. [1806 Quarto.]

Confinement in every lesser degree must be proportionally injurious to grace; thus the crowded bar is injurious to the action of the advocate, and the enclosed and bolstered pulpit, which often cuts off more than half of his figure, is equally injurious to the graceful action of the preacher."

The late Thomas Binney was unable to endure a platform, and was known to fetch gowns and other materials to hang over the rails of an open rostrum, if he found himself placed in one; this must have arisen solely from the force of habit, for there can be no real advantage in being enclosed in a wooden pen. This feeling will no doubt retain the close pulpit in its place for a while longer, but in ages to come men will find an argument for the divinity of our holy faith in the fact that it survived pulpits.

Ministers cannot be blamed for ungainly postures and attitudes when only a very small part of their bodies can be seen during a discourse. If it was the custom to preach as Paul did at Athens public speakers would become models of propriety, but when the usual method is modelled upon our woodcut of "The Reverend Dr. Paul preaching in London" we cannot marvel if the ungainly and the grotesque abound. By the way, it is interesting to note that Raphael in his representation of Paul at Athens evidently had in his mind the apostle's utterance, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with man's hands": hence he delineates him as lifting his hands. I am indebted for this hint to G. W. Hervey, M.A., who has written a very able and comprehensive "System of Rhetoric."*



PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS, AFTER RAPHAEL.

Remarkable are the forms which pulpits have assumed according to the freaks of human fancy and folly. Twenty years ago they had probably reached their very worst. What could have been their design and intent it would be hard to conjecture. A deep wooden pulpit of the old sort might well remind a minister of his mortality, for it is nothing but a coffin set on end: but on what rational ground do we bury our pastors alive? Many of these erections

* A System of Christian Rhetoric for the Use of Preachers and other Speakers. By George Winfred Hervey, M.A. Houlston and Sons, 1873.

resemble barrels, others are of the fashion of egg cups and wine glasses; a third class were evidently modelled after corn bins upon four legs; and yet a fourth variety can only be likened to swallows' nests stuck upon the walls. Some of them are so high as to turn the heads of the occupants when they dare to peer into the awful depths below them, and they give those who look up to the elevated preacher for any length of time a crick in the neck. I have felt like a man at the mast-head while perched aloft in these "towers of the flock." These abominations are in themselves evils, and create evils.

While I am upon pulpits I will make a digression, and remark for the benefit of deacons and churchwardens that I frequently notice in pulpits a most abominable savour of gas, which evidently arises from leakage in the gas-pipes, and is very apt to make a preacher feel half intoxicated, or to sicken him. We ought to be spared this infliction. Frequently, also, a large lamp is placed close to each side of the minister's head, thus cramping all his movements and placing him between two fires. If any complaints are made of the hot-headedness of our ministers, it is readily to be accounted for, since the apparatus for the purpose is arranged with great care. Only the other night, I had the privilege, when I sat down in the pulpit, to feel as if some one had smitten me on the top of my head, and as I looked up there was an enormous argand burner with a reflector placed immediately above me, in order to throw a light on my Bible: a very considerate contrivance no doubt, only the inventor had forgotten that his burners were pouring down a terrible heat upon a sensitive brain. One has no desire to experience an artificial *coup de soleil* while preaching; if we must suffer from such a calamity let it come upon us during our holidays, and let it befall us from the sun himself. No one in erecting a pulpit seems to think of the preacher as a man of like feelings and senses with other people; the seat upon which you are to rest at intervals is often a mere ledge, and the door-handle runs into the small of your back, while when you stand up and would come to the front there is often a curious gutta-percha bag interposed between you and your pulpit. This gummy depository is charitably intended for the assistance of certain deaf people, who are I hope benefited; they ought to be, for every evil should have a compensating influence. You cannot bend forward without forcing this contrivance to close up, and I for my



THE VERY REVEREND DR. PAUL PREACHING IN LONDON.

own part usually deposit my pocket-handkerchief in it, which causes the deaf people to take the ends of the tubes out of their ears and to discover that they hear me well enough without them.

No one knows the discomfort of pulpits except the man who has been in very many, and found each one worse than the last. They are generally so deep that a short person like myself can scarcely see over the top of them, and when I ask for something to stand upon they bring me a hassock. Think of a minister of the gospel poising himself upon a hassock while he is preaching: a Boanerges and a Blondin in one person. It is too much to expect us to keep the balance of our minds and the equilibrium of our bodies at the same time. The tippings up and overturnings of stools and hassocks which I have had to suffer while preaching rush on my memory now, and revive the most painful sensations. Surely we ought to be saved such petty annoyances, for their evil is by no means limited by our discomfort; if it were so, it would be of no consequence; but, alas! these little things often throw the mind out of gear, disconnect our thoughts, and trouble our spirit. We ought to rise superior to such trifles, but though the spirit truly is willing the flesh is weak. It is marvellous how the mind is affected by the most trifling matters: there can be no need to perpetuate needless causes of discomfort. Sydney Smith's story shows that we are not alone in our tribulation. "I can't bear," said he, "to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation—to fire into them. The common people say I am a *bould preacher*, for I like to have my arms free, and to thump the pulpit. A singular *contretemps* happened to me once, when, to effect this, I had ordered the clerk to pile up some hassocks for me to stand on. My text was, 'We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when I did so practically, and in a way I had not at all anticipated. My fabric of hassocks suddenly gave way; down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well, and recovered their gravity sooner than I could have expected."

But I must return to my subject, and I do so by repeating the belief that boxed-up pulpits are largely accountable for the ungainly postures which some of our preachers assume when they get out of their cages and are loose upon a platform. They do not know what to do with their legs and arms, and feel awkward and exposed, and hence drop into ridiculous attitudes. When a man has been accustomed to regard himself as an "animated bust" he feels as if he had become too long when he is made to appear at full length.

Introduction to the Song of Songs.*

BY DR. FRANZ DELITZSCH.

THE SONG is the most obscure book of the Old Testament. Whatever principle of interpretation one may adopt, there always remains a number of inexplicable passages, and just such as, if we understood them, would help to solve the mystery. And yet the interpretation of the book presupposes from the beginning that the interpreter has mastered the idea of the whole. It has thus become an ungrateful task; for however successful the interpreter may be in the separate parts, yet he will be thanked for his work only when the conception as a whole which he has decided upon is approved of.

It is a love-poem. But why such a *minne*-song† in the canon? This question gave rise in the first century, in the Jewish schools, to doubts as to the canonicity of the book. Yet they firmly maintained it; for they presupposed that it was a spiritual, and not a secular love-poem. They interpreted it allegorically. The Targum paraphrases it as a picture of the history of Israel from the Exodus to the coming of the Messiah. The bride is the congregation of Israel; and her breasts, to quote an example, are interpreted of the Messiah in his lowliness and the Messiah in his glory. But "Solomon" is an anthropomorphic representation of Jehovah himself, and all the instances of the occurrence of the name, with one exception, are therefore regarded as an indirect allegorical designation of the God of peace. Because of its apparently erotic, but in truth mysterious, contents, it was a Jewish saying, as Origen and Jerome mention, that the Song should not be studied by anyone till he was thirty years of age. Because, according to the traditional Targum interpretation, it begins with the departure out of Egypt, it forms part of the liturgy for the eighth day of the Passover. The five Megilloths are arranged in the calendar according to their liturgical use.

In the church this synagogal allegorizing received a new turn. They saw represented in the Song the mutual love of Christ and his church, and it thus became a mine of sacred mysticism in which men have dug to the present day. Thus Origen explains it in twelve volumes. Bernhard of Clairvaux died (1153) after he had delivered eighty-six sermons on it, and had only reached the end of the second chapter, and his disciple Gilbert Porretanus carried forward the interpretation in forty-eight sermons only to verse ten, when he died. Perluigi de Palestrina gained by his twenty-nine motettoes on the Song (1584) the honoured name of *Principe della Musica*. In modern times this allegorico-mystical interpretation is represented in the department of exegesis (Hengstenberg), sermon (F. W. Krummacher), and poetry (Gustav Jahn) as well as of music (Neukomm's duet: *Er und sie*), and even of painting (Ludw. von Maydell).

If the Song is to be understood allegorically, then Shulamith is the personification of the congregation of Israel, and mediately of the church. All other interpretations fall below this. Hug (1813) under-

* See Reviews. We insert this, not because we quite agree with it, but because it is a far better theory than many others which have been advocated. That which is called "the seduction theory" is loathsome to us. † Love-song.

stands by the "beloved" the kingdom of the ten tribes longing after a reunion with the house of David; and Heinr. Aug. Hahn (1852) the Japhetic heathendom. Ludw. Noack (1869) has even changed and modified the readings of the Hebrew text, that he might find there the ballads of a Tirhâka romance, *i.e.*, a series of pictures of the events occurring between Samaria and her Æthiopian lover Tirhâka, of the years (B.C.) 702, 691, and 690. These are the aberrations of individuals. Only one other interpretation recommends itself. Solomon's *charisma* and aim was the Chokma. The Peshito places over the Song the superscription חכמת דחכמתא. Is Shulamith, then, the personification of wisdom, like Dante's Beatrice? Rosenmüller (1830) is the most recent representative of this view; and we ought, then, to have in Dante's *Convito* the key to the allegorical interpretation. He there sings sweet songs of love of his mistress, Philosophy. But there is nothing in the description here to show that Shulamith is Wisdom. The one expression, "Thou shalt teach me" (viii. 2), warns us against attempting to put Wisdom in the place of the church, as a reversal of the facts of the case.

But if one understands the church to be meant, there yet remains much that is inexplicable. Who are the sixty queens and the eighty concubines (vi. 8)? And why are the heroes just sixty (iii. 7)? The synagogal and church interpretation, in spite of two thousand years' labour, has yet brought to light no sure results, but only numberless absurdities, especially where the Song describes the lovers according to their members from head to foot, and from foot to head. But notwithstanding all this, it is certain that the "great mystery" (Eph. v. 32) mirrors itself in the Song. In this respect it resembles the love of Joseph and Zuleikha, often sung by the Arabian poets, which is regarded by the mystics as a figure of the love of God toward the soul longing for union with him. Shulamith is a historic personage, not the daughter of Pharaoh, as has been often maintained since the days of Theodore of Mopsuestia (died 429) and Abulfaraj (died 1286), but a country maiden of humble rank, who, by her beauty and by the purity of her soul, filled Solomon with a love for her, which drew him away from the wantonness of polygamy, and made for him the primitive idea of marriage, as it is described in Gen. ii. 23, 25, a self-experienced reality. This experience he here sings, idealizing it after the manner of a poet; *i.e.*, removing the husk of that which is accidental, he goes back to its kernel and its essential nature. We have before us six dramatic figures, each in two divisions, which represent from within the growth of this delightful relation to its conclusion. This sunny glimpse of paradisaical love which Solomon experienced again became darkened by the insatiableness of passion, but the Song of Songs has perpetuated it, and whilst all other songs of Solomon have disappeared, the providence of God has preserved this one, the crown of them all. It is a protest against polygamy, although only in the measure one might expect from the Mosaic standpoint. For the law recognizes, indeed, in its primitive history, monogamy as the original form (Matt. xix. 4—6); but in its legislation, giving up the attempt to abolish polygamy, it is satisfied with its limitation (Deut. xvii. 17).

The Song celebrates paradisaical, but yet only natural, love. It stands, however, in the canon of the church, because Solomon is a

type of him of whom it can be said, "a greater than Solomon is here" (Matt. xii. 12). Referred to him the antitype, the earthly contents receive a heavenly import and glorification. We see therein the mystery of the love of Christ and his church shadowed forth, not, however, allegorically, but typically. The allegory has to coincide throughout with that which is represented; but the type is always only a type *subtractis subtrahendis*, and is exceedingly surpassed by the antitype. In this sense Jul. Sturm (1854) has paraphrased the Song under the title of "Zwei Rosen" (Two Roses) (the typical and the antitypical). When my monograph on the Song appeared (1851), a notice of it in Colani's "Revue de Theologie" (1852) began with the frivolous remark, "*Ce n'est pas la première rêverie de ce genre sur le livre en question; plût à Dieu que ce fût la dernière*";* and Hitzig (1855) judged that "such a work might properly have remained unprinted; it represents nothing but a perverse, inconsiderable literature, which has no conception of scientific judgment and industry." But this work (long since out of print and now rare) was the fruit of many years' study. The commentary here given is based upon it, but does not put it out of date. It broke with the allegorizing interpretation, the untenableness of which appears against his will in Hengstenberg's commentary (1853); it broke also with the theory which regards the poem as a history of Solomon's unsuccessful seductive efforts to gain the Shulamite's affections, a theory which Hitzig (1855) tries to exempt from the necessity of doing violence to the text by arbitrarily increasing the number of speakers and actors in the plot. I certainly succeeded in finding the right key to the interpretation of this work. Zöckler has recognised my book as presenting "the only correct interpretation of its design and contents." Kingsbury, author of the notes on the Song in "The Speaker's Commentary," has expressed the same judgment. Poets such as Stadelmann (*Das Hohelied, ein dramatisches Gedicht* = The Song of Songs: a dramatic poem, 1770) and J. Koch, late pastor of St. Mary's in Parchim (died 1873), have recognised in their beautiful German paraphrases my interpretation as natural and in conformity with the text; and for twenty years I have constantly more and more seen that the solution suggested by me is the right and only satisfactory one.

Shulamith is not Pharaoh's daughter. The range of her thoughts is not that of a king's daughter, but of a rustic maiden. She is a stranger among the daughters of Jerusalem, not because she comes from a foreign land, but because she is from the country. She is dark-complexioned, not from the sun of her more southern home, but from the open sunshine to which she has been exposed as the keeper of a vineyard. In body and soul she is born to be a princess, but in reality she is but the daughter of a humble family in a remote part of Galilee. Hence the childlike simplicity and the rural character of her thoughts, her joy in the open fields, and her longing after the quiet life of her village home. Solomon appears here in loving fellowship with a woman such as he had not found among a thousand (Eccles. vii. 28); and although in social rank far beneath him, he raises her to an equality with himself. That which attached him to her is not her personal

* This is not the first idle fancy of the kind upon the book in question; God grant it may be the last.

beauty alone, but her beauty animated and heightened by nobility of soul. She is a pattern of simple devotedness, naïve simplicity, unaffected modesty, moral purity, and frank prudence—a lily of the field, more beautifully adorned than he could claim to be in all his glory. We cannot understand the Song of Songs unless we perceive that it presents before us not only Shulamith's external attractions, but also all the virtues which make her the ideal of all that is gentlest and noblest in woman. Her words and her silence, her doing and suffering, her enjoyment and self-denial, her conduct as betrothed, as a bride, and as a wife; her behaviour towards her mother, her younger sister, and her brothers—all this gives the impression of a beautiful soul in a body formed, as it were, from the dust of flowers. Solomon raises this child to the rank of queen, and becomes beside this queen as a child. The simple one teaches the wise man simplicity; the humble draws the king down to her level; the pure accustoms the impetuous to self-restraint. Following her, he willingly exchanges the bustle and the outward splendour of court life for rural simplicity; wanders over mountain and meadow if he has only her; with her he is content to live in a lowly cottage. The erotic external side of the poem has thus an ethical background. We have here no "song of loves" (Ezek. xxxiii. 32) having reference to sensual gratification. The rabbinical proverb is right when it utters its threat against him who would treat this Song, or even a single verse of it, as a piece of secular literature. The Song transfigures natural but holy love. Whatever in the sphere of the divinely-ordered marriage relation makes love the happiest, firmest bond uniting two souls together, is presented to us here in living pictures. "The Song," says Herder, "is written as if in Paradise. Adam's song—Thou art my second self! thou art mine own!—echoes in it, in speech and interchanging song, from end to end." The place of the book in the canon does not need any further justification. That its reception was favoured also by the supposition that it represented the intercourse between Jehovah and the congregation of Israel may be conjectured indeed, but is not established. The supposition, however, would have been false; for the book is not an allegory, and Solomon is by no means an *Allegorumenon* of God. But the congregation is truly a bride (Jer. ii. 2; Isai. lxii. 5), and Solomon a type of the Prince of Peace (Isai. ix. 5; Luke xi. 31), and marriage a mystery—viz., as a pattern of the loving relation of God and his Christ to the church (Eph. v. 32). The Song has consequently not only a historico-ethical, but also a typico-mystical meaning. But one must be on his guard against introducing again the allegorical interpretation, as Soltz (1850) has done, under the misleading title of the typical interpretation. The typical interpretation proceeds on the idea that the type and the antitype do not exactly coincide; the mystical, that the heavenly stamps itself on the earthly, but is yet at the same time immeasurably different from it. Besides, the historico-ethical interpretation is to be regarded as the proper business of the interpreter. But because Solomon is a type (*vaticinium reale*) of the spiritual David in his glory, and earthly love a shadow of the heavenly, and the Song a part of sacred history and of canonical Scripture, we will not omit here and there to indicate that the love subsisting between Christ and his church shadows itself forth in it.

The Martyrs of Paris.

THE annals of France abound with many enigmas, of which the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew is the darkest. Though rival historical parties have wrangled about the motives and origin of the stupendous crime, we in England are persuaded that it reflects eternal odium upon the Romish church. Sunny France has been beclouded by numberless misfortunes, and her moral and religious advancement has been obstructed by fanatical or selfish rulers who were either behind their age or too blind to seize golden opportunities. That the country has not been crippled past recovery only proves that its natives are a frugal, industrious race, and that the wealth of their fertile land is inexhaustible. Who shall venture to estimate the woes which France would have escaped had she accepted the Reformation. The crisis came as it came to England and Germany: two paths opened before the leaders of the State, one with its promises of freedom and growth, the other with its priestly thraldom and degrading ignorance. Unwise in her generation, France turned her back on the rising light, chose the Romish counterfeit in preference to the sterling coin of the Reformers, and with a fanatical ferocity, which was the growth of long centuries of papal slavery, endeavoured to stamp out the blessed gospel of Christ. Troubles sharp and prolonged in the body politic were the penalty of this suicidal shortsightedness until the national misery culminated more than two centuries later in the frightful anarchy of the Revolution. The horrors of that Revolution were the fruits of Popery; the people were subjected to a baptism of blood and were plunged into the despair of atheism, when they might have been reaping those rewards of liberty which accompany the gospel. We intend in this article to give a sketch of French history so far as it touches the martyrs of Paris, and we shall commence at the date of 1515, when the throne was occupied by Francis the First.

King *Francis the First* was a many-sided character, and found many admirers in his own age, though if judged by the severer standard of the present day he will be found to have been a strange mixture of opposite qualities. Impartial historians class him among time-servers. Sufficiently licentious to shorten his days, he was cruel to his enemies, chivalrous to his friends, and extended so much patronage to literature and art as to ensure a name among the great kings of France. He only served the Protestant cause so long as such tactics furthered his personal interests or the schemes of political aggrandisement. Still the most unlikely persons may become instruments in the hands of God for effecting useful purposes, and such an instrument was Francis the First: he repressed the aspirations of his Protestant subjects with a severity almost equal to the ferocity afterwards exemplified by Philip the Second; but at the same time he countenanced the separation of Geneva from the authority of the Duke of Savoy, by which means the Reformers were provided with a refuge and a citadel. He could in his quieter moments read the Scriptures with his sister Margaret, chant psalms to popular tunes, and do many other things which looked in the right direction, but when there were heretics to be burned the

scent of blood conquered both heart and reason. The influence of popery in the day of its ascendancy turned men into beasts of prey, and it did this in the case of Francis the First.

In France, as in England, the mere idea of Lutheranism was enough to drive the priests into paroxysms of fury; but if these gentry had not been able to depend on the sympathy of the populace, the cruelties of which they were guilty would never have been committed in public. Hence the difference between English and continental persecution. In England a multitude with bleeding hearts, and with tears of indignation in their eyes, would witness the last triumphant scene in a martyr's life; in France the vindictiveness of the clergy, and even the wanton savagery of the public executioners, were encouraged by the applause of a still more bloodthirsty multitude. Our Marian martyrdoms constitute a mild page in history when compared with the atrocities of the papacy in France—atrocities which provoked retaliation until the Protestants themselves were occasionally guilty of unjustifiable acts. The Turks of our own times and the papists of three hundred years ago, correspond in their savage instincts; and in the one instance as in the other it was the whole nation, and not only the authorities, who were cruel. A delight in blood for its own sake, rather than devotion to the church, inflamed the mob with frenzy, leading to the perpetration of deeds such as horrify and amaze us. To be suspected of heresy, apart from legal evidence, was a capital crime; and without waiting for the routine of courts and judges, a sort of lynch-law was always available. A Protestant might be caught and thrown into the death-cart with a batch of those already condemned, simply for the offence of reminding his suffering brethren that the Lord still reigned in heaven above.

Yet even the Paris crowd were not all of one mind, a remnant remained who lamented the cruelties of the church and court, and were alienated from the papacy by its inhumanities. These barbarities were intended to strike terror into the hearts of those who dared to think for themselves, but the effect really produced was something widely different; truth was spread and converts multiplied.

Henri the Second ascended the throne of France on the last day of March, 1547, and his memory is associated with that of a notoriously wicked wife. The Church of Rome has had many Jezebels, but the queen-mother of the harlot tribe was that infamous hag whose least repulsive characteristic was a cormorant-like appetite, the wretched murderess Catherine de Medicis—"the Florentine shopkeeper," as she was contemptuously called by her daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots. Such a woman well suited the cruel and bigoted king. Murder and treason when practised towards any of his own family were no doubt hateful to him, but the reformed doctrines were the special abhorrence of his soul. When he fell in a tournament, pierced to the brain through the right eye by a splinter from the lance of Montmorency, the Genevan Protestants attributed the accident to the visitation of God.

The bloodthirsty character of the Paris mob was revealed in a striking manner on a memorable evening in September, 1557, on which occasion some hundreds of Huguenots were assembled for worship in a quiet

retreat of the old city. Many of the congregation were of the upper classes, and all were about to retire after having partaken of the Lord's Supper, when they found the doors besieged by a riotous rabble uttering frantic cries in honour of the Pope. Being armed to the teeth, the fanatics would have forthwith slain every Protestant in the house had not the doors been closed and the assault repelled by armed men within. A night of tumult and terror ensued ; and in the morning, when the military dispersed the crowd, the Lutherans were carried to prison to be confined in noisome cells, until they should take their flight to heaven in a chariot of fire. Many were burned, and the burning was preceded by unutterable tortures; others were saved through the influence of Calvin with the Swiss and German princes. Those who yielded up their lives did so without flinching, and without bringing the least stain of dishonour on their profession. While the infuriated Paris mob were dancing and yelling for more blood at each fresh execution, Calvin was exhorting the prisoners to be faithful unto death. One of the victims was Philippa de Luuz, a widow of twenty-two, whose conduct during the ordeal of torture and fire showed her to be the meekest heroine of an illustrious band. What she suffered was similar in severity to the punishment borne by her compeers in martyrdom; and the details need only be quoted to prove that popery in its palmiest days could educate its votaries down to the level of devildom. Her tongue was cut out to prevent any prayer or word of address being audible to the people. Her executioners held her over the fire until her feet, hair, and eyes were successively burned away; and the final stroke was not given until the body was apparently past feeling. These were the things on which ecclesiastics gazed without pity,—the very things which they most heartily commended. The most savage mob crying for the best blood of France, the severest judges, the most cruel hangmen, were the most faithful children and the truest representatives of the Pope of Rome.

Still, neither prison nor fire could murder truth. The gospel lived, and took deep root in noble minds. The accession of Henry the Second inspired none with courage but the Neros among the clergy and the murder-breathing fanatics among the people. It was openly proclaimed that profession of the Reformed doctrines would incur the penalty of death ; and, when infected with heresy, houses were to be razed to the ground. No one might give either food or shelter, nor even a cup of cold water to a Protestant fugitive, and tempting rewards were offered for the capture of their pastors. In the natural order of things the law defeated itself; universal distrust was generated, and all men felt the bondage of suspicion.

In 1559 M. A. du Bourg, a learned lawyer of Paris, and also a member of the parliament as it then existed, was in sympathy with the Reformed doctrines. Advised by the Guise faction, the king, only a few weeks before the close of his inglorious reign, resolved to reprimand the politicians in person, when A. du Bourg and another were arrested and cast into prison. Soon after the king was killed, but the trial proceeded and the lawyer was condemned. "I am sent to the stake," he said to his judges, "because I will not confess that justification, grace,

and sanctification are to be found elsewhere than in Christ."* At his execution his utterances were still the language of triumph and trust. So amiable a man was this martyr that students wept at his fate, and all but the blind and bigoted perceived that the Reformation movement was aided by the severities used to secure its suppression.

We English people are accustomed to regard the atrocities of Queen Mary's reign as belonging to the darkest epoch in our annals, but Mary was kind-hearted when compared with the butchers of France, and the populace of London never showed that murderous ferocity characteristic of the Paris lower orders in the sixteenth century.

The offspring of murdered Protestants were cast adrift on the streets of the capital, homeless and friendless, none daring to offer them shelter or a morsel of food. Those who died were at least beyond the reach of heartless enemies, and were thus to be envied by those who were left behind. The Government, by crippling the resources of the country, often reduced themselves to inconvenient straits. Trade was hampered, and the social advancement of the nation was stopped, because men were not only forbidden to think for themselves, but wealth became a dangerous possession. With an empty exchequer, and a discontented people, the king was so haunted by fear of assassination that he often hastily left the hunt to seek the guarded seclusion of his private apartments.

Romish apologists make strenuous endeavours to account for the slaughterings of Protestants by shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of courtiers and political plotters. Now and then this gross misrepresentation crops up in unexpected quarters; for even in a popular encyclopædia we have seen the infamous Duke of Guise put down as a man remarkable for humanity and generosity—the inhuman monster who suppressed the rising of Amboise by murdering twelve hundred persons, the attendant circumstances being as atrocious as those in Bulgaria of last year. The truth is that popery generates a cruelty as fierce as that which is born of pagan darkness. Charles the Cardinal, brother to the Duke of Guise, found congenial sport in the work of exterminating heretics, and, true to the nature of his family and to his religious profession, the martyr fires afforded him a welcome after-dinner sport.

Francis II. succeeded to the throne in 1559. In 1560 there is a slight break in the narrative of suffering and death. Harsh measures did not retard, but stimulated the growth of Protestantism, so that thoughts of compromise were entertained. As a preliminary meeting a great gathering of distinguished persons, including the king and royal family, assembled at Fontainebleau. There were persons who occupied high positions in the Church and State whose enlightened opinions were far in advance of their age, and who from time to time gave utterance to sentiments which might have saved the country from future woe by allowing the Reformation to overrun the land. Among these patriotic friends of France were Marillac the archbishop of Vienne, Montlue of the see of Valence, Coligny the admiral, and L'Hopital the chancellor. Coligny

* Quoted in Mr. Henry White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," to which able narrative we are partially indebted for the facts of this article.

was in after years murdered in his bed, the first victim of the Bartholomew massacre, while the chancellor, who survived the storm, was too ardent a Reformer to earn aught but the hatred of the Romish bigots who thronged the capital and infested the court. The history of those times is little more than a series of plots and of counterplots. Now the Guise or popish faction are gratified by the arrest of Condé, the Protestant leader; then Guise himself is shot before Orleans; and in turn the prince of Condé is slain at the battle of Jarnac. Condé would have died on the scaffold had not Francis II. himself been cut off at the age of sixteen. By Calvin, Francis II. was called the "little king"; to Beza he was a "miserable boy," and the whole conclave of Reformers at Geneva looked upon his removal as directly providential. The monarch reigned but one year, and then died a painful death through an abscess in the head, which circumstance led the Protestants to say that he was touched in the ear, as his father had been touched in the eye by the splinter from a combatant's lance.

Charles the Ninth (1560) was a mere child when he came to the throne. He was in some respects the heir of misfortune, but he was more the servant of sin, and for three centuries his memory has been loaded with the execrations of mankind. Passionate and weak, he suffered himself to be governed by his mother, that wicked woman whose sins ultimately left her without friends, and caused her to die unpitied. The Reformers enjoyed for a time such favour as Catherine was able to bestow, for the Queen-mother was engaged in checkmating her opponents, the encroaching house of Guise. While hating the Reformed doctrines with all the force of her pitiless heart, she hated her enemies even more bitterly. Hence she looked towards England for that which would aid her in the accomplishment of her designs, though she abhorred the faith which England sheltered. It was mercifully ordered that the interests of such a woman should run counter to the schemes of the extreme party headed by Philip the Second of Spain; for had it been otherwise the papal power would, humanly speaking, have been irresistible. As it happened, Catherine played her part so well that she actually hindered Philip from marrying his son to Mary Stuart, by which manœuvre he hoped to impose his iron rule on Scotland, and to sweep the Reformation out of England.

It had at length become clear to the blindest observer that the mere burning and hanging of men and women would not ensure the supremacy of the Pope. Even persecutors grow weary of anarchy, and long for the security which springs from peace. It was thought that the time had come for mutual concessions to be made, so that in 1561 we find a large assemblage of chiefs meeting in conference at what is called the Colloquy of Poissy. The chancellor again spoke like an enlightened God-fearing patriot centuries before his age; and Beza shocked the papal sensibilities of his opponents by venturing to deliver in open court some of those Bible truths which then passed among the conservatives as "Genevan leaven." Philip of Spain was naturally more enraged than language can express at the bare notion of conferring with heretics: the only arguments worthy of his cause being faggots, torture, and the Inquisition. The debates bore little fruit of permanent good, and they were followed by excesses of civil war in which

both parties showed that they were not averse to the arbitration of the sword. For the moment the Reformers appeared to triumph when the edict of 1562, according toleration, was promulgated; but the promise disappeared, like a summer cloud, for torn by faction, and tolerant only from policy, the government proved too weak to enforce its own decrees.

Edicts which thus remain dead letters served no higher purpose than that of bringing the government into contempt. The massacre of Nassy by the hirelings of Guise showed the Huguenots that no redress was to be hoped for from those in authority, and of itself this was a powerful cause of the civil war which ensued. That Sunday morning outrage, by which between two and three hundred Huguenots were either killed on the spot or mortally wounded, was only a sample of atrocities common in other parts of France—Bartholomew massacres on a smaller scale, minor storms before the great tempest of 1572.

The appeal to the sword on the part of the Huguenots was contrary to the advice of Calvin, who, realising with sweetest force that the Lord's kingdom was not of this world, would have had the redeemed flock live and suffer in the midst of wolves. The reasonableness of this advice has not only been called in question, but sneers at Calvin's expense have been abundant, seeing that he could advise people to be heroic while sitting himself in his arm-chair at Geneva. Still Calvin was perfectly honest; his words corresponded with his actions; his intervention through Protestant princes furthered the reformed cause, and though no good end would have been answered by his courting danger, he would not have shrunk from the baptism of fire had need arisen. As regards the question of resistance, it is pretty certain that we in England should fight now if placed in circumstances similar to those of the Huguenots in the sixteenth century: but whether we should be right or not is another matter.

The barbarities of the royal forces provoked retaliation on the part of the Huguenots until one party seemed to rival the other in ferocity. At the same time there was a marked difference in the procedure of the two armies. The king's forces had only to commit indescribable cruelties to earn the compliments of the Pope and his cardinals; the Protestants, on the contrary, when exasperated to retaliate, were censured by the best of their leaders. This shows a vital difference in the spirit which animated the two bodies—a distinctive difference, such as we might expect to find existing between Christ and antichrist.

In 1560 the edict of Amboise was promulgated to ensure the release of Huguenot prisoners, and after eight years of turmoil and civil war, during which the proclamation had remained a dead letter, its provisions were restored by the treaty of Longjumeau. This paper peace was a mere mockery. The civil war, stimulated by money from the Pope, broke out with extreme violence, the sorrows of the persecuted seeming to culminate at the battle of Jarnac when the prince of Condé was slain. Other fratricidal battles followed; but the storm appeared to have spent its fury when the peace of St. Germains was concluded in 1570. While the negotiations were in progress to heal the wounds of the bleeding country, Pope Pius the Fifth again showed how far he was a representative of the Prince of Peace. He denounced all compromise,

shed crocodile tears, and uttered sentiments in regard to the necessity of war such as proved that if he was not the chief agent of Diabolus, he was at least no servant of Christ.

Still, in spite of the Pope and of his darling protégé, Philip of Spain, a peace was concluded, and Coligny, the distinguished leader of the Huguenots, was invited to court, where he became the valued councillor of of the young king, Charles the Ninth. His resolution to proceed to Paris was not taken hastily, for after two treaties had been broken by the court, more than a little caution was necessary. The strong fortress of Rochelle served Coligny as a convenient retreat; and there, for more than a year, he and the leaders of his co-religionists, including the Prince of Navarre, held fellowship together. In due time, however, the call to court was accepted, and while the admiral was pleased with the *bonhomie* of the young king, Charles himself was delighted to find that he had a councillor in whose wisdom and integrity he could implicitly trust. The king, who was weary of war and anarchy, was determined to create peace, and had he not been subjected to evil family influences he would probably have carried out his pacific intentions. The Huguenots were in favour at court, their enemies, who committed illegal excesses, were summarily punished, and to crown all, the king's sister Margaret was offered in marriage to the head of the Huguenots, Prince Henry of Navarre. The spectacle was one for which the world was ill-prepared. The pope so far threatened his displeasure that he refused a dispensation; the king of Spain felt scandalized if not alarmed, and his feelings were shared by the Guise faction in Paris, who saw their influence vanishing in the midst of peace. Nevertheless, the marriage negociations proceeded, and the wedding was celebrated on the 18th of August.

On the 23rd, Coligny, after playing a game with the king and the duke of Guise, was wounded by a shot from a hireling of the queen-mother while returning home, and that shot was the commencement of the most atrocious tragedy in French history. The wounded admiral of France in the eyes of the Popish plotters—Catherine de Medici, the house of Guise, the duke of Anjou, and others—was more dangerous than ever. The king not only threatened vengeance, but he paid a visit of condolence to the invalid, while the crowd of Huguenots who had come to Paris on account of the wedding were also attracted to the house. The conspirators became so seriously alarmed that they worked upon the weak nature of Charles until he consented to a crime which hastened his own death. They spoke of plots which they declared were ripening to encompass his destruction, and warned him that unless prompt measures were taken the opportunity of escape would pass away. The king at last gave his consent that the murder of Coligny should be consummated, on conditions that none of the Huguenots should be left alive to reproach their king with the crime. In a trice jubilant plotters organised their plans and marshalled their murderous hosts. The admiral was murdered in his bed, while the hellish cry "Kill! kill!" rang throughout Paris. What followed we need not shock the reader's nerves by describing. How many victims fell nobody knows, for they were too numerous to count. The example of Paris was copied in the provinces. The number of the murdered, as given by various historians, ranges from twenty to a

hundred thousand. No wonder that popery, in these milder times, has made frantic endeavours to wipe away the disgrace which naturally attached to such atrocities, and to disconnect the whole affair from religion. It was far otherwise with the papists of the sixteenth century, who boldly owned that the murders were a Catholic crusade undertaken in the cause of the church, so that readers of ordinary discernment will not be deceived by the sophistries of Lingard, nor by the more contemptible quibbles of "The Dublin Review." The effect of the intelligence of the murders at the Vatican is well described by Mr. Henry White, in his "Massacre of St. Bartholomew":—"When the news of the massacre reached Rome the exultation among the clergy knew no bounds. The cardinal of Lorraine rewarded the messenger with a thousand crowns; the cannon of St. Angelo thundered forth a joyous salute; the bells rang out from every steeple; bonfires turned night into day; and Gregory XIII., attended by the cardinals and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, went in long procession to the church of St. Louis, where the cardinal of Lorraine chanted a Te Deum. A pompous Latin inscription in gilt letters over the entrance of the church describes Charles as an avenging angel sent from heaven to cleanse his kingdom from heretics. A medal was struck to commemorate the massacre, and in the Vatican may still be seen three frescoes by Vazari, describing the attack upon the admiral, the king in council plotting the massacre, and the massacre itself. Gregory sent Charles the golden rose; and four months after the massacre, when humaner feelings might have been supposed to have resumed their sway, he listened complacently to the sermon of a French priest, the learned but cankered Menetus, who spoke of 'that day so full of happiness and joy, when the most holy father received the news, and went in solemn state to render thanks to God and St. Louis.'"

Two years after the king died at the premature age of twenty-four, reduced by remorse, and overcome by the visions of blood-stained corpses which haunted his bedside. Strange that such a man should have had a Huguenot nurse to soothe him in his last moments. When, with frantic cries, he lamented his awful crime, and called aloud for pardon, the faithful Philippe was sufficiently bold to explain the gospel in its fulness. If the king repented of his myriad murders, even these crimson crimes would be covered by the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; but who can dare to hope? The last faintly spoken words of Charles IX. were: "If Jesus my Saviour should number me among his redeemed." The wretched man's awful repentance, and bitter tears came late, but who shall venture dogmatically to say *too late* while Christ can save to the uttermost? We dare not hope, but we must not judge.

An Earnest Warning against Unbelief.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And to whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not? So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief."—Hebrews iii. 18, 19.

ALL the histories of Scripture are written for our ensamples, but especially the story of the Israelites, which is given to us at a length far exceeding the value of the narrative, except it be intended for purposes of spiritual instruction; for it occupies four books of the Old Testament, and those by no means short ones. These things were written that we might see ourselves in the Israelites as in a glass, and so might be warned of dangers common to us and to them, and be guided to a worthier use of the privileges which we enjoy. Always read Exodus, Numbers, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy with this view,—"This is the story of the church of God in the wilderness: I would see how God dealt with them and how they dealt with him, and from this learn lessons that may be useful to me in my own pilgrimage to the eternal rest."

The great promise which was given to Israel was Canaan, that choice land which God had of old allotted to them. "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." He made Palestine to be the centre of worship, the joy of all lands, the seat of his oracle, and the place of his abode. In the wilderness the tribes were journeying towards this country, and it was a very short distance from Egypt, so that they might almost at once have taken possession of the land, and yet it cost them forty years' travelling. If you trace their journeyings, you will see that they ran a perpetual zigzag, backward and forward, to the right and to the left. Sometimes they were actually journeying away from the promised rest, plunging into the deeps of the howling wilderness; and all, we are told, because of their unbelief. The land itself flowed with milk and honey: it was a land of brooks and rivers, a land upon the surface of which all choice fruits would grow, and out of whose bowels they could dig copper and iron. It was the choicest of all lands, and will yet again become so when there is an end of the accursed rule which now makes it desolate. Once again, under decent, settled rule, and properly irrigated, it will again bloom and become such a country as all the world besides cannot match. This was the promised land, and into it they were to enter, and therein to multiply and increase as the stars of heaven, and to be a nation of kings and priests unto God. But they could not enter in because of unbelief. This alone shut them out.

Brethren, Canaan is a type to us of the great and goodly things of the covenant of grace which belong to believers; but if we have no faith we cannot possess a single covenant blessing. This day, in the proclamation of the gospel, the demand is made of faith in God, and if there be no faith, no matter how rich the gospel, how full its provisions,

and how precious the portion which God hath prepared, none of us can ever enter in.

Some of you have not entered into the rest which God giveth to his people even here below, ("for we which believe do enter into rest,") because of unbelief; and into the rest which remaineth, the blessed *sabbath* of the skies, you will not be able to enter because of unbelief. This pains and troubles me, but so it is. Moses wrote a mournful psalm which began, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," and then he went on to weep and bewail the transitory nature of man's estate. He wrote it while he was seeing forty funerals, at the least, every day, for it required an average of forty deaths per diem to carry off all the people that came out of Egypt in the forty years. Their days were spent in bewailing the dead, so that it was true of them as it is not true of us, "All our days are passed away in thy wrath." They had to mourn and sigh, with Canaan but a little way ahead. They might have been laughing in its glades, sunning themselves in its plains, feasting on its figs and grapes and corn; but instead thereof they were pining and dying, digging graves and expiring, for they could not enter in because of unbelief. Many, many, many this day are tormenting themselves with needless despondency, shivering in fears they need not know, and vexed with plagues they need not feel, because they fail to rest in Christ through unbelief. Alas, myriads more are descending into the lake that burneth with fire, and know no rest, and never shall know any! For them the harps of angels never sound, for them the white robes are not prepared, because the unbelieving must have their portion in the fiery lake. Oh that God would now deliver them from this dreadful sin of unbelief.

I have only three remarks to make, and the first is that *these were a highly favoured people, but they could not enter in because of unbelief;* secondly, that *the sole and only thing, according to the text, which shut them out was unbelief;* and that, thirdly, *there were other people,* their own sons and daughters, *who, being delivered from this unbelief, did enter in.* That must have made the case the more clear against them, because their little ones, whom they said should be a prey, were nevertheless permitted each one to stand in his lot. God's purpose was not frustrated because of man's unbelief. "Though we believe not, he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself."

I. First, then, THESE WERE A HIGHLY FAVOURED PEOPLE, AND YET THEY COULD NOT ENTER IN BECAUSE OF UNBELIEF.

Mark you, this was not said of Egyptians, Amorites, Philistines—no, but said of Israelites who occupied the position of those who in the New Testament are called "the children of the kingdom," many of whom will be cast out. These are the persons of whom it may be truly said, "Be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." The dust of the feet of God's servants will be shaken off against you, but yet you have heard the message of mercy, and you have been as highly favoured as Bethsaida and Chorazin when they heard the word which, through its rejection, wrought for them a more intolerable doom.

Now, think of it. *These Israelites had seen great wonders wrought.*

These men were in Egypt during those marvellous plagues. What times to live in, when they heard of miracle after miracle, peals of God's great thunder when he made his storm to beat about the head of proud Pharaoh! These men had seen the waters turned into blood, and the fish floating dead upon the stream, they had seen the murrain on the cattle, and the great hailstones which destroyed the harvest. They had been in light when all the Egyptians were in darkness that might be felt. They had seen the plagues of locusts and of lice, and all the terrors of the Lord, when Jehovah took arrow after arrow out of his quiver and shot them against the hard heart of Pharaoh. They had all eaten of the paschal lamb on that dread night when Egypt wept sore because the chief of all their strength had been smitten in all the dwellings of the sons of Ham. They had gone out with their kneading troughs in haste to escape from the land of bondage, brought forth with a high hand and an outstretched arm. These very men had been with Moses when Pharaoh pursued them, and when that lifted rod affrighted the Red Sea, and Israel found an open channel where of old the waves had perpetually rolled. They had marched through the depths as through the wilderness; and they had seen the eager waters leap back again into their place, and drown all Egypt's chivalry. They had heard the song of Miriam, "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously! The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." And yet they could not enter in because of unbelief.

And, oh, brethren, there are some among you who have seen great marvels wrought by God. You have known the gift of his dear Son, so as to be assured of the fact, and to see it with your mind's eye, though you have not believed unto salvation. You know what God has wrought for his people; you know how he delivered them, and saved them by the blood of his Son. You have been present when the power of the Lord has swept through the audience as the wind sweeps through the forest and breaks the cedars of Lebanon. You have known the mighty works which God has done in the midst of the congregation, and your eyes have seen them, and your fathers have also told you of the wondrous things which he did in their day and in the old time before them; and yet with all this before you, and your mother in heaven, and your sister in the church of God, and your friends saved, you yourselves cannot enter in because of unbelief. Ah! the Lord will not have mercy upon you because of what you have seen, for so much light is but an aggravation of the guilt of your unbelief: and, instead of pleading in your favour, it demands justice on those that believe not after all they have seen.

To these Israelites great things had been revealed, for during their sojourn in the wilderness they had been scholars in a gracious school. You yourselves have marvelled that they did not learn more. What glorious marchings those were through the wilderness, when the mountains saw thee, O God, and they trembled, when Sinai was altogether on a smoke. To what people did God ever speak as he spake to them? To whom did he give the tablets of divine command, written with his own mysterious pen? Where else did he dwell between the cherubim, and shine forth with glorious

majesty? Where else did he reveal himself in type and shadow, by priest and sacrifice and altar? Where else was heard so sweetly holy psalm and daily prayer? Where else smoked the morning and the evening lamb, God teaching by all these? And yet, when they heard they did provoke; when they were taught they refused to learn; when they were called they went not after him. Their hearts were hardened, and they believed not the Lord their God.

We too have enjoyed a clear revelation. We have heard the gospel more plainly than the Israelites ever did. This blessed book has more light in it than Moses could impart; and the preaching of the gospel, where it is done affectionately and earnestly, and by the help of the Spirit of God, is a greater means of grace to the soul than all the sacred rites of the tabernacle. Shall it be with us as with them? They could not enter in because of unbelief; shall we labour under the same disability? Sharers in solemn feasts, and yet their carcases fell in the wilderness! Partakers of countless blessings, favoured with the light of God, and yet shut out from Jehovah's rest because they believed not! Will this be our portion also?

Remember also, that *they were a people with whom God had great patience.* Has it ever struck you—the great patience which must have been exercised in forty years of provocation? I put it to any man here who has a good temper, and is very calm and cool, and singularly forgiving: how long could you stand provocation? Brother, if they did always provoke you intentionally, wilfully, and repeatedly, how long could you bear it? Ah, you would not be *provoked* one-half so long as you think you would, without, at least, coming to blows. "Lord, unto seventy times seven!" said Peter to Christ when the Master had told him that he was so often to forgive. He was astonished. And do you know the next thing he said? It was, "Lord, increase our faith," as much as to say, "Flesh and blood can never attain to that. Lord, thou must increase our faith if we are to do that." But *forty years'* provocation, what think you of that? Some men bear provocation well because they cannot return it, on the principle mentioned in Cowper's ballad—

> "So stooping down, as needs he must
> Who cannot sit upright."

But when a man knows his power to end the provocation and to deliver himself, he is not so slow to ease him of his adversary. See the gentleness of the Lord. Forty years is he provoked! One would have thought that, surely, in that time these people would turn and repent. Moses himself, I think, in the greatest agony of his prayer, could only have said, "Lord, give them twelve months in which they may mend their ways." That gracious intercessor who is mentioned in the parable of the fig-tree only said, "let it alone this year also." That was all. But this was *forty* years! A fruitless tree standing for forty years! Why cumbereth it the ground? Oh the stupendous mercy of God! But they could not enter into his rest after all. Will it be the same with you who have heard the gospel for many years? What is to become of you? When so much patience is lost upon you, what must happen next? I scarcely feel as if I

could pity *you;* I seem as if I pitied God that he has borne your indifference so long as the only return for his great love. In what manner has he acted that you should so ungenerously treat him and continue still to provoke him? I fear it will ere long be said of you, "they could not enter in because of unbelief."

Once more only on this point. *These people had also received great mercies.* It was not merely what they had seen, and what they had been taught, and the longsuffering they had enjoyed; but they had received very remarkable favours. They drank of the rock which followed them, and the manna fell every morning fresh from heaven for them. Men did eat angels' food. They had a cloudy pillar to guide and shield them by day; and that same pillar at night became a light of fire, and so lit up the canvas city all night long. The Lord was a wall of fire round about them, and a glory in their midst. Will you think, dear friend, what God has done for you from your childhood until now? Mayhap you found yourself upon a mother's lap, and she was singing of Jesus; and as you grew up you dwelt in a family circle where that dear name was a household word. By-and-by you were led to a godly teacher to be taught more about Jesus; and since then you have heard from the pastor's mouth a message which he tries to steep in love whenever he delivers it. Then think of the Lord's gracious providence. You have been fed and cared for. Perhaps you have been brought very low, but you have had food and raiment. Others are pining in the workhouse, and you have, probably, a competence, or you are in health and are able to earn your livelihood, and in times of sickness God hears you and keeps you from death. You have been preserved in accident, and here you are, kept alive with death so near. Will you not turn unto the Lord? For if not, he will not always spare you. Earth feels your weight too much for her, and almost asks God to let her open a grave for the wretch who refuses to love his Creator. Time itself is getting impatient of your sin, and hurrying on the hour when your allotted span will be over and you will be forced into a dread eternity. Oh soul, soul, highly favoured as thou art, it seems so sad a thing that of thee it should be said, "*He* could not enter in," or "*she* could not enter in"—"because of unbelief."

II. And now a few words upon our second head. NOTHING BUT UNBELIEF SHUT THEM OUT. "They could not enter in because of unbelief."

It was not through great sin in other respects, although they were a sinful people. God was ready to forgive them everything else but unbelief, and had they but been willing and obedient the times of their ignorance he would have winked at. He had provided sacrifices on purpose to take away sins of ignorance, and multitudes of sins besides; but nothing takes away the sin of unbelief, so long as it remains in the heart. Ye must be believers, or the blood of Jesus Christ itself shall never be sprinkled upon you to your cleansing. However great your sins may have been, all manner of sin and of iniquity shall be forgiven unto you if you believe. The greatness of his sin shall shut no man out of heaven; unbelief alone will stop the way.

Neither, my dear brethren, *would their other evil tendencies have kept*

them out of Canaan. God knew what they were. They had been a race of slaves in Egypt, and it is not easy for a nation long in bondage to rise to the dignity of freedom: the Israelites in the wilderness were people of a low type, much degraded by slavery, and God was therefore lenient with them. Many laws he did not make, because he knew they would not keep them; and there were some things which he permitted them which could not be permitted to us. "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, permitted you to put away your wives," said Jesus. The Lord was very gentle towards their moral weakness, and bore with them as a nurse with her children; but when it came to unbelief—a doubt of him who was so clearly God—a denial of his power, his faithfulness, his truth, then they were shut out of Canaan as with an iron gate.

My brethren, they were *not unbelieving from want of evidence;* yet they had not more than you have, because most of you have abundant evidence of the truth of the gospel. The Bible to you has been God's book from your childhood, and you take its inspiration for granted, and you are therefore inexcusable if you do not trust Christ. If a man's scepticism includes a doubt of the existence of God, or the truth of Scripture, we will talk to him another time; but with most of you there are no such questionings, and the Lord Jesus might well demand of you, "If I tell you the truth, why do you not believe me?" If before the judgment-seat of Christ a man shall be forced to confess "I believed the Bible to be God's word," I cannot imagine the apology which he can frame in his heart for not having believed in Jesus Christ. To you, then, there is no lack of evidence, and if you are shut out of heaven, your own wilful unbelief must bear the blame.

The Israelites were *not unbelieving from want of encouragement,* for as I have already shown you the Lord sweetly encouraged them to believe in him by the great things he did for them, and by his gentle dealings day by day. Most of you have been gently persuaded and encouraged to trust in the Lord Jesus. How blessedly the word of God has worded its invitations so as to suit the timorousness of poor trembling sinners: and as a preacher I can honestly say that I lay out all my wits to think of truths which might cheer desponding souls! God who abounded to me in all goodness and mercy in bringing me tenderly to his feet, has made me long after souls that I may bring them to him. If you have not believed, it has not been for want of invitations, and expostulations, and encouragements, and words of consolation. No, you will not be able to blame the Bible or the preacher; but unbelief of the most wanton kind will be chargeable upon you and will shut you out of God's rest.

Nor would it have been true if the Israelites had said that they could not enter in because of difficulties. There was the Jordan before them, and when they entered the land there were cities walled to heaven, and giants before whom they felt like grasshoppers. Yes, but that did not hinder, for God divided the Jordan, made the walls of Jericho to fall flat to the ground, and sent the hornet before them to chase out the giants. Israel had little more to do than to go up and take the spoil.

Now, soul, there is no difficulty between you and eternal life which Christ either has not removed already or will not remove as you believe

in him. As for your iniquities, when you believe they are gone—the Jordan is divided. As for your inbred sins, he will surely drive them out little by little, when you believe in him. As for your old habits, which are like the high walls of the Canaanitish cities—they shall fall down at the sound of the rams' horns of faith. Only believe, and thou shalt enter into rest. Trust in God, and impossibilities shall vanish, and difficulties shall become a blessing to thee. Nothing hinders thee except that *thou will not believe*, and if thou wilt not believe neither shalt thou be established. "If ye believe not," says Christ, "that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." "For this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light." This is the sin of which I pray the Spirit of God to convince you,—"Of sin, because they believed not on me."

III. The third head was that SOME DID ENTER IN. These were their own children, and I have been wondering whether, if I should preach in vain to a whole generation of those who reject Christ, I might yet hope that their children would rise up to call the Redeemer blessed. Dear young man, do not follow in your unbelieving father's footsteps. Dear girl, do not imitate the indecision, the halting between two opinions, which you have seen in your mother. If her carcase must fall in the wilderness, there is no reason why yours should. Is it not a great mercy that the Lord does not reject us because of the sins of our fathers? Though you were a child of shame, yet you may be a child of grace: though your pedigree were dishonourable your end may be glorious. If the history of your ancestors is full of unbelief and rejection of the Lord, yet this need be no reason why you should perish with them.

Look at the effect of this upon the fathers, as they looked upon their sons and said, "That boy of mine will have a house and home in the holy land, but I must die in this desert. That girl of mine will be among the merry wives that make joy in Eshcol, and that go up to the house of the Lord in Zion; but I must be buried in this waste of sand, for the Lord has sworn in his wrath that I shall not enter into his rest." Fathers and mothers, how do these things suit you? I am sure, if it were my lot to see my boys rejoicing in the Lord while I was myself an unbeliever and could not enter in because of unbelief, I could not bear it. I could not bear it. How I wish that your children would entice you to Christ. I have known it happen by the influence of dear departing infants. Many a time the Lord has caught a babe away from its mother's breast, to her grief at first but to her salvation in the end. The shepherd could not get the sheep to follow till he took up its lamb and carried it in his bosom, and then the mother would go wherever he liked. Perhaps the Lord has done that with some of you on purpose that you may follow him. Do you want him to come and take another little one? Ah, he may, for he loves you. If one is not enough he may take another, till at last you follow the Shepherd's call. If you will not follow Jesus you cannot enter where your babes have gone. Mother, you shall not see the heavenly field wherein your little lambs are resting; you are divided from them for ever. Unbelieving father, you cannot follow your sons; your believing offspring are with God, but you must be cast out from his presence. Can you endure this?

O impenitent sinner, do you not know that God's purpose shall not

be frustrated? If *you* will not have Christ, others will. If you will not come to the banquet of his love, he will gather the wanderers and the outcasts, for his wedding shall be furnished with guests. As surely as the Lord liveth Christ shall not die in vain. Heaven shall not be empty, and the sacred orchestra of the skies shall not lack musicians. If you count yourselves unworthy, others whom you have despised, shall be welcomed to the feast of love. Harlots and outcasts his mighty grace will save, and you, the children of the kingdom, shall be cast into outer darkness, where weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth are heard. Can you bear it? Can you bear to think of it? If *you* can, *I* cannot. When I think of any of my hearers perishing, I feel like Hagar when she could not help her child, and therefore laid him under the bushes and went away saying, "How can I see the death of the child?" One of you lost! One of you lost! It is too much for me to think of! Yet to many of you the gospel has been preached in vain, for the hearing of it has not been mixed with faith. The Lord have mercy upon you!

To me it is specially appalling that a man should perish through wilfully rejecting the divine salvation. A drowning man throwing away the life-belt, a poisoned man pouring the antidote upon the floor, a wounded man tearing open his wounds: any one of these is a sad sight, but what shall we say of a soul putting from it the Redeemer and choosing its own destruction? O souls, be warned, and forbear from eternal suicide. There is still the way of salvation, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." To believe is to trust. I met with one the other night who had imbibed the notion that saving faith was simply to believe that the doctrines of the word of God, and the statements therein made are true. Now faith includes that, but it is much more. You may believe all this book to be true, and be lost notwithstanding your belief. You must so believe it as to act upon it by trusting. "Trust *what?*" say you. Let us alter the question before we answer it. "Trust *whom?*" You have to trust in a living person, in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died as the substitute for those who trust him, and lives to see that those whom he bought with blood are also redeemed from their sins by power, and brought home to heaven. Trust Jesus Christ, soul. Have done with yourself as your confidence, and commit your soul unto the keeping of the faithful Redeemer.

Have you done so? Then, even if the clock has not ticked once since you believed in Jesus Christ, you are as surely saved as if you had been a saint these twenty years, for he that believeth in him is not condemned. This declaration makes no stipulation as to time. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." God grant that you may obey the heavenly precept, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

David Sandeman.*

DAVID SANDEMAN was born on April 23rd, in the year 1826. The house of his boyhood was Springland, on the bank of the Tay, a suburb of Perth. There are few scenes in the United Kingdom more beautiful than those which surround the fair city; and the missionary in Amoy, however intent on mastering the difficulties of the Chinese language, and of preaching Christ to the strange people among whom he had gone to reside, could not fail to revert with pleasure to the lovely landscapes amid which he had spent the early years of his life. In his comparative loneliness, he would recall the days when he roamed over the level sweep of the Inches, or climbed the hills of Kinnoul and Moncrieff, and looked from the former on the Carse of Gowrie and the green undulations of Fife, and from the latter over Strathearn to the picturesque slopes of the Ochils.

David was for a time a scholar in the Perth academy, the rector of which said of him that his diligence in mathematics was such as favourably to affect the whole class. When fifteen years old he was sent to the Pestalozzian school at Worksop, in England, where he acquired some knowledge of French and German. While at school, and when he returned home, he observed the outward forms of godliness, but was destitute of spiritual life. He needed the change which only the Holy Ghost can effect, and a number of agencies were employed in bringing about his conversion. His parents were truly pious, and his mother especially strove to draw him to Christ. Faithful sermons stirred his soul. Once after hearing the Rev. W. C. Burns in Perth, he said, "I never knew till to-night what my Saviour did for me." The time of communion in Perth was drawing nigh, but he felt himself unworthy to participate in the benefits of the solemn service, yet was desirous of doing so; and one Sabbath evening, after having engaged in prayer with his sister, he returned to his room, where, resting his soul on Christ, he was able to rejoice in conscious salvation. He was filled with joy, and the expression of his adoring gratitude was, "The Lord God Almighty, the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Ghost, the triune Jehovah, be eternally praised, be eternally glorified."

The following Sabbath he sat at the Lord's table in St. Leonard's Free Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Milne was pastor. Having found the Saviour, he invited others to him, speaking to those he met, visiting cottages, and forming a class of young men, over whose spiritual interests he carefully watched. His zeal was intense. One entry in his journal was, "O Lord, my God, fill me with prayer, with heart-bleedings for sinners! Make me take heaven by violence for them! Time flies, and souls are flying to hell. I must pray more for a sense of what the loss of a single soul really is."

In 1844 he went to Manchester to engage in business, but while attentive to his secular duties his heart was in the service of his divine Master. The growth of religion in his own soul and the salvation of his fellow-men were the most prominent of his aims. He always contrived to devote some moments of the dinner-hour to the Scriptures and

* From "Northern Lights." By Rev. Jabez Marrat.

to prayer, and never lost an opportunity of speaking a word for Christ in the warehouse or in the street. His pleasure in secret intercourse with God was great; yet his was not an isolated piety; he delighted in communion with Christian brethren, and rejoiced in them as helping forward the glorious cause to which he had so ardently devoted himself. He resolved to act as if there were no other human being with him, as if he "alone bore the standard; and yet to watch for and hail any who strove to bear the standard, and take them by the right hand."

While in Manchester he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to abandon his mercantile pursuits, and to enter on the work of the Christian ministry. Preparatory to that work, he enrolled himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh. In college he engaged in literary and scientific pursuits with great ardour, yet without the slightest damage to his spirituality. He faithfully carried out his purpose "to study all day in the presence of Jesus." Whether employed on mathematics or metaphysics, the orations of Demosthenes, or the arguments of Locke, he strove to gain something which he could use for the glory of his Master. Though so devout in spirit he was not indifferent to the charms which genius has thrown over the classic page, and could thoroughly appreciate the magnificent intellects which in ancient and modern times have so largely influenced the course of human thought: "I observe that there is a certain healthiness in the atmosphere of truly great minds which invigorates and strengthens. There is even a moral nobility about such which is not found among men of a lower order. What I admire most in these men and their productions is that air and reality of nobility which all true greatness bears with it as a necessary ingredient. They walk on a higher level; their step is more manly, too, than other men's, and they cannot stoop to meanness. Stern unalterableness of purpose is a sublime feature of such characters; they call up the idea of the eagle, whose eye as he soars catches the minutest object and marks each, but never swoops till a worthy quarry is discerned, whose fate is then fixed."

Part of his summer vacations was spent at Bonskeid, a romantic seat of the family at Pitlochrie. The majesty of the ancient hills was before him, and he had delightful rambles through the pass of Killiecrankie and Glen Tilt, rejoicing at every step at the sublimities built up and the beauties spread out by the hand of his heavenly Father. The rifts and ledges of the mountains, the wild torrents that dashed their spray at his feet, the trees that intermingled their variously-tinted foliage, and the flowers that made the ground gorgeous as a Mosaic pavement, suggested themes of sacred meditation, and drew from him bursts of ecstatic praise.

In January, 1855, he was licensed as a preacher, and thus gave himself up to the work of the Lord: "Almighty and Eternal God, have mercy on my soul for Immanuel's sake! This soul and this body are thine by creation, thine by redemption. And by incomprehensible love and mercy called, as I humbly trust, to be thine in the ministry of the gospel, in and by thy Holy Spirit alone, I do now render up my whole body, soul and spirit unto thee the Lord Jesus Christ, and unto the Father, for the glory of God in the ministry of the gospel. Thus, by thy powerful grace and Spirit, granted continually unto and working

in me, the one great end of my life on earth shall be the glory of Jehovah in the salvation of lost sinners, and the edification of the saints. By his grace and Spirit I do also renounce the world with all its honour and glory, and above all self-glory, the flesh with all its works, and the devil. O Jehovah, pour down the Holy Spirit on my soul! Thou glorified Immanuel, thou hast the Spirit without measure, O pour down of the Holy Ghost, making me full of faith, and of the Holy Spirit, and so of gospel power!" Soon after being licensed to preach he was requested to labour at Hillhead, a preaching station of the Free Church, about three miles from Glasgow.

He had a passionate love for souls, and expected conversions as the result of every sermon; nor were his efforts in vain, for numbers were brought to God. But he could not content himself with the comparative ease and comfort of a pastoral charge in his native land. When he had been three months in Hillhead, he decided that it was his duty to go as a missionary to China. He began to learn Chinese, and leaving Hillhead, went for a short time on the Continent, visiting Pompeii, Naples, and Rome. He returned to Scotland still bent on going to China, but was detained some months on account of the death of his father, and there was a fear that he would have to remain at home to take charge of the family property. Providence, however, removed the difficulties, and at length he had the satisfaction of hearing from Dr. James Hamilton that the day was fixed for his ordination to the work on which he had set his heart.

Before leaving home, he arranged that one-eighth of his patrimony should be devoted to the spread of the gospel in Scotland, and seven-eighths to the spread of the gospel in China. He sailed from Marseilles October 11th, 1856, and landed at Hongkong on December 1st. He re-embarked for Swatow, where he was heartily welcomed by the minister whose discourses had so powerfully affected his soul in Perth. "A door opened, and out came in full Chinese dress and tail W. C. Burns! Taking me into his room, according to his old wont, he said, 'Let us engage in prayer, in the identical old Perth tones.'" Refreshed by the prayers and counsels of his friend, Mr. Sandeman went on to Amoy, where he was to be located. He wrote: "My soul would be bowed in thankfulness to God for the unbroken train of mercies all the way from home to this my destination." He applied himself diligently to the acquisition of the language, and soon attempted to make known to the people in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.

He was greatly interested in missionary tours, and at Ma-ping, one of the towns visited, had the pleasure of meeting several Christians. "Next morning, the Sabbath, they were early astir, and prayer and praise were poured forth as from the heart. There was some meaning in the confession of these people, for during the previous week some of them had had their fields bared of their ripe produce, and were otherwise persecuted for the name of Jesus. But they stand fast, by the strength of their Lord, and, as it may be supposed, would be among those to whom Christ's word was precious on that his holy day. The church was a large room, and the minister was placed at the side opposite the street, so that his voice reached not only the members who were in front, but any in the street who stopped to listen. At the

outside were two forms filled with Chinese women, several having children in their arms. Among them were found some awakened ones seeking the salvation of Jesus. From their secluded habits it shows that there is a work going on when such hearers are among the congregation. As it has happened among the Highland glens, so in this region; souls have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus among these retired Chinese valleys, one here and another there, set as single lights in the few hamlets or small villages of dark idolatry; and all to the glory of him who passes by the rich and the learned, and oftentimes seeks out his own in the quiet places of the earth."

Amid all the toils and cares of missionary life Mr. Sandeman's heart was elated by the sense of the divine favour. His religious experience was almost seraphic in its glow and ecstacy. He could say, "'To me to live is Christ.' Sometimes my life in some of its phases seems like a romance of love and joy." This exuberance of love and joy was, though not understood by him as such, a pre-intimation of speedy flight from "the land of Sinim" to the paradise of God. In 1858 he was stricken down by cholera, which was then prevalent in Amoy. When those who were with him asked if he had any message to leave for his friends, he said, "Tell my mother I thought of her, because she taught me the way to Jesus." He spoke of Christ as having always been exceedingly precious to him from the moment he knew him, and died full of faith and hope, in the thirty-second year of his age.

Though his labours for China were so soon ended, his example remains as an incentive to zeal in the christianization of that wide and populous empire; and when pagoda and palace, crowded street and river-boat, are filled with the light of the everlasting gospel, and melodious with the songs of a people, "washed, and sanctified, and justified," the name of David Sandeman will be remembered with gratitude; and it will be acknowledged that it was not in vain that he bade farewell to the waters that glide past, and the hills that look down on, his native Perth, and pleaded with God, and toiled so incessantly in Amoy for the salvation of the idolaters, whose folly he lamented but whose souls he loved.

Religion and State Aid.

WHEN a regiment of the French army halted at Beaune the sage mayor is reported to have kindly offered the soldiers the escort of the town police until they should have passed through a dangerous wood infested by robbers. It was very considerate of his worship to offer the protection of his four gensdarmes, but it was also a trifle insulting, had he known how it might be interpreted. When governments are so good as to take religion under their wing, and become protectors of the kingdom of Christ, the case is much the same. An arm of flesh protecting omnipotence is the climax of the ridiculous. When men of ability are afraid of the simple gospel, and must needs guard it with eloquent expressions, cautious phraseology, and carnal reasoning, we have other instances of weakness impudently pretending to defend eternal power.

John Clay, the Mop-making Parson.

IN the vestries and upon the walls of some of our older Baptist chapels there are portraits and monuments of almost forgotten worthies, whom the younger members, with the irreverence of the present generation, are ready enough to designate "old fogies." Certainly the style of their dress and the size of their wigs seem exceedingly odd in these days; yet if their work and characters were better known they might, instead of being so sweepingly condemned, be regarded as the lights of a bygone age, as heroes whose untiring devotion to the service of their Master brought forth glorious results even in their lifetime, and has since been rewarded by the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Among those who laboured in the early part of the present century was John Clay, a man who, if unknown to fame, and occupying a small place in the world, filled that place well and did his life-work so manfully that he deserves to be had in respectful remembrance.

John Clay was born on the 4th of September, 1770, in the city of Aberdeen, yet he can scarcely be called a Scotchman, as both his parents were English, and while quite an infant he was brought away from the land which had given him birth, never to revisit it. His father was a private soldier, and on leaving the army he settled at Portsmouth, where his children grew up hardy and healthy, untrammelled by the discipline and routine of school-life, for they were poor, and education was not deemed such an essential in those days as it is now justly considered.

His parents were pious people and members of Meeting-house Alley, then the only Baptist church in Portsea. But it did not seem as if their children were likely to follow in their footsteps, for they grew up wild and reckless, and careless of religion. The eldest son was a profane and wicked fellow, and it was in company with him that John, while a boy, declared that he saw the devil. Whatever may have been the cause of this conviction, whether it was merely the result of a vivid imagination, or a sense of fear arising from the fact of being alone with one who was unusually wicked, it is impossible to say; but John Clay, who does not appear to have possessed a highly nervous or imaginative temperament, fully believed it to the end of his life.

But the brother went away, the father died, and the family was scattered, yet John remained in Portsmouth, for God had a work for him to do in that place, though at that time John knew it not.

While a young man he became a labourer in the gun wharf, and on one occasion wishing to test his enormous physical strength, he endeavoured to lift a gun weighing nine hundredweight, and actually managed, unassisted, to raise it slightly from the ground. Energetic, determined, prompt, and active, endowed with good natural abilities and common sense, a sound constitution, and great physical strength, it was not likely that he would remain always in the station of life in which he had been born. He wished to succeed and to rise in the world, and although he began in a humble way his efforts were not fruitless.

Having learnt from his brother the art of making whiting, he employed his spare time in the manufacture of that article, so essential to the cleanliness of the domestic hearth, and sold it at various shops in the town during the hour allotted to him for dinner. This plan succeeded so well that he began to manufacture and sell thrum mops (another handicraft which he had learnt), and found this occupation so lucrative that he gave up his situation at the gun wharf, and removed with his wife and first-born son from the narrow court where he had lived for some years, to a more comfortable house. He continued to prosper so well that he resolved to build a house of his own, and having bought a piece of land in a good situation, he began with his own hands to dig out the foundation.

Although he did not continue to act as a workman throughout the building of his house, he took a keen interest and pleasure in the work, and great was his satisfaction when it was completed and a shop opened for the sale of brushes, mops, etc., which were made on the premises. It was something to be proud of, and to make a man glad, for in less than ten years from the time when he was a labourer in the gun wharf, living in a narrow court, and selling whiting balls in his dinner hour, he had risen to be a flourishing and respectable tradesman, living upon his own premises, and employing a considerable number of workmen.

But John Clay was not puffed up by his success, he had learned better things, for although the answer to his mother's prayers seemed to have been delayed, it came surely, through the message of peace and love that touched his sin-stricken soul, and brought it, sad and penitent, to the feet of Jesus to be forgiven, to be set and kept in the right way.

In the spring of 1797 John Clay was baptized and received into the church at Meeting-house Alley (now Kent Street) with which his parents had united many years before. From the day of his conversion he began to evince his zeal for the Master, not by giving him the time and energy which he could "*spare*," but by devoting himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of the Lord. Not that he felt that he had a "call" from his business and daily duties, for he worked more thoroughly and conscientiously than before; indeed, his success in worldly matters and his progress in the Christian life seem to have run side by side, for it is quite certain that it was about the time he joined the church that his worldly affairs began to flourish; and he made better mops, sold better whiting, treated better the men in his employ, and became a better husband and father from the fact that he was a Christian man. It was usual in the church with which he was connected for the members to hold a weekly conference, a custom which proved not only beneficial to the church itself, from the increased knowledge of God's Word which it fostered and encouraged, but was a blessing to the neighbouring villages and even to the country at large; for at these meetings the gift of speaking was developed by many who afterwards used it in preaching in the villages, while some five-and-twenty brethren became pastors of churches in various parts of the land.

It was not long before the young man began to speak at these meetings. He had had no educational advantages, and although he had made the most of his opportunities of instructing himself, he was far from being a well-educated man: yet he knew Christ and his Bible, and, filled with that knowledge, he went forth on Sundays to preach the Word of Life, simply and earnestly, in some quiet, out-of-the-way village. He had something to say, and he said it in a straightforward manner, and by his fervour and earnestness, and his loving and genial manner, he gained the ears and won the hearts of the rural congregations which gathered to hear him, and the seed sown brought forth fruit.

When it became known that Mr. Clay was such a favourite among the villagers, the townspeople also wished to hear him, and through the persuasion of the Rev. Daniel Miall, his pastor, he was induced to preach in Portsmouth. In 1812 he and several friends left Meeting-house Alley to establish a new "cause" at Southsea, not the fashionable watering-place of to-day, but a newly-built, straggling suburb. The effort succeeded, a church was formed, of which Mr. Headden, a layman, was the first pastor, with Mr. Clay as his assistant; a chapel was built and called "Ebenezer."

For two or three years the work prospered and John Clay was happy, for he was serving the Lord and working diligently; but in 1815 a terrible misfortune befel him. One night a dreadful fire broke out on his premises, and so rapid was its progress that it was with difficulty that his wife and family escaped uninjured. The officious and mad zeal of the populace caused almost as much destruction as the devouring flames, and when the morning dawned the house and furniture were a mass of black, smoking ruins.

The heavy loss that resulted was a great trial, but John bore it like a brave

man and a Christian, and before long another house had risen upon the site of the former one, and the business continued to prosper.

The borough of Portsmouth, though not nearly so large and populous as at present, was rapidly increasing, especially that part spoken of as "outside the gates"; and in order to meet the growing population some friends had started a Sunday-school in Lake-lane, or Lake-road, then a by-way at Landport. Here, it was thought, was a good opening for another Baptist church, and from the nucleus of the Sunday-school a church was formed in 1821, and Mr. Clay was elected the pastor.

Under his charge the infant church grew and flourished, and every Sunday found the good man ready to minister to his little flock. A small chapel, which has since been replaced by a larger and handsome building, was erected in Lake-lane, a congregation gathered, and many who heard the Word of the Lord believed. What matter if the preacher was not able to speak in fine classical English and to construct long, well-arranged sentences? He spoke from the heart, and his sermons had been carefully prepared from the Book of books; thought out very likely in his daily work with the hum of toil all around him, and sometimes, perhaps, written on an odd piece of paper with a mop nail, for the good man was often known to make use of that implement when there was no pen close at hand. Were not the sermons prepared in this strange study likely to go straight to the hearts of those who heard them? Were they not real temptations which were spoken of, and difficulties which men meet with in their every-day life, their life of toil and work and worry? And the illustrations, though homely, were natural, real, and forcible.

In his church work, as in his business, whatever John Clay did was done with a will; whatever he might be engaged upon it was with him—"This one thing I do." There was no shirking, no procrastination, and consequently much success. No wonder that he was beloved by the young and esteemed by the old, and that the church under his care increased in numbers and spirituality.

In 1829 Mr. Cakebread became co-pastor with Mr. Clay. Until that time he had never received anything for preaching; but the members of this church said decidedly, that if they were to raise a salary it should be for *both* pastors, and by way of satisfying them Mr. Clay consented to accept twenty pounds per annum, on condition that his fellow-worker should first receive the full amount promised him. The twenty pounds was always given away for charitable purposes.

The hardness of early life had taught John Clay carefulness and economy, and his great strength, which held out to the latter part of his life, enabled him to perform what would have been impossible to a weaker man. Often he would walk a distance of twenty, thirty, or even forty miles in order to preach the good news of salvation in some country town, and not content with two services he would hold three, and sometimes a fourth with the young people who always looked forward with pleasure to his visits. Very often in the week he was to be found by the bedside of the sick and dying, speaking words of comfort, and pointing to the Lamb of God.

At sixty years of age he retired from business and devoted himself entirely to pastoral work at home and in the country. During the last two years of his life his health began to fail, but he was determined, as he said, "to work as long as possible," and on the 25th of October, 1840, he preached three times at Winchester, but from his increasing debility his hearers feared that they should never hear his voice again.

He returned home, and day by day grew weaker until he was unable to rise from his bed. He was sinking, and he knew it, but never for a moment did he lose confidence in the God who had supported him for so many years, but quietly and gently fell asleep in Jesus on the 25th of January, 1841.

Such was John Clay, a thorough Englishman, strong, brave, determined, keen, and active, a lover of his country; for when Napoleon Buonaparte spread terror all along our coast he was a volunteer in the local artillery, a good

citizen, an earnest Christian and minister of God, ever ready to serve, and anxious for the extension of his kingdom, a friend of all Christians, yet a thorough Baptist,—a hospitable, humble, warm-hearted, loving man, so charitable that he gave away large sums of money in his lifetime and died comparatively poor, although he might have been affluent. He was greatly beloved and esteemed in Portsmouth, and several hundreds testified their respect for him by following his remains, on a cold winter day, to their last resting-place in the grave-yard of Ebenezer Chapel.

A tablet to his memory was placed upon the walls of Lake-road Chapel, and he is even yet remembered by a few persons who knew and loved him in their childhood: but the best memorials that exist are the two churches, Ebenezer and Lake-road, which he was the chief means of founding; and, above all, the many bright, immortal spirits in the throng of the redeemed whom he, through Christ, was the means of leading to glory.

The Disciples—Matthew.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

SO familiar to us is the name of Matthew, through his gospel, that it becomes surprising to find that only one solitary incident is recorded of him in the New Testament. We know much less of him than we think we do; for beyond the fact that he wrote the first gospel, the narrative of his call to the apostleship is the whole extent of our information concerning him. Attending continually on Christ, he must have had plentiful opportunities of introducing his own name in connection with that of his Lord in his history of the great life; yet he tells only the one story of how Jesus called him from his despised trade to follow him. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord," was a rule that held true of all the apostles. In writing his gospel, Matthew had nobler work in hand than self-glorification: he was depicting the King: he forgot himself: and so he holds up to the enthralled gaze of all subsequent ages his majestic portraiture of Jesus, himself hidden behind it, and saying, "Behold your King!" It is a noble example to all who come after him.

There exist four catalogues of the twelve disciples—namely, in the first three gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles. In one of them only is Matthew branded as "the publican," and that is his own. He loved to sink himself, that the condescension of his Master might the more strikingly appear. We can well understand the glow of thankful love with which, when he came to write "the names of the twelve apostles," he traced the words, "and Matthew the publican." Another apostle recurred in the same spirit to the same crisis in his own career—"putting me into the ministry who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious."

In the story of his call Luke names him "Levi," and Mark "Levi the son of Alphæus." This was probably the name he had hitherto borne, and proves that he, like Zaccheus, was "a son of Abraham," though engaged in an employment which, because of its official connection with the hated Roman tyranny, was usually relegated to the aliens. His being "the son of Alphæus" has given rise to the supposition that he was brother of James the less and Judas, otherwise called Lebbæus Thaddæus: the supposition is precarious, resting only upon the identity of the fathers' names; and when it is borne in mind that Alphæus was a name of common occurrence; that the relationship between Matthew and the two brothers is nowhere alluded to as in the case of Peter and Andrew—James and John—the other James and Judas; and that this disciple is described in the account of his call by the indefinite term, "a man named Matthew," it will be granted that the surmise rests on too slender a foundation to be secure. "Matthew" is the name he himself uses: its fuller form, Mattathias, signifies "the gift of the Lord," and it may have been

adopted from the time of his leaving the custom-house to follow Christ, as a recognition of the raising of his life to a higher level. The Lord had released him at once from his despised profession, and from his low mercenary aim, and had given him a loftier object and a nobler inward impulse to spur him to its attainment. His new life—his new self—he regarded as the gift of the Lord, and so he named it.

The story of his call is related in the first three gospels (Matt. ix. 9—17; Mark ii. 13—22; Luke v. 27—39). It will be instructive to compare Matthew's own account, which is notably the most reticent, with the other two. We will take it as the groundwork, and supplement its deficiencies from Mark and Luke.

"As Jesus passed forth from thence he saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom." From Mark we gather that a crowd which had been listening on the lake shore to his teaching, was just dispersing: it was from such employment Jesus "passed forth" to call the publican. A busy scene is before us. The bright rippling lake, dotted with small craft, stretches away five miles to the hills of the opposite shore: boats loading and unloading are moored to the quay; other boats are drawn up on the beach, and the fishermen are attending to their nets; piles of goods lie about; watermen, townsmen, and officials, in picturesque groups, stand bargaining and disputing: the government toll collector sits in the office on the quay receiving dues arising from the lake traffic, little conscious that the crisis of his life has arrived. Him thus employed Jesus called. Peter, James, and John were called from their nets. David, in former days, had been summoned from the sheepfold, Elisha from the plough, Amos from his husbandry; and in conformity with this rule of setting the mark of divine approbation upon industry, Matthew is called from the receipt of custom. "Jesus saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him." Such is Matthew's simple account. Luke, noting the sacrifice he made for Christ, says, "he left all, rose up, and followed him." There is a spirit that is not ashamed to take note of its own sacrifices, and even to call attention to them and say, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee:" but to Matthew's mind the sacrifice, viewed side by side with the new prospects which prompted him to make it, was not only not worth a thought, but was not recognized as sacrifice at all. All he saw was the act of obedience to the summons of Christ. Jesus said, Follow me: and he arose and followed him. There was no gainsaying the imperial command: he had no will to resist it: at the sound of Christ's voice all his soul leaped forward to obey, unconscious of any act of sacrifice. As appropriately might one speak of the self-sacrifice of the prodigal son when he left the husks and swine-trough for the warmth of his father's embrace and a seat at his father's banqueting table.

Yet it was no inconsiderable sacrifice which Matthew made when he "left all" for Christ. The trade was a gainful one; the "chiefs," like Zaccheus, became "rich," and the subordinates, among whom Matthew must be classed, evidently lived in a state of plenty. We read presently of "his own house," of the "great feast" he made there, of the "great company" that sat down: hints, all of them, of the material comfort in which the publican was able to live. To relinquish this gainful position for the privation involved in being a follower of Christ might have raised an inward controversy; but "he conferred not with flesh and blood": with prompt alacrity he obeyed Christ's call. What is given quickly is twice given; and thus unhesitatingly and completely Matthew gave himself to Christ.

An interesting circumstance follows: he signalized his abdication of the world by a feast, to which he invited his old friends and his new Master. This circumstance is not to be discovered from his own account: he makes the scantiest possible reference to the feast, not hinting his own share in it; and only mentioning it to introduce Christ's table-talk, and to exhibit his condescension in eating with publicans and sinners. "It came to pass," says

Matthew, "as Jesus sat at meat in the house;" whose house it was we are left to gather from Mark, who has it thus: "sat at meat in *his* house;" and more particularly from Luke, who gives the whole fact; "And Levi made him a great feast in his own house." The simple "sitting at meat" of Matthew expands in Luke into a "great feast," which takes place in Matthew's house, and is provided by him in honour of his Master—"he made him a great feast." The first thought of the new disciple was to honour his Master: his next thought, as the following sentence will show, was to do good to his friends. But in narrating the circumstance, Matthew writes as if these friends were present spontaneously—"behold many publicans and sinners *came* and sat down with him and his disciples." Luke reveals the truth of the matter by the word which he uses to designate the feast—"a reception"—implying invited guests; and these he tells us formed "a great company." Again, Matthew calls the company "publicans and sinners," adopting the common contemptuous classification of the time, from which, though it involved himself, he does not shrink. Luke more delicately, perhaps more justly, says, "publicans and others;" for these were not the only, nor the most eminent sinners of the nation. These "drew near" to Christ and received from him a welcome which was observed with scowls—"this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." But there was a saintish sect worthier of the distinctive title they so loved to fasten upon others, who eyed Jesus, and criticised and carped at him while they plumed their own self-righteous feathers and dealt out freely their "God, I-thank-thees," over whom the Lord thundered his awful anathema, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites."

And so Matthew inaugurated his discipleship with a feast. There was ample reason for him to treat his call as an occasion of joy even from the standpoint of his yet very imperfect knowledge. To have been summoned to the apostleship of Christ would have been promotion for Cæsar. Carey rightly hinted the relative dignity of the service of the church and of the world when he said of the change in his son's position, "Felix has drivelled into an ambassador." Could Matthew have comprehended the glorious height to which he was lifted, his joy might have still more abounded. Hitherto he had sat at the receipt of custom, to gather into the imperial treasury of Rome the taxes of an unwilling people. Now he was to be installed at the imperial treasury of heaven to deal out the wealth of Christ for the enrichment of mankind through all time. He was to take rank among the twelve apostles, and, as the first historian of the earthly life of the Son of God, to be, as Keble has it,

> "First angel of his church, first steward of his grace."

No wonder he made his entrance upon this high position a festival. Elisha celebrated in a similar way his relinquishment of ample worldly prospects for the arduous and glorious honour of the prophetic office. Every one called from the world by the grace of God may view the happy event in the same light. Our conversion day is our coronation day, and our whole profession of Christ should be a holy festival of unspeakable joy.

But while Matthew rejoices himself and gathers his friends within the circle of Christ's influence, that he may not be blessed alone, I see the Pharisees looking in at the door. They have no eye for the beauty of the scene before them. What they see is—not a Physician in the midst of a company of sin-sick souls—not a group of lost ones gathered round a Saviour—but a good man in bad company; and they are glad to see it as a stain on his reputation. They dare not aim their cavil directly at Christ; with a side-thrust they try to lower his credit with his followers; "they said unto his disciples, why eateth your master with publicans and sinners?" They had not long to wait for their answer, and there was grace and sarcasm in each sentence of the noble reply; "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

The remainder of the narrative of what passed at the feast has a less special relation to the call of Matthew. When the Pharisees had retreated discomfited and baffled, the disciples of John came to propound what was, coming from them, a very natural question. Asceticism was the popularly recognized mark of exemplary religion; but they saw Christ's disciples sitting there at the festal board, and they were at a loss to harmonize with the prevalent view the practice of these followers of the new teacher. "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not?" The reply of Jesus involves the principle that religious observances put on outside like a mask or a decoration, and having no vital source like the health-hue of the cheek, or the activity of the limb, are worthless: fitness and reality are the true gauge of excellence. Wedding guests do not fast in the bridegroom's presence; fasting will be more in season when he is gone. Moreover, what is unfit is injurious: the patch of strong cloth sewn on a frail texture increases the rent. New, turbulent, fermenting wine put into weak leathern bottles will burst them in its working. The lesson should be pondered by those of us who are apt to exact from others an experience which their stage of spiritual life does not warrant us in expecting; the inner life is to be left to produce its own outward manifestation.

And so the feast and table-talk of Jesus ended: and this is all we have of Matthew. Having made this banquet in honour of Christ he disappears from view to re-emerge only once in company with the other apostles after the ascension, when we see him in the attitude of prayer "waiting for the promise of the Spirit." Tradition says he laboured twelve years in Judea among his own countrymen; and then, called to leave them to preach Christ to others, he sought to supply the want of his personal presence by the gift of his gospel. He is said to have died a natural death.

It only remains to say a few words upon the gospel of Matthew. It is the first in order of time. It is in some respects the stateliest. Its arrangement is generally admitted to be topical rather than chronological. Matthew massse incidents and discourses in groups, so as to concentrate them in what painters would call broad effects. Thus, for instance, a slight examination is sufficient to disclose in this gospel seven groups of discourses. 1. The Sermon on the Mount (v.—vii.): 2. The commission of the twelve (x.): 3. The first open denunciation of his enemies, when our Lord repelled the accusation of being in league with Beelzebub (xii. 25—45): 4. The seven parables (xiii.): 5. The discourse on humility and brotherly love, introduced by the placing a child in the midst of the disciples (xviii.): 6. The solemn denunciation of Scribes and Pharisees, delivered in the temple (xxiii): and, 7. The prophecy of the last times on the Mount of Olives (xxiv. xxv.). These are interspersed with groups of incident which either have some connecting thread in themselves, or give rise to the discourses which follow.

The first gospel has many passages peculiar to itself. In it alone we have the name Emmanuel applied, and the interpretation of the "sweetest of names,"—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." The story of Joseph's perplexity, of the coming of the wise men from the east to worship the infant King, of the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, of the massacre at Bethlehem, are given by Matthew alone. It is he who tells of John's unwillingness to baptize Jesus, and of the way in which Jesus satisfied his scruples; who gives us the Sermon on the Mount in its fullest form, and Christ's golden invitation—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Blessed be God for this passage; we would not be deprived of it for all the world could give. Matthew alone records the solemn utterance concerning "idle words"; nearly the whole of the teaching about humility in chapter xviii.; nearly the whole of the overwhelming denunciation against the Scribes and Pharisees (ch. xxiii), and the story of the dream of Pilate's wife. Of the parables, those of the tares, the hid treasure, the pearl, the draw-net; of the merciful servant, the labourers in the vineyard, the two sons, the marriage of the king's son, the ten virgins, and of

the talents are peculiar to Matthew. His also is the record of Christ's sublime and pathetic description of the last judgment, which closes chapter xxv. We should greatly lose if we lacked the gospel according to Matthew.

Almost peculiar to this gospel is the oft-recurring form, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet." Matthew wrote specially for the Israelites; his grand aim was to show that Jesus was the predicted and expected Messiah; and so he continually points out the agreement between the life of Jesus and the prediction of ancient Scripture.

A beautiful characteristic of this gospel, too, is its representation of the fatherliness of God. The title, "your heavenly Father," "your Father which is in heaven," is constantly to be found here, and scarcely elsewhere. The enforcement of counsels, commands, warnings, and consolations by considerations drawn from our heavenly Father's will, knowledge and care, is specially noticeable throughout the Sermon on the Mount.

But the main characteristic is that which has earned for it the title of "the gospel of the kingdom." The phrase, "the kingdom of heaven," is found only in Matthew. It is his delight to hold up to view the royalty of Jesus. Thus his genealogy represents him as heir of the throne of David. After his birth, not simple shepherds, as in Luke, but sages from the East come to worship him, enquiring, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" In the Sermon on the Mount the King lays down the laws of his kingdom, and at the majestic and constantly-recurring "I say unto you," the hearers are filled with awe of his "authority." All the parables in Matthew are concerning the kingdom. In the parable of the marriage feast it is not as in Luke "a certain man" making a supper, but a king making a marriage for his son, and in kingly style sending forth armies to punish those who refuse the invitation, and binding and casting into prison the unworthy guest. Again, the king is seen sitting on the throne of his glory dispensing happiness and woe to the assembled nations on his right hand and on his left. Then a change comes over the scene: the throne becomes a cross, the diadem of dominion becomes a crown of thorns, and the royal purple is turned into the bloody hue of sacrifice; yet still is he "King of the Jews." Once more we behold him, grasping now another sceptre than the reed, and saying, as he ascends, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." The features of this kingdom and the character of the king are not of this world. The king is meek and lowly in heart, himself taking our infirmities and bearing our sicknesses; riding into Jerusalem in lowly guise, "meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass." The kingdom, too, is that of the poor in spirit, the persecuted for righteousness' sake, into which those who labour and are heavy laden are invited, and which they enter by submitting to the King's yoke.

In describing the character to which the kingdom of heaven pertains, the meek publican has involuntarily sketched his own. Not in vain had he learned of him who was meek and lowly of heart. He has said little of himself, but his silence speaks eloquently for him. He has almost suppressed his own name from his gospel; that very suppression the more beautifully reveals him. Self-hidden, he is yet plainly enough discerned in the shadowy concealment of his humility, a genuine follower of him who made himself of no reputation, a monument, too, of the grace that could transform the publican into the evangelist, the usurer into the secretary of God.

Notices of Books.

Reading Covers for Spurgeon's Sermons. Passmore and Alabaster.

FRIENDS who wish to keep their sermons clean can have very neat cases for them for one shilling. These covers are really very useful articles.

Northern Lights: Pen and Pencil Sketches of Modern Scottish Worthies. By Rev. JAMES MARRAT. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

IT was a happy thought to gather together a number of memoirs of great Scotchmen under so brilliant a title; and it somewhat amuses us that our Wesleyan friends should have carried it out. What can be more pleasant than to see Arminians gazing upon Calvinists with admiration, and regarding them as "northern lights"? This is as it should be. Here we have miniatures of Sir Andrew Agnew and Sir James Brewster, Chalmers and Irving, the Haldanes, Guthrie, James Hamilton, and many others. The style of the writing is by no means first-class, but as a whole the book is of the right sort, and the more of its class the better. We have given our readers the life of David Sandeman as a specimen.

The Atonement in its Relations to the Covenant, the Priesthood, and the Intercession of our Lord. By HUGH MARTIN, D.D. Edinburgh: Lyon and Gemmell.

SOMETHING like theology. We wish our young divines would feed upon such meat as this, and we should hear no more of the modern sham redemption. Dr. Martin teaches a real substitution, and an efficient atonement, and has no sympathy with Robertson, and those of his school. We thank God for Scotland, and trust that she will ever nurse for us a host of sturdy Calvinists, for whom the boastful schemes of the "modern thought" men will have no charms. We are told that many Free Church ministers are going over to the Broad School, but we do not believe it, and will not till we have far more evidence than at present.

Israel in Canaan under Joshua and the Judges. By ALFRED EDERSHEIM, D.D., Phil.D. Religious Tract Society.

DR. EDERSHEIM is producing a series of Bible Histories, of which this is the third volume. Each one is complete in itself, and replete with information and godly uses. To Sabbath-school teachers and junior students of the word of God these works will supply much important instruction. Few authors possess so much knowledge of Jewish manners and modes of expression, and with none may the orthodox feel more safe than with the worthy doctor.

The Evangelistic Hymn Book. Compiled for J. Manton Smith and Alfred J. Clarke. With a prefatory note by C. H SPURGEON. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR two evangelists will use this collection of one hundred and forty hymns, and we hope others will use it too. We believe it to be one of the cheapest hymn-books extant, and one of the best. It contains good doctrinal hymns as well as the popular pieces used at revival meetings; and we beg our friends who are holding special services to try it before they purchase others. The profits will go to our evangelistic enterprise, which will be costly and needs all the help we can obtain. The hymns are choice and the variety great: our esteemed brother, Mr. Charlesworth, made the selection and executed it with great pains.

Poems, Lectures, and Miscellanies. By ADAM B. TODD. Edinburgh: John Forsyth, Guthrie Street.

FARMERS in Scotland are often well-read, literary men, and we suppose that along the Border there are more minor poets among them than in any other region. Mr. Todd writes in a very capital style, with much poetic feeling. His work is not quite in our line of things, nor could we endorse all he says, but we doubt not that many will while away an hour pleasantly with his poems and lectures.

Commentary on the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated from the German, by Rev. M. G. Easton, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This work, like most of Messrs. Clark's series, is intended for scholarly readers, and if any others should purchase it they would make but little out of it. We have given elsewhere an extract from Dr. Delitzsch's introduction to the Song of Songs: his theory commends itself to us far more than any other we have seen, though we think that its first, and not its second subject, is the love of Christ and his church. The Commentary is mainly critical, and though dry, as nearly all German works are, it is sound, and likely to be of great assistance in discovering the literal sense. It is pleasing to know that evangelical teaching is now in the ascendant in the German universities. Our learned English brethren will much value this exposition of Dr. Delitzsch.

The Martyr Graves of Scotland. Second Series. By the Rev. John H. Thomson. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

We do not wonder that Mr. Thomson has issued a second series of papers describing his visit to the martyrs' graves: it must have been a pleasant occupation for him to travel to those sacred spots, and certainly his notes are full of interest to the lover of heroic memories. The materials which Mr. Thomson has gathered are usually taken from larger works of Scottish history, but his descriptive notes place these details in a more vivid form before the reader. On both sides of the Tweed this volume deserves to be widely read.

Seven Wonders of Grace. By C. H. Spurgeon. Being No. 2 of Spurgeon's Shilling Series. Passmore and Alabaster.

To set forth some of the "Wonders of Grace" this little book was prepared. Come, reader, and see the various characters upon which grace operates, and it may be, if you are unsaved, you will find here a something to arouse or to encourage you.

Pendower: a Story of Cornwall in the time of Henry the Eighth. By M. Filleul. T. Nelson and Sons.

Popish persecutions in Cornwall are here worked up into a considerable volume, and those who give works of religious fiction to their young people will find this to be one of the best and safest.

Mariner Newman; a Voyage in the good ship "Glad Tidings" to the Promised Land. By Duncan Macgregor. Hodder and Stoughton.

Time is a very precious commodity with us, or we should have given a lengthened notice of this evidently interesting allegory. For the present we are saving it for a season of quiet, when we can read it through and review it at length; which we should not purpose to do if we did not think very much of it. Our young readers especially will find here much that will instruct and at the same time gratify them. If half the talent wasted on stories had been sanctified to nobler ends and spent as Mr. Macgregor has spent his, we should not, perhaps, have had more "Pilgrims" like Bunyan's, but we should have had a number of charming allegories.

Notes.

This has been a vacation season, and we have shared in it, and have therefore but few jottings for our memoranda; we are, however, right glad to have received a letter from Dublin as to our two evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith. The opening of the campaign looks well. Let us pray for increasing blessing.

"Dear Sir,—Messrs. Clarke and Smith, so recently delegated by your College to evangelistic work, are here amongst us. They have come at the instance of our 'United Services' Committee' to hold a series of meetings in connection with a Tent Mission carried on each summer in our 'Liberties.' The 'Liberties' used to be the best part of our metropolis. In them wealth and religion had their abode. Weaving factories, gentlemen's residences, churches, and meeting-houses abounded. For a century, however, the locality has been steadily degenerating, and as it has

sunk in the social scale it has passed more and more into Romish hands. It saddens a visitor to see all through this district, amid its present misery and barbarism, the relics of a vanished civilization. Large houses apportioned to several poor families, yet still bearing expensive carvings and adornments indicative of 'the pride of former days.' The narrow streets where lived the Huguenot Latouches, Lefroy, Delacherois are now out of the circulation of the city's traffic, and almost blocked up with stalls for old clothes, furniture, vegetables, fish, meat, etc. Here the stench on a hot day, or after a sudden shower, is sometmes dreadful. It is this locality which gives Dublin its sad pre-eminence on the mortuary list. The Coombe and its adjoining streets and lanes are the St. Antoine of our city. Squalor, ignorance, drunkenness, and the crassest superstition abound. To evangelize this district, to cause the pure stream of the water of the River of Life to flow through its purlieus, is the problem of Dublin Christianity. And a door of hope is still left; for while Romanism has almost entirely possessed this neighbourhood, yet there are some spots in its very heart still conserved to Protestantism. On one of these rises annually the snowy awning of a commodious Gospel Tent. Here Messrs. Clarke and Smith have resolved to minister in speech and song.

"These brethren arrived on Saturday, the 7th instant, and, though scarcely recovered from the nausea of a rough passage, presented themselves that evening at the preliminary workers' meeting. It was large and enthusiastic. Mr. Smith and Mr. Clarke, each in his department, cheered the audience to the onset. On Sunday they both conducted the valedictory services in the Metropolitan Hall: this structure—dear to Dublin Christians as the scene of many blessed seasons during '59 and '60, and also, as the common religious centre of our city—is to come down to make way for buildings in connection with the Y. M. C. A. Your evangelists awoke up its old walls to their final echoes by earnest commendation of Him, the 'Wonderful.' In the evening, at a numerously attended young men's meeting, Mr. Clarke impressively pointed out the blessings of forgiveness. On Monday, the 9th instant, Mr. Clarke addressed the Monday meeting, and Mr. Smith sang with much effect, 'Waiting and Watching.' They started that afternoon for Bray to hold 'a week of meetings.' Bray is a popular watering place situated in our beautiful Wicklow. The meeting on that evening was so interesting that it was thought advisable to appoint a noon prayer-meeting in the town. Both noon and evening meetings increased in numbers and interest as the time went on. Many instances of impression and usefulness were mentioned. Take an example—a lady observed a stranger girl at the hotel where she was stopping. She brought her to the meeting. On returning she had some earnest conversation with her *protégé* on the subjects Mr. Clarke had been pressing.

"Soon after she bade her adieu for the night. During the night she was summoned to see the person in whom she had taken such an interest, and found her truly anxious. Prayerfully and perseveringly she pointed her to the Atoning Sacrifice, and in the brightening of that summer dawn there is reason to believe that a sinner became "a child of light and of the day." It is said that some who wished to hear the preaching, but dreaded its being known, got stowed away into a small recess before the audience gathered, and remained there within earshot till all was over. Friday's meeting was the last. About three hundred were present. The lingering groups and affectionate and oft-repeated farewells attested the interest all felt in our brethren's labours. 'God bless you, sir, and we wish you had been staying with us longer,' said a poor woman to Mr. Clarke at the terminus, and this was the general sentiment.

"Next evening (Saturday, 14th) they came once more to Dublin. The Bray meetings had been but a preliminary skirmish. The special conflict was to come off in the 'Liberties.' Brother Smith met his choir at eight o'clock. Then, when all had been arranged, with what solicitude the workers looked forward to the first service. The Lord's Day came, but what a day! Rain pouring and incessant. Scarcely a churchgoer to be seen. A cab here and there, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, of Dublin mud. About half-past three about one dozen people were under the dripping canvas of the tent, and the service commenced at four. A prayer-meeting is held, asking the Lord to encourage the evangelists under the depressing circumstance. We have scarcely risen from our knees when the crowds begin to pour in, and soon after the hour for commencing the tent is nicely filled—about eight hundred being present. Mr. Clarke spoke of Jesus as the hiding place, the covert, and the rivers of water. Mr. Smith gave "Sweetly Resting" as a solo, and thus concluded a

most orderly and attentive meeting—an excellent augury of a successful campaign. In the evening the evangelists both addressed the young men's meeting. The unusually hearty singing of the hymn, "Only Trust Him," showed the presence of a good spirit in the audience. Now Messrs. Clarke and Smith have really entered on the tug of war. There are meetings of some sort for every day for the next three weeks. May the Lord's people support them in prayer.

"Yours truly,
"R. K. Eccles, M.D."

Since this letter arrived we see that the Romish newspapers have begun to abuse our brethren in the usual style, and we are greatly encouraged to hope that much good will come of the work. Merrion Hall is, we are informed, to be bought for £7,000. We never were so much tempted to wish that we were rich as on this occasion. If we could get this fine hall and supply it with our best men we might, under the divine blessing, build up a Baptist church in Dublin which would influence the whole of Ireland for good. It is ours to be willing, but when the means are not in our reach we can do no more, but must pray that some other of our Master's servants may be able to save the noble edifice and hold the fort.

Colportage. We have several times mentioned our great straits for capital for the Colportage, and explained that the increase of our colporteurs necessitated enlarged stock. We hoped that some few friends would have made up the £1,000 which we asked for our Lord's work, but this has not been done, and now we have even more men and the need is greater. What we asked for a year ago is not enough now; but we shall be glad of it as an instalment. Since we have left town we have had an offer from a generous helper in London to give one half of the £450 which is needed out of the £1,000, if other donors will give the rest. He will pay as others contribute. We thank this kind friend very much, and now leave the matter with the Master's stewards. We cannot carry on this work properly without means; it is a good and needful work, and it is as much the duty of other Christians to carry it on as it is ours, perhaps more, for we have enough of other service. Therefore we leave the case with those who have been entrusted with the means to help, and simply say—judge whether you should help or no, and act accordingly.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: By J. A. Spurgeon—June 21, fourteen; June 28, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allen	1	1	0
Mr. Thos. Field	1	1	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. J. Masters	2	10	0
Mr. S. C. Carlon	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	3	0	0
G. G.	10	0	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	5	0
F. E. W.	0	5	0
Mr. Saunders	5	0	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	1	0	0
Mr. J. Meldrum	1	0	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	10	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Christian Pilgrim	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	15	0	0
Mr. J. Sykes	0	5	0
Mr. G. Scivwright	1	0	0
Mr. J. Macpherson	1	0	0
Mrs. Macpherson	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	3	0
Mr. J. Simpson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Clark	20	0	0
Miss Thirza Clark	3	0	0
Mr. G. Clark	2	0	0
Mr. Jeannerett	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Andrew Dunn	25	0	0
Mr. Proctor	2	2	0
H. O.	2	0	0
Per Rev. W. Edgerton—			
Mrs. Wellham 0 5 0			
Mr. Yallup 0 1 0			
	0	6	0
Mr. G. Milligan, per Mr. Ripper	0	10	0
Mr. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Dr. Belby	4	0	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	3	0
Mr. A. Sinclair	2	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. G. Meadows	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	20	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. T. Craig	1	0	0
Mr. J. Feltham	0	10	0
Mr. A. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Hart	0	10	0
The late Janet Mortion	10	0	0
Mr. Paterson's Class	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—June 24	41	16	7
" " " " July 1	29	5	5
" " " " " 8	34	0	0
" " " " " 15	38	1	6
	£304	4	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Price	0	2	6
Balance of Bazaar	1	8	1
Mr. Dennish	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Jones	3	0	0
Mrs. Kavannah	0	10	0
Mrs. T.	1	0	0
Widow's Mite	0	1	0
Miss McClellan	0	10	0
Miss Hobbs	0	5	0
Mary Cox	0	5	0
Miss Abbott	1	0	0
Mr. S. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. Masters	2	10	0
Mrs. Bowden	0	10	0
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Store	2	11	6
Mr. J. How	2	2	0
Sermon Reader, Cookstown	1	0	0
Horace Johnson Thrift Box	0	10	0
Mr. T. Young	0	2	0
S. W.	0	5	0
Mr. S. Hughes	1	0	0
Mr. W. Bale	5	0	0
W. M.	0	1	0
Mr. D. J. Smith and Friends	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	3	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	5	5	0
Mr. E. N. Matthews	0	5	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	5	0
Mr. Crittall	1	1	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
Mr. E. Towler	0	5	0
Students Haverfordwest College	1	1	0
Other Friends	0	11	0
Mrs. Stirling	0	7	0
Mr. T. Blake, M.P.	5	0	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	5	0
Mr. Carnegie	1	0	0
Small Donation	0	1	0
Miss Janie Ellen Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Adkins	0	5	0
F. E. W.	0	5	0
Orphanage	0	10	0
Mr. Saunders	5	0	0
A Scotch Attorney	1	0	0
Sabbath Class of Factory Girls	0	3	0
Mrs. Penaluna	1	0	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Miss Best	1	0	0
Miss L. Best	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. Yeats	5	0	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	1	0	0
Mary	0	10	0
Rev. D. McGregor	1	0	0
Miss Fawcett	1	1	0
Friends meeting at Uckington, near Cheltenham, per Rev. W. Julyan	1	7	2
Per. Mr. Briginshaw—			
Mr. H. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. J. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. J. Heelas, senior	1	1	0
Mr. J. Heelas, junior	1	1	0
Mr. Skerritt	1	1	0
Mr. R. Briginshaw	1	1	0
Mr. Dunning	1	0	0
Mrs. Wright	0	10	0
Mrs. Clare	0	5	0
	8	1	0
Mr. A. Fowler	0	5	0
Miss Way	0	10	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Oakley	0	6	0
Mrs. Shaddock	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
R. R., Fifeshire	0	2	6
Glasgow	0	2	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	10	0
Miss Eliza Bruett	0	10	0
Mr. J. White	1	0	0
Country Minister	0	3	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Keely	0	5	0
Mr. J. Baker	2	13	6
Mr. J. Bane	1	0	0
Mr. C. Gladdish	0	6	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	9	0
Z.	0	5	3
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	6
Mrs. A. Crosby	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	10	0
Richmond-street Mission Sunday-school	4	2	0
Walworth Musical Society	4	4	0
A Friend	0	4	0
Mrs. Bitmead, per Mrs. Withers	0	10	0
Mr. J. Sykes	0	5	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class	1	0	0
Miss E. Dewar	0	2	6
Mrs. Lister	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Morris	1	0	0
Mrs. Small	0	4	6
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Miss S. A. Hunt	0	10	0
Collection at Ringwood, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	30	0	0
Mrs. Hall	5	0	0
Miss Kincaid	1	0	0
Mr. Wilson	1	0	0
Legacy, late Mrs. Coventry	200	0	0
Mr. Kelly, per Mr. Wigney	0	5	0
Mr. S. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Smalley	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	6
A. E. R.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Hodge	1	0	0
Miss Baily	0	5	0
Castle-street Sunday-school, Calne	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor, per Mrs. Hooper	1	0	0
Mr. Balne	1	2	0
Friends at Downs Chapel, Clapton, per Mrs. Way	3	0	6
S. J. W.	10	0	0
Mr. Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mrs. Greenfield	1	1	0
Miss Annie Steer	3	1	3
Mr. P. Bainbridge	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. Goode	5	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
H. O.	2	0	0
Miss Falconar	5	0	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Dr. Bailby	2	0	0
Miss Fairley	1	0	0
M. Upwood	0	6	0
A Servant Girl	0	2	6
"Every little helps"	0	7	0
A Fortunate Tradesman	10	0	0
Mr. S. Welman	0	10	0
Friends at Rosewell	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Green	0	10	0
Mr. A. Sinclair	2	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Miss Macaulay	1	0	0
Mr. G. James	3	0	0
Mrs. Cunnington	1	0	0
Mr. R. Ryman	3	0	0
Messrs. R. and W. Salmond	20	0	0
Mr. E. Bott	1	0	0
H. M.	0	1	0
Mrs. Chapman	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend at Driffield, by Rev. John Spurgeon	1	0	0
P. S., Leicester	0	10	0
Mrs. Turnbull	0	10	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	3	0	0
Mr. W. Chudley	1	0	0
Mr. T. Craig	1	0	0
Mr. G. Bowie	0	3	0
Mr. J. Hamilton	0	5	0
I. Chron. xxix. 14	0	10	0
Mr. J. Tolmie and Friends	1	15	0
Per Rev. J. Barnard :—			
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. Coultman	1	1	0
Mr. Randall	1	1	0
Rev. J. H. Barnard	0	10	6
Mr. Horton	0	10	0
Mrs. Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. Nutt	0	5	0
Mrs. Standfast	0	2	6
Mrs. Child	0	2	6
	6	2	6
Mr. J. Feltham	0	10	0
Mr. J. A. Hart	0	10	0
Collection at a Dinner Table by Harry and Frank Nye	0	6	0
Weighing Machine at Salford Sunday School Treat, by E. Nye	0	9	4
Mr. H. Child	10	0	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth :—			
A. Rayner	0	2	6
M. A. Maple	1	0	0
Miss Butt	0	6	0
Mr. Black	0	2	6
"Wisbeach"	0	2	6
Proceeds Service of Song Tower Hamlets	5	0	0
S. M. G.	5	0	0
Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter	0	12	1
A. Colley	1	0	0
J. Key	0	1	6
J. Swindall	0	10	0
Collection at Oxford after Sermon by Mr. Charlesworth	20	0	0
Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates	2	4	3
Infant Class, Chipping Norton, per Mr. Burbage	0	12	0
C. A. Semark (first earnings)	0	10	0
			37 3 4
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Rev. T. Carme			1 0 0
Mr. G. Palmer			50 0 0
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. J. R. Airey	0	5	0
Mr. R. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Mrs. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Simonds	0	5	0
Miss A. Johnson	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Johnson	0	5	0
Mr. E. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Kearsley	0	5	0
			2 5 0
			£652 17 5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Some Flowers and Fruits, Atworth Sunday School; 2 Dozen Shirts, Miss James; a Bag of Rice, Mr. Potter; some Rhubarb, Mr. Murrell; some Rhubarb, Mr. Higgs.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Banks	0	1	3
Collected by a Colporteur	0	1	8
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
R. May, Esq.	5	0	0
T. Drake, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. F. A. Jones	2	10	0
G. W.	2	2	0
W. Harrison, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. E. H. Tucker	0	10	0
For Capital Fund :—			
G. H. Leonard, Esq.	3	3	0
Jas. Broadbent, Esq. Temperance Publications, value	5	0	0
Subscriptions for Districts :—			
R. Cory, Jun. Esq., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Messrs. Hine Brothers, Maryport	10	0	0
Beeford and Skipsea District	10	0	0
Lymington, per Rev. J. J. Fitch	3	6	8
Melton Mowbray District	10	0	0
Hawkhurst District	8	8	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
Walsall Baptist Church	10	0	0
Whitchurch Baptist Church	10	0	0
Southern Association for three Districts Quarterly	30	0	0
Matlock District	10	0	0
Shildon District	10	0	0
Eyethorne District	7	10	0
E. Osborn, Esq., for Malling	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Mr. C. McHardy	1	0	0
Mr. G. Palmer	20	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. G. Morgan	0	5	0
H. O.	2	0	0
J. W.	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	1	0	0
Thankoffering	5	0	0
	£221	10	7

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

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Some Memorable Conversions.

THE account which Richard Baxter gives of his own conversion has often been quoted as a testimony to the power of good books. When Richard was about fifteen years of age a certain day labourer known to the family lent them "an old torn book" called "Bunny's Resolutions," and the reading of this became a means of enlightenment. What happened further goes to show the value of colportage, though colporteurs as an organised band were not known in England until centuries afterwards. A pedlar, whose pack contained some indifferent wares, as well as others of sterling merit, one day halted at the Baxters' house and sold a copy of Sibbes's "Bruised Reed." That book was the instrument used to confirm Richard in the faith: though, as is sometimes represented, it was not the means of his awakening. "The Bruised Reed" has in reality taken the honour due to the "old torn book" of the poor day labourer.

In the era of the Reformation it appears that educated men were frequently converted despite their former prejudices, if not in opposition to their prayers. Prince George of Anhalt was of this description; for after reading the books of Luther from mere curiosity, and not without inward misgivings as to his own weakness, he embraced the reformed faith and built up the church. Even more striking was the case of Vergerius, legate of the pope in Germany, and whose eminent services to the Roman see "His Holiness" purposed to reward with a cardinal's hat. There were those about the court, however, who counselled a becoming caution; for having been so long absent from the centre of orthodoxy, some suspected that Vergerius at least smelled of Lutheranism. On learning how matters stood the ecclesiastic was more than

a little chagrined, being conscious of his own integrity and devotion to the church. He resolved to prove his sincerity by writing down the Reformation, in a book to be entitled "Against the Apostate Germans," and he retired to a suitable retreat for that purpose. He set himself industriously to work at the task of reading the books of the enemy, but this reading was blessed to his conversion. He went to his brother to tell him what had occurred, and that brother likewise renounced popery. They both of them became zealous preachers and pillars in the Protestant church.

A Turk, who was baptized at St. Paul's church in Covent Garden, in 1658, under the new name of Richard Christophilus, owed his conversion to a singular train of circumstances, which plainly showed the leading of Providence. At Constantinople he had served the Porte in a high official station, and by embracing Christianity he became liable to such torture and death as are characteristic of the Turkish rule. It happened that he had a slave who was a devout Christian, and this man could not be prevented by any of the ill-usage to which he was subjected from pressing upon his master the claims of the gospel. Though again and again repulsed, this procedure was at length successful; a breach was made in the great man's Mahomedan bigotry, and he began to suspect that Christ was the Messiah and the prophet of Islam an impostor. At once resigning every brilliant prospect in life, he fled to Paris; but after seeking instruction at the hands of the Romish priests the fugitive felt disappointed, thinking that if such things were the doctrines of Christ there was some reason to return to Constantinople. Hearing that there were other sections of the church in the city the poor man determined to find them, and thus he was instructed in the truth by the Protestant pastors during a space of six weeks. He soon became happy in the faith, and renounced the abominations of Islam before the congregations of the church in London, where he was received into communion.

The Puritans believed that persons might be brought into paths of righteousness by severe dealing. An atheist, and a profane swearer, named White, was said to have been converted through seeing the devil at at his bedside in the form of "a great ugly man," whose smile was more repulsive than his frown. He was one of those commonplace boors who look upon hell and demons as names invented by interested parsons, and only by a terrible vision of the night was he cured of his illiterate belief.

A beautiful story illustrative of some of the very finest traits of the Christian character belongs to the family of Serjeant Granvil. The serjeant had two sons, and unfortunately the elder, on whom it was hoped the estate might be conferred, was a fast liver, and he promised soon to squander in waste and riot the property of which he was utterly unworthy. As neither entreaty nor threatenings sufficed to bring about a reformation the father at last, in self-defence, settled the inheritance on the younger brother, who was of a more tractable disposition. After the good father's death the youthful renegade sat down to meditate on his folly: he grew melancholy, but at length, perceiving that he had forfeited an earthly estate, he determined to lay hold on a better inheritance in heaven. The brother beheld the change with admiration, the evidences of its reality being quite convincing. Soon afterwards the

friends of the family were invited to a great feast, at which the rejoicings suddenly took an unexpected turn. A dish was placed before the elder brother, and this on being uncovered was found to hold a pile of deeds transferring the whole of the property into his possession. The younger intimated that in so acting he had only done what their father would have done had he lived to see the blessedness of the change they themselves were privileged to witness.

The conversion of Mr. Studly, whose father was a Kentish lawyer who hated aught savouring of Puritanism with fervent hatred, presents many points of interest, and is besides illustrative of English life when Charles the Second reigned at Whitehall. Reared in the faith and practices of a cavalier, the younger Studly was no better than his tutors until he was arrested in his course of sin by a surprising adventure in the streets of London. Having on a certain occasion sat late at night with some roystering companions, he was returning homeward the worse for liquor, when he fell into a cellar which opened on the pathway, and lay at the bottom partially stunned, but with a dreadful suspicion floating in his mind that he had fallen suddenly into the infernal regions. Fortunately the shock was one which did not vanish as the morning dew on the return of consciousness. The habits which had occasioned the catastrophe were forsaken, the young man became subject to fits of melancholy, he took to reading, and sought by prayer to remove the burden which oppressed him. This change in the current of the young man's life was not relished by the father, who at once adopted means to extinguish all this Puritan enthusiasm, such as dealing out rough treatment and obliging the youth to engage himself with horses or worldly employments. When it was discovered that he read at night, candle was denied, but so long as fire-light sufficed for a substitute the want was scarcely felt. In the hope of curing what he supposed to be a religious distemper the father resorted to other means; he sent his son to France, expecting that the frivolous society of gay people would have the desired effect. All things turned out quite different from these expectations. A lodging was taken in the house of a godly Protestant pastor, who in due time returned to England with his young friend, though on the pastor's character being discovered he was not permitted to remain in the home of the squire. As the youth still remained Puritanically inclined, a situation was obtained for him at Whitehall, where as gentleman-in-waiting to a lady of high station it was hoped he would forget his religion. It turned out precisely contrary; instead of conforming to the world he contributed to the reformation of those about him, and to the lady's extreme satisfaction such order reigned in her establishment as she had never known before. Still perplexed as to what he should do next, but determined to carry his point, the elder Studly thought that marriage might probably win the victory where everything else had failed. A neighbouring gentleman of wealth and position had a beautiful daughter who would in all respects make a desirable match, and it was determined that the incorrigible young Puritan should be united with this lady. This was the final attempt, and the penalty for not acceding to the paternal wish and returning to the world was forfeiture of the family estate. The young man so far yielded that he consented to woo the lady, and in order that no unnecessary obstacles might obstruct the

way, loose, profane conversation or immoral doings were for the time, as far as was practicable, suspended in the household. The family wore masks as it were until their true characters were concealed; but at the wedding dinner, which occurred soon afterwards, this mask was suddenly laid aside. Wine and profane talk were largely indulged in, and amid the riot the bride was heard to utter an oath. Horrified and humiliated, the bridegroom left the table, went to the stable to saddle his horse, and, unobserved, left the yard. In an agony of mind he now condemned himself for not having sufficiently sought the counsel of God in a momentous affair of life; but as the die was cast, and there was no path of retreat, he resolved that he would plead earnestly for the conversion of his wife. In the most solitary part of a neighbouring wood he spent the afternoon in prayer and tears, and the cry of his soul was the language of faith. While thus employed in quiet seclusion, the scene at the house was one of consternation and uproar. The bridegroom had mysteriously disappeared, and mounted horsemen were scouring the country in a wild and fruitless search. At length the missing one quietly returned, sought his wife in the solitude of her chamber, and in reply to her reproaches acquainted her with the occupation of the afternoon as well as with the story of his life experience. He spoke of God's grace having led him this way and that way, till at last the lady's curiosity was excited to ask the meaning of so singular a phrase. Still more surprising and welcome was her question: "Is there no grace for me, who am so wretched a stranger to God?" "Yes, my dear," replied the husband, "there is grace for thee; and I have been praying for it this day in the wood." He believed, moreover, that his petition was heard, and now proposed that they should pray together. After such exercises, they presented a singular appearance before the ribald company at supper. Their eyes were red and swollen with weeping, though their features were staid with heavenly peace. "I beseech you, father, swear not," said the bride, when her sire, according to custom, talked profanely, thus testifying to the miraculous change which had come over her since noon. The table was soon in a blaze of discord. "What!" said the elder Studly, rising in a consuming rage, conscious of being defeated at this final stage by a power which was irresistible, "What? is the devil in him? I would rather set fire to the four corners of my fair-built house than that he should enjoy it." The old lawyer did according to his threats; for when he died, soon after, the estate was willed away, and the son received only ten pounds. The bride fared likewise, being denied her dowry on account of her Puritanical religion; but having £200 pounds of her own, they were able to take and stock a farm, the once fine lady cheerfully undertaking the many duties of a farmer's wife. After prospering in this manner for a time, the tenants on the estate unexpectedly discovered that, after all, Mr. Studly was their legal laudlord, as the father had no power to will away the property. Thus the good man altogether regained what he unmurmuringly surrendered for conscience' sake.

The case of Saint Augustine, the greatest of the Christian fathers, is sufficiently interesting to be included in the category of remarkable conversions. He was born in the year 354, his father being a pagan at

the time of his son's birth, while his mother, Monica, was a model of Christian unselfishness and devotion, a worthy mother of an illustrious son. Being naturally inclined to pleasure and love of the world, Augustine in youth resisted the importunities of his mother to embrace the Christian faith, and following the example of his father, drank deep of earthly pleasures. He was an ardent lover of the stage, and in a day when, as a writer in the *Encyclopædia Brittanica* tells us, "one of the most significant signs of a man having become a Christian was his habitual absence from the theatre. No one was more emphatic on this point afterwards than Augustine himself, and as the result of his own experience, he seems to have doubted whether, apart from the gross immoralities of the pagan stage, the indulgence in fictitious joys and woes is a warrantable excitement." On renouncing idols, he embraced the heresies of Manichæism, which, however, he soon relinquished for a better creed. He left Carthage, where he had lived as a student, glad to escape from its pagan abominations, and settled at Milan, where Ambrose was at the height of his fame and usefulness. In the preaching of the great bishop, Augustine found the light he had long needed, though the perfect peace of faith in Christ came not all at once into his soul. As he studied the Epistles of Paul, the inward struggles of his soul were prolonged and severe. One day he lay on the ground beneath a fig tree in his garden, overcome with groans and tears, longing for relief; and at the height of the conflict he imagined he heard these words coming from an invisible person: "Take up and read, take up and read." His companion Alypius, who sat a short distance off, had the Scriptures in his hand, and in the Epistle to the Romans Augustine read: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." That was the moment of the victory of grace when, according to Augustine's own confession, peace streamed into his soul, and the shades of doubt were chased away by heavenly light.

It is charming thus to see the same variety in grace as in nature. The Lord does not cause the new creature to come forth in one set form and fashion. The Holy Ghost is called by David "thy free Spirit," and so he is; working after his own sweet will, and not according to some invariable standard. He uses ordinarily the appointed instrumentality of public ministry, but sometimes he does without it, and calls in his chosen by other means; and this doubtless that we may not place our confidence in men, or dream that any agency is necessary with the Lord. This should inspire us with hope even for those who are beyond the reach of common means. Let us pray for them, for they are not beyond the reach of the Lord. Though the sinner may wander beyond the range of our voice, our eye, or our pen, yet not beyond gunshot of grace, nor beyond the omnipresence of eternal love.

John Elias.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

THE great revival in Wales had its rise about the middle of the last century, under the preaching of Rowlands of Llangeithau and Howell Harris, who have been named the apostles of Wales. Whitefield and Wesley at the same time were rousing England from the spiritual lethargy into which she had sunk since the age of the Puritans; and the flame extending across the Atlantic was enkindling the populations of North America: but nowhere was the revival more needed nor preceded by a deeper moral darkness than in Wales. Notwithstanding the labours of Vavasor Powell, and other noble Baptists, the condition of the greater part of the Principality, at the time when these men opened their divine commission, was deplorable in the extreme: it was a darkness which might be felt. Dense ignorance overspread the land like a fog, and dulled the minds of the people: superstition had full play, and the rank, unwholesome soil generated a distorted growth of supernatural horrors. Fear threw over all its baleful shadow; ghosts and shapes peopled every valley and glen; corpse candles rose from the ground, or issued from the cottages, and traversed the road or air by invisible agency, portending death and calamity. Whatever was the condition of faith in God, belief in the devil was strong and vivid; his horns and hoofs were seen by scared mountaineers, who ran breathlessly home to rouse the village with their wild reports into horrible suspense and foreboding. Spiritually and intellectually the land was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, when God said, "LET THERE BE LIGHT," and there was light. The revival in its suddenness, its rapid and resistless spread, was like the breaking in of the blessed beam of heaven upon the damp night gloom; it dispelled the unwholesome steams of superstition and cleared the mental atmosphere. Faith and Love dragged from his throne the tyrant Fear, and filled the land with rest and light: the villages resounded with psalms to God, and the name of Jesus was reverenced and loved by thousands who before had groped in darkness.

Just as the lights of Rowlands and Howell Harris were waning, God enkindled a new flame in the souls of three great successors, Christmas Evans, John Elias, and Williams of Wern. When these men began to preach they found the air cleared by their predecessors, and an electrical expectation pervading the land. The people, in the hunger of their young life, eagerly looked to their preachers for the bread of life, like nests of callow fledglings, where every yellow mouth is yawning for the food which the mother bird brings. It must have been a glorious time for preaching. The great boulders of ignorance and superstition were cleared out of the way, and the Word of God, like an athletic runner, had free course, and was glorified.

Of Christmas Evans, the man with one eye, the most imaginative and dramatic, and take him altogether the greatest of the three, there are accounts easily accessible to English readers, and an interesting sketch from the pen of Mr. Gracey appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel* for

April, 1868. Of Williams of Wern we may have something to write at some future time. Of John Elias we propose now to attempt a delineation. There is an English memoir of him by the Rev. E. Morgan, of Syston, but it is now not easy of access. There is no lack of information concerning this great preacher in the Welsh tongue, but as we are shut out from the treasures of that all but inaccessible language, we have availed ourselves of the knowledge of an excellent Welsh friend who as we write is pleasantly chatting to us on the other side of the table, with a Welsh biography of our hero before him.

The popularity of these men was very wonderful. Welshmen with patriotic pride attribute in part the ascendency of the great Welsh preachers over their audiences to the peculiar character of their language, which, say they, is distinguished beyond any other for pathos, sublimity, and for its power to express religious emotion. No one will have the temerity to dispute with a Welshman that his language is peculiar. That we freely grant. Its origin, if one little gem of philological research be reliable, sufficiently accounts for its singularity. An unfortunate labourer at Babel, says our authority, at the time of the confusion of tongues, having misunderstood his master's order, brought instead of bricks a hod of mortar. The master flung it in his face, and the aggrieved workman, opening his mouth to justify himself, the entering mortar impeded his utterance and he spoke Welsh. I am not sure this piece of philology is accepted by the Welsh themselves, but their language has been the instrument in the lips of their preachers of working as great wonders as were ever wrought in any nation. It is a language of nature,—rugged, wild like their own mountains and glens, full of poetry and feeling, weird and kindling,—we cannot wonder at their love for it, nor at their tenacious preservation of it in their religious services even in England; but it takes a Welshman's soul as well as a Welshman's lips to use it.

John Elias was born May 6th, 1774, in Carnarvonshire, in a small cottage within four miles of Pwllheli, which, were it not now levelled to the ground, would form one of the shrines of the Principality. His parents were poor and irreligious, but it was his good fortune that his grandfather lived with them, a man decidedly ahead of his time in his estimate of the value of learning, and in an enlightened concern for the young. The old man took kindly to the child, gave him all the education in his power, and taught him his own trade of weaving. John was a promising pupil, for by the time he was five years old he could read Welsh, and before he was seven had read the Old Testament through as far as the middle of Jeremiah, and obtained an accurate knowledge of its contents. He was seized at this time with small-pox, which made him blind for a fortnight, and deprived him of consciousness. As he lay still in bed one day the old grandfather came to his bedside weeping and saying, "My dear boy, do you remember what your lesson is?" "Yes," said John, and mentioned some chapter in Jeremiah. It was the symptom of returning memory, and gladdened the old man's heart.

The solemnity of religion laid hold of his mind when very young. He dreamed of the judgment day, and was so overawed as to be unable to join his young companions with smiles, or to engage in anything his

tender conscience interdicted. Yet these leanings to religion were crossed with strange gusts of temptation. He once overheard a youth swearing: the audacity of the blasphemer struck young Elias as a mark of cleverness, and he was tempted to follow the example; he went into the middle of a field to utter the oath, that he might be out of hearing, but the awful word, as soon as it was pronounced, sounded so terribly audible, that he was smitten with apprehension lest God, who must have heard it, should command the earth to open and swallow him up alive.

The grandfather, though a strict churchman, and a regular attendant at the church on Sunday mornings, occasionally took John with him in the afternoon to hear the Methodist preachers at a little place called Pentref-uchaf. One Sunday the people sat waiting; the time for service was arrived but no preacher. "John," said the old man, after considerable fidgeting, "go thou to the pulpit and read a chapter to the people out of the Bible." So saying, he opened the pulpit door, forced the boy in, and shut it upon him. It was an unusual thing for a boy in those days to be able to read at all, and the people listened attentivly while John read part of the Sermon on the Mount; but presently looking sideways, and seeing the preacher standing by the door of the pulpit, he clapped to the book in great alarm and ran back to his grandfather's side. This was his earliest appearance in the pulpit. He turned his knowledge to good account, even then. Some of the children of the neighbourhood used to go to him on Sundays to be taught reading, forming probably the first Sunday-school in Carnarvonshire. His whole library in these youthful days, for he was yet under twelve, consisted of three books besides the Bible; Gryffydd Jones's "Exposition of the Church Catechism," "Elisha Coles," and "The Marrow of Divinity." It was a limited stock, but being well used, he made considerable mental progress.

These earliest days were thus happily spent under the training of the good old man to whom he loved afterwards to trace the good impressions of his childhood, but now a heavy blow fell on him by the death of his grandfather, which deprived the home of the wholesome influence he had always exerted in it. It had been the old gentleman's custom to conduct family worship. He read a chapter in the Bible with Peter Williams' exposition, and prayed from the book of family prayer by Gryffydd Jones of Llanddowror. All this now ceased, and for a year or two young Elias was greatly troubled in conscience for the neglect of it. One evening a minister alluded to family worship, and quoted these words, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." John went home crying to the Lord for pardon and for grace to confess Christ. He found his parents up, revealed to them his distress, and obtained their permission to read a chapter and pray in the family then and there. And so the beautiful custom was commenced anew and carried on by him.

He never saw or heard Daniel Rowlands. When he was seventeen he determined to walk the eighty miles to Llangeithau that he might have that privilege. Hundreds from all parts of Wales were in the habit of doing

this, and wonderful things were told respecting Rowlands' ministry. Meanwhile Elias went over one day to Pwllheli. Benjamin Jones was to preach. He gave out as his text 2 Sam. iv. 38, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" It was a funeral sermon for Rowlands. The land was in mourning for its evangelist. He had left behind him a monument in the changed lives of hundreds of his fellow countrymen. And now the death of Rowlands was one of the means of the quickening of John Elias. The solemn thoughts of that day deepened and confirmed his seriousness. Not many months afterwards we find him journeying in company with others to one of those Association gatherings which are distinctive of Welsh church life. It was held at Bala, the scene of the ministry of that Charles who afterwards became one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and who was already getting inspired with the idea of securing a Bible for every family in Wales, which was afterwards widened into the grander proposal—"If for Wales, why not for the world?" On the way the little band halted here and there for a prayer-meeting, and cheered the journey with singing, according to the beautiful custom which then prevailed. It was like the old Hebrew pilgrimages to the Temple, when the cheerful companies, as their numbers swelled at every junction of the roads, went from strength to strength, and made the dreary valley of Baca vocal with songs. This Association was distinguished for spiritual power. It was as if the Lord created upon the assemblies "a cloud and smoke by day and the shining of a flaming fire by night:" and when the little band arrived home again, after the forty miles' journey, such was their mutual joy, they could scarcely part. He was now rapidly coming into the light. At a certain spot on the road to Pwllheli he was constrained one day to halt for joy in thinking of the expression, "The ministry of reconciliation" (2 Cor. v. 18); and soon afterwards his remaining difficulties were removed under a sermon by an extraordinary preacher, Robert Roberts of Clynog, who began with a terrific exhibition of the convictions and terrors of the law, and closed with the sweet and enchanting strains of the gospel. It was the trump of jubilee, and proclaimed release from bondage to the young hearer.

He now longed to join the church, but his mind was so agitated between the desire for identification with the people of God and the fear of backsliding that, on the days when the society met, he spent his time praying and lamenting in the fields, unable to summon courage to apply for admission. He entered the service of a worthy Methodist preacher of his own trade, named Gryffydd Jones, who lived at Ynys y Pandy. A preaching service was held at the house of his new master, followed by the Lord's Supper, and John, not being a member, was directed by his master to go into the field and turn the hay. His conduct there was noticed by a maidservant, who told her master she did not know what was the matter with the lad: sometimes he would work with all his might, then stand as if in deep thought, then weep, and go behind the hedge and groan as if about to die. The master went to him: "What is the matter?" "That word breaks my heart," said the youth; 'And they that were ready went in, and the door was shut'; you shut the door to-day, and I was out." His master advised him tenderly, and

the result was he joined the society at Hendre Howell. After this the master and he engaged alternately in family prayer, and he appeared to excel in it; there was something in his spirit when praying that caused all that heard to forget every thing but praying.

Elias was now eighteen years old. He had never been to school, and since his grandfather's death had enjoyed no external assistance in education, but his own energy had kept his mind from resembling the untilled field of the slothful man, and his new friends soon discerned his abilities, and turned them to account in their Sunday Schools. He was pressed to commence the prayer-meetings by reading a chapter. This grew into an exposition, and then to an exhortation. Next he was asked to address the congregation upon their souls' salvation, when a preacher failed to keep his appointment, and so it was noised abroad that the lad with Gryffydd Jones had begun to preach. And indeed the working of the Holy Ghost was already apparent. Great numbers accompanied him to and from the means of grace; they hung on his lips, while their hearts burned within them and the tears rolled from their eyes as he conversed with them. He spoke to his family, his relations, his neighbours. He spoke in the house, by the seaside, in the pulpit. He lived for eternity. "The Lord keep him to the truth," said an old minister who heard him, "for if he takes to preaching lies he'll ruin the world."

On Christmas Day, 1794, he was received at the monthly meeting and installed as an itinerant preacher. Robert Roberts, of Clynog, who had been the instrument of his finding peace, was there, Mr. Richardson also of Carnarvon, and other ministers. They were not all quite sure of the candidate. He was a speckled bird, his manner was strange and nervous, there was something in him not altogether easy to understand, and they knew not what to be sure of concerning him, except that he was a human being and had been born in Carnarvonshire. However, they appointed him as a preacher. The first Association he attended in this capacity was in Montgomeryshire. He was now in his twenty-first year, and was appointed to open the meeting with prayer. This prayer made the deepest impression. "All around," says one who was there, "were in tears, as well as myself. We trembled as if we were going to appear before the judgment seat of Christ." His preaching engagements increased thick and fast upon him, but he was impressed with the weight and importance of the ministry, and expressed to his brethren his desire to go to Manchester for six months to devote the time to improve his education, and to learn English. This was regarded as a symptom of pride and ambition unbecoming a preacher of the gospel; but, Elias, nothing daunted, pursued his purpose, and though he did not study in Manchester, attended the school of an excellent Carnarvon minister, Mr. Richardson, where he got his introduction to English, as also to Greek and Hebrew, of which he acquired sufficient mastery to enable him to make use of the original Scriptures. Richardson said of him, "I never had one like him, so desirous of learning and so apt in acquiring languages." His insatiable ardour in mental acquirement carried him through a wide range of study. In ancient history and Eastern customs, in astronomy, anatomy, botany, medicine, and in general literature he made large and extensive attainments. Thus he

went on without resting—labouring, studying, amassing knowledge, and gathering books, that he might store his mind as an armoury with weapons for the holy warfare. And this sacred war against Satan and his hosts he carried on all the time, preaching with great energy and life. "Why does John Elias accompany his words with such motions, and why does he stretch forth his arm?" asked a little lad of his companion, as they were returning home one evening from chapel. "To point out the way to heaven," was the answer. "Does he know the way there?" "Yes, *uncommonly well*, the people say."

The Isle of Anglesea was at this time in a vicious and degraded condition. It had been the last fastness of Druidism, and was now the abode of a corrupted and lifeless Christianity, which was consistent with the most abhorrent immorality. Sins of the flesh were prevalent to a startling degree, drunkenness was almost universal among the common people of the island—they were smugglers and wreckers, watching like hungry dogs or beasts of prey for the property of those who were drowning while the vessels went to pieces on the rocks. The very lives of the preachers of the gospel were sometimes in danger. In 1799 John Elias left Carnarvonshire and was stationed in Anglesea. He addressed himself to the work before him with agonizing prayer, and the power of God was soon displayed. The fame of his preaching ran through the island, and he was attended by the whole population wherever he went. The Anglesea gentlemen intended having horse races. Elias itinerated through the country and preached with such power that the horse-racing idea had to be abandoned. He drove the players out of the island with his sermons, though they endeavoured to ridicule him on the stage. He went to a certain locality where much property had been inhumanly stolen from a wreck, and preached with such effect that from every hole and corner restitution of the stolen property was made. Soon Anglesea appeared a different country, the works of darkness gradually subsided, and a great thirst for the Word of God was apparent everywhere. Many were convinced and converted and added to the church in every district. Within forty years from the time of his entrance into Anglesea the Calvinistic Methodists built there forty-four chapels, some of them very spacious, and the island became covered with Sunday-schools.

[*To be continued.*]

A Handful of Mr. Venning's choice sentences.

TEACH thy heart to walk wholly with thy God as well as holily.

It was a sweet saying of an ancient father (Bernard): The name of Jesus is *mel in ore, melos in aure, jubilus in corde;* honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, and a jubilee, or joy in the heart.

God created us, and left us to ourselves; afterwards he redeemed us, and left himself to us.

Let young women put on piety instead of paints, sanctity instead of satin, modesty for their morning and daily dress; so shall God and every good man love them more and more.

Devonshire House and Crosby Hall.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

FOR litterateurs and antiquaries in general London is a far more profitable and interesting hunting-ground than the heavy works of the old chroniclers would lead us to suppose. They gave us a grain of corn to a bushel of chaff, spun interminable yarns about trifles, and filled hundreds of folio pages about tombs, monuments, and parish benefactors, as though they had been regularly apprenticed to the art and mystery of gossiping. During the last thirty years a more lively generation of scribes has arisen, so that antique and respectable fathers, like Stowe and Maitland, no longer amuse the general reader, though their works retain their dignity as books of reference. We are all more or less indebted to this reform which has taken place in the manner of serving up the fruits of antiquarian research; for, while half of Old London was consumed in the Great Fire, the remainder is being so rapidly rebuilt and improved away, that soon we may expect the ancient city to survive in books alone. We are glad, therefore, to have in Messrs. Cassell's "Old and New London" a literary and artistic monument, alike worthy of the theme and of the eminent firm under whose auspices the work is produced. We might have made the present article an ordinary review; but as "Old and New London" lacks the information necessary for our purpose, we will be content with giving a word of commendation. The town denizen, as well as the quiet country resident, will find that in this book the British capital is portrayed with pen and pencil as it has never been portrayed before.

During the last ten years, the general aspect of Bishopsgate and Shoreditch has been entirely altered; and though the changes might perplex an old resident whose absence had extended over ten years, yet what has been done is the work of improvement. For some distance one side of the street has been removed, and a thoroughfare direct to the West End approaches completion. The old terminus of the Great Eastern Railway has been abandoned for the spacious station in Liverpool Street. One side of Devonshire Street has been taken down to make way for the extension of the Metropolitan Railway, old Devonshire Square chapel having entirely disappeared in the general over-turning. Fortunately for our friends the Quakers, their own important meeting-house in this same neighbourhood has been spared; new erections, including a temperance hotel, have sprung up around it, and to judge by the bright, respectable appearance of the property, the whole is likely to last as long as the worthy society which holds it in trust.

This brings us to Devonshire House, the most renowned seat of Quakerism in London, though not its most ancient meeting-place. During the favourable days of the Commonwealth, the Friend preachers found accommodation in Bull-and-Mouth Street, on the ground that is now occupied by the railway carriers. In the Great Fire of 1666 these premises were swept away; and the overseers, whose business it was to provide another suitable meeting-place, found at Devonshire House

a suite of apartments conveniently adapted to their purpose. Even thus early, though still held by the Earl and Countess of Devonshire, the glory of the palatial residence had for some time been on the decline. Standing in proximity to its venerable neighbour, Crosby Hall, the mansion was still an ornament to the City, its towers and chimneys rising proudly over the roofs of more humble dwellings. But the work of partition had commenced; and the beautiful gardens stretching away eastward were destined to be divided and sub-divided by the eager builders of those Puritan times.

But the Quakers, who first cast longing eyes on Devonshire House, were not builders; they merely sought a temporary home while their consumed cathedral was rebuilding, and they were prepared to pay handsomely for what they asked. At a rental of seventy pounds a year they were allowed the use of several principal chambers, including the dining-room and what was known as the great parlour. The premises were at that day as sumptuous as they were extensive, signs being apparent on every side of their having once been the home of a noble family of abounding wealth. The carved pillars and doorways, as well as the artistically contrived wainscotings, everywhere delighted the eye, while connoisseurs would stand long in admiration before the superbly worked fireplace or mantel-piece of the dining-room. Perhaps the carving of this single apartment may have cost as much as many a fine house of the present day.

Though they were people of simple tastes, the early Friends knew when they were conveniently suited, and hence, what was intended to be a very temporary tenure, was continued until it has survived to see the extinction of all the other City meetings. Soon after their occupancy of the state apartments, advantage was taken of an opportunity which presented itself of taking a plot of ground on a building lease, and on this the original meeting-house was erected. The entrance was at first in Cavendish Court, so dark and unlikely a place that a member, who in 1697 presented the society with a lantern, was greeted by the Friends in assembly as a benefactor.* Alterations and improvements continued to take place from time to time, and towards the close of the last century the old Dolphin inn was purchased, and on this land the present commodious premises were erected. Probably neither books nor living antiquaries can point out to us the exact site of Devonshire House, though relics of this ducal palace appear to have survived in some of the lately demolished buildings on the south side of Devonshire Street. The very names are forgotten of the sons and daughters of fashion who once trod its sumptuous halls; but the memoirs of others who here laboured for God are still kept in everlasting remembrance.*

In the days of Queen Elizabeth the wealthy citizens of London were so far addicted to vanity that they would occasionally seek to rival the splendours of aristocratic neighbours. In those times the future Devonshire House was built, and attained the zenith of its fame. If a

* A quantity of information relating to the Quakers at Devonshire House is found in Messrs. Beck and Ball's "London Friends' Meetings," to which carefully compiled work we are indebted for some of our facts.

Cavendish—a mere duke—was able to show his quality in London, why should not the style be emulated by an aspiring goldsmith of the same British capital? Some such thoughts must have heated the imagination of Jasper Fisher, who planned his future greatness and hired builders and gardeners without first sitting down to count the cost; and, as it has frequently happened, he began without being able to finish the creations of his fancy. More sober people pointed at his half-finished mansion, and called it Fisher's Folly. Soon afterwards the property passed into the possession of the Oxford family, so that "the daughter of a hundred earls" may have found recreation in the pleasant gardens as well as in feeding the ducks and swans on the artificial water. After the death of the Earl of Oxford in 1628, the De Veres pass from the scene, and the family of Cavendish comes into possession. At length the mansion becomes altogether forsaken by its lordly occupants—the city may have become too noisy, or time may have shown that Bishopsgate was at the wrong end of the town, while the court resided in the west. Then came the division of the area into building plots; and while the Quakers secured an excellent bargain, the Baptists purchased a corner of the garden. Thus originated Devonshire Square Chapel at a date when Nonconformity was so great a power in the country that Butler could point to the parliament and say,

> "That represents no part of the nation,
> But Fisher's Folly congregation."

The chapel was rebuilt in the year 1829, when Mr. Binney preached the opening sermon. This sanctuary, which was referred to by one of the speakers as a cathedral, has lately been removed to make way for the extension of the Metropolitan Railway to Aldgate. A new chapel has arisen at Stoke Newington, of which Mr. Henderson is the pastor. The memorial stone was laid by the Lord Mayor in his robes of state, in October, 1870; and by way of making a thankoffering to the Lord for past mercies, and for guidance through uncommon difficulties, the whole of the money contributed on the occasion was given to the Stockwell Orphanage.

Crosby Hall, a relic of which still adorns the ancient thoroughfare of Bishopsgate, has a still more illustrious history. Sir John Crosby, the founder of the mansion, purchased the site of the prioress of St. Helen's nunnery in the fifteenth century, and for generation after generation the house was maintained with becoming magnificence, Sir Thomas More at one period having been its tenant. About the middle of the seventeenth century a fire destroyed the chief part of the dwelling-house; but the hall being preserved, it became a celebrated meeting-house for Nonconformity during ninety-seven years. Having now fallen to the level of a restaurant, the visitor will at least eat his dinner with additional interest if he be supplied with a few particulars concerning the old hall which has survived the storms of four hundred years.

It is generally supposed that good Thomas Watson, the ejected pastor of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, was the first preacher who gathered a congregation in Crosby Hall. His gifts in utterance and fervour in prayer were remarkable even in the Puritan era of great men; and

his works are still esteemed by readers of good things in our older literature. His "Body of Divinity" has been lately reprinted by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster; and since the day that it was instrumental in the conversion of Colonel Gardener, his "Heaven Taken by Storm" has done good service. This pious and able man died in his study, while in the act of prayer, immediately after the accession of William and Mary.

But the fame of Watson is outshone by the genius of Charnock, whose eloquent discourses on the Attributes of God were delivered in the present dining hall. Educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, Charnock resided for some time with Sir Henry Cromwell in Dublin Castle, and returned to England after the Restoration. During the preparation of his sermons on the Divine Attributes—a work which from the date of its first appearance to the present time has ranked as one of the most approved standard works in Puritan theology—this great man resided, as a common lodger, with a glazier in Whitechapel. After his death in 1680, the pastor was laid beneath the doorway of St. Michael's Church in Cornhill; and he was spoken of as a Moses, a shining star, whose premature eclipse would darken Christian England. The publication of his works and the immediate popularity they attained show how highly Charnock ranked among the better part of the nation.

A little more than a stone's throw is the distance between Bishopsgate and Old Broad Street, where our ancestors were wont to congregate in Pinners' Hall. In the sixteenth century the site was called the Glass House, because there one Verselyn, an Italian, introduced the innovation of glass making on English soil. At Pinners' Hall, either as pastors or lecturers, laboured some of the very first men in the Puritan world—men whose names are still famous and are still household words in our own mouths. As time would fail were we to enumerate the illustrious catalogue, we will content ourselves with singling out one who, in what is called the Augustan age of our literature, dared to be a political dissenter.

Joseph Stennett was the son of an eminent physician at Wallingford, who set up a Nonconformist conventicle in the privileged precincts of the castle, where no inferior magistrate might intrude or interfere. When as a child and youth Joseph rambled about the surrounding country, the fiery trial of persecution was refining the faith and strengthening the feeble hands of those who maintained the Puritan cause. A man of brilliant talents and of good family, who, in such times, deliberately chose as his profession the gospel ministry, must have been something more than a man of metal. Such was Joseph Stennett. Not satisfied with being a dissenter, he must needs be a Baptist, a Baptist, too, of the Sabbatarian order, who kept their Sabbath on Saturday.

In accordance with his father's wishes, this young man not only stored his mind with what was called university learning; he underwent the discipline, more laborious than profitable, of a thorough reading of the Christian Fathers, and on the completion of his education he left home to push his fortunes in London at that dark juncture in English annals, the accession of James the Second.

Though the times were threatening there was work to be done, and the patriotic mind is not repressed by difficulty, nor cowed by passing danger. Actuated by a love of freedom, and educated in a code of politics which Cromwell would have sanctioned, he understood the principles as well as the temper of the new monarch, and ran no risk of being deceived when, soon after, the government made specious bids for the countenance of the dissenters. Every man who thought at all was political in those stirring times, when day by day the seeds were sown which would ripen into a revolution. In these days a man, unless he be a political high churchman, is not expected to mix alloy with his pure metal; but it was otherwise in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Nor did Joseph Stennett lose his reward through adherence to principle. When the tide began to turn, his genius became the servant of the patriotic party. His Hudibrastic rhymes and political tracts were extensively circulated among the aroused population, to do their share in hastening the fall of tyranny and inaugurating the reign of liberty.

After the Revolution the more serious business of his life really commenced, and, as a preacher of the gospel, he kept two Sabbaths in each week—ministering to his own people either at Pinners' Hall or at Devonshire-square, and to others who assembled on the ordinary Sabbath in Barbican. Still an active politician, he showed an enthusiastic admiration of William the Third, and a corresponding detestation of Louis the Fourteenth. It is easy to understand the feverish eagerness with which such a man watched the progress of public affairs. To him the ascendancy of France meant the triumph of tyranny, and the Romish cant, "Eldest Son of the Church," was equivalent with "chief agent of the powers of darkness." Indeed, he was personally interested in the European dispute; for, as the daughter of a Huguenot, Mrs. Stennett had been impoverished through the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Under such conditions a reverse to the English arms was a calamity such as came home to a man's own fireside, while victory was the progress of freedom and truth. The king was prayed for both in the closet and in the pulpit, and in strains that were in no danger of degenerating into form ; and when, in 1698, William was congratulated on his escape from assassination, there was, perhaps, no Protestant in London—from Stennett himself, who penned the address, to the humblest chapel-keeper—who did not feel that dire personal calamity had been providentially averted.

We are far from apologizing for all that our fathers did in the heat of controversy and amid the alarms of war. Inasmuch as they lacked our advantages it would be unfair to judge them by the standard of to-day. We should not now exult over the destruction of French regiments as achievements to be paralleled with the deeds of Israel in Canaan; but happily we are able to pass from such foibles to better things. Stennett was consistently faithful to the last ; for when government agents sought to win his adherence to the humiliating treaty of Utrecht he refused to countenance that nefarious contract, and by so doing he stands out in history as one of the boldest asserters of political independence of which Nonconformity can boast.

How Stennett laboured as a pastor at Pinners' Hall, as well as at

other stations in the old city, we shall not attempt to describe; nor how he used his pen against Romanists, Quakers, Nonjurors, and Socinians. He died in the full assurance of faith in 1713, and was thus not permitted to witness the triumph of the Protestant Succession in the ascendancy of the House of Brunswick. Had such a life needed an epitaph in death, a couplet of his own composition would have sufficed:

> "Earth, in thy bosom hide thy precious trust
> Till his departed spirit claim its own."

There are many sites in the City which still retain traces of the Nonconformist foundations that have long since passed away. Meeting-house-court, in the Old Jewry, once contained the cathedral of English Presbyterianism, the chapel having been the scene of the forty years' pastorate of Dr. Chandler, whose "Critical History of King David" as well as his translation of Limborch's "Persecution," are still valued by lovers of old books. At Curriers' Hall the Baptists sat at the feet of Hansard Knollys; and at Silver-street, hard by, the great John Howe preached incomparable sermons to an appreciative audience. Further east, in a very out-of-the-way, unfrequented corner of the town—in Bury-street, St. Mary Axe—the Nonconformist antiquary comes suddenly upon the very chapel which was erected for Dr. Watts a hundred and seventy years ago. Though used for mercantile purposes, the building is in a wonderfully good state of preservation, and a sight of it will convey an accurate impression of the comparatively humble aspirations of Dissent in the eighteenth century; and the inspection will also correct a statement of Mr. Paxton Hood's, in his recent Life of the Poet, to the effect, that every vestige of the sanctuary has been swept away. We shall not, however, linger at these interesting sites, but hasten to a conclusion by calling at Dr. Williams's Library, an institution which still offers its valuable advantages to resident ministers in London.

Daniel Williams was a native of Wrexham, in Wales, and he was born in 1644. His early education was defective, but by genius and industry he raised himself to a position of usefulness and influence among the Presbyterian section of Nonconformity, until his friendship was valued by Queen Anne's minister, the Earl of Oxford. The doctor was thrice married, and as on each occasion the lady was a person of considerable fortune, he was able both in life and death to become the benefactor of the poor and of Nonconformity in general. He is commonly spoken of as an eminent divine; but, as Wilson speaks of his "want of ease and purity of style," we may conclude that the commanding influence of Dr. Williams was largely owing to his social position. However, "he was a lover of serious religion from his youth," served the gospel cause both at Dublin and Hand-alley, Bishopsgate, successively, and would have stood eagerly foremost to condemn the doctrinal degeneracy of those who still ably act as trustees of his estate.

Dr. Williams was a great collector of books, and for years prior to his death he intended that his own possessions should form the nucleus of a public library in London, which should be directly identified with Nonconformity. "Dr. Williams's private collection of books, which he

designed to this object, was very numerous and of great value," we are told in the catalogue, "but before his death he added to it, by purchase, the entire library of Dr. William Bates, which was known to contain a large number of rare and curious works, Dr. Bates being esteemed one of the most learned and accomplished bibliographers of his time." A site for the erection of a house was obtained in Redcross-street, but the funds at the trustees' disposal not being sufficient to complete the erection and furnishing of the building, the deficiency was made up by public subscription, and the institution was opened in 1729. A friend of the original founder, Dr. William Harris, soon after augmented the general store by bequeathing his own collection of books to the library, and since the middle of the last century liberal donations, as well as purchases on the part of the trustees, have been added to the shelves. The stock is now as miscellaneous as it is extensive, too much space being devoted to the rationalism of Germany and the "advanced" thought of England; but on the other hand we come across such welcome friends as Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and "The Treasury of David."

The large room of the old library in Redcross-street was the general meeting-place for the transaction of business of our fathers in former days, and before the alteration in the law the births of the children of Nonconformists were there registered. It is a matter for regret that the Metropolitan Railway should have removed this old landmark from its convenient position in the heart of the city; otherwise we should congratulate the managers on the completion of the new building in proximity to Gower-street station. To ministers and others resident in London the Institution offers special facilities for reading under certain restrictions, one chief advantage being that the books may be carried away for leisurely perusal at home.

Truth—no need to be always discussing it.

THOSE road-menders are often a puzzle to me. They come on a sudden to a place where the granite stones appear to be right enough, they tear them up with great labour, throw out a little earth, set up some poles and lanterns round the hole which they have made, and go away. They put me in mind of the new lights of the present day, who are never happy unless they can disturb fixed doctrines, tear up the pavement of orthodoxy, insinuate doubts, and then preach sermons in defence of revelation and in reply to infidelity. The road does get mended, I suppose, but there seems to be a great smell of gas, plenty of mud, and a great stoppage of the thoroughfare. The highway of the King of kings does not require these questionable repairs: to gather out the stones is well enough, but to shoot down cartloads of rubbish under the notion of increasing our acquaintance with "modern thought," and to break up the road by raising the discussion upon the things which are surely believed among us, are by no means commendable labours.

Earnestness in Ministers.

A LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF I were asked what, all other things being equal, is the most essential quality for securing success in winning souls to Christ, I should reply, "earnestness:" and if I were asked a second or a third time, I should not vary the answer, for personal observation drives me to the conclusion that, as a rule, real success is proportionate to the preacher's earnestness. Both great men and little men succeed if they are thoroughly alive unto God, and fail if they are not. We know men of eminence who have gained a high reputation, who attract large audiences, and obtain much admiration, who nevertheless are very low in the scale of soul-winners: for all they do in that direction they might as well have been lecturers on anatomy or political orators. At the same time we have seen their compeers in ability so useful in the matter of conversion that evidently their acquirements and gifts have been no hindrance to them, but the reverse; for by the intense and devout use of their powers, and the anointing of the Holy Spirit, they have turned many to righteousness. We have seen brethren of very scanty ability who have been terrible drags upon a church, and have proved as inefficient in their spheres as blind men in an observatory; but, on the other hand, men of equally small attainments are well known to us as mighty hunters before the Lord, by whose holy energy many hearts have been captured for the Saviour. I delight in M'Cheyne's remark, "It is not so much great talents that God blesses, as great likeness to Christ." In many instances ministerial success is traceable almost entirely to an intense zeal, a consuming passion for souls, and an eager enthusiasm in the cause of God, and we believe that, in every case, where other necessaries are present, men prosper in the divine service in proportion as their hearts are blazing with holy love. "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God"; and the man who has the tongue of fire, let him be God's minister.

Brethren, you and I must, as preachers, be always earnest in reference to our pulpit work: we must resolve to bring it to the highest point of excellence. Often have I said to my brethren that the pulpit is the Thermopylæ of Christendom: there the fight will be lost or won. To us ministers the maintenance of our power in the pulpit should be our great concern, we must occupy that spiritual watch-tower with our hearts and minds awake and in full vigour. It will not avail us to be laborious pastors if we are not earnest preachers. We shall be forgiven a great many sins in the matter of pastoral visitation if the people's souls are really fed on the Sabbath-day; but fed they must be, and nothing else will make up for it. The failures of most ministers who drift down the stream may be traced to inefficiency in the pulpit. The chief business of a captain is to know how to handle his vessel, nothing can compensate for deficiency there, and so our pulpits must be our main care, or all will go awry. Dogs often fight because there is a scarcity of bones, and congregations frequently quarrel because they do not get sufficient spiritual meat to keep them happy and peaceful. The ostensible ground of dissatisfaction may be something else, but

nine times out of ten deficiency in the rations is at the bottom of the mutinies which occur in our churches. Men, like all other animals, know when they are fed, and they usually feel good tempered after a meal; and so when our hearers come to the house of God, and obtain "food convenient for them," they forget a great many grievances in the joy of the festival; but if we send them away hungry they will be in as irritable a mood as a bear robbed of her whelps.

Now, in order that we may be acceptable, *we must be earnest when actually engaged in preaching.* Cecil has well said that the spirit and manner of a preacher often effect more than his matter. To go into the desk with the listless air of those gentlemen who loll about the pulpit and lean upon the cushion as if they had at last reached a place of rest, is, I think, most censurable. To rise before the people to deal out commonplaces which have cost you nothing, as if anything would do for a sermon, is not merely derogatory to the dignity of our office, but is offensive in the sight of God. We must be earnest in the pulpit for our own sakes, for we shall not long be able to maintain our position as leaders in the church of God if we be not so. Moreover, for the sake of our church members, and converted people, we must be energetic, for if we are not zealous, neither will they be. It is not in the order of nature that rivers should run uphill, and it does not often happen that zeal rises from the pews to the pulpits; it is natural that it should flow down from us to our hearers. The pulpit must therefore stand at a high level of ardour, if we are, under God, to make and keep our people fervent. Those who attend our ministry have a great deal to do during the week. Many of them have family trials, and heavy personal burdens to carry, and they frequently come into the assembly cold and listless, with thoughts wandering hither and thither; it is ours to take those thoughts and thrust them into the furnace of our own earnestness, melt them by holy contemplation and intense appeal, and pour them out into the mould of the truth. We must regard the people as the wood and the sacrifice, well wetted a second and a third time by the cares of the week, upon which, like the prophet, we must pray down the fire from heaven. A dull minister creates a dull audience. You cannot expect the office-bearers and the members of the church to travel by steam if their own chosen pastor still drives the old broadwheeled waggon. The world also will suffer as well as the church if we be not fervent. We cannot expect a gospel devoid of earnestness to have any mighty effect upon the unconverted around us. One of the excuses most soporific to the conscience of an ungodly generation is that of half-heartedness in the preacher. Men tacitly draw from the indifference of the minister the conclusion that the subject is of no great consequence. "Surely," say they, "if the person whose business it is to warn us of the wrath to come felt that his message was really true, and if he believed that there was but one way of escape from the terrible danger, he would not speak to us in any but the most hearty and moving terms." If the sinner finds the preacher nodding while he talks of judgment to come, he concludes that the judgment is a thing which the preacher is dreaming about, and he resolves to regard it all as mere fiction. The whole outside world receives serious danger from the cold-hearted preacher, for it draws the same

conclusion as the individual sinner: it perseveres in its own listlessness, it gives its strength to its own transient objects, and thinks itself wise for so doing. How can it be otherwise? If the prophet leaves his heart behind him when he professes to speak in the name of God, what can he expect but that the ungodly around him will persuade themselves that there is nothing in his message, and that his commission is a farce?

Earnestness in the pulpit must be real. It is not to be mimicked. I have seen it counterfeited, but every person with a grain of sense could detect the imposition. To stamp the foot, to smite the desk, to perspire, to shout, to bawl, to quote the pathetic portions of other people's sermons, or to pour out voluntary tears from a watery eye will never make up for true agony of soul and real tenderness of spirit. The best piece of acting is but acting; those who only look at appearances may be pleased by it, but lovers of reality will be disgusted. What presumption!—What hypocrisy it is by skilful management of the voice to mimic the passion which is the genuine work of the Holy Ghost. Let mere actors beware, lest they be found sinning against the Holy Spirit by their theatrical performances. We must be earnest in the pulpit because we are earnest everywhere; we must blaze in our discourses because we are continually on fire. Zeal which is stored up to be let off only on grand occasions is a gas which will one day destroy its proprietor. Nothing but truth may appear in the house of the Lord; all affectation is strange fire, and excites the indignation of the God of truth. Be earnest, and you will *seem* to be earnest. A burning heart will soon find for itself a flaming tongue. To sham earnestness is one of the most contemptible of dodges for courting popularity; let us abhor the very thought. Go and be listless in the pulpit if you are so in your heart. Be slow in speech, drawling in tone, and monotonous in voice, if so you can best express your soul; even that would be infinitely better than to make your ministry a masquerade, and yourself an actor.

But our zeal while in the act of preaching must be followed up by intense solicitude as to the after results; for if it be not so we shall have cause to question our sincerity. Here, I think, I cannot do better than allow a far abler advocate to plead with you, and quote the words of Dr. Watts:—"Be very solicitous about the success of your labours in the pulpit. Water the seed sown, not only with public, but secret prayer. Plead with God importunately that he would not suffer you to labour in vain. Be not like that foolish bird the ostrich, which lays her eggs in the dust, and leaves them there regardless whether they come to life or not (Job xxxix. 14—17). God hath not given her understanding, but let not this folly be your character or practice; labour, and watch, and pray that your sermons, and the fruit of your studies, may become words of divine life to souls."

It is an observation of pious Mr. Baxter (which I have read somewhere in his works), that he has never known any considerable success from the brightest and noblest talents, nor from the most excellent kind of preaching, nor even when the preachers themselves have been truly religious, if they have not had a solicitous concern for the success of their ministrations. Let the awful and important thought of souls being saved by my preaching, or left to perish

and be condemned to hell through my negligence,—I say, let this awful and tremendous thought dwell ever upon your spirits. We are made watchmen to the house of Israel, as Ezekiel was ; and, if we give no warning of approaching danger, the souls of multitudes may perish through our neglect; but the blood of souls will be terribly required at our hands (Ezekiel iii. 17, etc.)

Such considerations should make us instant in season and out of season, and cause a zeal for the Lord's house to eat us up at all times. We ought to be all alive, always alive. Our ministry must be emphatic, or it will never affect our times; and to this end our hearts must be habitually fervid, and our whole nature fired with an all-consuming passion for the the glory of God and the good of men.

Now, my brethren, it is sadly true that *true earnestness when we once obtain it may be easily damped*, and as a matter of fact it is more frequently chilled in the loneliness of the village pastorate than amid the society of warm-hearted Christian brethren. The devout Adam once observed that "a poor country parson, fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander the Great ever had;" and I will add that he needs more than Alexander's ardour to enable him to continue victorious in his holy warfare. Zeal also is more quickly checked after long years of continuance in the same service than when novelty gives a charm to our work. Mr. Wesley says, in his fifteenth volume of "Journals and Letters," "I know that, were I myself to preach one whole year in one place, I should preach both myself and most of my congregation asleep." What then must it be to abide in the same pulpit for many years !

Earnestness may be, and too often is, diminished by neglect of study. If we have not exercised ourselves in the word of God, we shall not preach with the fervour and grace of the man who has fed upon the truth he delivers, and is therefore strong and ardent. An Englishman's earnestness in battle depends, according to some authorities, upon his being well fed ; he has no stomach for the fight if he is starved. If we are well nourished by sound gospel food, we shall be vigorous and ardent. An old blunt commander at Cadiz is described by Selden as thus addressing his soldiers :—"What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, who feed upon good beef and beer, to let these rascally Spaniards beat you that eat nothing but oranges and lemons !" His philosophy and mine agree : he expected courage and valour from those who were well fed. Brethren, never neglect your spiritual meals, or you will lack stamina and your spirits will sink.

Zeal may, on the other hand, be damped by our studies. There is, no doubt, such a thing as feeding the brain at the expense of the heart, and many a man in his aspirations to be literary has rather qualified himself to write reviews than preach sermons. A quaint evangelist was wont to say that Christ was crucified beneath Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. It ought not to be so, but it has often happened that the student in college has gained light but lost heat. He has gathered fuel, but lost the spark which is to kindle it.

True earnestness may be greatly lessened by levity in conversation, and especially by levity with brother ministers, in whose company we often take greater liberties than we should like to do in the society of

other Christians. There are excellent reasons for our feeling at home with our brethren, but if this freedom be carried too far we shall soon feel that we have suffered damage through vanity of speech.

We shall often find ourselves in danger of being deteriorated in zeal by the cold Christian people with whom we come in contact. What terrible wet blankets some professors are! Their remarks after a sermon are enough to stagger you. You think that surely you have moved the very stones to feeling, but you painfully learn that these people are utterly unaffected. You have been burning and they are freezing; you have been pleading as for life or death, and they have been calculating how many seconds the sermon occupied, and grudging you the odd five minutes beyond the usual hour, which your earnestness compelled you to occupy in pleading with men's souls. If these frost-bitten men should happen to be the officers of the church, from whom you naturally expect the warmest sympathy, the result is chilling to the last degree, and all the more so if you happen to be young and inexperienced: it is as though an angel were confined in an iceberg. "Thou shalt not yoke the ox and the ass together" was a merciful precept: but when a laborious, ox-like minister comes to be yoked to a deacon who is not another ox, it becomes hard work to plough.

Frequently the audience itself, as a whole, will dishearten you. You can see by their look and manner that the people are not appreciating your warm-hearted endeavours, and you feel discouraged. Those empty benches also are a serious trial, and if the place be large, and the congregation small, the influence is seriously depressing: it is not every man who can bear to be "a voice crying in the wilderness." Disorder in the congregation also sadly afflicts sensitive speakers. The walking up the aisle of a woman with a pair of pattens, the squeak of a new pair of boots, the frequent fall of umbrellas and walking-sticks, the crying of infants, and especially the consistent lateness of half the assembly:—all these tend to irritate the mind, take it off from its object, and diminish its ardour. We hardly like to confess that our hearts are so readily affected by such trifles, but it is so, and not at all to be wondered at. As pots of the most precious ointment are more often spoilt by dead flies than by dead camels, so insignificant matters will destroy earnestness more readily than great trials. Under a great discouragement a man pulls himself together, and then throws himself upon his God, and receives divine strength: but under lesser annoyances he may possibly worry, and the trifle will irritate and fester till serious consequences follow.

Pardon my saying that the condition of your body must be attended to, especially in the matter of eating, for any measure of excess may injure your digestion and make you stupid when you should be fervent. From the memoir of Duncan Matheson I cull an anecdote which is much to the point:—"In a certain place where evangelistic meetings were being held, the lay preachers, among whom was Mr. Matheson, were sumptuously entertained at the house of a Christian gentleman. After dinner they went to the meeting, not without some difference of opinion as to the best method of conducting the services of the evening. 'The Spirit is grieved; he is not here at all, I feel it,' said one of the younger, with a whine which somewhat contrasted with his previous unbounded

enjoyment of the luxuries of the table. 'Nonsense,' said Matheson, who hated all whining and morbid spirituality; 'nothing of the sort. You have just eaten too much dinner, and you feel heavy.'" May it not be very possible that dyspepsia has on other occasions been mistaken for backsliding, and a bad digestion has been set down as a hard heart? I say no more; a word to the wise is enough.

Long continued labour without visible success is another frequent damp upon zeal. Quaint Thomas Fuller observes that "herein God hath humbled many painstaking pastors, in making them to be clouds to rain, not over Arabia the happy, but over Arabia the desert and stony." If non-success humbles us it is well, but if it discourages us we ought to look about us with grave concern. It is possible that we have been faithful and have adopted wise methods, and may be in our right place, and yet we have not struck the mark; we shall now feel heavily bowed down and feel scarcely able to continue the work, though if we do so we shall one day reap a rich harvest, which will more than repay us for all our waiting. "The husbandman *waiteth* for the precious fruits of the earth"; and with a holy patience begotten of zeal we must wait on, and never doubt that the time to favour Zion will yet come.

Nor must it ever be forgotten that the flesh is weak and naturally inclined to slumber. We need a constant renewal of the divine impulse which first started us in the way of service. We are not as arrows which find their way to the target by the sole agency of the force with which they started from the bow, nor as birds which bear within themselves their own motive power; we must be borne onward like the ship by the instant and constant power of the heavenly wind, or we shall manifest no speed. Preachers sent from God are not musical boxes which, being once wound up, will play through their set tunes, but they are trumpets which are utterly mute until living breath shall cause them to give forth a certain sound. We read of some who were dumb dogs, given to slumber, and such would be the character of us all if the grace of God did not prevent. We have need to watch against a careless, indifferent spirit, and if we do not so we shall soon be as lukewarm as Laodicea herself.

[*To be continued.*]

Preaching on Unprofitable Subjects.

AT Mentone the shepherds bring their flocks down to the beach among the stones. What can be their motive? Not a green blade is to be seen: there is surely nothing to eat, yet the poor sheep regularly traverse the hard shingle. Is this the reason why the mutton is so hard? But this strange habit of the shepherds can be paralleled at home. Do not certain preachers bring their people to consider dry, unpractical, worthless themes, as barren of all food as the stone of the Mediterranean shore? So we have been informed by some of those lean sheep which look up but are not fed. What can be their motive for conducting their flocks to such waste places? Is this the reason why they find the people so hard in heart when it comes to supporting the cause?

Our Good Shepherd never conducts us to the stony shore. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

Grace in Little Children.

WE know that little children are capable subjects of Divine grace. Of some we read that they were sanctified from the womb; and when Jesus called little children to come unto him, and laid his hands upon them, and blessed them, it was evidently to teach us that he was both willing to receive them and able to bestow on them his benediction and favour. There are many instances on record of very tender children knowing God, and praying in the Spirit, and rejoicing in the Saviour: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength;" and "children cry in the temple, Hosanna to the Son of David." What evidence this is of the Divine truth and power of Christ's religion! This revelation of God in Jesus, so sublime, so elevated, so heaven-high above the loftiest conception of man, is yet so simple, so clear, so attractive, so peaceful, that even the youngest child can receive it and find in it comfort and joy. The wisest man will discover nothing that is childish or incompatible with profoundest thought and deepest reflection; nay, he must acknowledge, "I know only in part;" but, behold, a young child finds here what his undeveloped mind can understand, and wherein his heart can find rest. The idea of God which is given to us in Jesus is the loftiest, purest, holiest, that ever was presented to mankind. How is it that it is accessible to a child? How is it that the philosophers of Greece and the sages of modern days can reveal their sublimities only to the esoteric, the deep thinkers, the few aristocrats in the realm of mind? Who but Jesus has appeared, in the course of the world's history, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me?" Who but Jesus has been able to speak to them, to bless them, to fill them with love, and comfort, and joy? More striking than the submission of the loftiest genius and intellect to the truth of Christ's doctrine, more wonderful than the victory over the most subtle and ingenious objections of erudition and criticism, is the myriad-tongued hosanna of children, which, from century to century, ascends from this earth of ours to the great King in heaven, who was once himself a child, and grew in stature and wisdom, and found favour with God and man! "Christianity is a religion for children." He who sees in this an objection to its depth and truth only reveals the shallowness of his mind and heart.

We often hear sceptical remarks about the astonishing manifestations of divine grace in very young children. But there are many cases where this early experience has been authenticated by a long subsequent life of earnestness, consistency, and usefulness. We shall limit ourselves to two examples. In modern Church history there is scarcely a name more eminent and honoured than that of Nicolaus Ludwig, Count of Zinzendorf. His praise is in all the Churches, for through him true religion was revived in almost all the Churches of European Christendom; and the cause of missions will always regard him as a servant of the Lord raised up especially to remind Christ's disciples of the Master's great command, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." "In my fourth year," he says, "I began to seek God with all earnestness, according to my then childish ideas. Especially was it from that time

my constant purpose to be a faithful servant of the crucified Jesus. The first deep impression on my heart was made by what my mother told me about my sainted father, and his great love to the suffering Saviour. I remember hearing then the stanza:—'Thou art our dear Father, because Jesus is our Brother.' These words impressed me very much during my fourth and fifth years; for I thought, that accordingly every one had a right to walk with the Saviour as with a brother." We can see in these experiences of the young child the peculiarity which distinguished him afterwards as a Christian and theologian; nor is the depth and reality of this experience at all affected by the childish form in which it manifested itself, as, for instance, his writing letters to the Saviour, and throwing them out of the window, in the assured confidence that the Saviour would receive and read them, (wherein he certainly was not mistaken). But how powerfully do we find the central idea of his subsequent life (as a man, a theologian, and organizer of a church) impressed upon his heart at the tender age of four years! Intense love of a crucified Saviour and fellowship with Him as an elder Brother! Was this the teaching of man or of God?

The second example is Friedrich Christoph Oetinger. "During the last century, when nearly all Germany was inundated by the waters of rationalism, the small country of Wurtemberg was one of the few blessed isles where genuine piety and theological learning had its priests and guardians. We meet here a number of theologians, distinguished by an almost unequalled depth and solidity of Biblical knowledge, and of evangelical faith and practice. The centre of this circle was the great Bengel; next to him, and surpassing him in depth and originality, as in many-sidedness of knowledge and life, was F. Ch. Oetinger."* One of his characteristics was the reality and spirituality of his knowledge. "There is enough literal knowledge in the world unaccompanied by a desire to live it, but this is not sufficient to give light." "We must *possess God* in our knowledge." This leading characteristic was given to him in his early childhood. "Once," so he tells us himself, "when I was about seven years old, I had to repeat a number of hymns as usual before going to sleep. I got impatient, and thought, If I only understood what I am praying. I came to the hymn, 'Mount up to thy God, O my afflicted soul.' Knowing nothing about affliction, I felt vehemently moved to understand the meaning of 'Mount up to thy God.' I tried it inwardly before God, and, behold, I felt myself lifted up to God. I repeated the whole hymn, and there was scarcely a word which did not leave a distinct light in my soul. I have never experienced anything more joyous in all my life; and the consequence of it was, that when, during a thunderstorm, I saw my father frightened, I said to myself, 'I am not afraid; I know now how to pray.' And it influenced my whole life, for it became my standard. I resolved to aim at understanding everything, as I had understood the hymn. This was the reason why my tutor's poor ideas could not satisfy me. They did not approach the indescribable reality of these first thoughts." He died an octogenarian, and one of his last sayings was, "We must go into the invisible world several times a day, and realize that we live in it, much

* Auberlen—sketch of Oetinger's life in *Evangel. Jahrbuch*, 1853.

more truly than in our room and in this evil world." He was, indeed, to use his own expression, a child in thought, in word, in his walk after Christ—a child in malice: but in understanding, in wisdom, in strength of character and love a man—a teacher, not merely of his own time, but of subsequent generations.—From Mr. Saphir's work entitled *From Death to Life.*

A thoroughly Practical Joke.

A YOUNG man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a Professor who was commonly called the students' friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the Professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed belonged to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the Professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the Professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a crown piece, if you have them, in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student, luckily having two crown pieces, did so, and then placed himself, with the Professor, behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard he stooped down and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were upon his countenance. He gazed upon the crown, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but what was his astonishment when he found the other crown! His feelings overcame him. He fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children, who by some unknown hand would be saved from perishing.

The young man stood there, deeply affected, and with tears in his eyes.

"Now," said the Professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"Oh, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I shall never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood—'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Where are the Men?

BY A CITY MAN.

IT is a question that ought to come home very closely to the members of the Church of Christ, that a vast number of the *men* of the present day almost, or altogether, stand aloof from the efforts that are being made to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Master. It is quite true that the church possesses among its members many men whose zeal for God is unmistakable, and who are doing nobly the work they have in hand, but none the less is it true that in every part of this metropolis, and in many other great cities, men, in the very prime of life, may be counted by hundreds of thousands, who neither never appear in the courts of God's house, or, if they do, come and go as a matter of routine; a great army, which if not arrayed in direct hostility to the kingdom of Christ is nevertheless occupying a position of neutrality far from benevolent, and oftentimes positively injurious to the interests of our King and Saviour. Who is responsible for this state of things? Here, there, and everywhere we see churches and chapels open for the preaching of the gospel, and millions of money contributed in one way and another for religious purposes, and yet we find churches and chapels by scores and hundreds that are half empty, and a cold, heartless, dead state of things in existence that is a disgrace to the cause of Christ and the word of God which is preached, and to which all the world over hangs the promise, "It *shall not* return unto me void." How is it that the cause of Christ, destined to triumph, does *not* triumph? That the truth which makes free, when proclaimed, seems powerless? In plain words, how is it that men of sense and judgment, who can, in theory, hold the balance between right and wrong as well as the most experienced Christian, look upon both the preachers and professors of the gospel of Christ with suspicion and contempt? This is a fact which every right-minded believer ought to face, and not be afraid to give a straightforward answer. There can be no doubt that ministers have much to answer for in reference to this state of things. Both in the Establishment and among Nonconformists, Mammon has such a hold upon the preacher's tongue that the truth is spoken with bated breath, and the gospel, the grand old gospel of the Cross, gives place to some fine-spun theory, which tickles the ear, and pleases the fancy, but which leaves the souls of men on the quicksands of error, and in the blindness of death. How can men listen to a preacher with confidence when they know that he preaches for what he can get, and that he is always ready to accept a "call," where he can get more pay, instead of going forth in the spirit of the Apostle, "Necessity is laid upon me, for woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Whenever a man, be he Episcopalian or Nonconformist, stands up to preach Christ without regard either to the fear or favour of men, and shows in his life a disinterestedness of purpose, and a determination to know *nothing* among men save a crucified Christ, that man will be looked up to with confidence, and he will command the ear and win the heart of those around him. But, however he may preach in the pulpit, if in social life he shows a

partiality, or ostentatiously courts the friendship of those who have the deepest purse and occupy positions of worldly exaltation and honour, his preaching will be comparatively powerless. Mammon and status are the twin devils that have crept into the church. Let the ministry see to it, for what is called the laity are seed of it. We want men like Paul, or, if they cannot be like Paul, like Whitefield or Wesley. We care not for eloquence so much as honesty, and we *ask* for honesty where we ought to find it.

But we do not overlook the fact that through the inconsistency of professors out of the pulpit much is being done to turn men against the truth. It is often said in business that you get more justice from a man of the world than from a professing Christian. It is so frequently. The Christianity which many profess wears the stamp of Christ only in name. It is so unlike the great Example. The foul spirits that have wrought such havoc in the pulpit are enslaving the pew. Men of the world see it and turn away with disdain and contempt. Oh, when will the disciples of Christ learn the golden commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbour as thyself"? Christian workers talk lightly about hearing "Well done, good and faithful servant" pronounced to them at the end of their pilgrimage; how many feel that if they get into heaven at all it will be a mercy, much more to hear such precious words as these. Let believers awake to the fact that to become the instruments of extending Christ's kingdom they must bear Christ's image, and that the Holy Ghost will not work through those who blow the trumpet of the gospel and the trumpet of mammon with the same breath.

But what shall we say of the Christian *press?* What an example of time-serving, money getting, policy hunting have we here. Even Christian men feel disgusted,—what must men of the world feel? Religious puffs, exaggerated reports of meetings, one-sided biographical sketches, sickly sentimental novels, columns thrown open for the discussion of every species of unbelief; all with the ostensible object of making the paper popular, and thus increasing its sale,—is this Christianity? Let the idea of a Christian press be abandoned, or let the spirit of Christ be breathed in every line from the leading article down to the shortest advertisement. The world has seen enough of the hypocrisy that now prevails, and to win the world—the MEN of the world—over to the cause of Christ, the church must rouse itself from its supineness. What! supineness in the church when the cause of Christ is languishing? Shame upon the church of Christ. Ministers, members, editors, Christian professors everywhere, hear the call of the Bridegroom—"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."

A Sacramental Meditation.

BY SAMUEL LAVINGTON.

"For love is strong as death."—Canticles viii. 6.

THE love of Christ is much stronger. Many waters could not quench it, neither could the floods drown it. He met with difficulties and discouragements enough to have cooled and quenched any love but his. We have here an amazing proof of the sincerity and ardour of his love; for we have Jesus Christ evidently set forth, as crucified, before our eyes. This is the subject to which I now invite your attention. Indeed, with such a subject before us, it is hard to attend to anything else. Though you can judge of it chiefly by its effects, the principle and spring of it lies far beyond the reach of human thought. It is that love which (if we dare speak it) warmed the heart of Deity with a tender compassion for the ruined, perishing children of men, and moved him to desire to determine, to undertake, and to accomplish their restoration to holiness and happiness. It is that love which made the second person in the Godhead, when no other friend could be found that was equal to the work, step forth and say, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" It is that love which induced him to disrobe himself of the glory of heaven, brought him down to earth, clothed him in mortal flesh, and subjected him to all the sinless infirmities of this body of death. It is that love which raised him above the fear of death and the grave, and carried him through all the griefs and sorrows, with which, for our sakes, he contracted an acquaintance. It is that love which induced him to become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. This is that love which we are now to contemplate; and if we are not affected with it, what must our hearts be made of? Surely, with such an object before us as the lovely, loving Jesus, our hearts must melt, must burn within us, and we must cry out with wonder and exultation, "Behold how he loved us!" To give some kind of regularity to our meditations on this delightful subject, I will just mention a few properties of this love of Christ, as it will serve to heighten our joy in the survey and sense of it.

I. It is unmerited love.

When our particular friends and relations profess their love to us, and do us offices of kindness, we make no great account of it; we fancy that our relation to them, and affection for them, give us a just claim to any good they do us. But if an enemy, or one whom we had offended, profess a regard for us, and do us a real kindness, we admire his generosity, we are thankful for the favour and always think of it, and speak of it, with peculiar satisfaction and joy. Let us consider the love of Christ in this light, and we shall see reason enough to rejoice in it. If we had deserved his love—(God forgive the impious supposition)—blessed Jesus! it was our misery, not our merit, that excited thy compassion. We were alienated from thee. We were enemies to thee in our minds by wicked works. We had nothing in us but guilt and wretchedness when thou didst set thy love upon us; and, notwithstanding our vileness, didst reach out the arm of mercy to us; and,

though thou couldst not but be offended with our impurity, didst shed thy own blood to sanctify and cleanse us. Oh the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of Christ! Oh! Christians, what may we not expect from love so gracious and free! Did he love us when we were such polluted creatures; when we were such ungrateful rebels; when we neither desired nor thought of his friendly interposition? Did he love us then so as to die for us? how much more will he love us now that he has in some measure beautified us with the graces of his Spirit, stamped his own image upon us, and made us friends, followers, and, in some imperfect degree, copies of himself! Nothing that is good is too great to expect.

2. It is sincere love.

With respect to the regard which earthly friends profess to have for us, we have sometimes reason to suspect private ends; and the event many times shows, that the strongest expressions of kindness sprung from selfish and unworthy principles. But, with respect to the love of Christ, no such suspicion can be entertained. What private ends could *he* have in leaving the bosom of his Father, and the glories of heaven, and dwelling in humble clay? What selfishness could there be in all *his* humiliations and sufferings? What sinister views could *he* have in dying for us? What, but the most disinterested love and compassion could have induced *him* to do and suffer so much for us as he did? Surely this is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; a Friend that will at all times intend your truest interest; a Friend that you may trust, even when you cannot trace his footsteps, nor comprehend the reasons of his conduct towards you.

3. It is omnipotent love.

Our dearest friends are often weak, and unable to afford us the assistance and comfort that our distresses call for; and can only testify their willingness to do us good by their sympathy and tears. But the love of Christ surmounts all difficulty. And when our circumstances were at the lowest ebb, when we were sold under sin and led captive by Satan at his will; yet then, with a high hand and outstretched arm, did Almighty love work out salvation for us. If anything could have checked its progress, one would have imagined the cruelty of his murderers would have done it; but it only gave occasion for that divine prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" He can effect what he pleases, for all power is given to him, both in heaven and on earth. Whatever we want, he can supply us with; and he is able even to make our present distresses the means of advancing our present as well as our future felicity. Why are we so apt to tremble at the shaking of a leaf, when we have such an Almighty Friend so near us? We *should* not indeed; but, alas, unbelief often starts up, and robs us of that joy which we were beginning to taste, by suggesting that Christ is *able* to do all this for us, yet what reason have we to expect that he *will?* He is able to make us angels; but we have no reason to think that he ever will. It is some support to our staggering faith to reflect that his mercy endureth for ever. For to crown all,

4. It is eternal love.

Our earthly friends, how changeable are they! to-day all fondness and affection; to-morrow cool, and perhaps averse. One day loading

us with benefits, and the next they will hardly care to know us; or if they do continue kind and faithful, death comes and interrupts all: puts lover and friend far from us, and our acquaintance into darkness. But our Divine Friend, our Lord Jesus Christ, is subject to no such changes. His own circumstances vary not. He is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever: and though the circumstances of his people alter, yet having loved his own which were in the world, he loves them to the end. Secure of that, no variation of outward circumstances should make us fearful or fretful. He never promised that in the world we should escape tribulation; but he has infinitely more than made up for it, by engaging that he would never leave us nor forsake us. Then let our favourite gourd wither, and our dearest earthly comforts take to themselves wings and fly away: if we are secure of his presence and favour, we are happy; and we should look beyond and above all the dark and distressing scenes of time, to that brighter world, where we shall completely, and for ever, enjoy the presence and smiles of our ever faithful Friend and Saviour. This is the love of Christ. This is that love which we are now called upon to contemplate. There would be something pleasing in it, if it had been manifest to another order of beings—if angels, and not men, had been the special favourites of the adorable Jesus. But now that we ourselves are sharers in it, now that we are the immediate objects of it, we must have hearts of stone if we can be unaffected with the reflection.

May a coal from the altar set our souls on fire; and while we are musing on the emblems of Christ's love to us, let our hearts glow with love to him, who loved us, and gave himself for us.

And now, Christians, what we have heard and seen, and I hope have tasted and felt, methinks should shame and humble us; that when his love was so strong, ours should be so weak; when his love was so sincere and constant, ours should be so fickle and variable; that we should love the world and the things of the world so warmly, and our affections to the blessed Jesus should be so faint and cold. Many waters could not quench his love, nor could floods drown it. If *we* meet with ever so little difficulty or opposition, our love and zeal are soon cooled and slackened. May the present interview serve to regulate and inflame our love. That we may love him so as to cut off a right hand and pluck out a right eye, and crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts for him. That we may so love him, that no shame or suffering may cause us to turn back, or ever so little to falter in our attachment to Jesus. That we may love him so as to be content and willing to drink of the same cup that *he* drunk of, and to have fellowship with him in his sufferings. But, after all, if there is a real union between Christ and our souls by faith, our safety depends, not so much on *our* love to Christ as on *his* love to us. Though, indeed, our love to Christ will be effectually secured by his love to us; we love him, because he loved us first.

Rejoicing in the assurance, that if we suffer with him we shall be also glorified together, let us bear about continually the dying of the Lord Jesus; and, when we depart, let us leave all our unbelieving cares and fears behind, and live and love like him, who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, and whose love was stronger than death.

The Protestant Press.

BY the Protestant Press we mean those literary agencies which are constantly working in heathen and popish lands, to promote the social and religious advancement of the people. If our fathers found their literary market scantily supplied we suffer from a plethora, not of the sterling article, but of the counterfeit, which borrows a religious name to secure a sale. The workings of a corrupt press awaken our ire, but "religious" journals which trade in sensational theology and trashy tales are still mischievous, as their tendency is to enervate the Christian life. Mushroom papers spring up on all sides, and men without ability either to spell or write passable English think themselves competent to fill an editor's chair; and, cramming their papers with the sensationalism of the Old and the New World, they give what costs little, and what is dear at its price. Sermons by New York highfliers, and "powerful" stories form the staple of their trade. English preachers are reported—*i.e.*, misrepresented—against the preachers' will, by gentlemen who know as much about theological terms as they do of the ethics of Buddha, and the result is sometimes ludicrous. We have seen a full stop and a capital letter, both unknown to the translators of the Bible, introduced into the middle of one of Mr. Spurgeon's texts; while the "advanced" school have been spoken of by the learned journalist as "modern thoughts." Puffs, the materials being mainly supplied from the warehouses of advertisers, appear as original contributions, and objectionable announcements of nostrums and things still worse appear in prominent places. It is a serious matter when trash of this kind becomes the weekly aliment of young persons who have not the judgment to discern between healthy literature and its specious counterfeit. If the truth were told in the titles; if they appeared as "The Religious Sensationalist," and "The Christian Bow Bells," thoughtless people would hesitate before admitting them to their homes.

If this is the case at home, however, it is otherwise in foreign countries. There the battle is a very straightforward one, and the line of demarcation between those who are on the Lord's side and those who are not is very clearly defined. The current Report of the Religious Tract Society will afford some aid in taking a bird's-eye view of what is being effected by a number of agencies which together come under the head of the Protestant Press.

The present are stirring times in countries where Popery is hereditary, and the evils of priestcraft are, consequently, rampant. In *France* the opposite forces have actually brought about a Government crisis, the last shock of which has not yet passed; a crisis which the friends of freedom hope may yet contribute to the advancement of their cause. From what we read of the two nations it would appear that the priests have more power in France than in Italy, and it is a characteristic of Romanism to utilise its influence to the utmost. No longer ago than last year, according to a native journal, "the influence of the priests was felt everywhere—in the schools, in the magistracy, in the prefectures, and in the army; and, though the worst is past, and the people show a determination to break away from the thraldom of the church, clericalism is prepared to risk a civil war rather than forego its ancient prestige. There is no sacrifice which the priests would not make before they would lose their power; and yet their hold on the popular mind is waning. At St. Maurice le Gourdon 150 people, with the mayor at their head, invited a Protestant pastor to conduct divine service each Lord's day."

During the spring of last year a conference was held at Paris to devise the best means of working the evangelistic press, and the discussion has not been bare of fruitful results. Anti-Romish tracts are in course of publication. Toulouse is stimulated by the example of the capital; the society there having 700 publications on its catalogue, and employing two colporteurs. The object is to assail the errors of Rome, and to provide small cheap books suitable for the young. The issues are yearly increasing, the supply stimulating the demand, as we find to be the case at home,

Christian work in Paris is carried on by a small but hard-working band of men and women, whose success will probably attract other workers into the wide field. Miss de Broen visits some of the worst quarters in the east of Paris; Madame Daloncourt is engaged in the west; Miss Leigh has her Home for Young Englishwomen, while the Mission to Working Men of Mr. M'All has its twenty-three stations, to which thousands of men are drawn weekly, to say nothing of the 1200 children who are regularly instructed. This remarkable mission has had a strong testimony borne to its worth by Mons. R. S. Hilaire, a member of the National Institute of France:—

"Another sign of God's blessing resting upon these *reunions* is, that the number of men frequenting them is constantly increasing, and this, some years ago, was the failing point in such efforts. Shall I go further? I have perceived, if I mistake not, that the men are better hearers than the women; and this can be understood because all that they hear is new to them! All their preconceived notions are overthrown, surprise is seen on their countenances; they feel that they are entering as into an unknown world, of which even the language is foreign to them. So that one needs some other word than *listen* to describe their impassioned attention when we speak to them of the gospel. Its tender appeals go straightway to their heart, and then they feel that they are loved. There lies our power over them; and it is the only power we possess, we, who are but poor worms of the earth, in dealing with these momentous realities, which we could not take upon our lips without trembling, unless we felt that Jesus is with us, and that the Holy Spirit dictates to us what we should speak."

The distribution of gospel publications in intensely popish countries supplies more matter for the diary than similar occupation at home. Thus we are told by one who is doing evangelical work in *Belgium*, "I was giving tracts to workmen employed at the Jesuit Convent; three of the Jesuits were looking out of the windows, which did not, however, hinder the workmen from receiving the tracts. Seeing the convent gates open, I entered, and presented a tract to each of the three; they accepted them. On seeing this I ventured to say to them—'Gentlemen, I have something specially for you. Here is the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans; it is the inspired Word. Read it seriously and prayerfully; you will find there salvation by grace.'"

The Evangelical Society of *Geneva* employs nearly sixty colporteurs, who individually and unitedly testify to the bitter enmity of popery to the Bible. This is the characteristic and mark of the Beast all the world over—hatred to the pure Word of God. The priests will even condone Turkish atrocities, and claim kinship with fanatical Mussulmans before they will sanction the existence of any other communion which encroaches on their prerogative of priestcraft. So much of their energy must be expended in stirring up hatred against their opponents that little time must be left for anything else. The following is the testimony in regard to this subject which comes to us from Switzerland. "The priests throw every possible obstacle in the way of distributing the Word of God, and try to call in or burn those that have been purchased. Day by day, and year by year, this bitter opposition to the Word of God is manifested; but still the work goes on and prospers. The colporteurs tell how again and again the people refuse to give up their New Testament to the priest; how one after another testifies to the blessing which he or his family has received from such a book; how even those who cannot read buy a New Testament in the hope of finding some one to read it to them."

At the present time perhaps *Italy* itself is the most interesting field of evangelical labour in the world. From the days of a dim antiquity the country has been the stronghold of superstition; Rome, the capital, being the seat and citadel of priestcraft. The chains of bondage are so far broken that the preacher, the tract distributor, and the colporteur may each pursue his avocation undisturbed. The gospel is openly preached in Rome, evangelical publications are sold in the light of day, and the priests have

ceased to command the confidence of the people. The Italian Publication Society has its chief offices at Florence, and after taking into account the obstacles with which the committee have to contend, the success achieved will appear to have been far from small. In addition to tracts and books, several periodicals are maintained, chief of which is "The Famiglia Cristiana." While desiring to reach the poor, the society does not lose sight of the wealthy and cultured classes; their issues including several high-class works in theology and church history. The opposition of the priests to the gospel light which is overspreading their land betrays characteristic determination, and is not without some inventive ingenuity. Because his people are free the Pope considers himself to be a prisoner; and as there is no Inquisition to torture and burn evangelists, less violent means of repression have to be adopted. "The Famiglia Cristiana" is opposed by a popish counterfeit, corresponding in outward appearance to the Protestant original; and in order to tempt subscribers, prizes are given and a portion of the subscriptions are given to the Pope's treasury. The Protestant journal caricatured in this amusing manner thus refers to the scheming defenders of the Vatican:—

"Besides receiving regularly the numbers of the papers, besides the five centesimi a month worth of papal benediction, the subscribers to the new newspaper will compete for no less than twenty-four prizes, to be drawn for by lot at eleven a.m. on the first Saturday in July, at the office of the paper, and some of these prizes are of the nature to make the mouth of every faithful Christian water. The first, for example, consists of a knife, fork, and spoon of silver, *which have been used by Pope Pius IX.* Who would not leap for joy at the thought of eating his soup with the same spoon which has served an infallible mouth, and to carve his boiled meat with the same knife and fork which have been used to cut up capons in the Vatican? But no! who would dare so to profane such sacred reliques? They are things to be framed, to be contemplated, to be devoutly adored. And who knows but that the mere sight of the knife and fork and spoon of Pius IX. may not be enough to satisfy the most hungry, and amply make up to them for the dinner which they are unable to enjoy?"

As these tactics are not alarming to combatants on the spot, they need be nothing more than materials for diversion for friends in the distance.

Utterly ruined as the country is by the priests and their favourite ally, the Inquisition, unhappy *Spain* can make only slow progress towards that complete resuscitation which the gospel alone can ensure. The authorities who have not yet themselves groped their way from the semi-pagan darkness of the hierarchy, can hardly be expected to see things as we see them, and the petty restrictions with which they fetter the press and hinder the work of education generally, occasion some annoyance to the evangelists if they do nothing more. There is a probability, however, that this opposition will in time be wholly withdrawn, as our Foreign Secretary, in his despatches to Madrid, shows no partiality to priestly arrogance.

Besides the usual books, tracts, and cards, there are two gospel periodicals in Spain, *La Luz* and *El Cristiano*, both of which have been subsidized by the Tract Society in London, the first having now become self-supporting. The seed is being faithfully sown, and the harvest will come; for the ruins of a former greatness, which stud this interesting land, may be looked upon as typical of a hoary superstition as surely crumbling as popery is a doomed system. The following testimony is from a Spanish pastor, and translated from *El Cristiano*:—

"Some months ago an agricultural labourer who lives at A—— came to see me, introducing himself as a brother in Jesus. After the usual greetings, he told me that he had come from his village to Jerez on foot, in order to work on a farm there; and having heard that there was in that city an evangelical church and a pastor, he had come to visit me, that he might have the pleasure of meeting a brother in the faith. We engaged in a religious conversation, and I

was so surprised to observe the clear understanding which this peasant had about all that belongs to the important question of man's salvation, that I asked him if he would tell me under the teaching of what evangelical pastor he had been. 'Pastor!' he replied, 'you are the first pastor I have ever seen, and I never yet entered an evangelical church.' 'How then,' I asked, 'is it that you know these doctrines, which are so contrary to those which you have learnt, observed, and practised from your childhood in your own village?' 'I have abandoned,' said he, 'the errors of the Church of Rome because I cannot find any of the things which it teaches in the Word of God. I saw that I could not be saved without being born again and regenerated. I made it, therefore, a subject of prayer, and now I know that I am regenerated, and that I am walking in the light. Jesus promises his Spirit to all who seek him. I asked him to enlighten me, and now my way is very clear.' 'How came you to have a Bible?' I asked. In reply, he told me that some years ago there was a colporteur in his village, from whom he bought a copy of a small edition of the New Testament. He made the book his special study. It was his daily companion, as he always carried it in his pocket. He showed me the book, and I can say with truth that I never saw a book so well worn with use. Its pages were of the same colour as the sun-burnt face of its owner. He told me also that since he knew the truth he has collected a little congregation, to whom he reads, and with whom he prays, one day in one house, and another in another. Then, when he is working in the fields, and the time for the siesta comes, he joins his companions, and reads to them out of the book which is his beloved companion. The man is a living concordance of the New Testament, for he quotes, word for word, any passage which is referred to. I feel sure that this peasant will be a blessing to his neighbours."

Germany is a land of need in regard to evangelical publications; and while England is a customer for its rationalistic books she sends back, through the committee of the Tract Society in London, a stream of gospel truth. Infidelity and sacerdotalism have so firm a hold of the people that they require to be understood before we can comprehend the full extent of the opposition which evangelical work has to encounter. Mr. Oncken bears solemn testimony to the open desecration of the Lord's-day which prevails; and the Berlin City Mission is not only denounced in the newspapers as an undesirable innovation, but even church officers make endeavours to suppress the work through the legal courts. To seek Sabbath rest for working people is to unduly interfere between employers and employed. To establish Sunday-schools, popular libraries, and visit from house to house, "is bringing back the old popish monastic influences from which the Reformation set the land free." Such are the workings of "advanced thought" when allowed to run to its legitimate issue.

In the north of Europe the diffusion of evangelical literature, stimulated by the Committee in London, continues apace and with very encouraging results. In *Norway* the people manifest the joy with which they receive the tracts by the hospitalities accorded to the distributors. The following interesting passage refers to the miners of *Sweden*:—

"The mines of Danemora have been worked for a thousand years, and from them is obtained some of the best iron in the world. The captain of the mine told me that few Englishmen came there, and that he was then attempting for the first time to speak with me a little English. The principal mine, worked from the surface, looked like a large hole just about big enough and deep enough comfortably to accommodate St. Paul's Cathedral. I must needs go down one of these mines, and give tracts to the men, who took them, immediately stopped work, and began to read to see what in the world the stranger had brought them. This was supplementary to one or two pleasant incidents occurring in the distribution of tracts that day. One man asked if I loved 'Herr Jesus' (. . . the Lord Jesus). He said he was going to preach about him. Another working man, unable to express his ideas in words, pointed to heaven then to his heart, upon which I asked him if he loved the Lord Jesus,

whilst he in return pointed to the palms of his hands, his feet, and his side, and said, 'For *me*.' These were tokens of encouragement, and more than made up for a few sneers which one met in the morning."

Russia is a vast empire of abundant promise to the earnest evangelist; and should the government continue to pursue its present enlightened home policy through successive generations, the religious and social advancement of the people will be sufficiently rapid to engender jealousy in older states. The Emperor has conceded full liberty to distribute religious works from end to end of the empire, all issues having to pass the censors; but as those officials pass translations of Mr. Spurgeon's and Canon Ryle's sermons "without one word being changed," no obstruction is to be looked for from their interference. Indeed, the Russian Tract Society has entered upon a happy era of its existence, and merits the substantial aid of all who have money to give to the best of causes.

In some of the languages of Europe, such as those of *Hungary and Bulgaria*, little or no religious literature existed until the translations of the Tract Society appeared. "In regard to Hungary," says a visitor from Scotland, "with its two thousand Presbyterian congregations, I was told by Mr. Konig, our missionary at Pesth, that until he began to translate there was not one page of religious literature in the Hungarian language." Another witness in Bulgaria remarks: "Previous to the publication of the New Testament, in 1840, scarcely a dozen publications had been issued in their language. I could have held in one hand the entire literature of the Bulgarian language." The abominable Mahometan rule is of course mainly responsible for the ignorance which prevails; and it is from other countries, blessed with the gospel in its fulness, that relief must be expected.

In *India* there are other opponents to be encountered than those directly associated with Oriental heathenism. Sceptical Europeans, perhaps the very men who are deriving salaries from Government offices, appear to take a pride in manifesting sympathy for effete native superstitions, which in the language of profanest cant will be placed on a level with divine revelation. The needs of India are so great and obvious, and the promises of a future harvest are so brilliant, that we wonder why larger sums for feeding the evangelical press are not contributed in this country. Six hundred missionaries are at work; and the Tract Society in London devotes over two thousand pounds a year to this spacious field; but the requirements of India are not satisfied, the activity of the Christian press is still surpassed by that of the enemy. Dr. Murdock, who is thoroughly acquainted with the empire, tells us that "there are upwards of three hundred newspapers conducted by Hindus and Mohammedans. One native printing establishment at Lucknow, which I visited last year, has sixty lithographic presses; its catalogue occupies one hundred and sixteen pages octavo. On the general character of Hindu or Mohammedan literature I need not dwell."

The Calcutta Tract and Book Society circulates nearly two hundred thousand publications in the course of a year, and Mr. Robertson, the secretary, remarks: "Too much diligence cannot be observed in distributing wholesome religious literature among all classes. Judging from what I find on the tables of most persons in the city, I fear that the effort to distribute good books and tracts is not general enough. A thorough canvass of the city by volunteer colporteurs would do much good."

Experience is daily proving that the most effective way of combating native prejudice is to arm native converts with the leading arguments which prove the divine origin of the gospel. An evangelist on one occasion returned to his pastor very much perplexed by the specious objections urged against his message; but after mastering the tract, "The Bible and the Koran," he felt that he was completely armoured and equipped, and no Mahometans were able to answer him. Tracts containing a certain kind of Christian evidence are widely dispersed, and produce a good effect. We have to remember that the vast empires of the east—India and China—contain half the inhabitants of the

globe; that one part of the latter country, with a population exceeding by six times that of Great Britain and Ireland, has no missionary at all; while the favoured districts have only one messenger of the truth to every million of souls.

And yet there are wise people, chary of supporting any evangelistic agency, who in their inimitable way tell us to look after our heathens at home before we expend so much of our energy on those abroad. The fact is that, compared with what the Christian press is really doing for our home population, the publication of tracts and books abroad is only as the slight overflow of the main current. The Tract Society alone issues on the average about a million of various publications every week, and there are several institutions of a similar character whose operations are of proportionate magnitude. It is also a fortunate circumstance that private enterprise is briskly at work in evangelizing the country, several eminent firms in London doing a work of their own which should command the gratitude of Christians at large. Nor should the Church of England, as a distinct communion, be left out of the category. A single editor, to whom the cardinal features of the gospel are as precious as they are to any man in England—the Rev. Charles Bullock—has now a large publishing office of his own, and the serials he conducts enjoy a very large circulation, one having attained to the extraordinary number of two hundred and fifty thousand. We hardly know what the evangelical clergy would do without Mr. Bullock, whose power for good, so worthily used, must exceed those of the entire bench of bishops. His "Home Words" is a favourite with parishioners generally; "The Day of Days" is calculated to keep its readers awake on Sabbath afternoons; and "The Fireside" is welcomed into homes of taste. "Hand and Heart" was started to supersede the vulgar trash which still finds too ready a market in this enlightened age, and if its circulation is equal to the quality of the ample broadside, it must be large indeed. In some respects Mr. Bullock occupies the most enviable position in the Established Church, which would be a bulwark of Protestantism indeed if its teachings generally corresponded with his own.

We have now taken a cursory glance at what is being done by the Protestant press in different parts of the world. What has been done should awaken gratitude, while the future should be characterized by increased activity.

Savour—a test.

WE have seen wax fruits which have altogether deceived our eye, and we should have set them down as being the real thing had it not been for the absence of savour and smell. Many false professors would deceive even the very elect were it not that the absence of spirituality, which is the subtle aroma of real piety, enables the discerner of spirits to detect them. The same is true of sermons: they may be fair to look upon, and in all apparent respects true testimonies, but the absence of savour proves their artificial character. Bees detect the best imitations of flowers in a moment—there is no deceiving them, for their lives are spent among essences and sweetnesses, and in the same way there is no deceiving those who commune in secret with God and his truth, their well exercised senses soon separate between the precious and the vile.

Luther's Last Days.

FROM "THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF LUTHER," BY DR. KRAUTH, IN DICKINSON'S THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY FOR JULY.

THE Protestant princes had drawn the sword in the feud. Luther did all in his power to preserve the peace between the princes and the emperor; but the future looked threatening, and his soul was as full of solicitude as a soul could be whose trust in God was so implicit. The council and the congregation in Wittenberg gave Luther very serious trouble. The great renown and prosperity of Wittenberg, given to it by Luther and his co-workers, had brought the evils which naturally attend the inflowing of wealth and the attainment of position. Frivolity and fashion corrupted the people. Luther fought with all his energies against the evil. In 1530, after a powerful sermon of rebuke, he withdrew, disheartened, for a long time from the pulpit. He at length left Wittenberg, and advised his wife to sell her property there. The Elector himself was obliged to interpose to restore the old relations. From the time of his return Luther continued to preach, but discontinued his lectures.

Luther's last work was one of love and conciliation. Under the pressure of many cares he started, in February, 1546, on a journey to Eisleben, to attempt a conciliation between the counts of Mansfeldt, a work in which they had solicited his good offices. For fourteen years Luther had been a sufferer from severe and complicated diseases. He was not well when he reached the inn at Eisleben, and from the beginning of his sickness had a presentiment that he would die in the place where he was born. He was able, however, to preach once. The day before his death he expressed a strong assurance that we shall know our loved ones in heaven. February 17 he was too ill to leave his bed. When Aurifaber called he found him so much worse that he summoned medical aid at once. Rubbing and bathing afforded him temporary relief, and about nine o'clock Luther lay down upon a couch, and after gathering a little strength by an hour's rest, proposed to his attendants that he should be helped to his bed. Jonas, and Martin, and Paul, Luther's sons, and two servants, watched by his side. His pains, however, became so great that he could not remain in his bed. Count Albert and the countess sent in haste for their own physicians, Luther used everything prescribed, but spoke of nothing but his death, which he felt sure was at hand. He poured forth his soul in fervent prayer, and after commending his soul into the hands of God, lay silent and waiting. Among the stimulants used was shavings of the horn of the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, a remedy then greatly prized. None of the stimulants had any effect. A little before his last breath Jonas and Cœlius asked him whether he died in firm assurance of the truth of the doctrine he had taught. With a distinct voice, he replied "Yes." He expired about four o'clock in the morning, February 18, 1546.

His body was taken to Wittenberg, followed along the whole route by thousands of mourners, the tolling of the bells, and the dirges which gave expression to a universal sorrow. It was interred in front of the pulpit in the Castle Church. The funeral discourses were pronounced by Bugenhagen and Melancthon. Six weeks after Luther's death his wife wrote: "My dear husband was not the minister of a city, or of a land, but of the whole world. To have lost a princedom, to have lost an empire would not be such a loss as I deplore."

Notices of Books.

Confession and Absolution in the Church of England: their Source and their Remedy. A Lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Folkestone, by the Rev. W. Sampson. Price Threepence. J. Riley, Folkestone.

This lecture should be published in London, for it is a masterly production, and deserves to be widely read. Mr. Sampson is so evidently fair in his argument, and so willing to put the kindest construction upon everything, that when he strikes it is with sure effect. In him gentleness is force; he has never fallen into the vulgar error of imagining that hard words and stinging epithets are powerful; he is courteous and charitable, and withal he crushes error as the young Hercules throttled the serpents. We wish that such a man could lecture in every town in England where the Confessional is likely to be set up. Things are coming to a pretty pass! The *Cloaca maxima* of Papal Rome seems to be emptying itself over the High Church clergy.

Continental Sunday Labour. A Warning to the English Nation. By Charlas Hill. S. W. Partridge.

Mr. Hill forcibly tells the story of perpetual slavery to which the nations condemn themselves by disregarding the Sabbath. Some wish to bring us to the same bondage, but even apart from religion it is to the interest of every man to protect the day of rest from every invasion. We can corroborate what Mr. Hill has written: a Sunday in Paris is painful to the Christian mind.

New Light upon Old Lines; or, Vexed Questions in Theological Controversy critically and exegetically discussed. By Thomas Monck Mason. Nisbet and Co.

One man has as much right to dogmatize as another, and our author avails himself of his privilege very extensively, but we cannot say that he either convinces or enlightens us. The old lines are about as clear now as they were before we saw this great light, and we verily believe that the vexed questions are quite as vexatious. We do not see any reason to recommend the purchase of the volume.

Womanhood: its Duties, Temptations, and Privileges. A Book for Young Women. By Joseph Shillito. Henry S. King and Co.

We do not discover anything very new in these Lectures, but they present practical truths which command universal assent; and the language employed to set them forth is fitting and dignified, though the style is not quite so lively as we could have wished. The binding of the book is in exquisite taste, and ought to make it a very general present to our young lady friends.

The Asiatic in England; sketches of sixteen years' work among Orientals. By Joseph Salter, Missionary to the Asiatics in England. London City Mission House, Bridewell, E.C.

Our friend, Mr. Salter, from his long acquaintance with the Asiatics who come to London, has been able to produce a work of very special interest. It is plentifully illustrated and full of telling incidents; we only wish he would write us a few such papers for the "Sword and Trowel," though we must not be exacting, for our readers have had some highly instructive papers from him already. With great confidence we recommend our readers to procure the book, being fully assured that they will have more than their money's worth of thoroughly interesting reading.

The Two Spirits; or, Truth and Error. Being a comparison of the teachings of Rome with the words of Jehovah. By Arthur Gardiner Butler and Montague Russell Butler. Elliot Stock.

Rome and the Scriptures brought face to face in double columns. No contradiction can be more palpable. Our young people ought to possess this book and to study it well; it is one of the ablest modes of assailing error and establishing truth. We wish it a wide circulation. Earnest Protestants will be very unwise if they overlook this short summary of incisive arguments. It makes one's blood boil to think that Rome, after all this, pretends to be infallible, when she stands in direct antagonism to divine revelation.

The Open Fountain. By the Rev. Robert Lang. Religious Tract Society.

It is no wonder that this simple gospel book has reached a third edition, for it is sound, weighty, and plain. It is a book of the same order as "The Anxious Enquirer," and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and is very suitable for anxious souls. In our judgment it would have been better if it had been more lively in style, but every man must write with his own pen.

Sleep in Jesus and Blessing in Sorrow. Edited by Mrs. Henry Brock. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

A choice collection of extracts in prose and verse, very well adapted to cheer the bereaved. There are several such books, but this is one of the best of them.

The Expositor. Vol. V. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Expositor continues to be one of the most important of our serials, and, unlike the most of them, it has a permanent value when placed upon the library shelves. We frequently dissent from the expositions, but they are almost always worthy of study, and are instructive as the efforts of earnest minds to fathom the depths of inspired teaching. Mr. Cox has gathered around him a body of exceedingly able men of different schools of thought, and hence the papers which he sends forth are very varied in tone and character, but they are usually of a very high class of exegesis and criticism. We could wish, in some instances, that they were a little less ingenious, not to say daring, in their line of thought.

The Great Conflict. A Discourse concerning Baptists and Religious Liberty. By George C. Lorimer. Boston [U.S.A.] Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

Dr. Lorimer has produced an exceedingly full, able, and accurate *resumé* of the great conflict in which the Baptists have been and are engaged. We heartily wish that the work may be reprinted in England. Against superstition, against the ordinances of man, and against all interference with the conscience, our ancestors have waged an incessant warfare with great results. If all Baptists were more faithful and earnest their lot might not be quite so pleasant as it now is; but great honour awaits those who will follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and will refuse to be seduced either to false doctrine, or to false methods of spreading the gospel.

The Wines of the Bible: an Examination and Refutation of the Unfermented Wine Theory. By the Rev. A. M. Wilson. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

Unfermented wine is a non-existent liquid. Mr. Wilson has so fully proved this that it will require considerable hardihood to attempt a reply. The best of it is that he is a teetotaler of more than thirty years' standing, and has reluctantly been driven "to conclude that, so far as the wines of the ancients are concerned, unfermented wine is a myth." While total abstainers are content to make no assault upon the cup used at the Lord's table, they work harmoniously with all who seek the welfare of their fellow men; but when they commence warfare upon that point they usually become more factious than useful: everything is then made subordinate to their one idea, and the peace of the church is disregarded. It is well, therefore, that one of themselves should protest against carrying a principle to extremes, and best of all that he should do so by showing that the theories which have been advanced are utterly untenable. We wish the utmost success to the abstinence cause, and, therefore, trust that there will be no pressing of the question of unfermented wine at the Communion, for it will not promote the cause, and will create much heart-burning, and, worst of all, it will be contrary to the Divine precedent. The question is not necessary to the temperance movement, and we wish it had never been raised. Mr. Wilson has written the thick volume now before us to settle the matter, and we believe that he establishes beyond reasonable debate that the wines of the Bible were intoxicating, and that our Lord did not ordain jelly or syrup, or cherry juice to be the emblem of his sacrifice.

A Young Man's difficulties with his Bible. By the author of "The Christian in the World." Hodder and Stoughton.

In certain stages of youthful life this work will be invaluable, and for that reason it should be placed within the reach of all our young men. It is a solid book, but not too dull and dry. It meets scientific objections, not with great compound jaw-breaking terms, but with common-sense observations. Here and there an anecdote is interjected: here is one. "There is an ante-war incident, the power for despair which lies in forgetfulness of God, and the hope which leaps up when God is fully believed in. A dark cloud hung over the interests of the African race in our land. There seemed no way of deliverance. Frederick Douglas, at a crowded meeting, depicted the terrible condition. Everything was against his people. One political party had gone down on its knees to slavery. The other proposed not to abolish it anywhere, but only to restrict it. The Supreme Court had given judgment against black men as such. He drew a picture of his race writhing under the lash of the overseer and trampled upon by brutal and lascivious men. As he went on with his despairing words, a great horror of darkness seemed to settle down upon the audience. The orator even uttered the cry for blood. There was no other relief. And then he showed that there was no relief even in that. Every thing, every influence, every event was gathering not for good but for evil about the doomed race. It seemed as if they were fated to destruction. Just at the instant when the cloud was most heavy over the audience, there slowly rose, in the front seat, an old black woman. Her name, 'Sojourner Truth.' She had given it to herself. Far and wide she was known as an African prophetess. Every eye was on her. The orator paused. Reaching out towards him her long bony finger, as every eye followed her pointing, she cried out, '*Frederick, is God dead?*' It was a lightning-flash upon that darkness. The cloud began to break, and faith and hope and patience returned with the idea of a personal and ever-living God."

Fulness of Grace: the believer's heritage. By the Rev. J. E. Page, with an introduction by the Rev. W. E. Boardman. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row.

It might be quite as well to let the perfection doctrine alone, after the grand explosion at Brighton. We have read of Chinese dirt ships which blow up, fill all the air with a horrible smell, and cover all vessels near them with abominable filth; such was the end of that pretentious barque of perfection which anchored off the Pavilion, and for the present we had rather let the whole business alone. We do not suppose that the present author had anything to do with that grand glorification of men, but we do not admire the flavour of his book.

The Pocket Paragraph Bible. Religious Tract Society.

In this Bible the reader sees how the sacred word should have been divided, not into arbitrary chapters and verses, but into sections, according to the sense. The poetical books are also printed as poems should be. This form of the Bible is valuable, but we greatly prefer that which we have placed next.

Revised English Bible. Spottiswoode, 43, Fleet Street.

This carries out the very work which was needed to be done. Here is our own English Bible with its mistranslations amended, and its obsolete words and coarse phrases removed, so that it can be read in families without the need to omit certain verses on account of the children. Mr. Gurney has done great service to the church by employing learned men to make the needful corrections. Not one word is altered more than it needed to be, nor are the thoughts re-cast, it is our own grandmother's Bible, with many a blunder of the translator's set to rights. We commend the work heartily, and hope that every student in the Bible will get a copy: we do not know what the price may be, or we would gladly insert it. No production of the press has pleased us more than this.

The Hidden Life. Thoughts on Communion with God. By Rev. Adolph Saphir. John F. Shaw and Co.

Sweet evangelical doctrine always flows from Mr. Saphir's tongue and pen. Unction is his prevailing characteristic rather than depth or variety; but that one quality will always make his works precious among the more spiritual of the Lord's people. He often brings out the choicest thought from passages of the Word which had not struck us before in the light in which he sets them. In the present instance the theme is one of great importance, and is handled with much spiritual power. His admirable power of arranging texts is well set forth in the opening passage of the book, which we subjoin.

"There is a *hidden* wisdom. The apostle Paul writes: 'We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory' (1 Cor. vi. 7). The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. In the hidden centre of their being God makes them to know wisdom (Psalm li. 6). They have an unction from above, which teacheth them of all things, and is truth (2 John ii. 27). 'Knowest thou where wisdom is found? and where is the place of understanding? . . . The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, it is not with me' (Job xxviii. 12, 14). But Jesus declares that the Father hath revealed it unto babes (Matt. xi. 25).

"There is a *hidden glory.* It is manifested, and yet only faith can behold it. Jesus changed the water into wine at the marriage of Cana, and showed forth his glory. Men saw, and yet did not see; but his disciples believed in him (John ii. 11). Jesus raised Lazarus from the grave. There were many witnesses, yet only they who believed saw the glory of God, and the Son of God glorified (John xi. 4, 40). The glory of God is beheld by faith in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Cor. iii.); and Jesus Christ is known only by those who know the mystery of his cross and resurrection (Phil. iii. 10), and are waiting to be glorified together with him (Rom. viii. 17).

"There is a *hidden life* far, far away —high, high above. It is life hid with Christ in God; life born out of death; as it is written, 'For ye have died, and your life is hid' (Col. iii. 3). It is mysterious in its commencement. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit' (John iii. 8). It is mysterious in its progress: 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me' (Gal ii. 20). It is mysterious in its consummation—the marriage of the Lamb (Rev. xix. 7, 9). We shall be for ever with the Lord.

"There is a *hidden manna.* We have meat to eat which the world knows not of (John iv. 32). 'There is an unseen river, the streams wherof make glad the city of God' (Ps. xlvi. 4; Rev. xxii. 1). Only God's children see it, and know the Source from whence it cometh, and the Ocean whither it is flowing. It is impossible to deny the mystic character of Christianity when we consider such passages as these: 'If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him' (John xiv. 23). 'Christ will manifest himself unto us, and not unto the world.' 'They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.' 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.' 'Christ dwelleth in the heart by faith.' 'I labour, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily.'

"If we know these hidden things, then are we ourselves *hidden ones*, who shall be made manifest when Christ, who is our life, shall appear."

Brighter days for Working Men. By William Glenn. John Kempster and Co.

A well intended mass of rhymes upon teetotalism and other worthy subjects. We wonder if anybody will ever read it through; if so, we venture to quote from it, and say:

"I'm very glad that he's held up so brave;
I'm sure he's worked as hard as any slave;
With wholesome food and coffee there's no fear
That he'll knock up for want of Fleece'em's beer."

Mrs. Bartlett, and her Class at the Tabernacle. By her son, EDWARD H. BARTLETT. With a Preface by C. H. SPURGEON, and a Portrait. Price Half-a-crown. Passmore & Alabaster.

IT was most meet that some memorial of Mrs. Bartlett should be written, and who more fit to prepare it than her own son, who has succeeded to her work? There might have been found more tutored and accustomed pens, but none could know so well the life of this earnest woman, or so well understand the spirit which animated it. All who knew our departed helper will, we feel sure, be glad to possess this unpretending tribute to her memory. It is stimulating, and unveils much of the inner life of the Tabernacle Church. We were requested to correct and revise it, but we thought it better not to do so, but to let it be the son's own memorial of his mother; and hence it comes forth to the world in all simplicity, with some things which the critic would have omitted, but which other folk will rejoice in.

A Peep Behind the Scenes. By Mrs. WALTON. Religious Tract Society.

EVERYBODY knows what to expect from the authoress of "Christie's Old Organ." Our lady reviewer tells us that it is a darling book, full of gospel and full of life. It is the story of a child who lived in a travelling cart. "There now," said the lady, "if ever you do praise a tale, be sure to say the kindest things possible for this story, for it is one of the sweetest and most gracious ever written." Our readers will clear out a whole edition after seeing this.

The Pentateuch and Hebrews analyzed and illustrated. By the Rev. JAMES DAVIDSON, M.A. Edinburgh: A. Elliot. London; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A VERY commendable attempt at an analysis of the Pentateuch and the Hebrews, somewhat resembling the headings of the chapters inserted in the authorized version. The writer aims at bringing out the general structure of the books of Scripture, and the train of incident in their narratives or lines of argument. There are many maps, and the author has spared no pains, but we are afraid that there will be few readers. The result of much thought is not a book, but an outline table of contents, with brief explanations, not at all likely to be extensively consulted.

The Worship of Bacchus a great Delusion. Illustrated by Drawings, Diagrams, Facts, and Figures. James Clarke and Co.

VERY sensible, popular teaching upon the inutility of alcohol as a source of nutriment. It will furnish the temperance advocate with many forcible illustrations when pleading with those who consider beer and porter to be necessary to give them strength for labour. No fallacy can be more transparent, but none is more prevalent.

Notes.

THIS month we commence another phase of work for the Lord by sending forth Messrs. Clarke and Smith as evangelists. Last year we supported Mr. Higgins, who moved about among the churches and did much service, but he has now settled, and we have found two brethren in all respects fitted for the work, who will go together. They commenced August 14 at the Tabernacle, and had good meetings throughout the week. Mr. Smith's silver trumpet is very useful in attracting people from the street, and then Mr. Clarke and himself know how to address them in a lively, earnest manner. The evangelists are going first to Stockton, Hartlepool, and neighbourhood, where they will remain a month or more. We are sure they will make a stir, and by God's blessing souls will be gathered in. They will send us monthly reports, which we hope to condense and insert in these columns. A friend from Scotland so heartily approves of the idea that he sends £10, and another brother has sent £3. As the cost of such a work must be considerable we are willing to be helped by those who believe that evangelists are needed, and that

they occupy a very useful place in the work of the church; but if no one unites in the service we shall carry it on, for our mind is made up that regular evangelists, in connection with the churches, and not mere free lances, would be a great blessing in these times.

August 7.—The men of the College mustered at Mr. Coventry's fields, which were kindly lent to us by that gentleman. A day's outdoor exercise secures the men's coming in time to begin the hard work of the session. It rained hard, but we were very happy under the tent with Professor Hodge, and Messrs. Smith and Pigott from India, our father, and other good friends. We have now 113 men: the paying out is very rapid for so many, but he who sends the mouths will send the bread, though our receipts occupy small space this month.

While we were writing the above paragraph, we received the deeply painful information that our beloved brother in Christ and son in the faith William Priter, of Middlesborough, had fallen asleep. What a loss he is his people know best, but we mourn him deeply. He was one who feared God above many, a true gospel preacher, and a great winner of souls. All who know him will lament his early departure, for beside what the Lord had already wrought by him he was a man of such superior talents and remarkable ripeness in prudence that we looked to him as one who would occupy a still more prominent position and become a leader in our Israel. We insert the following notice from the local journal, which is in no single expression overstrained. These are our sorrows, but we have great joy in having been favoured to lead this dear brother to Jesus, and in having aided his endeavours to go forth equipped for the fight. Here is the extract: "It is our painful duty this morning to inform our readers that the Rev. William Henry Priter, of Middlesborough, died at his residence, Linthorpe-road, at a few minutes after seven o'clock yesterday evening. The announcement will be received with the deepest regret by all the inhabitants of Middlesborough who had the slightest acquaintance with him. Since he came to labour amongst them his devotion to his pastoral duties has won the esteem and affection of the members of his church and congregation, while the action he has taken in public matters has rendered him quite a favourite with the general public. He was universally regarded as a young man who, possessing considerable ability, was always ready to do what he could for the good of his fellow-townsmen, and the regret that a life which appeared so full of promise has been cut short at so early a stage will be widely felt. The rev. gentleman was born in Devonshire in 1851, and he was therefore but twenty-six years of age. While but a youth he became a student in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, and when nineteen years of ago he received the call, and was appointed pastor to the Baptist church, Park-street, Middlesborough. He succeeded the Rev. M. Bontems, and found the Baptist church then composed of about sixty members, and worshipping in the rooms in Park-street, now used as a Sunday-school and lecture rooms. Some idea may be given of the zeal with which he has laboured during his residence in Middlesborough when we remember that at the last church anniversary he referred in terms of thankfulness to the fact that since his appointment to the church he had baptized over five hundred persons, and there are now on the church books three hundred and eighty members. He also set himself to work to build a place of worship which should be quite equal to the growing demands of his congregation. The site chosen was in Newport-road, the back of the church adjoining the schoolrooms in Park-street, and in March, 1874, he had the satisfaction of seeing opened a large and commodious place of worship, which will remain a lasting monument of the zeal which he brought to bear on his work. He was more than once offered charges, but he declined to be lured away from his first appointment merely for the sake of pecuniary advantage. In 1875 he went on a tour to Rome, for the purpose of recruiting his health, as he was then suffering from weakness, the result of overwork. He returned somewhat strengthened, but had not long been amongst his people when he burst a bloodvessel, and was unable to undertake his duties as pastor for six or seven weeks. Since then he had enjoyed tolerable health, though he could never be described as a strong man; until about three weeks ago, when he called in his medical attendant, Dr. Williams. He was suffering from congestion of the lungs, but afterwards appeared so far recovered that Dr. Williams felt justified in going on a journey to Wales, leaving him in the care of his assistant. But on Friday last Mr. Priter was suddenly taken ill, and from that time had been confined to his bed. Hopes and fears had succeeded each other until yesterday forenoon, when Dr. Hedley and

Dr. M'Cuaig were called in, and consulted with Dr. Williams's assistant, and the conclusion that was then arrived at was that it was but a question of a few hours. During the afternoon the rev. gentleman, who was conscious to the last, turned on his side and said that soon he felt he would get rest, and at seven o'clock he passed away. The deceased gentleman was unmarried. The rev. gentleman was a member of the Middlesborough School Board, his views being decidedly unsectarian. During the last two or three years he has taken an interest in all public matters, and when the public meeting was held in Middlesborough condemning the Bulgarian atrocities committed by the Turks he delivered a speech in which his strong and manly condemnation of the perpetrators of the outrages made a favourable impression upon his hearers. He also took great interest in the Middlesborough Sunday School Union."

Our friend, Mr. B. Vickery, has made the Orphanage a handsome present of a drinking fountain, which causes great delight among our thirsty boys. It is really a beautiful object, and a pretty ornament to the grounds. Our good friend gives it in memory of his deceased wife, but we shall use it in remembrance of himself and his frequent kindnesses. He first gave us light by putting new burners and glasses all over the Tabernacle, and now he gives us water: may his light never be dim, and his joy always overflow.

We have also received from "The Southwark Society for the Improvement of Men employed in Manufactories" the whole of their Library and other property. Upon winding up the association the members voted their stock to the Orphanage, and thus we have gained 1,300 volumes to our library, with cupboards to keep them in, and also a magic lantern, which will not be allowed to rust. We thank those who thought so well of us as to make us their legatees; best possible use will be made of the bequest.

A thousand thanks to all friends who received our poor orphans for a holiday. May God reward them a thousandfold. Friends at Reading have invited all down for a grand holiday on August 28, and promise to pay all expenses. That town has acted in a princely manner to our Institution; it seems to be full of great-hearted people. We mention no names, for fear of giving offence to modesty, but there is a pastor there whose love to his College, and its grateful President, seems to be unbounded, and he fires others with the same feeling.

On Tuesday, Aug. 14, we opened the little chapel which has been built for our sons at Bolingbroke Grove. The friends filled the house, and afterwards took tea upon our grounds. There will be no debt upon the chapel, for enough was given to pay everything within £30, and we believe that several who meant to give only need the intimation that the time is come, and they will quite complete the work.

August 19.—On this Sabbath all seat-holders at the Tabernacle vacated their seats in the evening, and though no bills had been used, and the fact was only announced in the papers, the crowds began to assemble an hour before time. The house was soon packed in every corner by a congregation in which the male element very far predominated. The audience was singularly mixed, a large number being persons from the West End, while others were evidently new to places of worship. In the judgment of our most reliable brethren, it was the best service we ever had; to God be all the glory. Some two or three hundred remained, professedly in an anxious state, and many more were conversed with by our workers, who were dotted here and there all over the place. Several confessed Christ, and rejoiced in his salvation, and we hope fruit will appear in days to come, as well as on the spot.

During the evening, addresses were given in the grounds of the Orphanage, where a large and interested open air meeting was held. Some were Tabernacle friends, but many were residents in the neighbourhood. The Evangelists' Society, under our Elder Elvin, supplied two earnest speakers.

On the same day services were held in a tent pitched along the front gardens of some houses in Bermondsey. This tent has to be erected on Saturday night and removed early on Monday morning. In Bermondsey, very few of its many thousands attend any place of worship, and our heart is touched at the consideration of the condition of the people. Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., has an eminently practical and living mission in Green Walk, and is doing great good, but what is all that can be done in this way among so many? Messrs. Olney, Smith and Clark conducted services on the Sabbath, and many heard who never heard before. We hope that this effort, which will last four Sundays, will lead on to some further permanent and extensive mission work. London will become a great danger to the realm if the

working people are not Christianized. In some localities the streets are the same on the Sabbath as on the week-days. All shops are open, and trade is even more brisk than on the week-days. The men neglect religion altogether. There are churches and chapels with miserable congregations; and many of their preachers are very well fitted for their own people, but quite incapable of talking "market language," and getting at the outlying heathendom all around. O Lord, how long! It is time that dwellers in our great city began to cease from being content with being saved themselves, and thought about others in a practical manner. Awake, awake, O Zion.

COLPORTAGE.—The Society is in full work, and we have two agents travelling expressly to try and extend its operations. Our efforts have been rewarded by applications for Colporteurs in the following new districts:—Bulwick, Northamptonshire; Whitchurch, Shropshire; Neston, Cheshire; Kidderminster, Worcestershire; Widnes, Lancashire. There are many districts where the Colporteur is greatly needed, and would do an immense amount of good, but local funds cannot be obtained, owing to the poverty of the neighbourhood. Colporteurs might be sent to some of these if friends would subscribe specially for the purpose. The total of our Fund for increased capital is now £601 actually received, so that we still need £200, and then a generous friend has promised to give the other £200, to make up the £1,000. There are 62 agents at work at present.

Good news continues to come from the Cape of Good Hope of the success of our student there. The brother went out in simple faith, depending upon God and the people whom he might gather; and without seeking aid from us he has preached the Word, gathered a self-supporting church, and led them on in evangelizing to their utmost the outlying population. When more doors open men are ready. We have several brethren waiting to go for missionaries, but our society has not the means for further extension, nor do we know what to do. We have just paid the passage money of Mr. Blackie, who goes out to Delhi with Mr. Smith, not depending upon the Missionary Society's funds, but hoping that when he is prepared to preach to the heathen he may be commended to their notice; or that some English church in India may desire his services, so that he may ultimately labour in that great country. O that he may prove the pioneer of many more. There is a missionary spirit in the College, and much prayer is offered that doors may open, but work among the heathen on present plans is expensive, and we cannot yet see how we are to get at it. If the Missionary Society had more means it would be glad enough to undertake new work; but how can bricks be made without straw? We almost sigh for access to those deep, unconsecrated purses which swing at the sides of many professed Christians, while the heathen are perishing.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering, E. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. F. Jones	10	0	0
J. C. K.	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Matthews	0	10	0
W. S., per Mr. Chettleboro	2	0	0
Mr. T. Scoular	3	0	0
Mrs. Jane Davies	0	10	0
Mr. T. Rigden	30	0	0
Mrs. McKean	2	0	0
Mr. J. Miller	5	0	0
Mrs. Teversham, per Mr. Box	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. A. G. Wyatt	2	2	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
N. M. Ilkley	1	0	0
Rev. G. J. Knight	0	10	0
Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	6
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. C. Ball	22	10	0
Miss Farquhar	0	2	6
Wisbech	0	2	0
J. F. C.	0	10	0
Miss Way	1	0	0
Margaret Davidson	0	2	0
Mrs. Hull	2	0	0
Mr. D. E. Smith	0	5	0
Southport	0	5	0
Mrs. Pierson	5	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. A. A. Rees	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	5	0
Mr. T. Tritton	20	0	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
J. C., Woolwich	1	1	0
Mr. Wallis	0	5	0
Mrs. Lamming, per Rev. E. Lauderdale	6	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—July 22	27	1	2
" " " " " 29	21	16	6
" " " " Aug. 5	30	6	1
" " " " " 12	40	0	3
" " " " " 19	41	16	7
	£290	4	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Myrtle Street, Liverpool, Juvenile Missionary Society	10	0	0
J. C. B.	1	0	0
Trinity Chapel Sunday School	0	12	0
Mr. J. Cooke	1	0	0
Threepence per Week	0	14	3
In Memory of a deceased Friend	0	18	6
Weekly Offerings, C. M. N.	1	1	0
Miss Burdon Sanderson	3	3	0
Quainton Baptist Sunday School	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cobham	0	5	0
Mr. A. Ballard	1	0	0
M.	2	0	0
Helen	0	5	0
A. H. N. H. S. G.	0	2	0
A Friend, Glasgow	1	0	0
Mr. James Scott	25	0	0
Little Pig	0	12	0
A Rosshire Man	0	2	6
An afflicted Widow	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
B. O.	0	3	0
R. J.	0	3	0
Mr. J. Richards	2	0	0
A Thankoffering, E. M.	0	5	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mr. P. W. Smith	10	0	0
Mrs. Burt	5	0	0
Mr. J. Campbel	1	0	0
Janet Taylor, George, and William Gladstone Davidson	1	10	0
Mr. Alexander Davidson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Family of Mr. McCombe	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. F. Edwards	22	10	0
P. C., Our Wedding Day	0	5	0
Scholars of Caversham British School	0	5	0
S. G., Yorkshire	1	0	0
W. S., per Mr. Chittleboro'	1	0	0
Mrs. Paige	1	16	7
R. E. S. A.—Thankoffering	1	0	0
Mr. T. Scoular	1	0	0
Mr. T. Rigden	10	0	0
Miss McKean	2	0	0
Mr. J. Miller	5	0	0
Orphanage Box at Metropolitan Store	1	7	4
Mrs. Kempster	2	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
First Money taken in New Shop, J. N.	0	2	6
A Farm Servant	0	1	6
J. T.	0	2	6
E.	0	2	0
Mrs. Davies	0	2	6
Rev. J. G. Knight	0	10	0
Miss Farquhar	0	2	6
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	8	10
Miss Watts	2	2	0
Mrs. Davis	1	1	0
Miss Descroix	1	0	0
Wisbech	0	2	6
Mrs. Bousfield	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	5	0
Mrs. Naylor	0	5	0
Mr. J. Scott, per Dr. Landels	2	0	0
Mr. Tice	1	0	0
J. C., Woolwich	1	1	0
Mr. Wallis	0	5	0
Mr. Mills	1	0	9
Mr. Burton	1	5	4
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Horton	1	1	0
Mrs. Bennett	2	2	0
	£146	10	7

List of Presents unavoidably omitted.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Chesterfield District	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Blyth District	7	10	0
Ironbridge District	10	0	0
Elders' Bible Class, for London	5	0	0
Ludlow District	10	0	0
Coseley District	10	0	0
	£70	0	0

For Capital Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	100	0	0
E. B.	50	0	0
	£150	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
Mrs. E. H. Tucker	0	10	0
Mrs. Reed	0	1	0
Mrs. Elliot	0	2	0
Mr. Clark	0	2	0
A. Dunn, Esq.	2	2	0
F. Warren, Esq.	2	2	0
E. A. C.	2	2	0
A Thankoffering, E. M.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. T. Rigden	10	0	0
Mrs. Dodds	0	10	0
J. C., Woolwich	1	1	0
	£27	12	0

A Friend, one hundred copies of "Friendly Words with Fellow Pilgrims."
ERRATUM.—Thankoffering acknowledged in August as £5 should be 5s.

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.

OCTOBER, 1877.

Earnestness in Ministers.

A LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 420.)

REMEMBERING then, dear brethren, that we must be in earnest and that we cannot counterfeit earnestness, or find a substitute for it, and that it is very easy for us to lose it, let us consider awhile and meditate upon the ways and means for retaining all our fervour and gaining more. If it is to continue, *our earnestness must be kindled at an immortal flame*, and I know of but one—the flame of the love of Christ, which many waters cannot quench. A spark from that celestial sun will be as undying as the source from whence it came. If we can get it, yea, if we have it, we shall still be full of enthusiasm, however long we may live, however greatly we may be tried, and however much for many reasons we may be discouraged. To continue fervent for life we must possess the fervour of heavenly life to begin with,—have we this fire? We must have the truth burnt into our souls, or it will not burn upon our lips. Do we understand this? The doctrines of grace must be part and parcel of ourselves, interwoven with the warp and woof of our being, and this can only be effected by the same hand which originally made the fabric. We shall never lose our love to Christ and our love to souls if the Lord has given them to us. The Holy Spirit makes zeal for God to be a permanent principle of life rather than a passion,—does the Holy Spirit rest upon us, or is our present fervour a mere human feeling? This should lead us to be seriously inquisitive with our own

hearts, pressing home the question, Have we the holy fire which springs from a true call to the ministry? If a man *can* live without preaching, let him live without preaching. If a man can be content without being a soul-winner—I had almost said he had better not attempt the work, but I had rather say—let him seek to have the stone taken out of his heart, that he may feel for perishing men. Till then, as a minister, he may do positive mischief by occupying the place of one who might have succeeded in the blessed work in which *he* must be a failure.

The fire of our earnestness must burn upon the hearth of faith in the truths which we preach, and in their power to bless mankind when the Spirit applies them to the heart. He who declares what may or may not be true, and what he considers upon the whole to be as good as any other form of teaching, will of necessity make a very feeble preacher. How can he be zealous about that which he is not sure of? If he knows nothing of the inward power of the truth within his own heart, if he has never tasted and handled of the good word of life, how can he be enthusiastic? But if the Holy Ghost has taught us in secret places and made our soul to understand within itself the doctrine which we are to proclaim, then shall we speak evermore with the tongue of fire. Brother, do not begin to teach others till the Lord has taught you. It must be dreary work to parrot forth dogmas which have no interest for your heart, and carry no conviction to your understanding; I would prefer to pick oakum or turn a crank for my breakfast, like the paupers in the casual ward, than to be the slave of a congregation and bring them spiritual meat of which I never taste myself. And then how dreadful the end of such a course must be! How fearful the account to be rendered at the last by one who publicly taught what he did not heartily believe, and has perpetrated this detestable hypocrisy in the name of God!

Brethren, if the fire is brought *from* the right place *to* the right place, we have a good beginning; and the main elements of a glorious ending. Kindled by a live coal borne from off the altar by the winged cherub with the sacred tongs to our lips, the fire has begun to feed upon our inmost spirit, and there will it burn though Satan himself should labour to stamp it out.

Yet the best flame in the world needs renewing. I know not whether immortal spirits, like the angels, drink on the wing, and feed on some superior manna prepared in heaven for them; but the probability is that no created being, though immortal, is quite free from the necessity to receive from without sustenance for its strength. Certainly the flame of zeal in the renewed heart, however divine, must be continually fed with fresh fuel. Even the lamps of the sanctuary needed oil. *Feed the flame, my brother, feed it frequently;* feed it with holy thought and contemplation, especially with thought about your work, your motives in pursuing it, the design of it, the helps that are waiting for you, and the grand results of it, if the Lord be with you. Dwell much upon the love of God to sinners and the death of Christ on their behalf, and the work of the Spirit upon men's hearts. Think of what must be wrought in men's hearts ere they can be saved. Remember, you are not sent to whiten tombs, but to open them. Meditate with deep solemnity upon the fate of the lost sinner, and, like Abraham, look towards Sodom and

see the smoke thereof going up like the smoke of a furnace. Shun all views of future punishment which would make it appear less terrible, and so take off the edge of your anxiety to save immortal souls from the quenchless flame. If men are indeed only a nobler kind of ape, and expire as the beasts, you may well enough let them die unpitied; but if their creation in the image of God involves immortality, and there is any fear that through their unbelief they will bring upon themselves endless woe, arouse yourselves to the agonies of the occasion, and be ashamed at the bare suspicion of unconcern. Think much also of the bliss of the sinner saved, and like holy Baxter derive rich arguments for earnestness from "the saints' everlasting rest." Put these glorious logs of the wood of Lebanon upon the fire: it will burn freely and yield a sweet perfume as each piece of choice cedar glows in the flame. There will be no fear of your being lethargic if you are continually familiar with eternal realities.

Above all, feed the flame with intimate fellowship with Christ. No man was ever cold in heart who lived with Jesus on such terms as John and Mary did of old, for he makes men's hearts burn within them. I never met with a half-hearted preacher who was much in communion with the Lord Jesus. The zeal of God's house ate up our Lord; and when we come into contact with him it begins to consume us also, and we feel that we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard in his company, nor can we help speaking of them with the fervour which comes out of actual acquaintance with them. Those of us who have been preaching for these five-and-twenty years sometimes feel that the same work, the same subject, the same people, and the same pulpit, are together apt to beget a feeling of monotony, and monotony may soon lead on to weariness. But then we call to mind another sameness, which becomes our complete deliverance; there is the same Saviour, and we may go to him in the same way as we did at the first, since he is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. From him we drink in the new wine and renew our youth. He is the fountain, for ever flowing with the cool, refreshing water of life, and in fellowship with him we find our souls quickened into newness of life. Beneath his smile our long accustomed work grows new, and wears a brighter charm than novelty could have given it. We gather new manna for our people every morning, and as we go to distribute it we feel an anointing of fresh oil distilling upon us. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Newly come from the presence of him that walketh among the golden candlesticks, we are ready to write or speak unto the churches in the power which he alone can give. Soldiers of Christ, you can only be worthy of your Captain by abiding in fellowship with him, and listening to his voice as Joshua did when he stood by Jordan, and enquired—"What saith my Lord unto his servant?"

Fan the flame as well as feed it. Fan it with much praying. We cannot be too urgent with one another upon this point: no language can be too vehement with which to implore ministers to pray. There is for our brethren and ourselves an absolute necessity of prayer. Necessity—I hardly like to talk of that, let me rather speak of the deliciousness of prayer—the wondrous sweetness and divine felicity

which comes to the soul which lives in the atmosphere of prayer. The devout Mr. Hervey resolved on the bed of sickness—"If God shall spare my life, I will read less and pray more." John Cooke, of Maidenhead, wrote—"The business, the pleasure, the honour, and the advantage of prayer press on my spirit with increasing force every day." There should be special seasons for devotion, and it is well to maintain them with regularity, but the spirit of prayer is even better than the habit of prayer; to pray without ceasing is better than praying at intervals. It will be a happy circumstance if we can meet frequently with devout brethren, and I think it ought to be a rule with us ministers never to separate without a word of prayer. Much more intercession would rise to heaven if we made a point of this, especially those of us who have been fellow students. If it be possible, let prayer and praise sanctify each meeting of friend with friend. But, for all that, to fan your earnestness best you will need to seek after the spirit of continual prayer, so as to pray everywhere and always; in the study, in the vestry, and in the pulpit; praying right along, when sitting down in the pulpit, when rising to give out the hymn, when reading the chapter, and while delivering the sermon; holding up one hand to God empty, in order to receive, and with the other hand dispensing to the people what the Lord bestows. Be in preaching like the conduit pipe between the everlasting and infinite supplies of heaven and the all but boundless needs of men. Pray *for* them while you preach *to* them; speak with God for them while you are speaking with them for God. Only so can you expect to be continually in earnest. A man does not often rise from his knees unearnest; or, if he does, he had better return to prayer till he feels the flame descending upon his soul. Adam Clarke once said, "Study yourself to death, and then pray yourself alive again": it was a wise sentence. Do not attempt the first without the second; neither will the second be honestly accomplished without the first. Work and pray as well as watch and pray; but pray always.

As a subordinate but very useful means of keeping the heart fresh, I would suggest the frequent addition of new work to our old engagements. I would say to brethren who are soon going away from the College, to settle in spheres where they will come into contact with but few superior minds, and perhaps will be almost alone in the higher walks of spirituality, look well to yourselves that you do not become flat, stale, and unprofitable. You will have a good share of work to do and few to help you in it, and the years will grind along heavily; watch against this, and use all means to prevent your becoming dull and sleepy. I find it good for myself to have some new work always on hand. The old and usual enterprises must be kept up, but somewhat must be added to them. It must be with us as with the squatters upon our commons, the fence of our garden must roll outward a foot or two, and enclose a little more of the common every year. Never say "it is enough," nor accept the policy of "rest and be thankful." Do all you possibly can, and then do a little more. I do not know by what process the gentleman who advertises that he can make short people taller attempts the task, but I should imagine that if any result could be produced in the direction of adding a cubit to one's own stature it would be by every morning reaching up as high as

you possibly can on tiptoe, and having done that, trying day by day to reach a little higher. This is certainly the way to grow mentally and spiritually, "reaching forth to that which is before." If the old should become just a little stale, add fresh endeavours to it, and the whole mass will be leavened anew. Try it, and you will soon see there is virtue in breaking up fresh ground, invading new provinces of the enemy, and scaling fresh heights to set the banner of the Lord thereon. This is, of course, a secondary expedient to those of which we have already spoken, but still it is a very useful one, and may greatly benefit you. In a country town, say of two thousand inhabitants, you will, after a time, feel, "Well, now, I have done about all I can in this place." What then? There is a hamlet some four miles off: set about opening a room there. If one hamlet is occupied, make an excursion to another, and spy out the land, and set it before you as an ambition to relieve its spiritual destitution. When one place is supplied look to another. It is your duty, it will also be your safeguard. Everybody knows what interest there is in fresh work. A gardener will become weary of his work unless he is allowed to introduce new flowers into the hothouse, or to cut the beds upon the lawn in a novel shape; all monotonous work is unnatural and wearying to the mind, therefore it is wisdom to give variety to your labour.

Far more weighty is the advice, *keep close to God, and keep close to your fellow men whom you are seeking to bless.* Get into close quarters with those who are in an anxious state. Watch their difficulties, their throes and pangs of conscience. It will help to make you earnest when you see their eagerness to find peace. On the other hand, when you see how little earnest the bulk of men remain, it may help to make you more zealous for their arousing. Rejoice with those who are finding the Saviour, this is a grand means of revival for your own soul. When you are enabled to bring a mourner to Jesus you will feel quite young again. It will be as oil to your bones to hear a weeping penitent exclaim, "I see it all now! I believe, and my burden is gone: I am saved." Sometimes the rapture of newborn souls will electrify you into terrible intensity. Who could not preach after having seen souls converted? Be on the spot when grace at last captures the lost sheep. Be in at the death with sinners. Be able to lay hold of them and say, "Yes, by the grace of God, I have really won this soul;" and your enthusiasm will flame forth. If you have to work in a large town I should recommend you to familiarize yourself, wherever your place of worship may be, with the poverty, ignorance, and drunkenness of the place. Go if you can with a City missionary into the poorest quarter, and you will see that which will astonish you: the actual sight of the disease will make you eager to reveal the remedy. There is enough of evil to be seen even in the best streets of our great cities, but there is an unutterable depth of horror in the condition of the slums. As a doctor walks the hospitals, so ought you to traverse the lanes and courts to behold the mischief which sin has done. It is enough to make a man weep tears of blood to gaze upon the desolation which sin has made in the earth. One day with a devoted missionary would be a fine termination to your college course, and a fit preparation for work in your own sphere. See the

masses living in their sins, drinking and Sabbath-breaking, rioting and blaspheming, and see them dying sodden and hardened, or terrified and despairing. This would kindle expiring zeal if anything would. The world is full of grinding poverty and crushing sorrow; shame and death are the portion of thousands, and it needs a great gospel to meet the dire necessities of men's souls. Go and see for yourselves. Thus will you learn to preach a great salvation, and magnify the great Saviour, not with your mouth only, but with your heart; and thus will you be married to your work beyond all possibility of your leaving it.

Death-beds are grand schools for us. Surely they are intended to act as tonics to brace us to our work. I have come down from the bed-chambers of the dying, and thought that everybody was mad, and myself most of all. I have grudged the earnestness which men devoted to earthly things, and half said to myself, why was that man driving along so hastily? Why was that woman walking out in fine dress? They were all to die so soon; and nothing seemed worth doing but preparing to meet one's God. To be often where men die will help us to teach them both to die and to live. M'Cheyne was wont to visit his sick or dying hearers on the Saturday afternoon, for, as he told Dr. James Hamilton, "Before preaching he liked to look over the verge."

I pray you, moreover, measure your work in the light of God. Are you God's servant or not? If you are, how can your heart be cold? Are you sent by a dying Saviour to proclaim his love and win the reward of his wounds, or are you not? If you are, how can you flag? Is the Spirit of God upon you? Has the Lord anointed you to preach glad tidings to the poor? If he has not, do not pretend to it. If he has, go in this thy might, and the Lord shall be thy strength. Yours is not a trade, or a profession. Assuredly if you measure it by the tradesman's measure it is the poorest business on the face of the earth. Considered as a profession, who would not prefer any other, so far as golden gains or worldly honours are concerned? But if it be a divine calling, and you a miracle-worker, dwelling in the supernatural, and working not for time but for eternity, then you belong to a nobler guild, and to a fraternity that is far higher than any that springs of earth and deals with time. Look at it aright, and you will feel that it is a grand thing to be as poor as your Lord, if, like him, you make many rich; you will feel that it is a grand thing to be as unknown and despised as were your Lord's first followers, because you are making him known whom to know is life eternal. You will be satisfied to be anything or to be nothing, and the thought of self will not cross your mind, or only cross it to be scouted as a meanness not to be tolerated by consecrated men. There is the point. Measure your work as it should be measured, and I am not afraid that your earnestness will be diminished. Measure it by the light of the judgment day. Oh, brethren, the joy of saving a soul on earth is something very wonderful; you have felt it, I trust, and know it now. To save a soul from going down to perdition brings us to a little heaven below; but what must it be at the day of judgment to meet spirits redeemed by Christ, who learned the news of their redemption from our lips! We look forward to a blissful heaven in communion with our Master, but there is the added joy of meeting those loved ones whom

we led to Jesus by our ministry. Let us endure our cross and despise the shame for the joy which Jesus sets before us of winning men for him.

One more thought may help to keep up our earnestness. Consider the great evil which will certainly come upon us and upon our hearers if we be negligent in our work. Oh, the horror of the doom of an unfaithful minister! And every unearnest minister is unfaithful. I would infinitely prefer to be consigned to Tophet as a murderer of men's bodies than as a destroyer of men's souls; neither do I know of any condition in which a man can perish so fatally, so infinitely, as the man who preaches a gospel which he does not believe, and assumes the office of pastor over a people whose good he does not intensely desire. Do let us pray to be found faithful always, and ever. God grant we may!

Straining at Gnats.

"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."—Matthew xxiii. 24.

THE note on this in the "Pictorial Bible" is valuable:—"In the East, where insects of all kinds abound, it is difficult to keep clear of insects liquors which are left for the least time uncovered; for which reason it was and is usual to strain the wine before drinking, to prevent insects from passing into the drinking vessel. Beside the common motive of cleanliness for this practice, the Jews considered that they had another and more important one—that of religious purity. For as the law forbade them to eat 'flying creeping things,' they thought themselves bound to be particularly careful in this matter. . . . . The Talmud contains many curious explanations and directions relating to it. Thus, 'One that eats a flea or a gnat is an apostate, and is no more to be counted one of the congregation.' It seems, however, that a person doing this might, under certain circumstances, escape further consequences by submitting to be scourged. 'Whosoever eats a whole fly, or a whole gnat, whether dead or alive, is to be beaten on account of the flying creeping thing."

The resemblance between modern and ancient Ritualists is remarkable, and somewhat amusing, as appears in the "Directorium Anglicanum." After having ordained that "if by any negligence any of the Blood be spilled upon a table, the priest officiating must do penance forty days" (p. 90), it proceeds:—

"But if the chalice have dripped upon the altar, the drop must be sucked up, and the priest must do penance for three days.

"Also if anyone by accident of the throat vomit up the Eucharist . . . if he be a cleric, monk, presbyter, or deacon, he must do penance for forty days, a bishop seventy days, a laic thirty.

"But who does not keep the Sacrament well, so that a mouse or other animal devoured it, he must do penance forty days" (p. 91).

Modern Ritualists breathe the same spirit as their Jewish predecessors; but they very discreetly prefer penance to scourging.—*From Spalding's "Scripture Difficulties."*

John Elias.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

(*Continued from page* 407.)

HE was married February 22nd, 1799, to Elizabeth Broadhead, an Anglesea girl, who proved to him an excellent wife. They had four children, two of whom died in infancy. The eldest two survived their parents. These children he trained with great care. We give an extract from a letter to his son while at school. It is dated from London, 1817:—"I think much of thee, my dear child; thy temporal and eternal welfare lies very near my heart. When wilt thou give thyself unto the Lord to be his own for ever? When wilt thou see the value of Christ and salvation in his blood, so as to induce thee to flee unto him and rest upon him in order to be rescued into life everlasting? When wilt thou feel pleasure in making a personal profession of the Lord Jesus, and taking hold of the covenant? . . . Pray much that the Lord be pleased to enable thee to believe in his Son Jesus Christ; then thou shalt never be lost, all thy sins shall be forgiven, and thy nature sanctified; thou shalt have the will and ability to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. . . . Think of the great God who is everywhere present with thee, and seeth thee at all times: think of thy soul, which is immortal, and to endure everlastingly: think of the shortness of thy time, it is but little; what a pity to spend it in vanity: think frequently of death; it is a very solemn thing to die! think of the judgment day, when we must render a strict account—yea, for every idle word: think of eternity; we shall soon be there: think of Jesus dying, and be amazed and happy."

His income during the first year after his marriage was very slender; a small shop in a humble cottage in a poor country was his only means of support, and had not his wife been a woman of uncommon energy and prudence he would have found it impossible to give so much of his time to preaching. In after years the business became more prosperous, and he was able to give it up to his children and to devote himself entirely to the ministry.

His itinerant labours occasionally exposed him to the dangers of travelling. Crossing over the Menai Straits to Carnarvon, on one occasion, with his horse in the ferry-boat, the ferryman suddenly hoisted sail, the horse took alarm, became unmanageable, and leaped into the sea, thrusting Elias before him into the water. The good man was soon seen floating easily on his back, and was taken up into the boat. "The wave," said he, "was like a pillow under my head." He preached with uncommon power at Carnarvon in the evening. At another time he had to cross a river where, the water being very high, and the pony small and weak, he was soon carried down the stream, and was only saved by catching hold of some willows by the water side. He used to say his Father would not take him from his work till he saw he had done enough.

And indeed there was much to be done. Many parts of North Wales seemed to be wholly given up to the prince of darkness. Rhuddlan,

in the lovely Vale of Clwyd, was one of these strongholds of evil: a fair was held on Sundays for the sale of scythes and hooks, and other implements for harvest. John Elias resolved to go and attack this evil. He arrived on the ground and took his stand on the steps of the inn: the crowd had their hooks and scythes on their arms and shoulders, drunken fiddlers and harpers kept up a great noise, thousands of persons were present. Elias gave out a verse of the 24th Psalm to be sung. He then read from the Scriptures and offered prayer, wrestling with the Lord for a blessing, while the tears flowed freely down his grave and serious face. Then, taking his Bible, he read out the text, "Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest." As he preached the people became alarmed; they stood there as persons guilty and convicted; they became panic-stricken. Several were truly converted under that extraordinary sermon. One man was so alarmed that he imagined that the arm on which his sickle rested was withered; the sickle dropped, and he feared to take it up lest the other arm should wither. The sermon cost him thus the loss of his sickle, but he retained the use of his arms, and, what was better, found pardon and joy in Jesus.

Opposition was sure to gather against such aggressive assaults upon the devil's kingdom. At Llanidloes a magistrate came up to the wagon from which Elias was preaching, took hold of his arm, and requested him to leave off and go with him. The preacher asked for his authority, and understanding him to be a magistrate promised to obey, but requested the favour to be allowed to conclude the service by praying and singing. By the time the service was over the magistrate was overcome —he apologized, saying that he had been instigated by others to interfere. At Beaumaris Elias was offering prayer in a crowded room at the Bull Hotel when a gun was discharged in the open window. The alarm having subsided, and nobody proving to be hurt, it was found to have been a certain gentleman sportsman's protest against religion.

His wife, who was a true and loving helper in all his work, died in April, 1829. "We had lived together," said he, "upwards of twenty years, enjoying much of God's goodness, kindness, and mercy. I shall never forget her love to God's service." The following year he married Lady Buckeley, widow of Sir John Buckeley, of Presaddfed, and resided with her during the rest of his life at Froa, near Llangefni, Anglesea.

It is time we gave some idea of his manner as a preacher, and furnished a specimen or two of his sermons. This last is less easy in the case of John Elias than with Christmas Evans. The sermons of Christmas were strings of jewels, each complete in itself, and to be appreciated apart from the connection. Those of Elias were sustained flights of thought, argument, or oratory, any quotation from which must necessarily suffer from the lack of the connection. By way of describing him we shall quote almost entire an animated account by a Welsh writer who knew him well, the beauty of which will sufficiently excuse its length.

"We shall pass by his indoor, or chapel preaching, and just take a view of his addressing an open-air congregation at an association in one of the Welsh towns; and first let us glance at the whole concern and proceedings. A large tent-stage is erected at one end of an extensive

field in the vicinity, and many thousands of attentive and devoted hearers stand in front of it. On the covered platform is a lively preacher addressing the vast audience: he seems to be a gifted man, and elicits considerable marks of approbation. Professors appear to be edified by his discourse, still business is alive in the town; the streets are paraded by thoughtless crowds, the inns and public-houses are filled with dissipated parties, and the shops with customers from the country. The main body of the assembly is flanked with some scores of vehicles, thronged with people, and on the adjacent fences and eminences saunterers are to be seen listlessly estimating the extent of ground covered by the multitude. But as the fluent precursor of John Elias concludes his address there is a perceptible change in the scene. A general stir ensues, the town pours forth some additional multitudes, the occupants of the vehicles begin to gaze towards a certain spot, the loungers approach the main body, and now the irregular groups are consolidated into one common mass. The looked-for individual makes his appearance at the stage-desk. In stature he was somewhat tall, slender, and of a dark complexion; having high cheek-bones, discoloured teeth, considerably exposed when his mouth was opened, his eyes animated and expressive, his posture erect, bold, and commanding. He had naturally a serene and placid countenance, indicating true Christian meekness and humility, and illuminated with a faint smile when he appeared on the stage. Then, contracting his lips, he would exhibit a solemn and serious aspect as he surveyed the immense multitude; and as he pointed out the text and read it in his sweet, clear, penetrating voice, the anxiety of the assembly was relieved. There was a deep silence through the whole audience, even to the outskirts of the grand assembly. All were on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of the favourite preacher. Most resigned themselves to the influence of his extraordinary eloquence. By this time he finds himself in his usual good frame, and proceeds in a masterly style, under the divine blessing, emitting such brilliant flashes of holy eloquence as to charm his numerous hearers with his sweet and superior oratory. Whatever subject he handled he could never be anticipated. None could guess the course he would pursue, but as soon as he had marked it out it was impossible, in the opinion of all, to think of a better plan. It appeared so natural, striking, and consistent, that all wondered that they did not think of it before. Those familiar points of doctrinal and practical religion which the ears of the audience were perpetually accustomed to, and which in common hands possessed no peculiar interest, he laid hold of and began to dress with such novelty, and magnify to such a degree of vital importance, as to make the hearers almost fancy themselves for the *first* time listening to a minister of Christ's gospel. He took at other times an abstruse point of doctrine or duty, and held it as it were between his fingers, divesting it of all its difficulties and supposed incongruities, and exhibiting it in its bare and simple essence and reality, rendering it so definite and intelligible to the dullest understanding, that all were astonished why they ever entertained any doubts respecting it. His manner was truly oratorical; his eyes, mouth, arms, hands, fingers, and even his head and body, all spoke at once, heightening the effect with indescribable form and beauty, charming the audience to the most

devoted attention and admiration. If he had a sorrowful theme to dwell upon, as the infatuation of sinners perishing in their evil courses and rejecting salvation, he would weep and sigh and modulate his voice to the subdued tones of lamentation and pity, wiping off his tears with a handkerchief, till the audience felt themselves buried at once in the greatest distress. When at another time he felt a sanctified jealousy for the honour of his divine Master, seeing, like Moses formerly, the people rashly embracing an idol, and disregarding the worship and injunctions of the one Jehovah, and adhering to their corrupt and evil ways, he warned them with noble vehemence: he assumed a threatening attitude, wore on his countenance such an awful frown, and stretched forward his arms with such manly courage as to make the scoffer grave and crestfallen, and the thoughtless votaries of levity to hang down their heads in dismay, and for once at least to reflect on their headlong course of depravity. When he again began to expatiate on the infinite love and unbounded mercy of a Saviour, and his all-sufficiency to meet the most desperate case, he assumed a gladsome and triumphant aspect, and smiled with such full confidence, and lifted his hands to heaven with such indescribable joy, and with such force and beauty of diction and delivery, that the reiterated ejaculations, amens, and hallelujahs which rang through the audience made one almost think that he was really in the abode of the blessed, beholding the ineffable glory of the Saviour, and listening to the praises of the glorified saints."

This description is warmly coloured, yet it is amply attested by many different writers who knew and heard Elias. Nor need we be surprised at such remarkable tokens of spiritual force when we bear in mind that the great natural and acquired powers of Elias were all bathed in a fiery sea of prayer. "I always used to imagine," said his wife, "that the eye of his mind in prayer saw God on the mercy-seat, and that he was in a manner conversing with him, which undoubtedly he did by faith." He said to her one morning, alluding to a neighbour's sick wife, "I have somehow missed Elizabeth in my prayers to-day, I fear she is not alive." The husband of the woman, just as he finished the expression, was at the door to inform them of her departure. All his preparation for preaching was steeped in prayer, and thus he laid hold on God and gained power with men.

There must have been much sublimity in the sermon, of one passage in which the following is an outline, written down by the hearer from recollection thirty years afterwards. The text was Isaiah xlix. 24: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?"

"Satan," exclaimed he in a very peculiar manner, "what do you say, 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?'" "No, *never, never;* I will increase the darkness of their minds, the hardness of their hearts, the lusts of their souls, the strength of their chains; and my holds shall be made stronger. The captives shall *never* be delivered. I utterly despise the puny efforts of ministers."

"Gabriel, messenger of the Most High God," exclaimed the preacher in a different tone, looking upwards, "'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' what dost thou say?" "Ah! I apprehend not: I have been

hovering these two days over this vast assembly hearing the word of God, expecting to see some chains broken, some prisoners liberated; but now the opportunity is near over, and the multitudes are on the point of separating. Ah! there is no sign of one being converted, and I shall not have to convey the glad tidings of one sinner repenting of his sins to the heavenly world."

Then turning to the preachers he asked, "What think you, ministers of the living God, 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?'" "'Alas, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?' 'We have laboured in vain, and spent our strength for nought.' The Lord seemeth to hide his face from us, his arm is not stretched out. Oh! we fear there is but little hope of the captives being liberated."

"Zion, 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' What do you say?" "'Ah, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me,' I am left alone, and am childless; so that my enemies say, 'This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.' Oh, I am afraid none shall be delivered."

"Praying Christians, what do you think, 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' 'Lord God, *thou* knowest: high is thy hand, and strong is thy right hand.' O that thou wouldst put forth thy strength and overcome! Let the sighing of the prisoners come before thee: according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die. Though I am nearly weary in crying, yet I have a slender hope that the year of jubilee is at hand."

Then looking up seriously, as if about to speak to the Almighty, he asked, "And what is the mind of the Lord respecting these captives?" "Thus saith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered." "O delightful! there is now *no* doubt or hesitation respecting the liberty of the captives: it is *positively* declared they shall be delivered, they shall be saved. Yea, 'the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.'"

The following passage against drunkenness is striking, and its close unexpected and beautiful:—

"Drunkards are the most forsaken people in the world; no religious denomination will have them. The Church of England teaches her members to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all sinful lusts of the flesh. The Baptists would have their people avoid that and every vice according to their engagement in Baptism, signifying cleansing: the Independents inculcate good works as the fruits of faith, opposing all evil works; the Wesleyans are as strong as any against all vice, exhorting their people to abstain from the appearance of evil. None of these, then, will have the drunkards. I am sure the Methodists can give them no reception. We are sworn enemies to drunkenness. What shall we do then with these poor rejected creatures? Shall they enter some vessel that sets sail from Holyhead for some foreign land and there be left, to return no more? But I think there is one at my elbow earnestly requesting he may have them; he is old Satan! I am not willing, O thou soul destroyer, that thou shouldst have them, though rejected by all. Ah! methinks there is One on Calvary,"

the preacher exclaimed, in a most melting manner, "that is willing to receive them with open arms; he loudly calls on them with dying love to look unto him and be saved, assuring them that his blood will cleanse them from all filthiness."

The effect of this preaching was greatly heightened by the burning zeal with which it was delivered. As one said of him, "He does not in the least spare himself; his anxiety for the salvation of sinners is apparent every time he enters the pulpit. The language of his soul to his body on that all-important subject, one would think, would run somewhat in this manner: 'You must become a sacrifice now for one hour, and you must endure all my fire, animation, and exertion, however powerful.'"

His warmth often made him singularly oblivious of what was passing. He stood on one occasion in the open window of a chapel which was crowded "inside and out," preaching to the double throng, when a swarm of bees began to settle on his forehead. Unconscious of anything the matter, he went on till they began to fly away one by one without harming him; and as the last left him, he was uttering the sentence, "The mercy of God is such that his people shall always be delivered in the hour of danger."

His popularity did not destroy his kindly generosity towards young ministers; nay, he even went farther than some would accompany him in excusing an act of piracy committed against himself. He preached on one occasion to a vast throng, standing as he often did in the open window, that the multitude without might hear, while near the door a young minister named David Roberts stood transfixed in the throng, listening to every word. The following day young Roberts had to conduct service at Llangefni, and he preached Elias' sermon word for word. A week afterwards Elias himself came into the neighbourhood and preached the same sermon. The village was immediately all alive with gossip. John Elias had preached little David Roberts' sermon. Elias met him, "Well, David," said he, "how is this? which of us has been guilty of preaching the other's sermon?" "Mr. Elias, I will tell you all the truth. I stood listening to your sermon the other day. I remembered every word: my own thoughts died and were buried under it, and so I preached it." "God bless you, my lad," said Elias, "go and preach it again."

He was wise, and always bold in cases of discipline, and yet often contrived to avoid giving offence. At a quarterly meeting in Flintshire the case was brought up of a brother of substantial means who always insisted on having his say in church affairs, and caused much mischief. The brother was present, and was remonstrated with. "But," said he, "if my tongue is to be tied, it is all over with me." "And unless your tongue is tied," said Elias, "it is all over with the church. If we can contrive to stop your tongue, all will be well." The tongue was arrested, and the church progressed.

He preached on with unabated vigour till the last year of his life. "His dying illness confined him for three months to his chamber, and was painful as well as lingering. He saw that the evening shadows were stretching themselves out, he felt that his course was nearly run; and, though he had much to bind him to life, he waited in humble,

patient hope till he should hear the voice that would call him home. It may be said of him in the exquisite lines of Dr. Watts—

> "He stood, but with his starry pinions on,
> Dressed for the flight, and ready to be gone."

As he lay on his death bed he said, "I am as happy as it is possible for a redeemed man to be, though in pain; in pain. There is not a cloud between me and the face of my God. The blessings and mercies I used to enjoy in my ministry are still flowing freely into my soul. They are more powerful, more lively in their effects on my soul than ever I felt them when I preached them to others." Thus he passed away on the 8th of June, 1841, to his Saviour and his reward. His body was carried at the head of a funeral procession a mile and a half long to the grave at Llanfaes, near Beaumaris.

The Lord God of Elijah is still present in Israel, but the sons of the prophets need a double portion of the Spirit. Let the churches lift up their cry, "Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens: that thou wouldst come down." So shall greater deeds be wrought, and ministries given to the church as powerful and as fruitful as was that of John Elias.

Death, a Sifting Time.

WHEN Mr. Carstairs earnestly exhorted his hearers, in the application of his first sermon upon the death of Mr. Durham, to mind the work that God put in their hands before they come to die, he said: "I must tell you a word or two about that faithful servant of God, Mr. Durham, whose face you have often seen in this place, to the great refreshment of many of your hearts, and now shall see him no more. When he was drawing towards a close in a great conflict and agony, he found some difficulty in his departure, yet he sensibly and, through the strength of God's grace, triumphantly overcame, and was more than a conqueror, by the help of the glorious Captain of his salvation. He cried out in a rapture of holy joy, some little time before he committed his soul to God, 'Is not the Lord good? Is he not infinitely good? See how he smiles.' I do say it, and I proclaim it. I pray you seek to be well grounded and filled with the substantials of religion, for at death a number of our flashes and shows will be gone, and in the great heap of duties a little handful of grain will be found. And since by death, O Christians, ye will be taken away, see that ye be very tender in your walk, for miscarriages will have a dreadful aspect, when you come to die, if God withdraw and hide his face; though ye should die persuaded as to the main matter, that it will be well with you."

A few Advertisements from the "Church Times."

IF it be true that the advertisement columns of a newspaper often form its most instructive and suggestive part, such is, we think, especially the case with the organs of the High Church party. If anyone wishes, by some ready and yet efficient means, to get an idea of this most active and irrepressible body, he cannot do better than take up one of these papers, and spend half-an-hour in glancing over its advertisements. He will thus be taken, as it were, behind the scenes, and will find, we think, something to astonish, something to amuse, and a great deal to sadden him. He will there discover the prices of those gorgeous vestments in which the "priest" loves to deck himself; and will probably find a great deal of their sacred symbolism disappear when he sees them advertised like any other article of merchandize; as, for instance:—"Coloured Stoles, set of four, 21s."; or, "Chasuble, Stole, Maniple, Burse, and Veil, 45s." Side by side with these are advertisements of educational establishments, where you are assured the teaching is conducted "on Catholic principles," or those of lithographed sermons for the accommodation of clergymen of a certain class of intellect. But probably the most striking of all, to the thoughtful reader, are those advertisements of manuals of devotion, and of religious societies, or "guilds," as the ritualists, in their preference for mediæval terms, love to call them, which have for their object the deliberate subversion of the doctrines of that church from which these men are not ashamed to continue to draw their stipends.

Let us quote, by way of illustration of the foregoing remarks, a few advertisements from a recent number of the *Church Times*. Here is one of portraits of bishops:—

BISHOP GRAY.
(Late Metropolitan of South Africa.)
Robed in colours, sitting in Capetown Sanctuary Throne, with crosier staff by his side, and arms of see, &c.

BISHOP DOUGLAS.
(Late of Bombay.)
Full length, in robes coloured, in Oxford scarlet chimere, violet cassock and rochet, and with stole and mitre by his side.

LAUD AND ANDREWES.
Beautifully painted by hand, in colour, from Old Masters. Size, Large Cabinet. Showing robes, rochet, sable fur amess, old cap, scarlet D.D. habit, &c., 7s. 6d.; larger size, 12s. 6d. Small profit on each devoted to a village church.

One cannot fail to observe the impressiveness with which every item of vestment or ecclesiastical toy is here detailed. What an opportunity for a thorough-going Ritualist. The weakness of such a one for these pretty things is admirably taken advantage of to secure custom. For the advertiser to offer for sale the unadorned portraits of these pillars of the church might not be a sufficient inducement to those whose custom he seeks; as well might he offer a child an undressed doll. Clothe the doll with prettily-coloured clothes and gay ribbons, and the little one is delighted; surround the bishop's picture with a mass of

ecclesiastical trappings, and your "Anglo-Catholic" is "fetched" at once. Thus we have the tempting mention of "Bishop Gray, robed in colours, sitting in Capetown Sanctuary Throne, with crozier staff," &c., &c.; and of Bishop Douglas with that enchanting *entourage* of man-millinery. Surely "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." For Bishop Douglas we can confidently predict a successful run, if so worldly an expression may be used in such a connection. Archbishop Laud, too, the "Anglo-Catholic" of the seventeenth century, for whom his successors of to-day should have a tender regard, (but who will be best remembered by the rest of the world from his connection with the Star Chamber, and his harmless fancy for slitting the noses and cropping the ears of the Puritans), this worthy prelate should command a good sale in his scarlet habit and "old cap," the latter, we presume, being an article peculiar to his own times; while the former is rather suggestive of the Primate's Romish leanings.

Lower down on the same page is the following noteworthy advertisement:—

SERMONS (Lithographed) upon the SUNDAY GOSPELS, EPISTLES, and OLD TESTAMENT LESSONS. (New Lectionary.) By a BENEFICED PARISH PRIEST. Sound, original, practical. Specimen, with particulars, on application.

N.B.—More than 300 of the clergy have given voluntary testimony to the great superiority of this publication over others of the kind, and the great boon it is to them in their large over-crowded parishes.—Address Rev. M.A (Cantab.), Post Office.

The obliging gentleman who writes these sermons must be cheered in his good work by the assurance of the "more than 300 of the clergy" that his sermons have been found so useful. We can, indeed, well understand the gratitude of these honest witnesses to their worth; who, being probably among those to whom Cowper in his indignant lines refers to as possessing

"Skulls that cannot teach and will not learn,"

find a weekly sermon, in counterfeit handwriting, a great "boon," indeed, "in their large over-crowded parishes."

Among a motley collection of advertisements of Berlin wool, pale dry sherry, musical boxes, and Cockle's pills, occurs the following:—

ALTAR BREADS.

25 PRIEST'S, or 100 People's, in lead lined boxes, for 6d. 500 People's for 2s. Sent free by post on receipt of stamps.

Can anyone explain to us this distinction of "priest's" bread and "people's"? To us it is a little puzzling. Is the "priest" supposed to require for his spiritual sustenance a "bread" four times as large as that of the "people"? Or is it that the difference is not one of quantity, but of quality; that the "people's" bread lacks some particular virtue necessary to the "priest's", or has it to only a quarter the extent? What a deal there is to learn in this Anglo-Catholic religion! The ordinary mind is hardly equal to all its details. Even, however, in the very matter of the bread taken at the Lord's Supper, we see the old caste difference of "priest" and "people" insisted on.

On another page we come across this advertisement:—

CRUCIFIXES.—Plastique, 1s. each and upwards. Brass 1d. each and upwards. Brass and Ebony, 2d. each and upwards. Bronze, 9d. each and upwards. Silver, 6d. each and upwards. Silver and Ebony, 1s. each and upwards. Silver and Mother of Pearl.

MEDALS.—A large variety, 1d. each and upwards.

Pictures, Rosaries, Statues, Wicks and Floats, Stations of the Cross, 9d., 1s., and upwards. Agent for the Dusseldorf Collection of Pictures. Catalogue, price 3d.

Vases, Candlesticks, Lamps, Incense, Thuribles, etc.
Catalogue on receipt of a penny stamp.

Here is an opportunity! Surely after this nobody has any excuse for being without his own private crucifix, when he can get one for a penny! The variety, too, should be sufficient to satisfy anybody. That man must, indeed, be hard to please who cannot suit himself from such an assortment as is here so temptingly displayed. But the perusal of this list of Romish trumperies is more calculated to call up sadder thoughts. Also that such a trade should be carried on to supply members of a professedly Protestant church, whose Bible teaches that God should be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Paul's old enemy, Demetrius, the Ephesian shrine-maker, appears to have too many representatives nowadays among those who are members, outwardly at least, of that Christian church which the great apostle spent his life in building up, and instructing in the true spiritual worship of God.

But if the examples already quoted have, with their graver aspects, their more or less amusing side, there is a class of advertisement already briefly alluded to which can only awaken feelings of sadness and indignation. Such are the following:—

THE GUILD OF ALL SOULS.
Founded March, A.D. 1873.
(In union with the Church Guilds' Union.)
President...Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH, M.A. Warden...Mr. E. F. CROOM.

OBJECTS.

I. Intercessory prayer—1. For the Dying; 2. For the Repose of the Souls of Deceased Members, and all the Faithful Departed.
II. To provide Furniture for Burials, according to the use of the Catholic Church, so as to set forth the two great doctrines of the "Communion of Saints" and the "Resurrection of the Body."

The Guild consists of members of the English Church and of Churches in open Communion with her.

The obligations of membership are—1. The recitation on a fixed day once a week of three short Collects for the Dying and the Faithful Departed; and on the last Saturday of each month of the Litany of the Faithful Departed. 2. The payment of a subscription of not less than 2s. 6d. per annum (clergy exempt).

All further particulars, or the Manual (price 6d.), which contains the Rules, Prayers, Litanies, and other Devotions of the Guild, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

Just published, price 1s., by post 1s. 1d.,
THE WAITING CHURCH.
OFFICES AND OTHER DEVOTIONS FOR THE DEAD AND DYING,
With a Brief Catena of Authorities on the Intermediate State and Prayers for the Dead.
Compiled by WALTER PLIMPTON, Hon. Sec. to the Guild of All Souls.

Also an advertisement of a new edition, twenty-second thousand, of the "English Catholic's Vade-mecum, being a short Manual of General Devotion," giving a list of the contents of the book, from which, as the whole would take up too much space, we extract the following as eminently deserving of attention :—

"The Angelus. Devotions for Confession. Litanies: of the Holy Name, of the Holy Ghost, of the Saints and Angels, of Penitence, of the Holy Sacrament, of the Passion, for the Faithful Departed. Rosary of the Name of Jesus. Prayers to the Five Wounds, Prayers of St. Gregory on the Passion. St. Gertrude's Oblation. Prayers for the Departed."

After this, what further evidence is necessary of the completeness of the Romanization of the English Church, which the promoters of these things seek, and of their settled determination to subvert those very doctrines which they have solemnly promised to enforce and teach? One cannot read over this list without a feeling of indignation at such a dishonesty, and of disgust at the beggarly superstitions which are sought, after three centuries of freedom from their yoke, to be resuscitated among us. Who can think with patience of the "Devotions for Confession," of the "Litanies of the Saints and Angels," and "for the Faithful Departed," or of the gross carnalism of the "Prayers to the Five Wounds"? So plainly opposed are such teachings to the Scriptures, that it is difficult to understand how those who uphold them can still use the Bible in their services, and profess to be guided by it. To such as are inclined to be led away by them we would say, in Paul's words, "After that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain" (Gal. iv. 9—11). Let them also read the same writer's words to the Colossians: "Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind, and not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God. Wherefore if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances, (Touch not; taste not; handle not; which all are to perish with the using;) after the commandments and doctrines of men? Which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body; not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh. If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above" (Col. ii. 18—23, and iii. 1). Surely it was also in view of such false doctrine that the apostle wrote to Timothy, "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables" (2 Tim. iv. 3, 4). And to those earnest Christians who would seek to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints," we cannot do better, in closing, than repeat the same apostle's injunction to Timothy: "But watch thou in all things." E. F.

Silchester.

WE suppose there are few intelligent persons who have visited the site of the extinct city of Silchester who have not also arrived at the conclusion that the remains are as remarkable as anything to be found within the sea-girt area of the British Isles. With the utmost propriety, and without any approach to exaggeration, Silchester might be called the Pompeii of Hampshire; and we could have expected that a curiosity-loving English public would have manifested a more considerable interest in the excavations than has hitherto been shown. Men rush to Italy to see foreign remains, but their own buried cities are left beneath the sod, or where uncovered are visited by very few. In a complete rural solitude, on the Duke of Wellington's estate of Strathfieldsaye, the tourist bent on searching out the picturesque spots of Old England, or the wonder-loving archæologist, whose waking dreams recall the distant past, comes upon this unique relic of ancient Britain and of Imperial Rome. A number of fields, representing a space equal to the once walled enclosure of the ancient city of London, are still surrounded with a massive flint wall reared under the direction of Cæsar's legions, if not at an earlier date. The Flint City was probably adopted by the Romans, who took it from the original inhabitants. The wild growths of nature, such as trees and creeping evergreens, appear to have entered into an alliance to preserve substantial memories of the ancient defences, though the city itself has been utterly consumed by fire, and destroyed by the hands of spoilers, till none of it remains save that which has been disinterred.

When Charles Knight visited it the city was evidently completely hidden, but since his day a considerable extent of it has been laid bare He says: "If we have walked dreamingly along the narrow lanes whose hedge-rows shut out any distant prospect, we may be under the eastern walls of Silchester before we are aware that any remarkable object is in our neighbourhood. We see at length a church, and we ascend a pretty steep bank to reach the churchyard. The churchyard wall is something very different from ordinary walls,—a thick mass of mortar and stone, through which a way seems to have been forced to give room for the little gates that admit us to the region of grassy graves. A quiet spot is this churchyard; and we wonder where the tenants of the sod have come from. There is one sole farm-house near the church; an ancient farm-house with gabled roofs that tell of old days of comfort and hospitality. The church, too, is a building of interest, because of some antiquity; and there are in the churchyard two very ancient Christian tombstones of chivalrous times, when the sword, strange contradiction, was an emblem of the cross. But these are modern things compared with the remains of which we are in search. We pass through the churchyard into an open space, where the farmer's ricks tell of the abundance of recent cultivation.

"We look around, and we ask the busy thatchers of the ricks where are the old walls; for we can see nothing but extensive corn-fields, bounded by a somewhat higher bank than ordinary—that bank luxuriant with oak, and ash, and springing underwood. The farm labourers

know what we are in search of, and they ask us if we want to buy any coins—for whenever the heavy rains fall they find coins—and they have coins, as they have been told, of Romulus and Remus, and this was a great place a long while ago. It is a tribute to the greatness of the place that to whomsoever we spoke of these walls, and the area within the walls, they called it *the city*. Here was a city, of one church and one farm-house. The people who went to that church lived a mile or two off in their scattered hamlets. Silence reigned in that city. The ploughs and spades of successive generations had gone over its ruins; but its memory still lives in tradition; it was an object to be venerated. There was something mysterious about this area of a hundred acres that rendered it very different to the ploughman's eye from a common hundred acres. Put the plough as deep as he would, manure the land with every care of the unfertile spots, the crop was not like other crops. He knew not that old Leland, three hundred years ago, had written, 'There is one strange thing seen there, that in certain parts of the ground within the walls the corn is marvellous fair to the eye, and, ready to show perfecture, it decayeth.' He knew not that a hundred years afterwards another antiquary had written, 'The inhabitants of the place told me it had been a constant observation amongst them, that though the soil here is fat and fertile, yet in a sort of baulks that cross one another the corn never grows so thick as in other parts of the field' (Camden).

"He knew from his own experience, and that was enough, that when the crop came up there were lines and cross lines from one side of the whole area within the walls to the other side, which seemed to tell that where the lines ran the corn would not freely grow. The lines were mapped out about the year 1745. The map is in the King's Library in the British Museum. There can be no doubt that the country-people of Camden's time were right with regard to these 'baulks that cross one another.' He says, 'Along these they believe the streets of the old city to have run.'"

Lord Jeffery, who knew something about the wonders of the world, averred that Silchester was about the most striking object he had ever seen. Modern visitors will not be tempted to question the verdict of the celebrated reviewer, but will, on the contrary, find much to see which was hidden from the view of earlier visitors. We will give some account of what we ourselves saw during a visit on the third of last September, and then some particulars of the ancient city may appropriately follow.

Leaving Waterloo station shortly before eleven, a pleasant run of about an hour and a half brings us to Basingstoke, a place sufficiently memorable in the annals of Cromwell and his ironsides on account of their heroic storming of Basing House in 1645, the ruins of which fortunately remain to add attraction to the suburbs of the town. From Basingstoke we travel by carriage, the drive occupying about an hour and thus we arrive, early in the afternoon, at Silchester, still called by native peasants "the city." "Is this Silchester?" the tourist is tempted to exclaim, perhaps somewhat incredulously, as the horses come to a standstill in the midst of fertile fields, from which the harvest has only just been garnered. An answer in the affirmative

from our coachman encourages us to alight and commence our ramble. At a short distance a sort of wooden warehouse proclaims itself to be a museum, and there are sundry other wooden erections closely resembling potato-houses, which have been provided to protect from the weather Roman baths and other remains of special interest. Presently an honest, elderly peasant appears upon the scene, and he volunteers to pilot us over the ground, as well as to explain whatever we may desire to know, an office for which he has been qualified by a residence of fifty years on the spot. He takes care to inform us that we have interrupted him in the middle of dinner, but as that is his usual fortune he admits us to the little apartments of the museum with great good-will, like a showman who prefers seeing friends at inconvenient seasons to not seeing them at all.

The museum, with its three or four cupboard-like apartments, does not show its treasures to the best advantage; nor are all the curiosities of Silchester stored in it, for a selection of the choicest relics of the city has been removed to the Duke of Wellington's seat at Strathfieldsaye. Still the contents of the rude little house are objects of absorbing interest, for rusty metal tools, broken columns, and household utensils, together constitute a reflector into which we have only to look with meditative eye to see some seventeen centuries into the far-off past. A careful inspection of the shattered evidences of ancient magnificence will prove that the people who once paced the streets and crowded the amphitheatre of the present broad solitude of Silchester were persons of like passions with ourselves. They traded for gain, made pets of animals, embellished their houses, adorned their public buildings, prepared their food with care, and so on: their grand deficiency was the light of Christ's eternal truth with which we are blessed. Founded in heathenism, the gods of Silchester could put no restraint on man's evil passions; their worship rather stimulated the cruel craving for sanguinary sports which stained with blood the arena of their amphitheatre, and here were the evidences that it was even so. The dense black woods encompassing their proud settlement were sadly typical of the sunless horizon bounding the people's spiritual vision.

But we will now begin our inspection of the museum. There are the awls of a saddler, who doubtless once worked on his bench in a shop near the forum and repaired the harness of Roman war-horses; and there, also, are the tools of a stone-cutter, whose work may be imitated but not excelled by modern masons. Nor is the iron ring of a mastiff which we will suppose to have been the companion of a Roman, an object bare of interest, it was the very type of the Briton under Roman sway. There is pottery characteristic of Imperial Rome; there are polished stones, water vessels, door handles, showing that the people had a taste for what was curious in design, and strong box fastenings, still perfect enough to tell that there were people rich enough to be afraid of thieves. There were also ingenious contrivances to contribute to the convenience of the huntsman or the traveller. Note, for instance, those "curious lips of a vessel intended to be put into the mouth, so that the owner, by closing his own lips over the bulb, could take a 'swig' out of his bottle." The owner of such an article evidently knew the flavour of fermented wine. The minor articles include padlocks, and

other locks; capitals in carved stone; bones, human and otherwise; a hone for sharpening knives bearing traces of use, and crucibles once used by jewellers for melting precious metals, all taken from a shop within the forum, which was probably one of the principal marts of its kind in the city. Of more striking interest, and an object likely to awaken pensive reflections in regard to the vanity of man as mortal, is that sepulchral urn, which retains in its safe custody the ashes of a Roman. We likewise get some idea respecting the diet of the luxurious ancients who flourished here; for here are vessels, with rough surfaces set with small pieces of flint, and stones to correspond, thus showing the manner in which the cooks reduced meat to a powder. Other tools and products bring us wondrously near to the workmen and shopkeepers who followed their callings before English history had well begun. There are fragments of tesselated floors, plaster from inner walls with the colours still adhering, spurs of game-cocks from the poulterer's shop, or from the gamester's cock-pit, and the shells of oysters and whelks, which significantly indicate the tastes of the people as regards bivalves and shell-fish generally, for the city is remote from the sea. We are also tempted to linger before a plasterer's hand-block of white Italian marble, the tool of a finisher who found employment in giving the final touches to the decorated walls of upper-class houses. For this purpose the artizan coloured the stucco with pink, orange, and turquoise blue, as may be learned from particles of those substances still hanging around the edge of the marble.

Such are the contents of the cottage museum on the ground; but the archæologist, who has thus far had his curiosity excited, will not rest satisfied until he has also seen the additional relics treasured by the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye. There are found various articles, used in the occupations of daily life, the toys of childhood, and the treasures of men. Here, too, are gold and silver coins, ranging in date from the generation immediately preceding the advent of Christ to the last decade of the fourth century. The entrance-hall of the mansion is partially floored with the tesselated pavement taken from the villa of a citizen of rank.

Leaving the cottage, we walk out into the area of the city—an area which promises to increase in attractiveness as the work of excavation slowly progresses. The remains of some fine Roman baths, uncovered more than forty years ago, will repay the most careful inspection by revealing something of the manners and customs of the foreign residents when Silchester was at the zenith of its prosperity. We trace the outline of one apartment after another; we see the furnaces used for heating air or water for Turkish or Russian baths; and meanwhile think of the British slaves who ministered to the luxury of the voluptuous foreigners. We may with certainty conclude that we are standing on the site of the great public baths indispensable to a Roman city of importance; and there are smaller specimens, which would appear to have belonged to private houses of the higher order, or to have been a continuation of the public establishment. These are all located between the northern and western gate, and one of the baths has been battered to pieces by harvest men and gleaners. We felt grieved at heart that no one cared for these remarkable remains. Could

not the Duke of Wellington do something more to preserve this grand British Museum?

Turning towards the interior of the city, a walk of a few hundred yards will bring us to the forum and basilica, where the uncovered foundations enable us very readily to distinguish the plan of the streets in this the chief quarter of the town. We can even trace the form of the basilica, where judges in the name of Cæsar arraigned public offenders and awarded them their doom. Other beside judicial business was transacted here. It was the public place where proclamations could be made, and where popular orators could address the multitude who were willing to hear. In classic days, when books were scarce and telegraphs unthought of, the loungers and quidnuncs of the Silchester forum may have there found, in news and rumours, something like a substitute for a morning paper. While standing here, the mind can see far more than the eye: for pieces of massive pillars, lying here and there, in picturesque confusion, aid one to form an estimate of that regal magnificence which, long centuries ago, characterized the porticoes of the great Roman parallelogram of the City in the Wood.

In the vicinity of the Forum stood rows of the principal shops, the foundations of which enable the explorer to trace the thoroughfares. In these many relics, as well as articles denoting the trade of the occupants, have been discovered. Battered coins, a child's toy, metal implements which have survived the wreck of war, or the heat of a general conflagration, a card ticket for the theatre, a domestic idol, weights and scales, all have something to suggest respecting the daily work, pleasures, and worship of the denizens of Silchester in the days when Britons paid a willing homage to Imperial Rome, feeling secure beneath the wing of her protection. At every step, had we time to investigate, there is something to invite attention. The most unlikely corners have their curiosities. One spot is called Silver Hill, on account of the large number of silver coins here discovered. A guide-book informs us that "a relic of Imperial Rome may be seen at the farm-house door, where part of the shaft of a column does duty as a horse-block." From want of care, and the absence of protection from our destructive climate, many choice relics will soon be destroyed. Capitals of columns are perishing rapidly through rain and frost. Something should be done for this marvellous ruin, and as we fear no one will respond to our appeal, we would suggest to our readers a speedy visit before the whole thing is finally destroyed.

In regard to the pastimes of the people we have traces in the great amphitheatre without the walls, only second in breadth of area to the more perfect specimen at Dorchester. It was long dammed up and made into a pond, and when drained it was used for a cattle yard. Now it is an oval of grass surrounded by a green mound covered with trees and a tangled undergrowth of briars and brake. On asking a lad for the amphitheatre, he replied by asking if we wanted "the den," thus making it appear that memories of barbarous sportsmen and beasts engaged in mortal combat still lingered among the peasantry. Instinctively cruel without knowing it, the citizens once thronged those grass-grown tiers, more excited by the sight of blood than by the display of bravery; and the shouts of the sight-seers, urging gladiators on to

death, or hounding lions on to seize their prey, must often have reached the quieter precincts of the forum. Such customs have their origin in paganism; for whether ruled by Imperial Rome, or by the chiefs of cannibal African tribes, the dark places of the earth were then, as they still remain, full of the habitations of cruelty. Thus we trace a connection between the amphitheatre and the circular foundations of a temple, a short distance from the basilica and market-place, and the altar to Hercules, of which we saw some remains. More than a little of a nation's religion is reflected in its recreations: a city dedicated to Hercules naturally glories in brute force.

We will now say a word or two respecting the city as it was, or as it is supposed to have been. It was originally, no doubt, a British town into which the Romans after their invasion of the country introduced southern manners and luxuries. The foundations of the great city were doubtless laid in the dim ages of antiquity, stretching far beyond the ken of the most inquisitive historian. Before the Italian set foot on the soil it may have been governed by successive native chiefs; and mysterious Druids, with their golden blades, may have cut mistletoe boughs in the wooded suburbs ages before the temple of Vesta found a site in the crowded area. When the city was founded and when and by whom it was destroyed must remain among the secrets of history; we only know that, according to Camden, "here the emperor Constantius sowed three grains of corn, that no person inhabiting the place might ever be poor," and that the Saxons were the destroyers of the city, in all probability, because it furnished too ready a harbour for the Britons. It stood conveniently on roads which united it with London, Old Sarum, and Bath, and it owed its prosperity to the traffic which passed through it; when that ceased the city must have decayed, if it had not been previously overthrown. "The form of its walls is not Roman; and it is much too large for a military station," says Charles Knight. "It was a great agricultural capital, approached by roads in all directions; but it had no important natural advantages,—no river for commerce, and no hills for defence. It was in a rich plain; and was, most probably, a store for agricultural produce. Governed no doubt it was by its own municipality, under more or less stringent centralization. When the imperial supervision, which was the keystone of the arch of British local government, was withdrawn, Silchester was more exposed to assaults of hostile forces than the towns which the Romans had planted round hill forts and defences of coasts and estuaries. The history of its actual ruin is buried in the obscurities of the centuries that we designate as those of the Saxon invasion. It was probably sacked and burned; but it would not have remained a ruin for hundreds of years had not the conditions of its prosperity been of a transitory nature."

Such is the present condition of Silchester that it would scarce amount to an exaggeration to say that above the level of the soil not one stone is left upon another within the walls. Once the capital city of a powerful British tribe, and a chief halting place on the great Roman road between Bath and London, nothing is now left but what tells a story of complete ruin. We walked along the fosse of the city and admired the huge walls and the overhanging trees, but where were

the sentinels who once paced those walls? Where the chariots which once poured forth from the four gates? For so spacious a city to become a ploughed field is indeed a solemn thing. We have before us, not the sepulchre of a family, but the mausoleum of a capital. It was no mean city in those elder days, but the ploughshare has passed over it for many a century, and men have almost forgotten that it had ever been. There are sermons here if we have eyes to see what time and decay have written: verily the fashion of this world passeth away. Many on this once busy site had stores of goods; they got gain by market-traffic, they enjoyed ease at home, and sought pleasure abroad; they did as multitudes are doing still when they looked with pride on their possessions and accounted themselves rich. They are all gone now, and their works with them. Temple, and tower, and villa, and basilica have all bowed before the inevitable hour. What and where shall we be in fifteen hundred years? We shall then certainly know that none were really rich on earth who were not rich towards God, and that no man had an enduring portion whose hope was not centred in Christ, and whose mansion was not provided in the City of God.

The Orphan Preacher.

IN visiting among the cottages in a low neighbourhood of C—— we came across one who was evidently an irreligious woman. We invited her to our tent services to hear the glad sound of the gospel invitation, but in a tone nowise gentle she said she had enough of that at home, and she did not want to go anywhere to hear more of it. We were desirous to know who was the preacher at home; she then began to melt down and said, "My boy; he is always preaching at me." "How old is he?" we asked. "Eight years." "Tell us about this boy, how came he to know Jesus?" "Oh, he is at Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, and the first night he came home he told me I was dead in trespasses and sins, and was telling me such a tale he regularly made me sit down and cry." I was just asking her why she cried, when the grandmother came in and said, "He makes her cry, for she does not think of those things, and he says he loves Jesus, and warns her that her sins will find her out." I found that he was faithful to that which had been taught him, as he knelt and said his prayers, taking no notice of anyone, finding hymns in his book, and talking of Jesus to his aunt and grandmother, both of whom—I can truly endorse the boy's words in saying—"are dead in trespasses and sins." I called twice, but failed to see him, so had him sent to me and found him quaint and genuine. I pray that the Lord may bless his testimony, to bring his relatives to Jesus.

I felt, dear Mr. Spurgeon, it would cheer your heart to hear this little testimony concerning one of those under your care.

JAMES KER.

A Visit to the Opium Smoking Rooms and "Long Rooms" of East London.

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS OF LONDON.

WE were invited to take tea at the parsonage, and we arrived betimes, for our reverend friend had arranged to spend the evening with Brother C. and myself visiting the opium smoking resorts and "long rooms" of the East of London. We wended our way to one of the narrow gullies in Limehouse, not five minutes' walk from the parish church. Some navigation was necessary, for where the paving was removed cavities were left, which the recent rain had converted into domestic pools for the children to paddle in, while across our path sallow bits of linen, etc., put up to dry hung like a veil to keep the light of day from the opium smokers' retreat. The locality rejoices in the name of Paradise-place. But we made our way through the puddle below and the drapery above to a house in the remote corner of this inlet. We were somewhat too early for the champions of the pipe, but Mohammed Bedeen, who controls the trade in the vicinity, being able to manufacture the drug to suit the taste of the most scrupulous opium smoker, was unwilling that her visitors should retire without seeing the mysteries of the pipe. She is an opium smoker of some years standing, and according to her means has indulged in its influence to the extent of five shillings a day, or at least she informs us so, and on the present occasion she was about to indulge in her evening smoke. She was married some few years past to a native of Calcutta; but, to use her own words, she gave him notice to quit because he was unable to earn his own living on English soil, and he has left for Calcutta, leaving her to manage the London opium trade. An occasional note from his abode near the Lal Bazaar still informs her he is living. But the opium has so robbed him of his health and strength that, though a young man, he will be unable to return to England again. Our reverend friend was desirous of ascertaining the spiritual state of this voluntary widow, and to our surprise she could talk about religion more than all of us; and if her inward state could be measured by her volubility she had made no small progress,—she deemed herself no mean champion, for she even declared she had done much for God! "But what have you done for God?" urged our friend, for such an assertion coming from a woman with the smoke of the opium pipe puffing from her lips seemed to demand some explanation, so she told us how many miles she had walked on broken glass bottles by order of the priest; barefooted, she implied; but we were afraid to ask her lest she should have replied in the affirmative. Our friend endeavoured to show her, and with some seeming result, that God was not pleased with such imaginary services. Repentance and faith in Christ being, above all, necessary to find favour with him. A half-caste girl, about eighteen years of age, uncared for by her mother, and deserted by her Asiatic father, seemed idling her time beneath this roof. "What is she doing?" Well, we were told; but as we know the statement was made to deceive us we will not record it. She, too, expressed

anxiety for her spiritual state, and then her mistress dropped her opium pipe, and pretended some anxiety for the girl's spiritual good also, and told us what she had done to lead her to heaven: but an opium smoking room frequented by hundreds of Lascars is no place of training for heaven, as she has repeatedly heard. We remember but one portion of God's word that secured her attention; it was this, and we read it aloud and somewhat abruptly—"This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil; for every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." At her request the leaf was turned down on the passage, and has since been referred to.

Adjacent to this was another opium smoking resort. If opium smoking were worthy of "honourable mention," then it would long ago have been given to Madoo, whom we are about to visit. He has sacrificed everything to his narcotic god, health and strength included. But skin and bone curled up on a bundle of rags, smoking his pipe over the fitful flame, he loved to testify to the lingering existence of an opium smoker, and how tenaciously life will cling to a frail dwelling unfitted for its home. It is some time since his spare limbs were called on to bear the trifling weight of his skeleton superstructure. A string hanging from the centre of the door to the lock within, so that visitors might enter without giving Madoo the serious exertion of reaching the door himself, we pulled the string and effected an unceremonious entrance on this reign of darkness and dirt. Dark naturally and spiritually, for few panes of the windows remained, and they might almost as well have been filled up with brown paper, like the rest; for they were so soiled, and the court so dark, as to be of little use. As opium smokers do not sit, but lie down to indulge in the drug, we were not surprised to find the apartment destitute of sitting accommodation except, indeed, a chest of a deceased Lascar, which, with the rags on which the smokers reclined, was all the furniture in the room. On the hob was a small saucepan in which he boiled his opium at night and cooked his curry by day—a complete exposition of Pope—

"Man wants but little here below."

Madoo had not much to boast about in his present wretched state, for he was smoking his pet pipe and gasping on the brink of the grave, but he still loved to boast of what he had been. He had charmed snakes, he had put the deadly cobra round his neck, and made the venomous reptile a plaything. He had trained the lion to be obedient to his wish, so that it would leap over his hand, or the animal would lie down, and our hero would fold his arms and make the lion's body a pillow for his head, and, finally, he would open the animal's jaws and thrust his head into the dangerous gap. The venomous cobra did not sting him, the lion did not kill him, but opium, more fatal than either, was killing him fast. We endeavoured to interest him in the wonderful works of Calvary as the sinner's only hope, but he and an Arab votary of the pipe at his side avowed their intention to trust alone in God and Mohammed, and deliberately rejected the necessity of a Saviour's sacrifice. Fearful rejection! It was his last opportunity.

The spirit could no longer linger in such an illused tenement, and in a short time after the remains of the opium smoker were found on his rags. The pipe had dropped from his hand, and there were two hundred rupees, the profit of his opium trade, stowed away in his *kummerbund*.

We turned our back on Paradise-place, and made for the Chinese elysium in Shadwell. Our attention was especially directed towards one, though there are three in vigorous activity in that locality. That one has outlived all the changes that have influenced the opium smoking trade during the last twenty years. The depression in this market, which extended over some years subsequent to the Indian mutiny, owing to the very limited employment of Lascars in the mercantile service, caused many of those dealers to cease business in London and try their fortunes on native soil, but Ching Chee might put on the walls of his smoking apartment—

CHING CHEE & Co.,

ORIGINAL OPIUM SMOKING COMPANY.

Established A.D. 1856.

He boasts of royal favours, for he says the prince has visited him to witness the curiosities and mysteries of the opium pipe. He has some reason for talking loudly, for the eminent writer Charles Dickens paid him special attention, and several newspaper correspondents have brought him and other celestial smokers of this locality to public notice. At the time of our visit several Chinese from Canton and Macao were present, they were mostly cooks and stewards of ships lying in the docks, but some of them were firemen belonging to the fine screw steamers of the Castle line. Not being skilled in the Chinese language, we were unable to talk with these strangers as we would, but they knew enough of the Malay to answer our chief questions. They had all heard something about Jesus whose name they pronounced with Hebrew euphony, YA SOO, but of his work and character they knew nothing. They seemed to have the idea that he was the *singsang's* deity, that might do very well for Englishmen, but they had deities of their own better adapted to the requirements of the Chinese. The topic was not suitable to the Chinese taste in an opium smoking room, so our audience left us one by one, till Ching Chee, the owner of the pipes, was left alone with us.

This blind court might be called the opium smoker's retreat, for during the last twenty years opium smokers from China and East India have found an asylum here. One man had become so deformed by the vice and by age as to merit special attention; one writer thought he was related to the chimpanzee, for his untimely decrepitude had rendered him a favourable subject for the Darwin fallacy.

There is another smoker's rendezvous we should like to have visited, but the smoking place is difficult of access, and visited only by smokers and deserters, except, indeed, the police when they are in search of deserters or thieves.

We had just emerged from one of the many dark avenues, explored by few, into the celebrated Highway; night had now fairly set in, and those who turn day into night, and love darkness better than light,

made the public thoroughfare busy and riotous with hoarse voices and coarse talk. Shamelessness stalked abroad decked in gay colours and tinselled garb. Mock friendship with a deceitful smile allured the British and foreign sailor into the shades of death, to rob him of what hard earned money he might still have left.

We were now in the vicinity of the "long rooms," and we entered two of them. These are rooms devoted to singing and dancing. In the first we entered, a stage occupied the further end of the room for singers and performers to interest the company, who were at tables ranged the whole length along both sides of the room; here were seated the miserable dupes just escaped from the perils of the deep, passing their time away smoking and drinking with their gay companions at their side. A young man, a sort of factotum, is much in demand in these places of amusement to keep the flagging energies of the audience up, which, in spite of song, glass, pipe, and gaudy companions, seemed in this instance to flag heavily at times. The factotum announced the song, rapped on the table with a small mallet, and joined in the chorus with a stentorian voice, endeavouring to summon up the waning energies of his audience to do the same, sometimes with very questionable success. The time between the chorus was occupied by soliciting orders from the thirsty company and supplying them.

In the second "long room" the stage was occupied by a man who was doing his best to amuse his audience by talking and singing alternately. The factotum, too, was relieved of part of his duty, for here was a young woman dressed as a Spanish gentleman of the thirteenth century—a broad hat with very extensive feathers was on her head, and a short mantle hung on her shoulders. She solicited orders, and in her official capacity came to our reverend friend and asked, "What will you take to drink, sir?"

The next we entered was a music saloon. The area of the place was occupied with dancers, and the dancers, when weary, sank down by the drinking tables, and their places were resumed by others. The din of the brass band, the commingling of English, Italian, and Spanish voices made it a Babel of modern production. The babel rose to a climax when Giuseppe by some mishap trod on his companion's dress, and she sought satisfaction. The dance was suspended, the brass band ceased. The rush, the scramble, and the sudden outburst in the vulgar tongue proved us to be in the very *élite* of this society, and was sufficient to satisfy our curiosity. "Do you often have scenes like this?" we enquired of one of the many waiters. "Yes, sir, the ladies and the gents don't always agree, and then they has some chips, and we turns 'em out." "What time is your work done?" "We never gets done our work afore it's two in the morning." We were desirous of giving him spiritual advice, so we commenced by enquiring, "Are you happy in this employment?" But just then more "chips" called his attention to another part of the room. Once more we entered the Highway, but a Spaniard who had left the riot attracted the attention of Brother C. He had but a short time before told him the way to eternal life, and he cautioned him of the dangerous path he was taking, and, like Bunyan's evangelist, directed him once more to the wicket gate.

There was yet another house we desired to see, but this had

undergone such extensive alterations as to be worthy the name of a theatre. Here we were stopped by the cash-taker at the door. He wanted sixpence each admittance, and we were unwilling to pay even an Indian cowry in the interest of such a place. Our Brother C. stepped boldly forward and held some conference with the proprietor; and when he returned he announced the way to be free for us. What a scene! The place was full. There were about 400 present, with their attention riveted by two comic actors on the spacious stage. It was certainly astonishing how two men could act in concert with such precision as they did. It must have been the result of no ordinary study and practice that produced such efficiency. Well might our friend remark, "If we were to study, plan, and arrange with the care of these men, our places of worship would be filled like theirs, and we should have as much success in our work." It was now close on midnight, and we returned home praising God for the grace that had made us to differ from other men.

About 6000 Asiatics enter Victoria Docks annually, for whom there is nothing in the vicinity to raise them above the evil influences of the locality. The missionary to the Asiatics of London has spent twenty years visiting among them. His friends desire to furnish him with a mission-hall somewhere in this locality. A good portion of the funds to accomplish this object is already raised. Friends of the Mission to Eastern and African heathens in London desiring to help by subscriptions, donations, or Oriental books for the library may do so by forwarding their kind help to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, or Mr. Thomas R. Morrison, accountant, London City Mission, Bridewell, E.C.

Difference of Temperament among Christians.

IT was observed of Mr. Durham, the expositor of the Song of Solomon, that he was so grave and quiet at all times, that he very seldom smiled or laughed at anything. Mr. William Guthrie, minister at Finwick, met with him in a gentleman's house, near Glasgow, sometime before his last sickness, and observing him somewhat dull, endeavoured to force him to smile and laugh, by his facetious and pleasant conversation. Mr. Durham was somewhat disgusted at this innocent freedom of Mr. Guthrie, and displeased with himself that he consented in any measure to be merry. But when Mr. Guthrie, agreeable to the laudable custom of that family, and at their desire, prayed with the greatest seriousness, composure, and devout liveliness; the good man seemed to be of another mind. When they rose from prayer Mr. Durham tenderly embraced Mr. Guthrie, and said to him, "O William, you are a happy man; if I had been as merry as you were before you went to pray, I could not have been serious, or in a frame for prayer, or any other religious exercise for two days." Thus the good man ceased to judge his brother, and saw that from diverse constitutions there are different manifestations, and so long as they are not sinful, they are to be tolerated even when we cannot share in them. It would be wise on the part of many sombre saints if they would learn the like wisdom.

A Family History.

FROM "CALLS TO CHRIST," BY REV. W. R. NICOLL.

"Send Lazarus . . . . to my father's house; for I have five brethren: that he may testify unto them, lest they come into this place of torment."—Luke xvi. 24—28.

THE prayer of the rich man on behalf of his five brethren tells a story of awful rebellion. Five brethren in his father's house on earth were aliens to God; and he, whilst with them, had been not the least clamorous of the scoffers.

Was there any sister in that God-defying household? If so, she needed not that prayer should be made for her, or her brother would have mentioned her. Neither is there mention made of father or mother. But there were once six brethren in that house arrayed against God.

It was not because of ignorance. They had "Moses and the prophets;" and they knew and rejected their testimony. It is noticeable that their brother has no hope of their conversion from earthly means. If one were to rise from the grave, they might believe; but the voices that yet speak of the dead had been heard and disobeyed.

They had been born then, these six brethren, into a household where they at least heard of God by the ear. The marvellous doings of the Lord were the stories that raised their childhood's wonder. It may be that, at their mother's knee, they lifted up their young desires to God. Of this we know not; only we find that, while they were yet young men, they had chosen to forsake the old path.

Was it the lust of gold that led them astray? They were rich, so rich that they were "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." Had the soul been starved for this? They had, perhaps, been poor once—in their church-going days—but not the less happy for that. The father, proud of his six brave boys, and glad to make sacrifices for their sake, sat beside them and listened to the word of God. By-and-by success in business came, and that success led to doubtful expedients, and soon what was doubtful became dishonest. Thus the Spirit was grieved, the finer emotions of the soul were trampled on, and the commandments of God grew irksome. By-and-by this family was seen more and more rarely in the assemblies of God's people. The young men grew up and had great prosperity, and they waxed more and more wanton, till at last they openly took their stand—and, alas! it was on the wrong side.

Thank God, this is a hard thing to do! It is not easy to break all the restraints that hold us to righteousness—not easy to rebel against father, mother, sister, friend, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost! But it is easier when there are others who consent with us. One brother might have held the rest back, but they all went together; and six brethren rejected the better part!

Not without qualms of conscience at first was the election made; but then they were together. And if there was ever so faint a kindling of desire towards the ways of wisdom, it was soon quenched. If there was any scruple, there were "five brethren" always ready to show that

it was absurd. The ridicule of "five brethren" had to be faced before there could be any return, and it never was faced. By-and-by feelings of sorrow and shame grew less poignant, the business prospered, and each day saw new dainties added to the board. Perhaps, in the night silence, when the revelry was over, accusing thoughts might rise; but morning and "five brethren" were enough to scatter such to the winds. So they made wonderful progress in the ways of evil. When there are always five to encourage you on the road, it is not to be marvelled at if you proceed rapidly. When there are so many to communicate all the lore of evil, even inapt pupils soon become experts.

Their cup was yet full, when there came a strange and unexpected break in their history. A grim and uninvited guest one day disturbed the banquet, and called one of the revellers away. Nothing could have been less expected than this. The doors had been shut so carefully against aught of unwelcome intrusion; wealth had been having its will so long, and years of joy seemed to spread out before them. But their brother died. The five brethren had laughed at many warnings: they could not laugh at this. They had helped their brother in many a difficulty: none could aid him now. While their mirth was clamorous, and their laughter mad, the summons came—came and was obeyed. The rich man died. A vacant place was left at the board. The five brethren followed him to the tomb—it was a splendid funeral! still it was a funeral—"he died, and was buried."

Now, surely, one thinks, there will be a change. One brother has passed into the outer darkness: will not the rest turn lest they die? There was an unwonted hush and fear for a space. They had gone with their brother down to the coast of the vast and awful sea wherewith this earth is girdled; he had set sail, and they still remembered how the waves beat against the dark shore. But it was only for a little. The space was filled up round the table; the merriment was renewed; and the brother was forgotten.

Forgotten, but not forgetting! Far away, amidst the horrors of the eternal pain, the five brethren were remembered! a thrilling cry went up to heaven, and was heard there, but heard to be rejected. "Send Lazarus," the prayer was, "that he may testify unto my five brethren, lest they also come into this place of torment." It was unheard on the other side of the awful ocean. The noise of feasting filled the ears of the five brethren, and no thought came to them of the brother who was pleading for them amidst the darkness of a lost world.

To those who have rejected what is witnessed on earth, no other appeal would avail anything. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." God has done everything. Those who can pass the barriers set so mercifully in their way could be restrained by no hindrance. They go to their own company, unchecked by the warnings of earth and hell and heaven.

1. We have not only Moses and the prophets, but the Son. Need we any further witness? This wail we have heard from the pit; is it the only prayer that rises from the depth to the height? Are there pleadings for *us* in hell? Are there longings and prayers in heaven? Enough to know that in our ears have sounded the pleadings of Son

and Spirit, fashioned into the loving speech of our dear ones. Enough that opened graves have spoken to us. To-day, if ye will hear the voice, harden not your hearts.

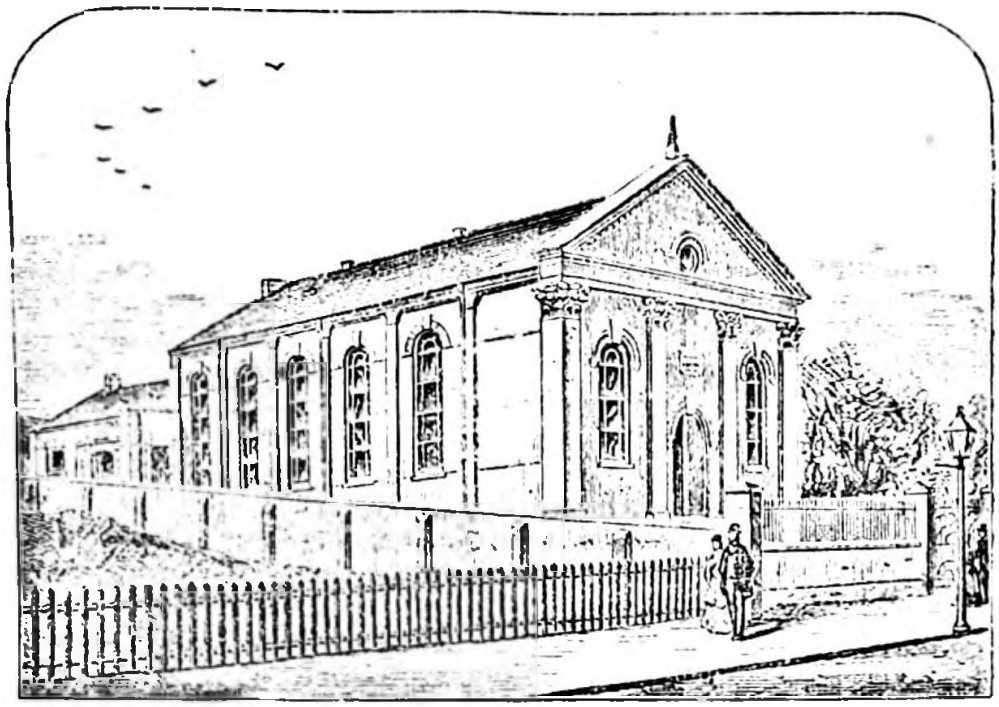
2. It comforts many to think that at least they are not companionless in the way of death. It is fashionable to forget God. "If I am lost, there are many who will be lost." These six brethren, seated round the table, in their youth and health and wealth, laughed all fear to scorn. It was impossible to believe that so many could be wrong. The desertion even of one might have awakened a fear; but they were six brethren, and all like-minded. But the one brother in hell feared nothing so much as the coming of the rest. He, perhaps, was loudest in the laugh, quickest in the repartee, and he feared their upbraiding. The place of torment would be more awful still at their coming. "I have five brethren; testify to them lest they come into this place of torment." But the pleading was in vain.

Oh that the prayer had risen in the day of hope! If he had but left the godless crew, and entreated God for them while it was not yet too late! If he had but risen from the table and gone to his Father, might he not have had compassion, and brought all the kindred in? Too late! The prayer rose to an unreplying heaven. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever;" but the five brethren were not to be persuaded, "though one rose from the dead!"

Billy Bray on Finery.

SOMETIMES in his public addresses, in allusion to the artificial flowers with which so many "women professing godliness" adorn themselves, Billy would say, "I wouldn't mind you having a waggon-load of them on your heads, if that would do you any good; but you know it wouldn't, and all persons know that *flowers only grow in soft places.*" Many persons can testify that men who made themselves ridiculous by their conceited airs and fine dress did not escape his well-merited and striking rebukes. The nicely-feathered arrow from his well-strung bow has often gone much below the surface. His spirit was always stirred within him when he saw men who spent more time in "oiling their cobs," or "twirling their whiskers," than in prayer or the reading of the Bible. Pity that so many should be found to labour in trying to "destroy the fence that separates the church from the world," and to make bystanders believe that they are more concerned to exhibit the graces of their persons than they are to display the beauties of holiness, or the glories of their Divine Redeemer.

A few homely remarks from Billy Bray might be of use still among those young people with whom dress is the main question. It is a wretched thing that professors of religion should think more of mere outward adorning than of spiritual beauty. A saint should not be a slut, but cannot be a dressed-up doll.



Baptist Chapel, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

PEOPLE who sympathise with earnest persevering work for Christ, with a knowledge of a tithe of the difficulties which Mr. Sparks has overcome, and the disinterested, self-sacrificing devotion with which for so many years he has gratuitously laboured in the gospel for his fellow-townsmen, will thank God that, in the erection of a new chapel, he has realized the desire of years. Taking his work all round, few men have achieved more for the Master than Mr. Sparks. We remember Cowes, not many years ago, when the Baptist name was only known as a reproach. The nearest Baptist church was five miles away, at Newport, and Cowes was blessed with the ministrations of every other denomination but the Baptist. It was during this condition of things that Mr Sparks, who had removed from Gosport, began to entertain the idea of originating a Baptist church. He had for many years been supplying the pulpits of the various denominations in the Isle of Wight and the south of England—where his name is everywhere familiar and his ministry appreciated; but domestic and other duties having led him to confine his efforts to the town of his adoption, he, on his own responsibility, hired the largest hall in the place, and, twelve years ago, commenced a work which has been one of the most signally blessed efforts ever undertaken in the island. Knowing from long personal acquaintance the truly humble God-honouring spirit in which Mr. Sparks has laboured, we can speak with all the more confidence and freedom concerning this enterprise. His work is really a marvel of success. The missionary who goes to "work" a new district, the student who goes "to start a new church," or the wealthy merchant who determines by evangelistic efforts to seek the spiritual well-being of his neighbours, commences at least with some advantage. The first will have the guarantee of his committee; the second will, as a rule, find a friend or two to give him a welcome, and the prestige of his college will secure him a position. But Mr. Sparks had none of these. He had not even the advantage of the wealthy citizen whose social position, if nothing else, would inspire respect for his undertaking. Alone, amidst the

opposition of many, and the latent sympathy of those who in his prosperity have avowed themselves to be his friends, he began his mission as a working man, and as a working man he delights to carry it on. To the glory of God's grace we write it, we have here an eminent illustration of what can be accomplished by individual effort when that effort is put forth in the fear of God and for Christ's sake. An unknown working man, Mr. Sparks began amongst working men to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ; and, year by year, he has continued in his own town amongst his own townsmen to gather around him one of the largest congregations in Cowes, and to be the means of winning many souls. And this is not all: in connection with his church, which is now large and prosperous, there is a flourishing Sunday-school, with other societies for promoting Christian usefulness; and, to crown the whole, a chapel has been completed, which is a credit to the denomination and an ornament to the town. But those who know Mr. Sparks will see that one of the secrets of his success is that he is thoroughly a man of the people. No one is more respected in the town. For some years he has been a member of the Town Council, and the people seem to claim him as common property. Then he is essentially a *preacher*, and having graduated in the pulpits of the Hampshire villages, almost before he had reached his teens, it will not be surprising that he is thoroughly at home in the pulpit. Above all, our friend is intensely imbued with that spirit without which everything else is as nothing. You cannot hear him in the pulpit, and, what is more, you cannot meet him in the parlour, and not feel that the meat and drink of his life is, for Christ's sake, to build up believers and to win the ungodly from the error of their way.

The above chapel, which was opened by our friend, Mr. Charlesworth, in June, is a model of respectable neatness and comfort. Its total cost will be about £1,500; it will accommodate about three hundred people, and a little short of £1,100 have been raised towards paying for its erection. We earnestly invite the sympathy and help of Christian friends that the remaining debt may soon be paid. The best years of the pastor's life have been devoted to gratuitous service in this work, and we are grieved to know that it has told very considerably on his health. During the erection of the chapel he suffered many weeks of illness, occasioned by anxiety through the almost total destruction of the building by the terrible hurricane which wrought so much damage in the town. This, of course, caused a great increase in the expenditure, and has added very considerably to the anticipated liabilities. As foreman of a large boat-building establishment, the whole of Mr. Sparks' time is absorbed during the week; will our friends, therefore, think of him, send him aid, and cheer his heart without awaiting his appeal?

W. H. Burton.

Do you wish to see your Children Converted?

I SUPPOSE all parents would say yes: then listen to a mother who wishes you the same joy she has in her children. We have ten living, nearly all are converted. Perhaps you wish you could say the same of yours. To young mothers let me give a few words of advice from my own experience. Begin to train your little ones from the cradle; some say it is useless to bring them to family prayer, or take them to a place of worship till they can fully understand. I do not agree with them. Begin the habit when they are a year old. I have a baby now at two years old who will of her own accord go and take the Bible to her father in the morning for prayer; and if he by professional duties is called away, she brings it to me. I wish all Christian mothers felt this a part of their duty, that prayer need not be set aside if the father is prevented from being there to lead the devotions. Morning prayer has a great influence on our children, and before they can speak they can be taught to behave reverently

at worship and in the house of God. Six of mine are grown up and scattered some married and have children of their own, whom they are bringing up in the same way, with the assurance that they will be blessed in their work. I have always made a rule, from the time my children were very young, of calling them together on a Sunday afternoon to read God's word and pray with them, and now, be our numbers few or many at home, we keep up the old habit, and pray for the absent ones, as well as for those present individually. Nor shall we ever give it up, as we think blessing has attended us in this. A Christian nurse is a most important thing to have, but a mother should take all the responsibility of her children's religious training herself. The choice of schools is often a great difficulty in a family, and we need much prayer that we may be directed in this aright. Our first anxieties in regard to schools were these: Are those at its head thoroughly Christian people, or will the children attend a simple gospel ministry? These were really more inquired into than the educational advantages, although, of course, these were not neglected. School days undoubtedly carry their influence for good or evil into eternity. I heard a mother say lately, "Our eldest son was ruined at school, he is only eighteen, but has been a great trouble to us." I said to her, "Did you pray to be directed where to send your children?" "Oh, no," she replied, "I never pray for such things. I have six children, and not one of them has the least taste for religion." How could she expect them to have, when she had never sought to create such a taste. With tears in her eyes as I talked to her, she said, "I can see now where my mistake has been. I have lost my opportunity to do them good, they are beyond me now: I feel such remorse of conscience, what shall I do?" I said, "Begin to pray now, first for pardon for your past neglect (she was a professor of religion, I grieve to say, and this made it so much more sad, as she ought to have felt concern for the souls of her children), and besiege the throne of grace now for the salvation of your children. Give God no rest until you see them brought to the feet of Jesus. No heart is too hard to be melted by his love. Nothing is too hard for the Lord." She left me somewhat comforted, though weeping still. I can truly say that my children's conversion has always been my one desire above all others, and I think when we are brought to feel this and wrestle night and day for it, we shall not long have our desires unfulfilled for them. Such has been my happy experience, and with the desire to encourage anxious mothers these facts are penned. If you wish to see your children converted while young, do not be half-hearted in reference to it, but make it the aim of your life to take all those steps from their cradles, and God will surely bless you. "Them that honour me I will honour." Do, dear Christian mothers, be in earnest about these things. Remember the opportunities will soon be gone when you can influence your children, or pray for them. We shall have to obey the summons and render up our account. Have we faithfully discharged our duties to their souls? Oh, let us picture in that dread day one of our dear children on the left hand of the Judge. Surely such a thought will make us earnest to tell them of their need of a Saviour to pardon them, and that they can have it alone through faith in Christ. Do this when they are young and you are spared to train them. In conclusion, bear with me while I say, Do not think your responsibility ends, even if they give evidence of conversion when they leave your roof, but write to them often, not only relating to the things of time, but try to lead them on in the divine life, by your loving, faithful counsels. Time so spent, believe me, dear friends, will not be lost, and when you are taken from them they will look back with gratitude on the help you gave them, and thank God that they had a pious mother.—A MOTHER.

"Whom were they praying for?"

FOR ten long years Mrs. H. prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard, and that he was "faithful that had promised," but as yet the answer did not come. The thoughts of her kind, indulgent companion seemed as far from her own as when, in the joy of her new-found hope, she had told him how "God so loved," and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yet the Lord was leading her gently that she might know and do his will.

One evening at the prayer-meeting her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service she rose timidly and said, "For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me to pray. It is not customary with us ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray for my husband?"

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, then another and another took up the petition. Mr. H. was well-known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, pleading as one pleads for a friend. Last of all a coloured brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter into the very presence of the Lord.

Just after Mrs. H. had made her request, her husband, as was his custom, came to the meeting to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed he entered, unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

"Tell me, wife," he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, "who was the gentleman they were praying for just now?"

"He is the husband of one of the sisters of the church," replied Mrs. H.

"Wife," he said again, as they ascended the steps at home, "who was it they were praying for?"

"The husband of one of the sisters, Charles."

"Well, wife," he replied, "that man will certainly be converted: I never heard such prayers before."

Again, as they were preparing for the night, he remarked, "Those were wonderful prayers, wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?"

"He was the husband of one of the ladies present," replied Mrs. H., and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again. "Wife, wife, God heard those prayers; I cannot sleep, wife. Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?"

There was joy in the presence of the angels that night. When the faithful pastor called next morning he found Mr. H. "praising and blessing God."

Blessed words of Jesus, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done of my Father which is in heaven."

The Scriptures.

WHENCE but from heaven would men, unskill'd in arts,
In several ages, born in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths, or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie;
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

DRYDEN.

Notices of Books.

Christ's Glorious Achievements and *Seven Wonders of Grace*. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

These are two very pretty shilling books, containing sermons by us. We thought that our friends would like a few convenient little books to give away, and therefore we have have taken great care in their preparation. They are fit to lie on either drawing-room or cottage tables, and will make nice little presents. We are now busy with two more, and if encouraged we shall hope to produce a considerable number. Sermons are better preserved in this way than in the penny numbers, and are more fitted to give because more likely to be valued. We hope our readers will do something to spread these and the penny sermons, for we know that God has blessed them to the conversion of many. We are losing time over the issue of our works if we are wrong to bespeak for them a wide distribution, but we are confident in doing both, for we have no aim but the glory of God!

The Priesthood, the Altar, and the Sacrifice in the Christian Church; or, the Lord's Supper and the Sacrifice of the Mass. Which shall it be? By a Churchman. Haughton and Co.

The groans of an evangelical brother as he sees Popery rampant within and without his church. We sympathize with his affliction, but why does he continue in it? We could never bring our conscience to support doctrines and practices which we knew to be evil; and when good men abide in fellowship with those who teach and practise Popery, they puzzle us to the last degree. How is the thing done and slept over? How can a man be indignant with Ritualism and yet belong to the community which supports it? We must not say that it is dishonest, but we will say that it has a fishy appearance. The world is wide, and a man need not remain an hour in a communion with which he does not agree: if he does so and then frets about it, we pity him, but not so very much. Evangelicals should demand revision of the Prayer-book, or else come out.

James Turner; or, How to Reach the Masses. By E. McHardie. With introductory note by Reginald Radcliffe. 66, Paternoster-row.

Some time ago we gave an outline of the life of James Turner, whose career along the North-east coast of Scotland was fraught with much blessing. His name would probably have remained unknown, had not some good brother prepared this memorial. It was meet that such power in weakness, such usefulness connected with a few talents, should be duly recorded and held up to general imitation.

Christ's Farewell Charge, commonly called the Commission, as recorded in the four gospels. A Handbook for young Church Members. By Francis Johnstone. Elliot Stock.

It is to be deeply regretted that nearly all the handbooks upon believers' baptism are out of print. We would gladly reissue "Pengilly" if we had the liberty to do so, for it is the most handy and complete little work upon the subject, and there is great need for it. Mr. Johnstone's theme is wider, but it is extremely useful to have a good handbook upon it. Ministers should conduct their Bible-classes through this little work, and also induce their members to study it.

Calls to Christ. By Rev. W. R. Nicoll, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

Force and freshness are eminently the characteristics of these "Calls to Christ;" they are also brief to a proverb, and hence they may be of great service to an earnest evangelist who knows how to use another man's thoughts. Several of these addresses are really only outlines, which an earnest but embarrassed speaker might be glad to follow and to fill up; his hearers would certainly be all the better for his having appropriated so much fresh and full matter. We have so far written practically, with local preachers in our eye; but for all readers this little collection of addresses contains admirable instruction, counsel, and stimulus. We have placed one in the present number of our magazine.

The Age and the Gospel: or, Essays on Christianity, its Friends and Opponents. By the late Rev. Benjamin Frankland, B.A. Elliot Stock.

Will anybody ever read this book through? It is printed, we should imagine, rather as a compliment to the departed author than in the hope of its obtaining a sale. Our verdict of it must be—very good, but prosy. It is a lament, a spiritual wailing. We do not say that there is no need for such mournful lucubrations, for we heartily feel that there is, but they do not make attractive reading.

The Keys of the Apocalypse; considered in a Discourse between the Master and Scholar on the Revelation of St. John. By F. H. Morgan. Elliot Stock.

No, good friend, your keys please your own fancy, and may do for winding up your own watch; but they do not admit us into the secret chambers of the Apocalypse. It is beautiful to see how sure these good men are that they have found the clue. Their simplicity is refreshing to the last degree; but then, alas, some other brother is quite as sure another way, and ridicules both the clue and the finder. We have been severely reprimanded for our remarks upon prophetical expositions, but we remain unimproved on that point. This one little word we would, however, whisper in the ear of our prophetical friends—we know as much about the subject as you do, though we know nothing; and our reverence for the Book of Revelation is none the less because we do not pretend to understand it. There are no persons more despicable in our eyes than men who pretend to foretel the future, and twist the Scriptures to support their vaticinations. We have more respect for Old Mother Shipton than for these degraders of the Word of God. If they know so much about the future on a great scale it is somewhat odd that they are not able to see four-and-twenty-hours ahead, and tell us whether the Turks or the Russians will win on the morrow. These latter remarks are not meant to apply to the author of "The Keys," who is of a more sober mind.

A New Companion to the Bible; an Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures for Bible Classes, Sunday Schools, and Families. Religious Tract Society.

With the laudable design of promoting the intelligent study of the Scriptures the Tract Society has issued this thoroughly helpful work, which we recommend to our younger readers. It is most useful to know the history of a book, or the strain of an epistle, or the date of a gospel, and yet few Bible readers are acquainted with such matters. The Bible is a sacred library by many authors, and he who would read it to profit should be acquainted with the writers, their style, and the period in which they wrote; for these matters are very helpful to the understanding. We fear that in proportion to its circulation the sacred volume is the worst *read* book in the world. Of course it is in every respectable house, and in various handsome bindings it is carried to and from the place of worship; but its careful, interested, intelligent readers are few compared with the purchasers of it. The blunders made about it, even by literary men, are amazing, and the misquotations countless. Anything, therefore, which helps young people to read the sacred word with understanding has our highest approval.

Scripture Difficulties Explained by Scripture References, or, the Bible its own Interpreter. By Thomas Spalding. Dalby, Isbister, & Co.

Some difficulties are no doubt explained by this writer, but others are explained away. We do not think our author a safe guide. The preface very honestly sounds a warning note; but, for all that, we conceive that the effect of the book as a whole will be more in the direction of heterodoxy than the author himself might wish. His principles of interpretation apply in some directions, but are strained in others. Amid a good deal that is instructive, there is much of which we cannot approve, much which creates more difficulty than it removes, much which hides the blaze of truth to help weak eyes to see better, and so leads them to see rather their own opinion than the divine revelation.

We notice with regret the unusual number of clever but very faulty books issued from the press during the last few months: books which cannot be condemned in a wholesale manner, but through which there runs a taint of loose thought. We do not apprehend any very serious result from these works, for they are mostly dull and unreadable, but they show the activity of the broad school, and the manner in which the sapping and mining process is being carried on, in order to overthrow the old theology, which is to us incomparably superior in all respects to modern inventions.

A Compendium of Christian Theology; being Analytical Outlines of a Course of Theological Study, Biblical, Dogmatic, Historical. By WILLIAM BURT POPE, D.D. 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a learned and thoughtful work, but of course the *Christian* Theology here taught is very distinctly Arminian, and so far we are altogether opposed to it. By admirers of Arminian doctrine Dr. Pope's work will be very highly esteemed; we also value its testimony upon points which are common to all believers, but when he touches upon the great doctrines of grace he is as far out as a man can well be: as, for instance, when he says that—"Of a *vocatio interna* as distinguished from the *vocatio externa*, there is no trace in Scriptures." We have never heard Dr. Pope preach, but we feel morally certain that he himself makes a distinction between the inward call and the outward call, and if he does not his hearers know more than he does upon the subject. He may hold what he likes in his official capacity, but he is himself an instance that there is such a thing as Effectual Calling; and if we were conversing upon divine things he would in some way or other feel a pleasure in owning the fact. As to what Scripture says upon the subject, we leave our Sunday-school children to answer. If a man cannot distinguish between the special and personal call and the general call of the gospel, he may be a distinguished divine, but his faculty for distinctions must be in a muddled condition.

Abraham the Friend of God: a Study from Old Testament History. By J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A., D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

WORTHY of the author's high fame and position. The work is not exhaustive nor prolix, but it is full of instruction, and marked by that peculiarly quiet beauty which is the strength of Dr. Dykes. Divines do us all good service when they select a Scriptural biography and illustrate it thoroughly. Conybeare and Howson have laid the church under great obligations by their standard life of Paul, and other great scholars would do well to imitate them by working out Biblical life-stories. Dr. Dykes has not achieved a work equal to the one we have mentioned, but what he has done will be greatly valued, especially by his brethren in the ministry.

Annals of the Early Friends: a Series of Biographical Sketches. By FRANCES ANNE BUDGE. With Preface by EDWARD BACKHOUSE. S. Harris, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

ONE of the most instructive records we have ever read. The ways of the early Quakers were singular and entirely *sui generis*; but there was a deep earnestness about them, and a power which none could overcome. Their very simplicity made them wise, and their submissiveness rendered them unconquerable. They were vastly more pugnacious and fond of controversy than their descendants, but they were none the worse on that account, perhaps all the better. It is no ill sign when a man loves truth well enough to dispute for it: we fear that we have fallen upon days when it would take at least a thousand professors to make one martyr. Veneer and varnish naturally dread collision, and for their own sake seek quietness and indifference: those who are made of solid material are under no such fear, and are not slow to contend earnestly for the faith.

Under peculiar shapes we see in these annals the same spiritual life as that wherein all true believers partake. Let life develop as it may, it is in all shapes worthy of our reverent observation. We feel sure that any believer will be the better for seeing how the Holy

Ghost wrought in our brethren, "the early Friends." The following are two or three incidents which caught our eye, and appeared to demand transference to our pages:—

"Luke Howard gives the following beautiful description of the consolation afforded him one night during one of his imprisonments:—'On the third day of the eighth month, 1661, in the night-watch, upon my bed of straw and chaff in the common jail of Dover Castle, as I lay in a comfortable sleep and rest, the hand of my God fell upon me, and his sweet and comforting presence awakened me, and so continued with me unto the morning-watch; in which time the living presence of my God was with me and the comfortable presence of his Holy Spirit accompanied me; so that my soul was filled with his living presence as with a mighty river which did overflow the banks, so that nothing appeared but joy and gladness, and the streams of his everlasting virtue ran through me exceeding swift. . . This is my God, I have waited for him, and his appearance to me is as the morning without clouds, and his beauty hath taken my heart, and his comeliness hath ravished my soul, and with his exceeding riches hath he adorned my inward man, and his everlasting strength is my salvation, even the Son of his love.'"

"In one of John Crook's epistles, written in Huntingdon Gaol, 'To those that are in Outward Bonds, for the Testimony of a Good Conscience,' he says:—

'Love nothing more than God, but let him be thy whole delight, and account it thy glory and thy praise that thou hast anything to love, or part withal, for his sake. Account his chains as thy ornaments, and his bonds as thy beauty, and his prison as thy palace. . . You may not disparage your descent, nor undervalue the race from which you sprang, for you are become companions with all that are born from above, who walk with God, and have fellowship with Christ through the Spirit, with all the royal race amongst the living.'

"In 1697 we find Thomas Story and Gilbert Mollison calling at the residence of Peter the Great, who was in London *incognito*, where they wished to leave the Latin edition of 'Barclay's Apology,' hoping that it might fall under the notice of the Czar. They had an opportunity of conversing with him on some of the views held by Friends. The following Sabbath morning as Thomas Story was sitting in Gracechurch Street Meeting he saw two gentlemen enter; they were dressed in the usual costume of Englishmen of that period, but this did not prevent him from recognizing the Emperor and his interpreter, A minister named Robert Heydock was preaching about the cure of Naaman, and—entirely unaware of the high rank of one of his hearers—he said, 'Now if thou wert the greatest king, emperor, or potentate upon earth, thou art not too great to make use of the means offered by the Almighty for thy healing and restoration, if ever thou expect to enter his kingdom, into which no unclean thing can come.'

"Fifteen years later, when Peter the Great's troops had taken possession of the Friends' Meeting-house at Frederickstadt, he not only ordered them out of it, but gave notice that he would attend a meeting in it, if the Friends residing there were inclined to hold one. As his generals did not understand German, the Emperor, with much seriousness, acted as interpreter in this meeting, remarking that whoever would live in accordance with such doctrine would be happy."

Fighting the Foe; or Every-day Battles. By FIDELITE. John F. Shaw and Co.

WE dare say some young people will read this work, and if they do it will tend to their good; but for our own part we cannot get on with it. We feel sorry to find fault, for the intent of the writer is good; but the language seems to us to be unnatural and stilted, and the incidents are by far too emotional and unreal. The authoress *can* write well, and will improve by practice; but to gain many readers she must become more true to life in her descriptions, and not make so much ado about trifles.

School Method: Notes and Hints from Lectures delivered at the Borough Road Training College, London. By F. J. GLADMAN, B.A. Jarrold and Sons.

YOUNG persons aspiring to the position of school-teachers should make a note of this book and study it carefully; indeed, there are few instructors of youth who would not get some useful hints from its perusal. We owe a great deal to those of our race who have the patience to instruct the young; theirs is no enviable task, and all the remuneration they ever obtain for it is well earned. Having in our own earlier days helped to keep school, our own verdict was—that of all employments it was the most irksome and the most trying. Others do not find it so, but we honour in their case the happy combination of virtues which enables them to delight in that which we could not endure. Certainly an able teacher occupies a position as honourable as it is onerous. Such "notes and hints" must greatly assist those who desire to excel.

Answers to Prayer as Recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures. Samuel Bagster and Sons.

A PAMPHLET upon a choice subject, simply containing the texts and the incidents which they set forth. Here a preacher will find ready to his hand a splendid series of discourses. Answers to prayer such as many of us can tell may be questioned; but these are recorded by the divine Spirit himself, and are the surest possible evidence. Verily there is a God that heareth prayer, and the Scriptures not only reveal Him, but establish our faith by giving many instances of holy men of old time who have tried and proved the faithfulness of the prayer-hearing God.

The Hidden Mystery; or, the Revelations of the Word. Being thoughts Suggestive and Practical upon Psalm xix. 1—6. By ROBERT BROWN. James Nisbet and Co.

A FINE volume in outward appearance, containing a great many good things within it; but what the end and drift of it all may be is indeed "a hidden mystery." One cannot read a page without finding rich evangelical doctrine and deep experimental instruction, but the connection of it all with the nineteenth Psalm and the jewels of the High-priest's breast-plate is what we fail to perceive. The author is evidently a man of extensive reading, and his work is full of savour and earnest piety, and yet we do not believe that many persons will ever read it through, for it seems to us to hang together by too invisible a thread, if indeed, it hangs together at all. It is a great pity that such a heap of good bricks could not be built into a house.

The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe. Fourth Edition. Revised and corrected, with Appendices, Glossary, and Indices, by the Rev. JOSIAH PRATT, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, London; also an Introduction, Biographical and Descriptive, by the Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. In eight volumes. Royal 8vo. With plates. 50s. the set. Religious Tract Society.

IT is very brave of the Society to issue so heavy a work, and we have our fears as to the number likely to be sold. Still, the great history of Foxe ought to be in all large libraries, especially in all congregational libraries. Earnest Protestants should see that their ministers have every one of them a copy. The heroic sufferings of our forefathers ought to be held in perpetual remembrance, and nothing can better ensure this than the wide distribution of old Foxe's work. The price seems very little for so large a work, but we have not yet seen a copy so as to judge of the plates and the general appearance of the edition.

Notes.

The following note was found upon our study table. We cannot fulfil the loving request which it contains one half so well by any words of ours as by inserting it just as we received it:

"My very dear Mr. Editor,—

"Among your 'Notes' for the coming month, will you kindly sound one, clear and jubilant, of grateful blessing on behalf of the Book Fund? Nay, a 'note' will scarce suffice me, I need psalms of praise, and symphonies of sweetness wherewith to make melody unto the Lord for his great goodness. Tell the dear friends who read *The Sword and the Trowel* that 'my mouth is filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing' at the remembrance of the gracious love which continues to give support and sustenance and success to me in my beloved work. I am impatient to speak of his mercy, and cannot wait for the close of the year, when the report must be written, but feel constrained *now* to call on all who love the Lord to rejoice in my joy, and aid me in magnifying his dear name. It is only two years since this sweet service was gently and graciously laid on my heart and hands, and yet during that time the Lord has enabled me, though compassed with infirmity, to send forth, like seed corn,

many thousands of volumes to aid the toiling labourers in the gospel field. More than £2,000 have been received and expended; the money coming 'fresh from the mint of heaven,' for God has sent it all: as the dear friends through whom it reaches me must very well know, seeing that *I* never ask them for their loving gifts. Just as the olive trees in Zechariah's vision constantly and silently yielded their rich streams to feed the lights of the golden candlestick, even so, as divinely and mysteriously, does the Lord send me the means to provide 'oil, beaten oil, for the lamps of the sanctuary.'

"Ah! dear Mr. Editor, sound the notes of praise for me! I want God's people to know how *very* good he is to unworthy me, that they may take comfort and courage from my experience of his tenderness and love. I would I had Miriam's timbrel in my hand to-day to 'sing unto the Lord' withal, and lead out others to sing also, but as that cannot be, I pray you, lift up your voice for me, and 'praise the Lord before all the people.'"

"Yours with true love and 'reverence,'

"S. Spurgeon."

In all this delight we join, and in the praise which thus ascends to heaven. How many poor ministers' hearts are singing too! Surely our Lord Jesus accepts this service to his needy servants as specially rendered unto himself. To the Ever Blessed be all glory, world without end.

College.—We have in the College an earnest and able brother who is anxious to go to Japan to preach Christ. We hope that the Baptist Missionary Society will give a grant in aid, but shortness of funds prevents their taking the brother altogether on their staff. If a few friends would join us in giving £10 a year the thing might be done at once. The brother appears to be eminently qualified. Here is the account of himself which he wrote us at our request a few days ago. He has been with us about a year:—

"Herewith I send you a brief account of myself while I lived in Japan.

"I first landed in that country in May, 1871, and left for England in July, 1876. During nearly five years of this time I was engaged as a teacher of English in Japanese schools, and the last year and a half was a teacher in the English Department of the Imperial College. Thus my position brought me into immediate contact with the Japanese people.

"For some time I held a Bible Class on Sunday afternoon in my own house, to which I invited my scholars. In this class I generally explained the Scriptures, keeping to those portions which contained gospel invitations, as I found those easier to explain. Several of my pupils who attended these classes have since become believers in Christ, the last of whom is a lad by the name of Anyoji, who since my leaving Japan has joined himself to the Presbyterian church at Yokohama. Owing to opposition from the directors of my school I was obliged to discontinue these classes, and content myself with private conversation with my scholars, in which I endeavoured to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I believe that in several instances God blessed this unassuming work.

"At the outset of my Christian life I had a strong desire to enter the ministry and become a missionary, but a feeling of unfitness for the work led me to give up the thought of it, and hence I remained out of the path of duty; but God, whose ways are often mysterious, in his wisdom saw fit to take from me my dear wife, to whom I had been married for the short space of seven months. This he used as the means of bringing me into my present position. It was seemingly a hard way of the Lord with me, but now I bless and praise his name that even in this way he has led me to give myself up entirely to his service. From that time of trouble I resolved to devote myself to the Lord's work in Japan. The old feeling of unfitness for the work of preaching again came over me, and I determined to study medicine and prepare myself for medical mission work. At once I commenced a course of preparatory study. Some time after, Dr. Palm, a medical missionary, writing to me from Nugata respecting medical mission work said, 'If I had had more faith in the power of the simple preached word I should not have become a medical missionary.'

"At once I saw my mistake; I saw that it was by the foolishness of preaching that sinners should be led to the Saviour. After much prayer I made up my mind to come home, and with the little money I had saved go through a course of theological study, in order that I might be better fitted to preach the gospel to the Japanese. Dr. Palm gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Lewis of Bayswater, who very kindly asked you to receive me into your College; you did so, and I thank God for it. And here, sir, allow me to thank you most heartily for all the kindness you have always shown towards me, and especially with regard to the work in Japan, for I feel in debt to the Japanese; and until I have faithfully

preached to them the gospel of Christ I feel that debt will remain upon me.

"In going forth from the Tabernacle and the College I have an exceedingly great encouragement in that I know the prayers of the Tabernacle and College will follow me, and having such, I feel doubly sure the Master will be with me to bless the word wherever it is preached.

"Praying that God's richest blessing may rest on you and yours,

"I am,

"My dear Mr. President,

"Yours affectionately and respectfully,

"W. Jno. White."

The settlements from the College are as follows: Mr. Holmes, to Belfast; Mr. G. Smith, to Bexley Heath; Mr. Pettman, to Herne Bay. Mr. Bacon also, having honourably finished his course with us, has left to pursue his studies at Edinburgh.

We are very much obliged to a worthy friend who has sent us the following account of the labours of our two beloved evangelists at Stockton:—

"Dear sir,—In a note in the September number of *The Sword and the Trowel* you promise condensed reports from the evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, so recently sent forth, and who have now commenced their labours in Stockton. Perhaps a short report of the work from a visitor may be acceptable.

The invitation to Stockton was given in connection with the Evangelistic Mission, commenced about three years since by Mr. E. P. Telford; and the Exchange, the largest public building, was secured for the services.

On Friday, August 24th, a Workers' Meeting was held in the Mission Room and was packed with earnest souls on fire with zeal for the work, and many a heartfelt prayer arose for a great blessing upon the town. The presence of the Lord was felt, and a firm confidence that he was about to work mightily in our midst.

The hearts of many of the Lord's people have been stirred up of late to ask for great things, and at no time since the commencement of the Mission has the spirit of earnest, believing prayer been so greatly felt. One feature of the present work has been the large number of specific requests for prayer which have been sent to prayer-meetings, and which have received immediate answers. Not a day has passed without a note of praise being heard for answers to definite requests.—'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.'

The daily noon prayer-meeting, held in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, has been well attended. Many working men have hurried from their work to spend a portion of their dinner hour at these meetings, and their petitions for the salvation of relations and shopmates have shown how much they desire that others should be saved. Often, too, has the petition gone up for grace to withstand the scorn and derision of those with whom they have to work. The population of Stockton being so largely composed of men employed in the iron works, shipbuilding yards, etc., and of the class who rarely, if ever, attend any place of worship, the meetings held in the Marketplace are of great importance. These have usually been held each evening for half an hour before the meetings in the Exchange, and great numbers have been attracted to them by Mr. Smith's cornet, and many become sufficiently interested in the singing and short addresses to follow into the hall.

The Exchange meetings have been held twice on Sundays, and once on each weeknight, except Saturday, the congregation varying from about 800 to 1,200. The interest in the meetings has evidently deepened as they have gone on, and the blessing also has continued to increase. At first but few would remain to the after-meetings, but as the same people came again and again under the preaching of the gospel, the Lord's power was manifested, and every night some are found deciding for him.

A service of song on Saturday evening attracted many to the Exchange who probably would have been found at the various places of amusement. The singing was varied by short addresses from Mr. Smith.

On the 10th, instead of the usual evening service, an experience meeting was held in the Hall, at which many who had been brought to the Lord in this mission during the last year or two gave an account of what he has done for them.

Two or three of the cases which show the complete and striking change in the lives of these men may be of general interest.

One said that he had been one of the most notoriously bad characters in Stockton, ready for anything bad, but the Lord Jesus had found him and made him a new creature, so that now his great desire was that, whereas he had been a faithful servant of the devil, he might now be found a faithful servant of Christ.

Another who had been a drunkard and a

betting man was upon his conversion soon told by his companions that it would not last, but he said, "I cannot keep myself; the Lord keeps me, and has done ever since." Speaking of his racing habits he said that now he had got on the grand stand. The consistent lives of these men are a constant annoyance to many of their companions who are opposed to the gospel, but many others are probably thus led to seek for a like blessing.

During the fortnight of Messrs. Clarke and Smith's meetings about one hundred persons have given in their names as having received blessing, and as the services will not be concluded until Sunday, the 16th, a continued blessing is earnestly desired, and that many more may decide for Christ.

In the whole of the work Messrs. Clarke and Smith evidently desire to be guided by the apostle Paul's injunction, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" fully realizing that their labours are quite useless unless they have the continued blessing of God and the power and direction of the Holy Ghost in all that they say and do.

On Monday next a week of meetings will be commenced at Middlesborough in the Baptist chapel erected by the late lamented Mr. Priter, and the intended meetings at Hartlepool will consequently be postponed.

May there be a great blessing resting upon these also, and many be found accepting the gift of God, eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"JOHN STERRY."

Leaving Stockton, our two brethren, though nearly exhausted by their toils, have been to Middlesborough. We joy and rejoice in their success; but we would again remind our friends that the whole expense rests upon us personally, and that it is natural that we should hope that those who see good accomplished, especially in the towns where they live, should aid in bearing the charges, for surely the labourer is worthy of his hire. If we were helped with these brethren, we would assist two others, and so the band of regular, approved evangelists would grow. Their engagements at present stand as follows:—Barking, Oct. 14 to 21; Bristol, Oct. 28 to Nov. 5; Reading, Nov. 25 to Dec. 16. In 1878, Landport, Jan. 6 to 13; Southsea, Jan. 14 to 27; Metropolitan Tabernacle, Feb. 1 to 28; Newcastle-under-Lyne, March 11 to 30: Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 16 to May 10; Bishop's Stortford, May 14 to 30; Red Hill, Surrey, June 3 to 24; in July, rest.

August 22.—The church at Farsley, near Leeds, through its estimable pastor, Mr. Parker, gave two collections to the Stockwell Orphanage, and gave them so heartily as to make them of double value. We were happy to be well enough to preach. We wish our friend Mr. Parker great success in his new position as head of the Baptist College in Manchester. May that institution vie with our own in sending out men who hold to the old-fashioned and now much-despised theology of the Puritans. There is good need; for the mildew of philosophy has fallen on the good wheat, and is marring the harvest of the Lord.

Aug. 29.—Our orphans were entertained at Reading in a right royal manner. It was one of the happiest days of our life. The boys were the objects of universal kindness. We do not know how to thank the friends sufficiently; they not only gave all that was needed for the treat and the travelling, but a handsome surplus remained. Truly God is good to find us such helpers.

August 31.—We met the workers who, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Olney, junr., are evangelizing in Bermondsey. It was very refreshing to see their zeal for the Lord, and the hearty manner in which all sorts of people worked together to reach the ungodly around them. While one preaches in the street many help to gather the people by singing, and others distribute tracts. O that the salvation of God were come out of Zion! The millions perish and few lay the matter to heart. Bermondsey needs a great many workers like those who unite with Mr. Olney. Are there none to commence similar enterprises? Young gentlemen of education and position could not better glorify God, nor more surely secure to themselves a good degree in the church of God than by consecrating themselves to evangelistic works in needy districts. Look at our brother Orsman, in Golden Lane, and Mr. Hatton, in St. Giles—their names are honourable where honour is best worth the having. Mr. W. Olney has our loving thanks for all that he does so faithfully for his Lord.

September 7.—We had an evening with Mr. Perkin's class, and a very happy one too. The brethren manifested love, life, and light, and spoke admirably, testifying to the good received in the class. Their esteemed president received a well-earned testimonial from them; we had a handsome sum from the College, and the whole proceedings were full of hearty enthusiasm. Our visit to this band of young men revived us. We saw that the Lord is

gloriously at work at the Tabernacle, and is not withholding the blessing, as our eager anxiety sometimes makes us fear he may do. Young men are rising up, and by diligent study of their Bibles are preparing themselves for future usefulness. There was a large attendance of interested friends.

September 14.—The evening of this day was spent among the Evangelists of the Tabernacle, who mustered in good force under their worthy leader, Mr. Elvin. The friends of the work came up very numerously, and the meeting was all alive. We shall never forget some of the details of lodging-house visitation. Work in low London is far more interesting and romantic than your genteel lover of propriety would believe, and it is refreshing to hear details. The men have shown great courage, tact, and zeal in their ministrations among the worst parts of our neighbourhood, and good must have resulted from testifying to the gospel in street corners and in the haunts of the poor and the fallen. Our young men make our heart leap for joy. We are often heavy, for our charge is great, but when we see their ardour and industry we feel more than rewarded, and leap to our work again. Mr. Elvin was also most fittingly testimonialized by his little army; he is a brother whose steady working and organizing ability are an invaluable gift to our church.

Our Funds.—We hope that friends are not forgetting us. The week ending Sept. 22, when we are writing these lines, has been the dullest we have known for a long time. Donors great or small have been so few as to be counted on our fingers, and the cash is going out as usual. Still there is no actual want at present, nor can there be, since the work is the Lord's, and we have in all things endeavoured to carry it on in all simplicity of heart for his glory.

Australia.—Urgent invitations have come to us to go Australia for a tour, and we beg publicly to thank the churches for doing us this honour. Having well weighed the matter, we feel that we cannot at this time leave our post, if indeed we shall ever be able to do so. Our numerous institutions must be watched, the great congregation must be kept together, and the weekly sermon must continue to be published. These all require us to be at home, and our absences must be brief ones; otherwise we should enjoy beyond measure a trip to the Southern Sea. It is not indifference to our friends abroad, but a conviction of duty which keeps us at home. We wish every blessing to those who in so loving a manner have invited us to their shores.

Colportage.—Progress still continues in the work of opening up new districts, and hence the need of renewed and continued aid to support the colporteurs sent out. Our friends in the Southern Baptist Association find the agency to work so satisfactorily that from one agent they have now increased to five, and colporteurs will commence work for them at Michaelmas at Salisbury and Poole. Chester and Preston, too, have new colporteurs now at work. The great evil of unhealthy literature, with which colportage mainly seeks to grapple by supplying something better, has latterly become so prominent as to call for notice in parliament, and has had to be dealt with in our law courts. One of the prisoners arrested for the Blackheath highway robbery had a number of vicious publications in his box, and similar occurrences constantly crop up. The vilest productions of the press are surreptitiously hawked about all over the country, and nothing can satisfactorily cope with the mischief except a personal house to house canvass by Christian men, presenting a supply of good and attractive reading accompanied by prayerful endeavours to lead men to Christ. This our society is doing in upwards of sixty districts in England and Wales. Will not some of the Lord's servants ponder the vast importance of wielding the immense power of the Christian press? It carries the gospel far beyond the limited number of hearers which can at the best listen to the preacher's voice. Colportage supplements and extends the work of the church to a large extent, and should therefore be welcomed and employed on a much larger scale. Our work is thoroughly unsectarian, supplying labourers in connection with any Christian church or churches who will subscribe towards their support. Sometimes a wealthy individual subscribes the whole £40 per annum required, and a colporteur is sent into some needy district where otherwise the funds cannot be obtained. Why should we not have one hundred men at once? The secretary will be glad to correspond with friends in any neighbourhood who would be willing to co-operate to raise £40 a year to start a colporteur. Please address W. Cordon Jones, Colportage Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon:—August 27, four; 30th, eighteen; 31st, one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to Sept. 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
C. M. H.	100	0	0
Miss O'Leary	0	2	6
Mrs. Martin	2	0	0
Mr. Arthur Green	0	7	6
Mr. Penny	4	0	0
Mr. W. Middlemore	25	0	0
Mr. H. Williams	5	0	0
P. L. S.	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Graham	25	0	0
A. Z.	2	10	0
Mr. Perkins' Bible Class	16	0	0
Mrs. Bydawell's Box	0	3	3
Mr. W. Crawford	0	10	0
Mrs. Reddoch	50	0	0
Mr. G. Meadows	0	5	0
Mr. W. McArthur, M.P.	25	0	0
Mr. C. Henry	0	7	0
Mr. Brown	0	4	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. McLeod	1	0	0
Leamington	1	1	0
Messrs. Willson and Son	1	1	0
A Friend in the North	0	10	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
Mrs. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Murdoch	0	10	0
Collection at Trinity Street, Bristol, per Rev. W. Osborne	6	15	4
J. C.	0	2	8
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Aug. 26	36	0	6
" " " " Sept. 2	36	16	2
" " " " " 9	38	13	4
" " " " " 16	33	0	3
	£318	14	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to Sept. 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. W. Saunders	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Brown	5	7	0
Mr. J. Tyerman	2	10	0
Miss O'Leary	0	5	0
A Poor Woman, Reading	0	1	0
Psalm cxxvi. 6	0	0	6
Mr. J. Cubey	2	2	6
Mrs. Clara Jones	1	0	0
Mr. James E. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. G. Mill	1	8	11
Mrs. Cozens	0	2	6
Mr. G. Greenyer	0	2	6
Mr. Emington	0	1	0
B. B. B.	5	0	0
Strawberry Money	0	4	0
Collections at Farsley, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon	110	0	6
Miss Mary Masheter	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pearce	0	2	6
Hughie and Cecil	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	3	0
Mrs. Bright	0	10	0
Mr. Penny	4	0	0
Mr. T. L. Read and Family	1	0	0
Miss Hardy	0	5	0
Miss Kate Leathers	0	10	0
Mr. D. Fowler	0	5	0
"Send an Offering"	0	2	6
A. Z.	2	10	0
Mr. J. P. Jones	0	11	3
Mr. T. Bury	0	2	6
Mr. E. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Page	0	2	6
Mrs. Hasler	1	0	0
Aylsham	0	2	6
Mrs. Winter	2	0	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	4	0
Baptist Church, Harwich	1	0	0
A Free Church Friend, Nairn	3	0	0
M.	1	0	0
Metropolitan Store	1	5	3
N. N.	1	0	0
Mr. D. Young	10	10	0
Rev. J. J. Dalton	1	0	0
Mr. Brown	0	4	0
Mrs. H. Fells	0	5	0
Mrs. G. James	3	0	0
Mr. J. Ryall	0	10	6
E. B.	0	13	0
Legacy, late Miss Johnson	100	0	0
Messrs. Willson and Son	1	1	0
Mr. C. Hutchinson	0	2	6
A. B. C. D.	0	5	0
Miss Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Mrs. Goodson	0	2	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Surplus Orphanage Excursion to Reading, per Mr. Withers	18	8	3
Mr. Bradwell	1	0	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth :—			
Mr. Young	0 10 0		
Mr. Robertson	3 0 0		
A. B. C., "Bath"	0 5 0		
Litherland	1 0 0		
Pillar Box, Orphanage Gate	1 3 5		
Collecting Box, Mr. Costage, Reading	0 11 9		
Carey Chapel, Reading, after Sermons by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth	38 0 0		
S. L. S.	0 10 0		
Eighty-nine Coins in Pillar Box, Orphanage Gate	0 12 10		
Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter	0 15 0		
Orphanage Boys' Collecting Books (vide List)	39 17 0		
		86	5 0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Renshaw		1	1 0
Per Mrs. Withers :—			
Mr. W. J. Palmer	3 0 0		
Mr. J. Boorne	2 0 0		
Mr. J. Long	1 0 0		
Mr. A. Richardson	1 0 0		
Mr. J. Withers (Quarterly)	0 5 0		
Rev. E. Porter	0 2 6		
Mrs. Blackman	0 1 1		
Harriet Cooper	0 1 1		
Mrs. G——e	0 1 6		
		7	11 3
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Bampton	0 5 0		
Mr. Benson	0 5 0		
		0	10 0
		£404	3 10

Boys' Collecting Cards.—Atkins, G., 5s; Anderson, A., 7s; Bluntach, W., 2s 6d; Bottomley, A., 9s 6d; Bates, H., 7s 6d; Biss, H., 12s 2d; Brind, H., £1 0s 6d; Burnett, 4s 1d; Bowers, A., 1s 6d; Baxter, H., 5s; Baker, T., 3s; Bowtell, F., 10s 5d; Bales, J., 10s; Bailey, H., 5s 6d; Bailey, F., £1 5s 6d; Blundell, G. H., 5s 5d; Clarke, W., 5s 5d; Coleman, J., 4s; Clark, M., 5s; Capel, E., 4s; Crook, J., 4s; Corpe, F., 5s; Crisp, T., 4s 7d; Coman, J., 5s; Croll, J., 10d; Campbell, R., 5s; Coxhead and Pavey, 10s; Davison, C., 4s 1d; Davies, C. H. S., 6s 1d; Dear, H., 2s 4d; Evans, W. J., 1s 7d; Ellett, T., 7s; Edmonds, H., 4s; Frost, A., 18s; Fleming, G., 6s; Foulsham, 5s; Fulton, J., 4s; Glaysher, G., 5s; Grinter, J., 1s; Goodman, W., 4s: Gubbins, S. J., 3s 6d; Gardner, A., 17s; Gardiner, J., 5s 6d; Goodger, J., 2s; Goddard, A., 2s; Hurdman, W., 1s; Hart, R. A., 2s 9d; Hart, R. E., 15s; Hawes, F., 3s 8d; Hunt, G., 1s 6d; Hart, F., 10s 1d; Hicks, A., 4s 9d; Hollands, £1; Hutt, W., 2s 10d; Hart, L., 10s 6d; Jordan, A., 3s; Jones, A., 9s 6d; Jones, C., 12s 7d; Kentfield, E., 7s 1d; King, H. W., 6s; Kitchen, F., £1 5s; Knibb, C., 3s 7d: Lansbury, F., 4s 4d; Lewis, E., 4s 3d; Messenger, J., 13s; Marsh, H., 2s; Moss, H. J., 2s 3d; Matthews, W., 8s; Machine, F., 2s 3d; Mackenzie, W., 2s; Morgan, 7s; Madigan, W., 2s; Mitchell, J., 2s 6d; Morton, V. L., 1s 6d; Nearn, J., 5s 6d; Neville, H. J., 10s; Owen, A., 5s 2d; Payne, H., 2s 6d; Parker, F. T., 2s 2d; Parker, F., 9s 1d; Pack, T. A. E., 7s; Pearce, T., 7s 6d; Reddall, C., 6s. 6d; Reid, F., 3s; Ruffhead, F., 12s; Rumell, J., 5s. 4d; Roberts, G., 17s; Snow, W. J., 3s 6d; Smith, A. J., 2s; Simmonds, F., 8s 1d; South, F., 8s; Stanley, G., 9s 6d; Stuart, J., 6s 11d; Smith, A., 4s; Smith, H., 9s 1d; Smith, G., 3s 2d; Salter, J., 18s; Seamen, A., 1s; Sandford, H., 5s 6d; Snell, T., 3s; Terry, S., 10s; Turner, J., 3s; Thompson, E., 6d; Taylor, D. E., 1s 4d; Valler, J., 7s 6d; Webster, G. W., 4s 1d; Wright, J., 3s 5d; Ward, H., 14s; White, C., 9s 4d; Ward, C. T., 5s 6d; Ward, S., 5s 6d; Wilshire, C. J., £1; Wood, J. M., 10s; Wanstall, J., 12s; Webb, C., 5s. 4d; Weston, W., £1 2s 10d; Walters, H., 4s 3d; Witherdon, H., 2s 6d; Young, J., 6s.—Total, £39 17s.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions, etc.:—120 Eggs, Janet Ward; some Strawberries, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Turner; some Fruit, Mr. Rowe; 30 Loaves, Nelson Read; Sack of Potatoes, Mr. Summerfield; 11 Bags Potatoes, Orphanage Acre, Mr. J. Toller, Waterbeach; a small Caddy of Tea, Captain Anderson; some Biscuits, Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell; a Case of Spanish Onions and some Maccaroni, Mr. Boggis; a quantity of Carrots, J. Bath.

General.—50 Flannel Shirts, 15 White Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 250 Pockethandkerchiefs, Miss Winslow; 8 Articles for Sale Room, A Friend; 10 Library Books, Mrs. Davies; 8 Library Books, Anon.; some School Books and Numbers of "The Graphic," Mrs. Burwash; a Truck of Coals, Mr. Hancock, Alfreton; 4 articles for Sale Room, and 6 Cotton Shirts, "Sarah."

Colportage Association.

For Capital Fund:—	£	s.	d.
A Friend	100	0	0
Z. Z.	2	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
	£107	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.	£	s.	d.
H. M.	20	0	0
Mr. Quinn	0	5	6
Mr. Pope	0	10	0
Mr. Goldston	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Mrs. T. Kempster	0	10	0
Mr. D. Jones	0	1	0
A Friend	0	0	2
W. C. Murrell, Esq.	1	1	0
N. Reid, Esq.	1	1	0
	£26	11	2

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
J. Cory, Esq., for Castletown	10	0	0
Chester District	35	13	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Bacup Ebenezer Baptist Church ...	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association for Stow-on-Wold and Witney	20	0	0
F. A. Homer, Esq., for Sedgley... ...	10	0	0
Sevenoaks District, per E. Pye Smith, Esq.	10	0	0
Jas. Milward, Esq...	6	13	4
A Friend, for Kent	31	7	0
Northampton Baptist Association ...	10	0	0
Dudley District	8	15	0
Cinderford District...	7	10	0
Shrewsbury District	10	0	0
Mrs. Dix, for Maldon	30	0	0
Cradley District	9	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Blyth District	7	8	0
Maldon District	2	10	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association ...	7	10	0
Hadleigh District	15	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ...	17	10	0
South Wilts District	15	0	0
Wellington District	10	0	0
G. W. Dean, Esq....	10	0	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
Melton Mowbray	10	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	0	0
Messrs. Willson and Son...	1	1	0
Mr. C. Anderson	1	0	0
A. B. C. D.	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
	£133	2	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.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

Our Lord's Preaching.

A FRAGMENT BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted."—Isaiah lxi. 1.

OUR Lord's anointing was with a special view to his preaching. Such honour does the Lord of heaven and earth put upon the ministry of the Word that, as one of the old Puritans said, "God had only one Son, and he made a preacher of him." It should greatly encourage the weakest amongst us, who are preachers of righteousness, to think that the Son of God, the blessed and eternal Word, came into this world that he might preach the same glad tidings which we are called to proclaim.

We may profitably note how earnestly our Lord kept to his work. It was his businesss to preach, and he did preach, he was always preaching. "What," say you, "did he not work miracles?" Yes, but his miracles were sermons; they were acted discourses, full of instruction. He preached when he was on the mountain, he equally preached when he sat at table in the Pharisee's house. All his actions were significant; he preached by every movement. He preached when he did not speak; his silence was as eloquent as his words. He preached when he gave, and he preached when he received; he was preaching a sermon when he lent his feet to the woman that she might wash them with her tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head, quite as much as when he was dividing the loaves and the fishes and feeding the multitude. He preached by his patience before Pilate, for

there he witnessed a good confession. He preached from the bloody tree; with hands and feet fastened there, he delivered the most wonderful discourse of justice and of love, of vengeance and of grace, of death and of life, that was ever preached in this poor world. Oh, yes, he preached wondrously, he was always preaching; with all his heart and soul he preached. He prayed that he might obtain strength to preach. He wept in secret that he might the more compassionately speak the word which wipes men's tears away. Always a preacher, he was always ready, in season and out of season, with a good word. As he walked the streets he preached as he went along; and if he sought retirement, and the people thronged him, he sent them not away without a gracious word. This was his one calling, and this one calling he pursued in the power of the eternal Spirit; and he liked it so well, and thought so much of it, that he trained his eleven friends to the same work, and sent them out to preach as he had done; and then he chose seventy more for the same errand, saying, "As ye go, preach the gospel." Did he shave the head of one of them to make him a priest? Did he decorate one of them with a gown, or a chasuble, or a biretta? Did he teach one of them to say mass—to swing a censer, or to elevate the host? Did he instruct one of them to regenerate children by baptism? Did he bring them up to chant in surplices and march in processions? No, those things he never thought of, and neither will we. If he had thought of them it would only have been with utter contempt, for what is there in such childish things? The preaching of the cross—this it is which is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us who are saved it is the wisdom of God, and the power of God; for it pleaseth God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. Nor at the close of his career had our Lord lowered his estimate of preaching, for just before he ascended he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." His last charge in brief was—preach, preach even as I have done before you. He lived the Prince of preachers, he died and became the theme of preachers, he lives again and is the Lord of preachers. What an honourable work is that to which his servants are called!

Now, as you have seen that our Saviour came to preach, now notice *his subject*. "The Lord hath anointed me to preach *good tidings* to the meek." And what good tidings did he preach? Pardon, pardon given to the chief of sinners, pardon for prodigal sons pressed to their father's bosom. Restoration from their lost estate as the piece of money was restored again into the treasury, and the lost sheep back to the fold. How encouragingly he preached of a life given to men dead in sin, life through the living water which becomes a fountain within the soul. You know how sweetly he would say, "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "Like as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He preached a change of heart, and the need of a new creation. He said, "Ye must be born again," and he taught those truths by which the Holy Ghost works in us and makes all things new. He preached glad tidings concerning resurrection, and bade men look for endless bliss by faith in

him. He cried, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." He gave forth precepts, too, and threatenings in their place,—some of them very searching and terrible, but they were only used as accessories to the good news. He made men feel that they were poor, that they might be willing to be made rich by his grace. He made them feel weary and burdened, that they might come to him for rest; but the sum and substance of what he preached was the gospel—the good spell—the glad news.

Brethren, our divine Lord always preached upon that subject, and did not stoop to secular themes. If you notice, though he would sometimes debate with Pharisees, Herodians, and others, as needs must be, yet he was soon away from them and back to his one theme. He baffled them with his wisdom, and then returned to the work he loved, namely, preaching where the publicans and sinners drew near together "for to hear him." Our business, since the Spirit of God is upon us, is not to teach politics, save only in so far as these immediately touch the kingdom of Christ, and there the gospel is the best weapon. Nor is it our business to be preaching mere morals, and rules of duty; our ethics must be drawn from the cross, and begin and end there. We have not so much to declare what men ought to do, as to preach the good news of what God has done for them. Nor must we always be preaching certain doctrines, as doctrines, apart from Christ. We are only theologians as far as theology enshrines the gospel. We have one thing to do, and to that one thing we must keep. The old proverb says, "Cobbler, stick to your last," and, depend upon it, it is good advice to the Christian minister to stick to the gospel and make no remove from it. I hope I have always kept to my theme; but I take no credit for it, for I know nothing else. I have "determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Indeed, necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel. I would fain have but one eye, and that eye capable of seeing nothing from the pulpit but lost men and the gospel of their salvation: to all else one may well be blind, so that the entire force of the mind may centre on the great essential subject. There is, certainly, enough in the gospel for any one man, enough to fill any one life, to absorb all our thought, emotion, desire, and energy, yea, infinitely more than the most experienced Christian and the most intelligent teacher will ever be able to bring forth. If our Master kept to his one topic, we may wisely do the same, and if any say that we are narrow, let us delight in that blessed narrowness which brings men into the narrow way. If any denounce us as cramped in our ideas, and shut up to one set of truths, let us rejoice to be shut up with Christ, and count it the truest enlargement of our minds. It were well to be bound with cords to his altar, to lose all hearing but for his voice, all seeing but for his light, all life but in his life, all glorying save in his cross. If he who knew all things taught only the one thing needful, his servants may rightly enough do the same. "The Lord hath anointed me," saith he, "to preach good tidings": in this anointing let us abide.

But now notice *the persons* to whom he especially addressed the good tidings. They were the meek. Just look to the fourth of Luke, and

you will read there, "The Lord hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor": the poor, then, are among the persons intended by the meek. I noticed when I was looking through this passage that the Syriac renders it "the humble," and I think the Vulgate renders it "the gentle." Calvin translates it "the afflicted." It all comes to one thing. The meek, a people who are not lofty in their thoughts, for they have been broken down; a people who are not proud and lifted up, but low in their own esteem; a people who are often much troubled and tossed about in their thoughts; a people who have lost proud hopes and self-conceited joys; a people who seek no high things, crave for no honours, desire no praises, but bow before the Lord in humility. They are fain to creep into any hole to hide themselves, because they have such a sense of insignificance and worthlessness and sin. They are a people who are often desponding, and are apt to be driven to despair. The meek, the poor—meek because they are poor: they would be as bold as others if they had as much as others, or as others think they have; but God has emptied them, and so they have nothing to boast of. They feel the iniquity of their nature, the plague of their hearts; they mourn that in them there dwells no good thing, and oftentimes they think themselves to be the offscouring of all things. They imagine themselves to be more brutish than any man, and quite beneath the Lord's regard; sin weighs them down, and yet they accuse themselves of insensibility and impenitence. Now, the Lord has anointed the Lord Jesus on purpose to preach the gospel to such as these. If any of you are good and deserving, the gospel is not for you. If any of you are keeping God's laws perfectly, and hope to be saved by your works; the whole have no need of a physician, and the Lord Jesus did not come upon so needless an errand as that of healing men who have no wounds or diseases. But the sick need a doctor, and Jesus has come in great compassion to remove their sicknesses. The more diseased you are, the more sure you may be that the Saviour came to heal such as you are. The more poor you are, the more certain you may be that Christ came to enrich you; the more sad and sorrowful you are, the more sure you may be that Christ came to comfort you. You nobodies, you who have been turned upside down and emptied right out, you who are bankrupts and beggars, you who feel yourselves to be clothed with rags and covered with wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, you who are utterly bad through and through, and know it, and mourn it, and are humbled about it, you may know that God has poured the holy oil without measure upon Christ on purpose that he might deal out mercy to such poor creatures as you are. What a blessing this is! How we ought to rejoice in the anointing, since it benefits such despicable objects. We who feel that we are such objects ought to cry, "Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

We must now consider *our Lord's design* and object in thus preaching the gospel to the poor and the meek.

It was, you observe, that he might bind up the broken-hearted. "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Carefully give heed, that you may see whether this belongs to you. Are you broken-hearted because of sin; because you have sinned often, foully, grievously?

Are you broken-hearted because your heart will not break as you would desire it should break; broken-hearted because you repent that you cannot repent as you would, and grieved because you cannot grieve enough? Are you broken-hearted because you have not such a sense of sin as you ought to have, and such a deep loathing of it as you perceive that others have? Are you broken-hearted with despair as to self-salvation; broken-hearted because you cannot keep the law; broken-hearted because you cannot find comfort in ceremonies; broken-hearted because the things which looked best have turned out to be deceptions; broken-hearted because all the world over you have found nothing but broken cisterns which hold no water, which have mocked your thirst when you have gone to them; broken-hearted with longing after peace with God; broken-hearted because prayer does not seem to be answered; broken-hearted because when you come to hear the gospel you fear that it is not applied to you with power; broken-hearted because you had a little light and yet slipped back into darkness; broken-hearted because you are afraid you have committed the unpardonable sin; broken-hearted because of blasphemous thoughts which horrify your mind and yet will not leave it? I care not why or wherefore you are broken-hearted, but Jesus Christ came into the world, sent of God with this object—to bind up the broken-hearted. It is a beautiful figure, this binding up—as though the Crucified One took the liniment and the strapping and put it round the broken heart, and with his own dear gentle hand proceeded to close up the wound and make it cease to bleed. Luke does not tell us that he came to bind up the broken-hearted: if you examine his version of the text, you will read that he came *to cure* them. That is going still further, because you may bind a wound up and yet fail to cure it, but Jesus never fails in his surgery. He whose own heart was broken knows how to cure broken hearts. I have heard of people dying of a broken heart, but I always bless God when I meet with those who live with a broken heart because it is written, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." If you have that broken heart within you, beloved, Christ came to cure you; and he will do it, for he never came in vain: "he shall not fail nor be discouraged." With sovereign power anointed from on high he watches for the worst of cases. Heart disease, incurable by man, is his speciality! His gospel touches the root of the soul's ill, the mischief which dwells in that place from whence are the issues of life. With pity, wisdom, power, and condescension he bends over our broken bones, and ere he has done with them he makes them all rejoice and sing glory to his name. Come then, ye troubled ones, and rely upon your Saviour's healing power. Give yourselves up to his care, confide in his skill, rest in his love. What joy you shall have if you will do this at once! What joy shall I have in knowing that you do so! Above all, what joy will fill the heart of Jesus, the beloved Physician, as he sees you healed by his stripes!

Dr. Francis Wayland.

THE life of Dr. Wayland, though essentially American, is more free from Americanisms than any other biography from across the water it has been our lot to review. Written by his sons, it bears traces of literary genius, and is characterised by an honest effort to set forth the phases of a good man's character, and the labours of a busy man's life. We are not aware that an English edition has been published: to find a market here the pruning knife is necessary, as it is padded with a great deal of extraneous matter by no means essential to a full conception of the man. The pages are pervaded with a thoroughly Christian spirit, and those readers to whom biography has a special charm will enjoy the perusal of the book, even though at times they will find their patience somewhat tried by the narration of petty incidents, whose only merit is that they are mentioned in connection with the life of a good man.

Francis Wayland descended from English parents who found a home in the United States, and who throughout their career were earnest Christians. In a brief autobiographical sketch which is incorporated with the first volume, Mr. Wayland pays a just tribute to his parents for their consistent piety, and attributes the formation of his character to their influence. So conscientious were his father's scruples in the matter of family prayer that, remembering his omission one day, he bade his pupils remain seated in school while he returned home with his son to discharge the duty. Although very successful in the business which he afterwards undertook, and likely in a few years to amass a fortune, the elder Wayland relinquished it to become a preacher, and invested his capital to yield a sufficient income which enabled him to preach to those who could not afford to pay a minister. He thus discharged the apostolic office of founding churches which he lived to see flourish and extend. An example like this must appear strange to some of our Christian merchants, who are wholly given to money-making, and who excuse themselves from Christian service by pleading the absorbing nature of their avocations. Surely the grandest fortune ever amassed is a poor compensation for the sacrifice of Christian usefulness. Wealth is perishable, but honest service for Christ bears the impress of eternity.

During his boyhood Francis Wayland does not appear to have had any liking for boyish sports. His sister says of him, "He was unlike most boys. I do not remember that he ever marred or destroyed any of our playthings." When we consider what petty tyrants boys often are if they have sisters, and how the organ of destructiveness reveals itself in a thousand ways, we accept this testimony to his regard for the sacred rights of property as an indisputable evidence of a noble character.

At the age of fifteen he entered Union College, Albany, but the method of education pursued was not calculated to make scholars. He says, "We studied, if it might be called study, for recitation merely, never carrying our thoughts one inch beyond the page on which our eyes rested." The social influence of the place was bad. "Prevarication

and lying to officers, playing cards, small pilfering, especially from commons and from the neighbourhood of the college, false accounts to parents, and profanity, especially in playing games of chance, all sprang up in profusion." In such an atmosphere as this his moral character was imperilled, and that he escaped corruption shows the conservative power of the grace of God.

On leaving college he commenced the study and practice of medicine under Dr. Burritt, at Troy, and gave promise of attaining proficiency. "Now, Wayland," said the doctor, "if you will bone down to it, and give your time and strength to your studies, I will make a man of you." At Troy he was greatly benefited by his friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard. "The young man is happy," says his biographer, "who, in the hour of his regeneration, finds friends that, by their intelligent and congenial sympathy, nourish into energy the feeble pulsations of the newly-awakened intellectual life." If this language is somewhat stilted, it clearly indicates a method of usefulness which lies within the reach of all. Many a young man, crushed well-nigh to despair beneath the weight of his first difficulties, would enter a new world of hope if he could command the sympathy of a true friend.

Having reached a crisis in his being, he found the Saviour, and discovered in religion the only true basis and bond for a moral character. When he became conscious of the change he had undergone, he says, "My mind at one time rebelled against the doctrine of election. It seemed to me like partiality. I now perceived that I had no claim whatever on God, but that if I were lost it was altogether my own fault, and that if I were saved it must be purely a deed of unmerited grace." Such an inward humiliation would solve the difficulties of divine sovereignty in most minds. It were well if more of our young men were thus taught of the Lord.

After being baptized upon the profession of his faith he joined the church, and gave up at once a lucrative profession to be a preacher. "I could not but give myself up to the ministry," he says, "without sinning against God. I could not ask the blessing of God upon anything else. My duty seemed plain, and the providence of God opened the way which I was to pursue." In 1816 he set out for Andover to qualify himself by a theological training for the work to which he felt he had received an indisputable call. There he came under the influence of Prof. Moses Stuart, whose commentaries upon the Epistles prove him to have been a profound scholar. It is said of him, "In his creed the Bible was first, midst, last, highest, deepest, broadest. When he uttered censure too severe, perhaps, upon the abstractions of our divines it seemed to be not that he loved philosophy less, for he aspired after a true philosophy, but that he loved Jesus more."

The worthy professor, with all his learning, was on one occasion in the class convicted by his pupil of holding an untenable position with regard to baptism. He argued that "the form of baptism is entirely immaterial, and that the temper of heart in the subject is the only matter of moment," and was met by the very pertinent question, "If such is the case, with what propriety can baptism be administered to those who cannot be supposed to exercise any temper of heart at all, and with whom the form must be everything?" This question

had very little effect beyond disturbing the Professor's equanimity for a moment, and was dismissed *mentally*, perhaps, in the same fashion as the query addressed to a negro orator. Preaching on the creation, to a coloured audience, he said, "When God made man he stuck him up agin de palings to dry;" and when asked by one of his audience, "Den who made de palings?" he promptly rejoined, "My bredren, dem dare sort of questions would upset any system of teology."

Completing his college course Wayland accepted the office of tutor, although very little ahead of the class he had to teach in classics, but such was his application that he speedily qualified himself to take every subject taught in the college. His rule was expressed in the following sentence:—"Whatever I was doing I have always fixed my mind on that one thing, and tried not to think of anything else."

Accepting a call to the pastorate of the first Baptist church in Boston, he resigned his professorship, and was ordained August 21st, 1821. His mother, who had always followed him with her prayers, wrote: "The day of your ordination I kept with fasting and prayer, that the Lord would endow you with all the graces of his Holy Spirit, that you might abound in every good word and work; that you might have many, very many, souls given you, that shall be to your everlasting joy in a coming day." How deeply he was indebted to his mother's prayers for help and guidance it is impossible to estimate. Certain it is that they were prized by him as a precious heritage.

Like many other young ministers, he found in his first church a disaffected minority, who were determined to give him as much annoyance as possible. They wrote anonymous letters, but he never noticed them. They vaunted their preference for another candidate, but he never quarrelled with their choice. One young man came to him and said, "I don't know how it is, but I am not interested in your preaching. I have no doubt it is deep, but I don't understand it, and I do not feel edified by it." Mr. Wayland replied, "My dear brother, you have done right in coming to me; you have acted a Christian part. I feel that it is my duty to preach the gospel. I studied medicine, and began to practise; but God said to me, 'Wayland, you must preach the gospel.' I came here because God seemed to call me here. But I do not blame you for not liking my preaching, or for not being edified by it. I hope you will go where you find yourself most blessed: I shall not be offended." This candour on both sides soon disarmed the opposition, the young man learned to appreciate Mr. Wayland's ministry, and became his firm friend. We commend this incident to young ministers who assume that because they are called to the ministry their congregations are bound to enjoy and profit by their preaching. We would also counsel any who are disaffected not to foster ill-feeling towards their minister, but candidly to seek an interview and state their case.

In 1823 Mr. Wayland became joint editor with Dr. Baldwin in conducting the American "*Baptist Magazine*," to which he contributed many interesting and valuable papers. About this time the churches were stirred by the devoted labours of the Judsons, and Mr. Wayland threw himself into the missionary cause with an enthusiasm for which even his friends were not prepared. Robert Hall, in reading the

missionary sermon he preached, said, "The author of that sermon will be heard of again."

Resigning his pastorate, he became president of Brown University, and soon succeeded in restoring to it something like healthy discipline. His spirit was that of a thorough teacher:—"I have always aimed, not only to understand a subject for myself, but to make my pupils understand it." That he was successful we gather from the following testimony:—"I never knew an instructor who was so perfectly master of the subject he handled, and who left the impress of his own mind so ineffaceably upon the minds of all susceptible of receiving it." He had the happy art of carrying his points even with those students who were somewhat difficult to manage, and succeeded in his methods of dealing with the sceptical spirit exhibited by certain forward young men in his classes. A sceptical student promising himself the pleasure of a prolonged controversy, once informed the president that he had been unable to discover any internal evidence that the Old Testament was inspired. "For instance," said he, "take the book of Proverbs. Certainly it needed no inspiration to write that portion of the Bible. A man not inspired could have done it as well. Indeed, I have often thought that I could write as good proverbs myself." "Very well, my son," was the quiet rejoinder of the professor, "perhaps you can. Suppose you make the experiment. Prepare a few proverbs and read them to the class to-morrow." It is unnecessary to add that the young man felt *he* needed a little inspiration to accomplish the task thus challenged and imposed. Such a gentle reproof proved far more powerful than a learned argument on the Evidences, and left the worthy professor master of the situation. His deliberation saved him from making mistakes in matters of discipline, and his firmness, when once the course of action was apparent, established the conviction that his authority was not to be trifled with. It is said of him, "There was so much kindness in his stern justice, so much that was generous and noble in his severity, that the students generally loved him as much as they respected him."

Holding such a prominent position as Professor of Brown University, Mr. Wayland used his influence in promoting every form of Christian benevolence, and his services were sought on all hands. Though his official duties were onerous, he responded to the calls of the various societies, and rendered good service by his advocacy of their claims. He felt, as all public men have felt, that the meagre contributions of the wealthy were not always due to lack of sympathy with the societies, but often from ignorance of their operations and success. Being liberal in the disposition of his own means to support Christian and benevolent enterprises, he was severe in his strictures upon those who spend so much upon luxuries as to limit their ability to give, or who add to their wealth by withholding their contributions from the cause of God. His biographers instance a gentleman of ample means, prominent in religious affairs, who considered it a matter of self-gratulation that once a year he was in the habit of giving half a dollar to the cause of foreign missions. This may be an extreme case, but is it not a lamentable fact that many Christian people never seriously consider the question—"How much owest thou to my Lord?" There is a most

pressing necessity for the adoption of systematic and proportionate giving throughout the churches, for with growing wealth the temptation to an increased expenditure upon personal luxuries often leads to a reduction in the amount contributed to the cause of God. "As God has prospered you," is an apostolic rule, and its elasticity is in harmony with the spirit of the Christian dispensation, but many fall far below the tenth prescribed under the Jewish economy. Wealth is a sacred trust, and every man is a steward of the Lord's bounty. A clergyman of the Church of England gave the writer the following incident, which illustrates the danger of acquired wealth to the spirit of Christian generosity:—A lady, who had subscribed a certain sum annually, suddenly became possessed of a fortune. The minister who had received her contribution expected to receive a proportionate increase in her gift, but to his surprise she sent nothing. He waited twelve months, when, on asking the reason for the withdrawal of her subscription now that her income had increased, she replied that the sum she had always given was not large enough to invest, but now she was able to invest the whole of the balance of income over expenditure: a painful illustration this of "*the deceitfulness of riches*."

That Dr. Wayland did not exaggerate Christian duty in this respect is proved by his little book on "The Limitations of Human Responsibility," which was directed against the assumption of some who based their advocacy of philanthropic claims upon the guilt of those who do not redress human ills, even though they may have laboured up to the extent of their ability. "He held the view that there are limits to man's responsibility; that he is responsible for results only up to the extent of his power over them; that no man is responsible for evils which he cannot prevent without transcending the means with which Providence has endowed him, and without violating the relations which he holds to his fellows, and the duties which grow out of those relations."

The publication of this book provoked considerable discussion, and made the author not a few enemies. On his visit to England he was regarded with suspicion by some. "Sir," said a minister, "I am sorry I cannot invite you to occupy my pulpit next Sabbath. Personally I have no objection, but some doctrines in your treatise on 'The Limitations of Human Responsibility' have rendered you unpopular in England, and were I to do it I should incur reprehension." With a readiness and coolness which characterised him, he replied, "Sir, when I ask for your pulpit it will be time enough for you to refuse it."

The work by which the name of Francis Wayland is universally known is his "Elements of Moral Science." The origin of this book is due to his dissatisfaction with the work of Paley, which for some years he used in the University. At first he indicated his dissent from Paley by notes, which in time were expanded into lectures, and afterwards arranged to form a complete course. "The clearness and independence of its teachings, the elevation of its moral tone, the candour and ability of its discussions of practical ethics, and the humane and catholic spirit with which it is imbued, have given it a celebrity hardly less than world-wide." Dr. Angus, who has edited an edition for the Religious Tract Society, says of it, "The work is intended for all

classes: and will probably be found a more satisfactory treatise on ethics than any other in the English language. It is remarkable for the clearness of its style, the soundness of its philosophy, and the Scripturalness of its ethical system." As a first book upon the subject treated, we know no other which we would rather see in the hands of a young man.

In the year 1840 Dr. Wayland made his first voyage across the Atlantic, and narrates the incidents and impressions of his tour in a correspondence as interesting as it is instructive. His American notions of social perfectibility received a rude shock on his witnessing at Liverpool "the variety of grades and degrees which are marked below zero in the social scale." Had he waited to become better acquainted with the philanthropic agencies in operation, he would not have written —"It seems to be conceded that there is necessarily so much poverty that the idea of doing away with it is not even to be entertained." Granting that the past thirty years have witnessed a great improvement, still we think this judgment was based upon mere impressions, and not upon facts, which he might have ascertained. There is a touch of national egotism in the following sentence:—"Our country, bad as it may be, is simple, virtuous, moral, and religious, in comparison with other countries. God bless her, and lift her up for ever."

The Doctor narrates, with considerable ease and good taste, his interviews with most of the leading Nonconformist ministers with whom he came in contact,—Dr. Raffles and Dr. Leifchild, Dr. Harris and Dr. Chalmers; Angell James, Charles Stovel, Baptist Noel, and William Brock. Visiting Mr. Gurney, the short-hand writer to the House of Lords, at his house in Camberwell, he heard from his own lips the following story, which we do not remember to have seen before, and which is worth repeating from its metaphysical interest and significance. "He was engaged in taking minutes of evidence on one occasion from four P.M. to four A.M. It was on the enquiry relating to the Walcheren expedition. At two o'clock he fell asleep, and was aroused by someone asking the reporter to read the evidence of the last witness. It was the evidence of Sir James Erskine, and was a description of the fortification of Flushing. Mr. G. said to the witness, 'Sir James, I fear I have not written it all.' 'Never mind,' said the other, 'begin, and I will help you out.' The evidence consisted of nearly two pages of short-hand, and Mr. G. read it through, recognising perfectly all of it but the last four lines of which, after a particular sentence, he had no recollection whatever. These last lines were written quite as legibly as the rest, and he read them without any difficulty. When he ceased, he turned to Sir James, and said, 'Sir James, that is all I have.' 'That,' replied the other, 'is the whole of it.' *While asleep, he had continued writing as steadily and correctly as before.*" Whatever be the hypothesis upon which it is attempted to account for this phenomenon, it is certainly an interesting subject for the psychological student.

Dr. Wayland appears to have been under the influence of the feeling that travelling and sight-seeing were not altogether consistent in a man who had a solemn purpose in life. He said to Dr. Stow, whom he met in Paris, "I do not think a minister has a right to spend six

months for the mere purpose of sight-seeing. All the talk about mental improvement is the merest fudge. Life is too short to justify the waste of such a fraction of it. If I live to return, I shall set my face against the practice as wicked." Of course, "mere sight-seeing" is not the true object of travel, and to this extent we endorse the doctor's verdict; but when a journey is honestly undertaken to enlarge one's knowledge of men and things, and to brace both body and mind, if the balance has been disturbed by being overstrained, then we regard it as a duty imposed by the operation of a natural law. He who "knoweth our frame" bade his disciples seek repose by quitting for awhile the sphere of service which he had assigned them. To follow pleasure as the business of life is to be a traitor to every sacred obligation, but in recreation a worker may often renew the stimulus which makes labour easy and successful.

As the author of the "Life of Dr. Judson," the name of Dr. Wayland is held in high esteem by all who are indebted to that work for their knowledge of one of the most heroic men who spent his life in the cause of missions. That Dr. Wayland presented the copyright to the widow of Dr. Judson for her sole benefit was only to be expected from one whose generosity was a kind of second nature. The public mind was favourably moved towards mission work by the life of Judson. No array of statistics could have produced such an impression. Many a young man has derived his inspiration from its perusal, and many a lone sentinel in the mission-field has drunk in encouragement from the well-told story of the toils and triumphs of so brave a man.

"The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy," which does not appear to have attained anything like the popularity of "The Elements of Moral Science," is, nevertheless, one of the best books of its kind, and is well worthy of the student's notice. Dr. Wayland says of it, "It has cost me many hours and years of thought in one way and another. It has all gone through my own mind, and is not made by the scissors."

The study of philosophy, though the subject was congenial, afforded no satisfaction, however, to his heart compared with his evangelical labours.

> "Talk they of morals? O, thou bleeding Love!
> Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
> The grand morality is love of thee."

This quotation from Young expresses the sober verdict of Dr. Wayland. He knew, as all must know who consider the bias and the weakness of human nature, that the only safe guarantee of morality is love to Christ. The search for a basis of morality, apart from religion, is a quest as futile as it is presumptuous.

In writing to a minister he said, "Preach on the sinfulness, the helplessness, the accountability of man; his totally lost state, and the way of salvation by Christ. Get out of yourself as far as you can, and lie low at the feet of the Saviour, perfectly willing to be everything, anything, if he will only give you souls for your hire. It is yours to blow the trumpet, but it belongs to Omnipotence to overthrow the wall. The more I see, the more I am in love with true Baptist principles.

They are in accordance with the teaching of the Saviour. This Abrahamic covenant and hereditary membership are the curse of the church. You see the insidious nature of infant baptism. Manage it as you will, it leads to mingling the church and the world. It is the worm at the root of the spirituality of the church."

Retiring from the presidency of Brown University, he commenced, in 1855, a series of papers entitled "Notes upon the Principles and Practices of the Baptist Churches." They were afterwards published in a book, which forms the first volume of the Bunyan Library, and of which Howard Hinton says, in his introduction, "The reader will find the volume everywhere interesting, instructive, full of sound judgment and wisdom, written in charming English, and never violating a Christian principle."

These papers were followed by a series of "Letters on the Ministry of the Gospel," in which he dealt a severe blow at the spirit of officialism, which restricts the number of ministers to an ordained few. He encouraged "every Christian, whether ordained or not, to use all his powers for the service of Christ and the salvation of souls." "Let it be received as true," he adds, "that a Baptist is not to preach the gospel without years of heathen learning, or, if he does, that he is a backwoodsman, of whom everyone ought to be ashamed, and we are dead, plucked up by the roots." Whether such sentiments would evoke any sympathy from many of the American ministers of the present day is a question; but so much the worse for American ministers. If some of the sermons which have found their way to this country may be taken as a sample of those demanded by the American churches, we cannot hold them guiltless of withholding the gospel from the common people; an ordinary man could not rise to such turgid verbosity, and a devout Christian could not descend to such pitiable platitudes as abound in certain popular discourses. The first business of a minister is to "know Christ" for himself; the second is "to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" with that "great plainness of speech" which commends the message to the judgment of the ignorant. God uses the "*foolishness*"—not the *philosophy*—"of preaching to save them that believe."

Profoundly impressed with the necessity of preaching the gospel, at the age of sixty-one he accepted the pastorate of the first Baptist Church in Providence. He writes: "The minds of many members were pervaded by an idea of the greatness of the church, and a desire that it should occupy a high social position. I had myself an earnest longing for the conversion of my personal friends and their children; but this notion of the greatness of the church in the eyes of Christ seemed to me quite unfounded and offensive to the Saviour. I asked of God, with importunity, for souls, *souls*, SOULS, let them be young or old, friends or strangers, wise or unwise; I cared not who, or in what position; publicans or harlots were as good as any." The revival of 1858, which rolled like an Atlantic wave over the continent, found Dr. Wayland prepared by consecration to engage in the work of guiding anxious enquirers, and instructing young converts. It was an opportunity for usefulness which he had coveted, and, in spite of increasing feebleness, he laboured as a man constrained by an

irresistible impulse. His remark to a minister, to whom he listened, proves how deep were his convictions upon the necessity for evangelical preaching. "I have been pained and grieved with your preaching to-day. It has been evident to my mind that you have been pleased and proud over your finely-wrought and finished discourses. Those sermons were, as sermons, very creditable to your ability as a preacher, but very discreditable to you as an ambassador of Christ. There was too much learning, and too little of Christ in them. Go home, my son, and burn them up, and on your knees weep over your delinquency." The evident fidelity to conscience which this rebuke reveals, while taking away its sting, in no way weakened its effect.

His last years may, perhaps, be said to have been his best. With the confident hope that he was "accepted in the Beloved," the outlook inspired no alarm;

> "For his belief was no mere word
> Which, uttered, dies upon the lip;
> But faith, co-working with the Lord,
> In meek and loving fellowship."

And as the tired labourer, when the shadows lengthen, presents himself to receive his wage, so this servant of Christ, having reached the age of "three-score years and ten," closed his labours and went home to his reward.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Birds among the Mustard Trees.

AS I was riding across the plain of Akka, on the way to Carmel, I perceived at some distance from the path what seemed to be a little forest or nursery of trees. I turned aside to examine them. On coming nearer, they proved to be an extensive field of the plant which I was so anxious to see. It was then in blossom, full grown, in some cases six, seven, and nine feet high, with a stem or trunk an inch or more in thickness, throwing out branches on every side. I was satisfied in part. I felt that such a plant might well be called a tree, and, in comparison with the seed producing it, a great tree. But still the branches, or stems of the branches, were not very large, or, apparently, very strong. Can the birds, I said to myself, rest upon them? Are they not too slight and flexible? Will they not bend or break beneath the superadded weight? At that very instant, as I stood and revolved the thought, lo! one of the fowls of heaven stopped in its flight through the air, alighted down on one of the branches, which hardly moved beneath the shock, and then began, perched there before my eyes, to warble forth a strain of the richest music. All my doubts were now charmed away. I was delighted at the incident. It seemed to me at the moment as if I enjoyed enough to repay me for all the trouble of the whole journey.

DR. H. B. HACKETT.

The Donkey Reformation and the Costers of Golden Lane.

PARALLELS have frequently been drawn between the asses of Scripture and the donkeys of England; and the comparison has tended towards the disparagement of the latter, as though ass and donkey were representatives of separate tribes, and inhabitants of opposite hemispheres. What real difference there may be between the animals of one country and those of another we shall not stay to enquire: for longer hair, stouter limbs, and a stronger, if a not more musical, voice are all little else than differences of natural uniform, the family likeness underneath being readily discernible. In point of fact, a donkey, as he comes from the hands of the Creator, is no mean creature; and then, when we come to education and general treatment, a donkey is what his master makes him. He pays for what is accorded him in his master's own coin, and can be brisk and willing or slow and moodish as the circumstances of the situation may seem to demand.

Observant persons, living in London, have noticed that, during the last ten years, a gradual change for the better has come over the donkeys employed by the traders who pursue their calling in the streets. What is better, inasmuch as the owners are of more worth than the animals, it is noticed that the amelioration has extended itself to the men. Because a merciful man is merciful to his beast the one is as surely an index to the other as the library betrays the taste of the scholar, or as the land testifies to the farmer's industry. Twenty years ago the deplorable condition of the costers and their starveling quadrupeds excited both pity and indignation: the reward of the best service which the animals could give being those blows and curses which provoke resentment without stimulating exertion. Just as Louis XIV. regarded his guns as the last arguments of a king, so did the London donkey-drivers of a former generation vest their final appeal in a stout ash stick. The era of better things is a gain all round, and what Carlyle might call a great eye-sorrow is disappearing from our public thoroughfares. People are asking, whence comes the change? At a meeting lately held in London, the Earl of Shaftesbury testified that this question is repeatedly put by persons who are perplexed as to the origin of the reform, and the answer is in effect, "Why, don't you know? It all comes from Golden Lane." Shall it be told as an anomaly in the history of philanthropy that Golden Lane is the Wittenburg of the donkey reformation?

To this Wittenburg we invite our readers to accompany us, for a characteristic sight is to be seen. A donkey show is one of the latest additions to those sights of London which are supposed to repay an excursionist for his journey. We have a double attraction in this case. On the one hand it is "the Costers' Great Day"; and on the other hand the spectacle draws together a number of ladies and gentlemen who belong to the *élite* of English society. A congregation of men and animals, all apparently bound together in ties of common sympathy, is a contrast to the old order of things, and something

that is worth the crossing of London to see. Accordingly sundry carriages, with titled occupants, roll from west to east and grace the occasion.

The object of the show is to awaken a spirit of wholesome emulation in the men—a self-respect which is certain to bear immediate good fruits, and of which a mere money-prize is not the chief reward. The poor coster, like other good citizens, loves to realize that he is of some importance in the body politic; and when he discovers that the eye of the public is upon him, and that friends are interested in his welfare and appearance, he becomes interested in himself. Probably at first he was tempted to become a donkey-exhibitor by the passive but potent charm of a pecuniary prize, but ere long he perceived that animals worthy of exhibition were also all the better for extra grooming, kind words, and liberal rations. There were no prejudices to overcome, and ever since the costers have learned their elementary lessons, increasing numbers of them experience pleasure in coming forward once a year to the bar of public opinion to compete for the public approval.

The show is held on an open space in Wilderness Row, a short distance from Golden Lane, and it is anything but an evening-dress, kid-glove affair; for though the animals bear abundant evidence of extreme attention having been paid to their toilet, it is far otherwise with their masters, and the wives and daughters, who swell the throng. The owners have done a morning's work in the market and in the street, for an hour or more they have been giving finishing touches to the glossy skins, rosettes, and other decorations of the exhibited animals, so that they themselves necessarily present a contrast of reasonable deshabille. The afternoon is passed in a state of general expectancy, and anticipation of tea, after which there will be an award of prizes as well as an influx of aristocratic visitors, such as the Earl of Shaftesbury, various members of his lordship's family, the chief commissioner of the metropolitan police, and other well-tried friends of the costers. The earl's inspection of the show with his daughter at his side is a phase of English life well worthy of attention. Every exhibitor is naturally anxious to catch the Earl's eye, and, through being as greatly interested in current opinion as the men, the women press closely round to hear what is said. Words of encouragement are dropped at every halting place, for all have earned them. Having completed the inspection, the prizes are awarded, every man receiving something. The animals afterwards return to their stables, and the people meet together in the hall to hear addresses from a number of eminent persons. Thus the donkey reformation has all along been a very simple process. There has been no elaborate organization: a simple plan, carried out in a common-sense manner, has sufficed to produce the best results. The men have been reached through their donkeys and ponies, and the good received by the one has flowed upward to the other. The best judges, they who are the tried friends of the London poor, are not only delighted with the success which has thus far crowned their endeavours in the direction we have indicated, but they believe that street traders have entered on a new era of improved circumstances. Looking at it from all sides, the work has already paid good interest for the capital of Christian zeal embarked, and the horizon of the future betokens still better days.

Persons who in different ages have made light of the gospel have still been glad, though unthankful, partakers of its good fruits. Religion is a tree which, in a national sense, dispenses its blessings to the just and to the unjust. When his lot is compared with the lot of those who lived under the thraldom of ancient heathen despotisms, the meanest British artizan is a freeman with privileges such as could not have been purchased by the proudest citizens of Athens and Rome. Though he may pretend to deny it, every infidel reaps daily benefit from Christianity, which he can no more forego than he can forego the sunlight. Like warm noontide rays, this power is penetrating the cold and dark recesses of the dens of ignorance and misery, there to work its moral transformations.

The question—What is the condition of London now? need not awaken emotions of despair if we recall to memory the condition of the capital in the past. Two centuries ago only a troop of soldiers with stout arms and trusty weapons could have arrested a fugitive malefactor in the villainous labyrinth which then existed on the south side of Fleet Street; and to come down much later, the morals of rich and poor under the Regency were characteristic of a disgraceful state of society now happily departed. Remember the awful degradation of certain districts, as those localities existed within living memory, and it will appear that the Christianizing influences at work have saved London from such horrors of anarchy as have frequently troubled France. Both in France and England there was a seedsowing and a harvest; Voltaire in the one empire, Whitefield and Wesley in the other, being fair representatives of the agents who did the work. The dangerous classes are no phantom of the moralist's brain, and if we have been spared a taste of their destructive power, let us not forget what the restraining influence has been. Let us not forget to honour the great system of gospel truth, or the Great Spirit who has anointed earnest men to proclaim it.

During his city experience Mr. Orsman has at least proved in Golden Lane that there is a willingness on the part of the London poor to hear the gospel—a virtue they were little suspected of possessing. Schooled at Cambridge, and gaining further experiences of human life amid the war storms of the Crimea, his early life was a discipline of preparation for future work in a higher service than that of a temporal government. When he first directed his own and public attention to its needs, Golden Lane was a network of courts and blind alleys, remarkable for their intricacy, and notorious for their squalid misery and awful vice. The territory was too bad for description, and seemed to be wholly given up to the devil; the young of both sexes having become marvellously precocious in sin. Mere children indulged every evil inclination without restraint. Criminals could be concealed in the unknown attics of the dilapidated rookeries. The successful cadger or thief, "in luck," might in one place riot in plenty; while an attic hard by might shelter the exhausted adventurer who lacked food and warmth in the last hours of a prodigal's career. There were lodging houses, to enter which a respectable person might have risked more than property; there were infamous drinking houses, of a character that would not now be tolerated, of a species indeed that no

one on the spot would now dare to set up. All but totally neglected, passed by as if forgotten by the good Samaritans of the gospel, the unfortunate "Lane" might have continued till this day to pass for a Satan's citadel, too strong to be assailed with impunity, had not our volunteer evangelist undertaken its invasion. From time immemorial the Sabbath bells had chimed in the neighbourhood around, but had given forth an unheeded call to prayer; and year after year preachers of various denominations had prayed and preached without their efforts affecting "the Lane." The turning point came when Mr. Orsman invaded the hitherto avoided territory single-handed, the weapons of his warfare having been the Bible and a bundle of tracts. The precocious children, the blear-eyed women, and sin-scarred sottish men, who on that day looked askance at the intruder, little suspected that a turning point in the chequered history of Golden-lane had come, and that the night of ignorance was at last threatened by the dawn of better times.

Mr. Orsman has proved that a volunteer evangelist, in a city like London, can gather around him a loving constituency, provided he is apt to teach and is true to conscience. The Billingsgate porter who told us that he and his companions would be worse than blacks were it not for being looked after by Christian men and women, gave a humorous expression to a recognized truth, while he revealed the gratitude felt by the poor towards those who befriend them. He did even more than this, he unconsciously expressed with characteristic bluntness the welcome fact that there is an uncommon readiness on the part of the London poor to hear the gospel. They are keen observers, and if a Christian worker goes among them in a spirit of self-denial, and having true sympathy, he will soon be recognized as a brother, and will next be looked up to as a leader. In Golden-lane Mr. Orsman may almost be regarded as the chief of a clan; he chose his own territory, and in turn the people have accorded him their confidence. With what penetrating sagacity do the poor judge of motives! Seldom need we hesitate to accept their deliberate verdict. The man of pure motives is the only really influential man. There was a Bible-woman on this district who once burst into tears on being rudely repulsed, and the fact of her thus being affected by the affront touched the heart of a sceptic, convinced him of her sincerity, and secured her a hearing ever afterwards. The transparency of Mr. Orsman's motives has all along been so abundantly manifest that a hearing has been willingly conceded, and his success has been according to his faith. The motives of a man may be equally pure whether he be paid or otherwise; but the man who is his own master, and who receives no reward, other than the good he is privileged to accomplish, occupies a high vantage ground.

In more senses than one, Golden-lane has undergone a transformation during the last twenty years. Speculating builders appear to have invaded the district, and in pursuit of their money-getting schemes have erected huge piles of business premises on the sites of former rookeries. In what degree this represents reform we do not undertake to decide; for probably the luckless tenants who have been ejected are still near at hand, overcrowding some other area. To

point to the improvement in the moral atmosphere which has taken place is a far more pleasant task. It must not be inferred that the place is completely renovated until no more remains to be done, for sin still abounds, and the mission set up is only just beginning to reap the fruits of success. Only when we compare the former state of the neighbourhood with its present condition can we fairly estimate the immensity of the work which Mr. Orsman, as a friend of the poor, has accomplished. If all things must be judged of by comparison let us remember what the evils were which have disappeared, and then take full account of the institutions that have been established. A large and flourishing Christian church has been gathered, and many of the members of this faithful community have themselves become Christian workers. The coffee and reading rooms are rival attractions to the public house, the savings' bank encourages thrifty habits, the club-room affords the costers an opportunity of transacting their society business without being beholden to Boniface the publican. In this way the poor people are taught to make the best of both worlds. Perhaps no class better repays the Christian worker than the coster; and in raising him to a higher level Mr. Orsman has also largely benefited the public, whose servants the costers are. Who was it that said he would give little for a man's religion unless his dog and cat were the better off for it? Even this test may now be applied to Golden-lane; for the costers' donkeys, as we have seen, are very generally improved in condition since a portion of their masters have become Christian men. The atmosphere of a notorious district has been changed; and though the transformation is not yet complete, it is sufficiently marked to stimulate others to copy Mr. Orsman's example in other districts.

G. H. P.

Pulpit Reflectors.

THE eminent Lyman Beecher used to say that the reason why his ministry was so blessed to the salvation of men was that he had so many pulpit reflectors in the Christians who lived out and diffused in every practical way the gospel which he proclaimed. A light placed alone scatters its beams on every hand, but a number of well-placed reflectors can concentrate and reflect its rays, and cause them to reach places where the direct rays of light would never go; so these pulpit reflectors, these Christians who take the gospel up in their lives, and who talk it, and act it, and live it from day to day, multiply the preacher's usefulness a hundredfold, and carry down into the deep and hidden corners, where sin and darkness lurk, those beams of light which, without their aid, would never reach the souls that sit in the shadow of death.

We need more pulpit reflectors. Let the minister of the gospel preach with all fidelity, and then let Christians on every hand take up the words of life which he proclaims, and reflect and re-echo them, and bear them to the souls which walk in darkness and yet long to behold God's marvellous light, even the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.—*From an American Paper.*



"Great Cry and Little Wool,"

AS THE MAN SAID WHO CLIPPED THE SOW.

OUR friend Hodge does not seem to be making much of an out at shearing. It will take him all his time to get wool enough for a blanket, and his neighbours are telling him so. But he gets plenty of music of a sort; Hullah's system is nothing to it, and even Nebuchadnezzar's flutes, harps, sackbuts, and dulcimers could not make more din. He gets "cry" enough to stock a Babylon of babies, but not wool enough to stop his ears with.

Now is not this very like the world with its notions of pleasure? There is noise enough; laughter, and shouting, and boasting; but where is the comfort which can warm the heart, and give peace to the spirit? Thousands have had to weep over their mistake, and yet it seems that every man must have a clip at his own particular pig, and cannot be made to believe that like all the rest it will yield him nothing but bristles. One shears the publican's hog, which is so fond of the swill tub, and he reckons upon bringing home a wonderful lot of wool; but everybody knows that he who goes there for wool will come home shorn himself: the "Blue Boar" is an uncommonly ugly animal to shear. Better sheer off as far as you can. Another tries greediness, and expects to be happy by being a miser. That's a very lean hog to clip at. Some try wickedness, and run into bad company, and give way to vice. I warrant you, they may shear the whole styful of filthy creatures, and never find a morsel of wool on the whole lot of them. Loose characters, silly amusements, gambling,

wantonness, and such like, are swine that none but a fool will try his hand on. I don't deny that there's plenty of pig music,—who ever expected that there would be silence in a piggery? But then noise is not enough to fill the heart or cheer the soul.

John Ploughman has tried for himself, and he knows by experience that all the world is nothing but a hog that is not worth the shearing: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But yet there is wool to be had; there are real joys to be got for the asking, if we ask aright. Below, all things deceive us, but above us there is a true friend. This is John Ploughman's verdict, which he wishes all his readers to take note of—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

From John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack.

Remarkable Preachers and Strange Stories.

THE following odds and ends were culled from all sorts of places by a scribe of the olden time, one William Turner. They make a strange medley, but we fancy they will not only amuse but also instruct. We give them all in a heap as they were collected. A box of all sorts had charms for us when we were children, and may please us even now.

In the year 1694 a volume of sermons was published by Mr. Clogie, of Wigmore, in Herefordshire, commemorative of a speaking raven which once visited that part of the country. The story is, that on February the 3rd, 1691, while Mr. Clogie and his family were sitting within doors, and Thomas Kinnersley, a grandson, was amusing himself outside cutting a stick, a raven settled on the steeple of the church, and called out distinctly three times, "Look into Colossians the 3rd and 15th." Pale with terror, the child hastened into the house, "telling them with a mighty ardency" of the nodding visitor of the steeple. The words, "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts" were sought out and improved, and the sermon was ultimately published. The public were also assured that Mr. Clogie was not a man to "preach or write like a man fallen into his dotage." There was good need for the assurance. That Master Thomas Kinnersley must have been a deep young dog to have told his grandpapa such a *story*. We think the date an error; it should have been April the first.

Bishop Ballington kept a book of three leaves, black, red, and white, which he turned over daily, for the sake of keeping in remembrance three things. The first pointed to the justice of God and to the regions of darkness, the second reminded him of the sacrifice of Christ, and the third "set forth God's mercy through the merits of his Son."

Many examples of extreme charity in preachers can be given. When he had no money wherewith to relieve the necessities of a student who applied to him, Luther gave away a silver cup. Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, had a prescription which he recommended to those of the rich

who would lay up treasure in heaven—they were recommended to make the bellies of the poor their barns. In a time of famine he also sold the church ornaments and valuable vessels and distributed the money; for, as he observed, the poor are the true treasures of the Church, and are more to be valued than gold and silver plate.

The Puritan age had its pastors who laboured excessively hard in their studies. We hear of a man who could do sixteen hours work a day, retiring to bed at ten and rising at four. Julius Palmer, one of the Marian martyrs, was of this character. Bishop Latimer seems to have been equally or more diligent, commencing his work at two in the morning. When did these men sleep?

When William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, was at Antwerp, he was told of a remarkable conjuror who by magical arts could place upon the table dainty dishes of choice meats and the rarest wines. Whether wizard or genius, Tyndale wished to see this extraordinary gentleman, and ventured even to sit down to table when the viands were to be of his procuring. The company assembled, the juggler came, but soon found that he could do nothing, and thereupon confessed that there was someone at the table who hindered his work. This is how the story runs, and it was commonly believed that the obstacle was a man of piety in the person of William Tyndale. Probably the presence of a man of sense was as much the hindrance as Tyndale's piety. We have known the same thing happen to spiritualists when a sensible person has been in the room.

Erasmus was fortunate beyond most men in attracting the favour of kings, for he may be said to have enjoyed the friendship of almost all the crowned heads of Europe. Our own Henry the Eighth wrote him an autograph letter, offering him a home and competency in England, while Francis, king of France, acted in a similar manner. From Charles the Fifth came an offer of a bishopric, and from other courts there came similar offers of honour and preferment. When books were few and scholars scarce, men of the calibre of Erasmus were valued according to their rarity, but after making all allowance, this celebrated philosopher was among the fortunate of the fortunate. His trimming and time-serving may account for it. Who would not far rather have the present fame of Luther the brave than of Erasmus the timid?

William Turner, who was personally acquainted with Philip Henry, the father of the commentator, gives the following pleasant account of how the Sabbath was observed in the godly Puritan's well-ordered household. "This man, ever since I knew him, and whilst I was his neighbour, was careful to rise early on the Sabbath mornings, to spend a considerable portion of time in his private devotions and preparations, then to come down and call his family together, and after some short preparatory prayer, to sing a psalm (commonly the 100th) and then read some part of the sacred Scripture, and expound it very largely and particularly, and at last kneel down with all his family and pray devoutly, with particular references to the day and the duties of it, and the minister that was to officiate. After which, and a short refection for breakfast, he made haste to church, and took care that all his family that could be spared should go in due time likewise. Sometimes he was before the preacher,

and often before the rest of the congregation—as once particularly when I gave them a sermon in that place he and I walked together a considerable time before the people came. He behaved himself reverently and very gravely in the church during the service; stood up commonly at prayers, and always in my time wrote the sermon after the minister. When the morning service was ended he commonly invited the minister to dine with him, who seldom refused; and many others who either lived at a distance, or else such as were poor and needy. His discourse homeward was sweet and spiritual; at table it was seasoned as well as his meat, edifying, and yet pleasant and taking; never wild or offensive. After meat and thanks returned, they commonly (I think constantly) before departure from table sang the 23rd psalm. Sometimes after, when the servants had dined, he proposed to such guests as he thought in prudence he should not be too free with, to retire into the parlour for awhile till he had attended upon his family, repeated over the sermon, and prayed with them; after which he returned to his guests again, and having entertained them with some short discourse, he retired awhile himself, and by-and-by called upon his family to go to church. After evening service, sermon ended, he retired again till six o'clock, then called for prayers, catechized, took an account of children and servants of what they remembered at church (which accounts were given sometimes very largely and particularly), sung a psalm, kneeled down to prayers, which consisted more of praise and benediction than at other times; and at last his children kneeling down before him to beg his blessing, he blessed them all, and concluded the service of the day with the 128rd Psalm, save that after supper he retired for about half-an-hour more into his study before bed-time. Sometimes, after the public service ended at church, he gave some spiritual instructions and preached in his house to as many as would come to hear him. And in his last years, when the incumbents grew careless in providing supplies for two or three neighbouring churches and chapels, and the people cried out for lack of the gospel, he set up a constant ministration and preaching at home, never taking anything by way of reward for his pains, unless with a purpose to give it away to those who were in greater necessities."

Bernard Gilpin was a bold man, and he once proved his faithfulness by reproving to his face, in a church at Chester, Bishop Barnes, who had unjustly suspended him. Without warning, the bishop requested Bernard to preach at a visitation, and still insisted on his wishes being complied with when objections were raised. Seeing he must preach, the injured man in his sermon directly addressed the prelate, whom he charged with being the cause, directly or indirectly, of the disorder which then prevailed in the diocese. Instead of being offended, Barnes returned home in company with his reprover, and there, according to the quaint chronicler, "walking with him in his parlour, takes him by the hand, and thus bespeaks him: 'Father Gilpin, I acknowledge you are fitter to be bishop of Durham than myself to be parson of this church of yours. I ask forgiveness for errors past—forgive me, father. I know you have hatched up some chickens that now seek to pick out your eyes; but, so long as I am bishop of Durham, be secure—no man shall injure you.'"

That was a strange mishap which befell Dr. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of James the First, when he killed a man in the forest instead of a deer. There were those who thought that, having shed human blood, the prelate was disqualified for the discharge of his functions, and, after the objections were overruled in his favour, the anniversary of the unfortunate day was ever after observed by him as a solemn fast.

During the persecution of the Puritans at the Restoration, a strange thing happened to Mr. Thomas Tregort, who, having offended the laws by preaching, was marked out for arrest. When waited upon by two officers, and while no resistance was being made, one of the men, while showing the warrant, fainted, and sank to the earth as though he were dead. This being quite contrary to the officer's nature, was interpreted as an interposition of the providence of God. There are those who make sport of the idea of providence in such matters, but we may be sure that those before whom they occur treat them not so lightly.

Mr. Vincent, who, in the reign of Charles the Second, was pastor at Bednal, in Staffordshire, was able to illustrate the working of the justice of God by the story of a stolen Bible—a fearful narration, the authenticity of which we need not doubt. Soon after Christmas, 1677, a man named John Duncalf, who happened to be travelling through Grangewell, near Wolverhampton, halted at a certain house to solicit refreshment. To the honour of the people, the hospitality was fully accorded, but while the kind woman turned her back in serving, the degraded fellow took up her Bible, and having secreted the booty, carried it away to sell it for three shillings to a maid in the near neighbourhood. The owner of the book soon after discovered its whereabouts, and, in order to regain possession, repaid the three shillings. In the meantime Duncalf heard that he was suspected, but he not only denied the charge, he threatened those who put it in circulation, and at length invoked curses on himself, "wishing his hands might rot off if it were true." What followed is given by Turner, who professes to keep near to the words of Duncalf's own confession. The man said "that immediately thereupon he had an inward horror and trembling upon him, a dread and fear of the divine majesty and justice of God; that within a few days after his cursing himself his flesh began to look black at the wrists of his hands, and so continued divers weeks, with faintness. Fearing an ague, he was going to his acquaintance for assistance, but not being able to go further, he laid himself down in a barn, and there continued two days and nights before he was found." Eventually his limbs fell off, "and thus he continued, begging the prayers of those divines that came to visit him." Turner, who narrates the story, has collected such a mass of wonderful tales, that we do not feel bound to believe one half of them; but what he declares that he saw himself can hardly be denied. Occasional judgments upon liars and blasphemers have occurred. Some of them are beyond all doubt.

A few instances of early precocity among preachers and divines may be noticed. In childhood Thomas Aquinas observed the custom of not going to bed without a book. While at school, Bellarmine, the future cardinal and disputant, showed an extraordinary proficiency in

the classics, and became a preacher at sixteen. The Institutes of Calvin were printed before the author was twenty-five years of age. Janeway was fond of Hebrew at eleven, and at seventeen became a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

Bishop Jewel was renowned for a remarkable memory. After writing a sermon he could repeat the whole verbatim after once reading, "and therefore, usually at the ringing of the bell," we are told, "he began to commit his sermons to heart, and kept what he had learned so firmly, that he used to say, that if he were to make a speech premeditated before a thousand auditors shouting or fighting all the while, yet could he say whatsoever he had provided to speak."

Persons who have passed along the Edinburgh Cowgate will probably have been interested in the old Magdalen Chapel, in which John Craig, the compeer of Knox, promulgated the principles of the Reformation. Craig was a man of travel, of enlarged experience, and of romantic adventure. Condemned at Rome to be burned at the stake, he was released from prison on the eve before the day fixed for his martyrdom in a wonderfully providential manner. News spread through the city that Paul the Fourth was dead, on which a tumult arose, the people opened the prisons, and Craig escaped. A robber on the road some distance from Rome gave him money in acknowledgment of a former kindness, but, this being exhausted, he might have died of want in the wilderness but for the circumstance that he was met by a dog with a purse of money in its mouth—a boon which the animal voluntarily surrendered with signs of pleasure. After reaching Vienna, the Reformer preached before Maximilian the Second, who was asked by the succeeding Pope to send Craig back a prisoner to Rome. This was refused, and with letters of safe conduct he reached Edinburgh in safety, where he laboured effectively during many years, and died at his post in the year 1600. The story of the dog is no doubt authentic: John Craig was not a man to invent a story, and he could not have been deceived.

Some noteworthy things are told of Doctor Annesley, the father of "the mother of the Wesleys"; but one fact which is set down by old Turner as a wonder may be of value to teetotallers. "He was a great water-drinker, and suffered little or no inconvenience from the cold of the most rigorous winter. When nearly eighty years of age, and until the end of life, he retained his eyesight as perfectly as in youth. He worked hard, reared a numerous family with credit, and was seldom subject to any kind of sickness." In his case practical evidence was given that to live a long and healthy life even "a little wine" is not needed.

There, reader, there is a dish of hash for you, cooked by William Turner, Vicar of Walberton, Sussex.

The Battle of the White Hill. The Jesuits in Bohemia.

COVERING an area of nearly twenty thousand square miles, Bohemia is at present a fertile territory of pasture, orchard, vineyard, and arable land. The population slightly exceeds five millions, of which about two hundred thousand are Protestants and Jews. There was a day when this province yielded abundant promise to the Reformers, but with evil days there came what passed as a triumph of the Romish Church. If we ask, Why is the country still wearing the papal yoke? the answer is, that the Jesuits succeeded, as they have never perhaps succeeded before, in gaining the ascendancy. By fire and sword, by murder and robbery, by intimidation and persuasion, by the expulsion of more than thirty thousand godly families from the soil, they achieved their end, and enslaved the land.

The battle of the White Hill, fought in the suburbs of Prague on the 8th of November, 1620, was one of the most serious blows sustained by the Protestant cause in that once oppressed country, and the wholesale execution of Bohemian noblemen which followed was even more disastrous than the battle itself. The direct cause of the religious and political troubles were the Jesuits, who were ready to compass sea and land, and to use all available means, foul, cruel, or dishonest, to set up the Romish hierarchy on what was virtually Protestant territory. The battle in question was one of the engagements of that prolonged mortal strife known in history as the Thirty Years' War, and it directly rose out of a quarrel between the Emperor Ferdinand the Second and the Bohemian people. In consequence of their strong Protestant sympathies, the nation refused to acknowledge Ferdinand's authority on the death of Matthias, his predecessor, and accordingly they set up, as a sovereign of their own choosing, Frederick the Fifth, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of James the First of England. This step naturally led to war, but the little empire might perhaps have weathered the storm had the chosen king been another Gustavus Adolphus in the council chamber and the field. As it happened, he was driven from the throne, the country was down-trodden, and the people tortured, robbed, and murdered; vast numbers seeking safety in exile. A long list of patriotic nobility forfeited their lives on the scaffold, dying in defence of truth and freedom, and it is the memory of some of these we would now revive.

Those who were condemned to death on the 21st of June, 1621, spent the preceding night in prayer, the singing of hymns, and conversation which tended to strengthen their faith. Their steadfastness was an example, not only to their own countrymen, but for all time.

Probably the most renowned among the martyrs was Baron Budowa, a man whose piety, learning, and diversified talents made him one of the renowned ornaments of his age and country. While his zeal in the cause of pure religion was untiring, he had under former emperors served as a valued officer of state. On his own estate he was the beloved of his tenants, as became the head of one of the ancient families of the land. His general education had been very extensive, for he

travelled through the principal countries of Europe, paying his respects at the courts of the sovereigns, and by the way hearing lectures at the leading universities. Having completed his travels and education in his thirtieth year, or in 1577, he returned to his native land, but immediately afterwards, at the request of Rudolf the Second, he accompanied the Bohemian ambassador to Constantinople. In that metropolis Budowa learned the Turkish and Arabic languages, besides paying considerable attention to Mahometan manners and customs. The knowledge gathered was utilized in a work he subsequently published exposing the impostures of the Koran. After being absent about four years, this devoted servant of his country was amply rewarded on his return by being appointed to one of the highest posts under the Crown. While favoured with wealth and influence, his nature was entirely unselfish. As eloquent as he was learned, he preached regularly every Sabbath to the members of his own communion, and by every art and effort worked diligently to establish the Reformation, and openly declared he would choose death rather than see the ruin of his country. Even Pelzel, a Roman Catholic writer, says, "Budowa was the last Bohemian as Brutus was the last Roman." After the disaster of the White Hill, and the flight of the king, Budowa's town house at Prague was stripped, and himself made a prisoner, but even when overtaken with trouble as by a flood he maintained both faith and cheerfulness. The Bible, never more precious than now, he called his paradise. He defended the Reformed tenets before the fanatics of the Inquisition who condemned him to death, and warned his judges of the judgment of God which would certainly overtake them. A few hours before his execution Budowa was pestered by the Jesuits, who professed great zeal for his salvation, though they soon proved their ignorance of the Scriptures. "We know that my Lord is well versed in the sciences," said one on behalf of the rest, "but we would like also to gain his soul to salvation, and thereby perform an act of mercy." The reply of the old nobleman was characteristic and was a quiet rebuke of the ecclesiastic's presumption. "Will you help my soul to salvation?" asked Budowa. "I wish your souls were as certain of it as I am through Jesus Christ." His faith enabled him to maintain his cheerfulness even on the scaffold, and he died eagerly anticipating the martyr-crown.

A companion martyr with Budowa was Christopher Harant, likewise a scion of one of the old families of Bohemia. His fate was the more unjust because he had from youth been a faithful servant of the state, fighting gallantly against the Turks in the war of 1591, and he also voted against the election of Frederick after the death of the Emperor Matthias. Like his illustrious companion, Harant was an elegant scholar, whose culture had been gained by travel as well as from books. Braving all dangers of the way, even while his own government was at war with the Ottoman Porte, Harant disguised himself as a pilgrim, and visited Jerusalem, Mount Sinai, Egypt, and Arabia. At times it was difficult to procure necessary food, once he lay hidden in the sand, and on another occasion, when stripped naked by a troop of robbers, he dexterously concealed his money beneath his foot. These, and other adventures, were written and published on his return, and the noble

author was looked upon as a chief prop of that native literature of Bohemia which showed symptoms of decay beneath the blight of Romanism. Professing to be reconciled to God through Christ, Harant strictly charged his wife to be true to the same faith, and to educate her children in the evangelical doctrines.

The victims, about thirty in all, were the chief ornaments of the country, and only such a system as popery, which flourishes in ignorance and hates progress, could have afforded to dispense with their services. A Bohemian author of that age thus speaks of these noble confessors: "They were men who, as to mental gifts, were almost incomparable; as to lustre of family, of the highest nobility; distinguished by honours and dignities, favoured with brilliant prosperity, and who did not seek fame from pertinaciousness, or a vain spirit of liberty that challenged fate;—no, they brought upon themselves the anger of our enemies through their sense of religion, their love of their country, their humanity towards their fellow citizens, their valour against their enemies, their perseverance in danger, their high and aspiring spirit, which only sought glory in great and exalted virtue. I shudder to think that the splendour of the conquest only consisted in this, that in the presence of all Prague these men were sacrificed who had been led to expect forgiveness and mercy, and that the prince thus entering upon the Bohemian government has no other fame to bring with him to the throne than the triumph of the executioner."

Political plotters, as well as fanatical abettors of semi-pagan rites, the Jesuits of Bohemia hoped to see the old evangelical church completely extirpated from the soil. They worked with a dogged perseverance which promised success, and showed much of their evil nature when one of their own order happened to see the error of his ways and embrace the evangelical doctrines. If anything beyond what we already possess were wanting to show that popery is a dread apostasy from the Church founded by Christ, we should have it in the fearful treatment of converted priests by their own order. We are indebted to the Bohemian Holyk, who is quoted by the German historian Dr. Pescheck, for the facts of a case in point—a case belonging to the times of the murdered noblemen above mentioned.

Who the monk was that Holyk calls Father Ambrosius we are unaware, but we know that he was a Dominican of great learning and varied talents. When led to see the errors of the papacy he was also a theological lecturer to a number of students who appear to have attended at the monastery. On a certain day Ambrosius astonished his little audience by renouncing what he had formerly taught, and professing faith in the unadulterated gospel of Christ. This bold step soon brought the confessor into ill odour among the brethren, and he was at once marked for discipline, a synonym in the popish church of that day for the most frightful cruelty. The absurdities of Thomas Aquinas were taken more account of than the teachings of Paul, and "the mother of God" was exalted above Christ the Son. Summoned before a conclave of ecclesiastics, who had power to decide his fate, Ambrosius was required to account for his doctrines, which were so manifestly opposed to the claims of the pope. He more boldly than ever held to the Scriptures, and again renounced what he had formerly believed. When the rage

of the judges would allow of their doing so, they passed their sentence on the offender, whose only crime was that he taught salvation through faith in Christ. He was first beaten with thongs having iron stars to cut the flesh, and after this he was confined to a dungeon for some months. On again being confronted with the members of the chapter, and still holding what was so offensive, the cry went round that Ambrosius was insane; but hoping to cure such madness by harsher measures, he was, after another beating, put into a viler cell, low under ground. Thrice every week he was drawn up with ropes, and was required to lie at the entrance of the refectory to be walked over and kicked by the monks: then he had to kneel in the middle of the floor, and while the brethren ate to the full of those costly provisions which were then consumed in religious houses founded to deify poverty, Ambrosius was obliged to dine on dog cake and salt. After dinner he was lectured, or in the words of Holyk, "sent several times to hell and the devil," and then let down again into his subterranean hole. After a year of this experience he might have been restored to liberty had he chosen to deny Christ, but on giving a final refusal to violate conscience, he was again tortured and beaten until nearly dead, when he was confined in a prison more loathsome than either of the former. When he died we know not; but eighteen years afterwards he was spoken with for a moment or two by the historian to whom posterity is indebted for the details of a crime—one among many thousands never revealed—perpetrated by the Romish Church. A ghastly figure is seen to come forward, and then it for ever disappears in the night of the underground prison. "I was nearly half-a-year in this cloister before I knew of anyone being confined in its prison," says Holyk; "and I learned it at last from one of the scullions who had to carry food to the prisoner. In order to speak with Father Ambrosius, I sought an opportunity of approaching the aperture, through which his food was let down to him. On my calling him he came forward, but I could not distinguish whether he had any clothing. His face was covered with hair and his eyes were dark. I was much surprised and startled at his wretched appearance, and asked him the cause of his imprisonment, to which he answered very sorrowfully; 'I have forgotten my Latin, and am much weakened in my understanding.' I could say no more to him; for hearing one of the fathers coming down the staircase, I was obliged to hurry away."

Such were the atrocious cruelties practised by the priests a century after the dawn of the Reformation. To find man at his worst we need not go back to the pagan nations of antiquity, nor to the heathen tribes of unenlightened Africa; the worst examples are supplied by that intolerant communion whose dogmas are repellant to reason; a church which is described in Scripture as being not only corrupt but drunken with the blood of the saints. Come where they may, the Jesuits are a curse to the land they light upon, and their influence is death to liberty. When will Englishmen cease to parley with the enemy who seeks our ruin? G. H. P.

Incidents of a Village Ministry.*

IT was a new work, in a new chapel, with a newly gathered congregation, some of them rough, and none of them rich. The village was small, and the State Church dominant, and lady visitors were continually out in skirmishing order. One of these, for her energy in picking up the children, was styled "the recruiting sergeant." Various vicars had seen various failures on the part of Dissent to express itself. At last it spoke with a loud voice in the new work at the new chapel.

That the few in fellowship should think of a resident pastor implied that they had either faith or ambition. The result showed that they had both. A grant was promised from one society, and a prospect held out by another; two or three interested friends offered subscriptions, and the people resolved to do what they could. The little church was then launched, duly constituted, on a tide of blessing.

There was much religious enquiry; the congregations were large, but the funds at times extremely low. The people knew nothing of giving, they had been too long pauperized by the Establishment. Soon after starting there was not money enough from the few who had learned to give to pay expenses. The church was gathered for prayer. The pastor went to the meeting with a letter in his pocket from a young farmer's wife pleading for a visit that night on account of the soul depression of herself and husband. After the meeting the visit was paid; the wife rejoiced in her Saviour before the pastor left, and the husband came into the light about three weeks later. On the morning following the interview the deacon called at the minister's lodgings showing two letters he had just received; one containing a cheque for £5, and the other containing the information that a £5 note was lying at a certain place ready. The memory of that prayer-meeting will not be easily effaced.

A village pastor has to be "all things to all men." He is "medicine man" at a pinch. He makes wills. He hears family secrets, and *keeps* them. He knows when worldly prospects are beclouded, and his advice is often asked in money difficulties. From this multifarious experience he gets his sermons.

A young man and his wife were converted by the new work at the new chapel. Not long after they suffered many reverses. A child was ill for a year, another was born, the wife fell sick, the poor afflicted little one died, and the husband began to look heavy and sad. His words had not the old ring about them; he seemed at times like one bereft of reason. At last the poor wife opened her heart—they were in debt: gradually through those weary months of trouble the deficit had accumulated, and they could not redeem themselves. The weight rested on the pastor's heart. Something must be done. Some time elapsed and nothing was done. Nay, one thing was done—prayer was made continually; but the woman's faith began to fail, and the man's looks grew darker. One day a rich lady called at the pastor's house. Said pastor to pastor's wife, "If I get the chance, I will ask her to help

* This simple but deeply interesting paper comes to us from a humble village pastor whom the Lord has greatly blessed. We should be glad of more of the same sort from other ministers.

that family." "Do," said pastor's wife, "and while you plead with the lady I will plead with the Lord." Away she went to pray. The case was stated in two rooms of the house at the same time. As the lady was about to leave she said, "I will give you a cheque for those poor people." The cheque came, it covered the debt. The pastor took it to the house. The poor woman was bewildered. Long watching had made her sight dim. It was not for her; who would give her all that money at once? A Scripture text lay on the table. The pastor's eye rested on it, and he handed it to the woman. It read, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" The tears came, the cheque lay on her lap, and the pastor left.

From the commencement of the work the roughest came to hear the gospel. The public-houses closed at three, the time of the Sunday afternoon service. Then from the "Top"—a local name given to a notorious resort—the men poured into the chapel, some sober and some otherwise. Said one friend, "If you were to tap a barrel of beer in the vestry you would soon have an enquirers' meeting." But it was a grand sight to see the rough fellows come. Some soon began to drop in without going up to the "Top" for their "refresher," and the mere fact that such men could be got to listen compensated for all their rough and uncouth ways.

The text one afternoon was from Exodus xx. 5, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." A man who was supposed to have caused the death of another in a fight came sobbing to the pastor, crying, "Oh sir, I can't stand that." Reformation followed in that man's case, but not conversion. Though after a time he fell back, he still continued to attend the preaching.

The first introduction of the pastor to one who is now a Christian worker was at a prayer-meeting. The man had his trousers hitched up with thongs, his breast bare, and his coat torn. After he was converted it was not long before he was dressed in a suit of black cloth.

At the prayer-meetings for men, held on Sunday evenings after the service, many of this class gathered. One old man said he had spent eleven Christmas-days in gaol; at the thought of his sins, however, he wept bitterly. Those were soul-winning days, but much more lasting good was effected among the younger men than among the older, whose sinful habits constituted the men themselves. Yet some of the grey-haired who had lived a lifetime without Christ were led to seek him. One old friend was spoken to by a young disciple, and thus brought to the cross. Poor soul, he had a very severe illness shortly after, and in the midst of much suffering he might have been heard praising God who had showed him mercy in his latter days. This aged brother had two sons who had not been heard of for years. Often did he pray for them. On one particular occasion, the pastor dropping in, special request was made before God that the old man's heart might be lightened by intelligence of his wayward ones. On the Sunday fortnight, as the old father was feebly finding his way to the house of God, he stopped the pastor, grasped his hand very tightly, and faltered, "We did not meet in vain that afternoon, on the next Monday I had a letter from one of the wanderers."

A strange character rushed, maddened with drink, into the evangelistic

meeting one night: he had been a soldier, but was then settled in the village as a shoemaker. Over six feet high, and of a harsh aspect, a face seamed with the effects of intemperance, a more forbidding specimen of humanity could not well be found. He would drink for a month; his poor wife and son sitting close at work while he spent all the money and ran them into debt. His wife was converted, and thus a footing was gained in that man's home. But he was terrible. Taunts, curses, blows the poor woman had to bear. Like the instances in the gospel, Satan raged, knowing his time was short. Shaking his fist at the sun, this madman would say, "Why do you not burn me up?" When sober he would listen to the gospel, and would persist also in contributing to the weekly offering. But the gospel made him wild. Under deep conviction of sin he would drink to drown his thoughts. Met in one of these moods by the pastor, whom he had tried to avoid, he said, "I love you all up there"—meaning the chapel—"I know you pray for me, but it's of no use." "My friend," said the pastor, "is there any reason why you should not love God?" "I can't," was the answer.

On the night mentioned above, upon his rushing in, at the very sight of him his wife fled quickly from the building. After making several comments the singing quieted him; but he would see the pastor. Knowing the futility of talking to drunken men, a lengthy conversation was avoided; but he was not to be put off. At the close he made his way to the pastor's house, and forcing the door he stood in the passage, terrifying the sick wife, who was but slowly recovering from a severe illness. The pastor, who was wishing "Good night" to some friends, saw this action. The "Good night" remained unsaid, and the man was confronted in the passage. He shouted that he would see the minister. "Well, don't make a noise here, but think of my ailing wife, and let us go for a walk." This satisfied him. It was now dark, and he chose a lane away from the village. There the two walked, pacing up and down; the wild, unsatisfied man enforcing his remarks by a heavy swing of his arm and clenched fist. At any word to which he objected he would stand still and glare upon his companion. Nothing touched him, till suddenly in a soft, tender manner he said, "I had a praying mother, and if her prayers were worth anything I shall not be lost." This clue was followed up, the man was completely broken down, and consented to go home. Thus the wild walk came to an end.

Quiet followed for some time, but little advance towards a new life was made, and soon by a fresh outburst all the laborious preparation seemed destroyed. At eleven one night the pastor was called to the house, and a fearful scene met his gaze, which can be corroborated by an evangelist well known at the Tabernacle, who accompanied him. The man's son was crying, his wife was crying, "O sir, what shall I do?" and the drunkard lay upon his bed, covered with blood. Coming out of the public house he had fallen, and his head had come in contact with the door scraper. His jaw was fractured, and his face very much cut. He raved in delirium. A relative who had brought him home was sitting up with him, but he also was nearly drunk. It was a sad sight; nothing could be done, except to comfort the poor woman, to speak a word in season to the son, and to offer help in restraining the man's rage. He, however, recovered quickly from his disaster, and remained for a long time

moody and silent in his ways. The next step in his spiritual history was the conversion of his son. A good work was in progress among the young men, and this youth was of the number who sought the Saviour. He was a likely lad, promising either to be a leader in vice or virtue. For some months he seemed going fast in the wrong direction: then came the change. The old man used to remain behind at the door of the prayer-meeting to hear his son pray. When asked why he did not become a disciple he would reply, placing his hand on his heart, "It is this granite." But the Lord was breaking the stony heart in pieces. In a walk with the man some time after, he said, "By the help of God, my drinking days are over." Both trembled that night as the pastor and the penitent parted. The promise was kept; sobriety took the place of sottishness. Now he would steal away into the pastor's garden of an evening to talk. His mind was dark, he stumbled at many things, at times his resolutions wavered, still he held on, and at last was able to say, "I have got a little light and some faith, and, God Almighty keeping me, I will not go back." He was won.

Very encouraging results were reaped among the young. A profligate young fellow was arrested by the singing; he entered the meeting and sought Christ. He became as saintly as before he was sinful. Another was brother to him of the bare breast and torn coat. He never entered a place of worship. His brother induced him to come to the Sunday-school; he could then read but very little, like many more in the villages. Having a great desire to learn, pains were taken with him, and the most encouraging results soon appeared. He had not been long in the school before he decided for Christ. Then, because of his natural ability, and through vacancies occurring, he was promoted to be teacher of a small class. Speaking to the pastor long after he said, "When you first made me a teacher I was so afraid of myself, and knew so little, that I learned all my lessons by heart before I went to the class, and I used to pick them out of John's gospel, because that was easiest." He became an able ragged-school teacher in a large town, to which he removed.

One youth greatly interested both the teachers and pastor. He was very troublesome, so much so that expulsion was threatened; yet it was felt that if ever he gave his heart to God he would be a zealous worker. Many prayers were made for him, letters were written, and books lent, to him, but all was of no avail. He got mixed up with a rough lot, and many gave him over as lost. Some said to the pastor, "If you favour that young man any longer you will lose ground." But he could not be given up. He was pursued by prayer, and at last was persuaded to attend an evangelistic meeting. There he felt himself to be a sinner, and the next night he realized that he was a saved sinner through Jesus Christ. It was soon apparent that he was converted; he became an enthusiast for Christ, and after doing good service at home went into training as an evangelist.

"I reckon it is time I thought about my soul," said a young married man. He came to the early Sunday morning prayer-meeting; and the result was that he and his wife, too, were soon walking in the ways of the Lord.

An earnest band of young men scoured the village on Sunday evenings. Tracts were given, words spoken, and if any likely one had been

enticed to the public-house he would be enticed out of it by the young men, and brought up to the service. This often happened.

On one occasion the pastor while working in his garden saw two young men coming along the street: one of them had been in jail a twelvemonth, the other was a disciple of Jesus Christ. They came on past knots of loungers, who gazed in wonder. "Bravo!" said the pastor, and somehow a mist came across his eyes. "Why were you seen walking with So-and-so?" was the question put to the young man. "Because I wanted him to know he had a friend," was the reply.

A great deal has been said in disparagement of village work. Why establish small causes in small places? The answer is, because there is a large amount of good to be done in small places. Capital invested in earnest efforts to evangelize the rural districts will pay a high rate of interest. The village churches are the springs from which the town churches are fed; they are the recruiting depôts, from which when the young soldiers have learned a little they are mostly drafted on. The village churches are the outlying forts of Nonconformity; let these be taken by the enemies of our faith, and it will be easier work for them to assault the main defences. Far more interesting incidents than those recorded in this paper might be gathered from the annals of town work; but a few have been culled from the many that might be told concerning village labours, that those who believe in such labours, and who give of their means for their support, might see that their belief is well founded and their money well spent.

The Mission to Children.

THAT in an age like the present the children of our land should have a mission to themselves is reasonable, for it is the duty of all Christians to see that the aggressive work of the church among our youthful population is effectively maintained. Children who have been looked after in their earliest years, may be expected as adults to look after themselves. To be converted young is to become an heir of the best possible future, by appropriating as one's own, at the very outset of life, the choicest things which Christ can bestow. A man who gratuitously devotes the whole of his time to this best of work will certainly deserve present honour and in the end will not fail to reap his reward.

Such a man is our friend Mr. Josiah Spiers, who has a genius for addressing the young, and whose converts are now found in all parts of the country. The connection of Mr. Spiers with the Children's Special Service Mission is well known, and our friends are likewise aware that the object of this mission is to lead the Church to make earnest efforts to secure the ingathering of children into the fold of Christ. Experience has shown that the ends had in view may be best attained by special services, and these services have a threefold object—they attract the attention of Sabbath-school children out of school, they carry the gospel to such as the ordinary Sabbath classes do not reach, and they deepen the convictions of others who have long been the recipients of religious teaching. The services included in the programme are various, and they are held on week days and Sundays as opportunities may occur. They are held in drawing-rooms, and in cottages, as well as in the open air, in the parks, or at the sea-side. The usual work of the mission, however, consists in special evangelistic meetings, in the management of which Mr. Spiers has displayed a kindly tact worthy of our warmest commendation.

There are two regular services in the metropolis which may be said to be officially connected with the mission: one of these is held at St. Jude's

Schools, Mildmay Park, and the other at Surrey Chapel Schools. Mr. Spiers and Mr. T. J. Edwards conduct the first, Messrs. Samuel and J. S. Tyler the second.

Numerous other meetings are held in town and country by volunteer agents who are in some way associated with the Society. These friends are assisted in more ways than one, a supply of publications from head quarters at a cheap rate being one of the advantages accorded. In the year 1875 London had 100 Sunday evening and 125 week evening services, the example having been copied by Liverpool and Birmingham. Efforts of this kind are not directly associated with the mission, but local committees undertake their management. There are, for example, the Liverpool Boys' and Girls' Religious Society, which publishes a monthly record and plan; the Brighton Special Service Mission; the Hanley Special Service Mission; the Chester Church of England Children's Service Union; and a society of a similar name at Ledbury.

When special efforts are made in a town through arrangement with the friends of different denominations, endeavours are made that permanent services shall follow. Numbers of what are now regular services trace their origin to this source; this is especially the case in London. Conferences of teachers are frequently held to promote this object.

It should be distinctly understood that both Mr. Spiers and Mr. Jordan devote their whole time and energy to the work of the mission. Both of these friends have their own regular Sabbath evening gathering when in London, the former at Mildmay Park, the latter at Greenwich; but the main part of their work lies in provincial towns, and they are frequently away from home a fortnight at a time. As regards ways and means, it should also be stated that Mr. Spiers is dependent upon his own resources alone; and although his colleague is partially supported by a few friends, neither draws a shilling from the mission funds, not even for travelling; those who invite them to country towns being always ready to find entertainment and to pay expenses. Other brethren also give attention to this branch of the work as opportunities arise, or as time can be spared; for example, Messrs. Arrowsmith, Richards, Hill, and Wigner; Mr. Arrowsmith being one of those rare Christian economists of time who even when abroad on business can find leisure to be about his Master's work.

In the metropolis, those who have sought to promote the spiritual welfare of the young have gone by the name of the Children's Evangelistic Band. Not very long ago they were often employed in holding special meetings at various schools, but less time is now available for these efforts in consequence of the large increase of work necessitated by the regular services. It is gratifying to find that a number of young men—thirty in four years—who have begun to labour in this vineyard have ultimately landed in the Christian ministry or in the foreign mission field.

After several years of successful labour the agents of the Society find that there is much pastoral work that requires to be done. Several of the publications issued are expressly designed for converted juveniles, and at several of the meetings numbers are found who need to be built up in the faith. The committee also attach much importance to conversation. It is with them a matter of principle to have meetings after the religious services, at which each child in attendance may be conversed with separately; and so impressed are they with the importance of this custom that they decline to hold meetings at all unless they are allowed in this respect to follow their own plan. They complain that they find considerable difficulty in making Sabbath-school teachers see the necessity of this part of the work, but they feel assured that in proportion to the teachers' zeal in conversing with their children individually will success attend the special services.

The operations of the mission have been extended to the Continent of Europe; for services have been held by various friends in Germany, Holland, France and Switzerland; and a fund is being raised to meet the expenses of printing and distributing the publications of the committee in several languages. These publications are now numerous, embracing pamphlets, songs and music, and

books, larger or smaller, for children, both converted and otherwise. While collecting funds for these multifarious operations the committee have taken care not to be lavish of expenditure in making known their wants. For some time they acted on the principle of Mr. Müller, and abstained from asking for cash; but they now occasionally send out appeals to those who are supposed to sympathize with the movement. They still, however, keep carefully within bounds by not incurring debt.

Having now fully explained the objects of the association, we will close by giving a couple of little pieces written by Mr. T. B. Bishop, who possesses a special genius for coming at the hearts of children.

MY WATCH.

"One evening, as I was thinking about an address that I had to give the next Sunday in the Sunday-school, and was rather puzzled to know what to talk about, I happened to take out my watch to see the time. I was surprised to find that the watch said half-past five, for I had tea long ago, and I knew it must be nearly eight. I looked at the time more closely, and found that the hands were still; I listened, but there was no ticking; then I opened the watch and examined the works, and I soon found that it had stopped because the *mainspring* was broken. I said to myself, 'I must talk to the Sunday-school children about my naughty watch.'

"Did it ever occur to you that watches are something like boys and girls? They have *faces*, for one thing; and they have *hands*. When they are in good health, both children and watches are pretty sure to make themselves heard, so I think we may say that both have *tongues* also.

"The face of my watch was wrong, for it did not show the right time,—but the fault was not in the face. There was a little spring, shut up in a barrel right inside out of sight, that ought to have been at work and setting all the wheels going. It was the mainspring that was broken—that was wrong.

"One day I saw a boy with a very red face, and his eyes flashing with anger; but do you think I laid all the blame on his *face*? I knew very well there was something *wrong inside*, and that made his face wrong.

"When I looked at my watch I found the hands all wrong; they were standing still, and they were pointing to wrong figures; they were idle, and they were telling a lie. I put them in the right place, but that did not mend the matter, just because there was something *wrong inside*.

"And so when I see a girl with her hands folded when she ought to be helping mother, or a boy in the street fighting, or his fingers in the cupboard picking and stealing, I don't give his hands all the blame, for I know there is something wrong besides the hands; I am afraid the *mainspring* is wrong.

"I listened to hear if my watch ticked; but no, it was silent. Watches and clocks can talk, and tell us many useful things in the stillness of the night; they remind us of how time is going on—on towards eternity. A good clock only speaks when it has something to say, and that something wise and useful. 'Big Ben' would talk to all London if the noise would let us hear him. But some clocks tell lies and talk nonsense. I remember one that struck nineteen at three o'clock, and at four o'clock it struck twenty-seven. Of course the *works* were wrong.

"And, just so, if you hear from boys and girls lying words, or evil words, or foolish words, don't conclude that it is only the *tongue* that is out of order. The disease is worse than that; it is a great deal deeper down. Depend upon it, the *heart* is wrong.

"When I found that my watch had stopped, I first shook it, then put the hands right, tried to wind it, looked at the works, touched the wheels, got it to tick for a minute or two; but all was no good. I was not so stupid as to pull it to pieces, and try to mend the mainspring. I knew it was broken, and the watch must have a new one.

"Suppose we were to take an angry boy or a pouting girl, and put their faces into a pretty shape? Suppose we could take a lad that is found fighting,

and unclasp his fists, and put his hands in the attitude of prayer; or a mischievous boy, and keep his hands still? Or suppose we could shut up the mouths that bad words and lies come out of? Would that set them right? We know it would all be useless; the *mainspring* is wrong, and there *must* be a new one.

"Of course I took my watch to the watchmaker, and he put in a new mainspring, and now it goes all right; the face and hands show the right time, and it ticks properly. And so, for naughty words and deeds, and evil habits and tempers, the only cure is a *new mainspring*—the *new heart*, and for that you must go to the *great Watchmaker*. God says to you, 'My son, give me thine heart.' And what does he want it for? Why, to give you a new one instead, and then hands and face and tongue will be all right.

"Dear children, the new heart is the *first* thing for you to get. I believe that some of you try to put hands and face and tongue right first, and you think that when you are good enough *then* you will go to Jesus and ask him to make you his. You are trying to do what can never be done; you are trying to make the watch go right with a broken mainspring; you will never, never succeed. Come to Jesus *now*, just as you are, and ask him for a new heart and a right spirit, and then, depend upon it, your *tongue* will love to sing his praises, your *face* will show your new-found joy, and your *hands* will long to be doing his work."

THE FRENCH NOBLEMAN.

"There was once a French nobleman who used to give grand dinner parties, and of course had a great number of friends, many of them people of distinction. But there came a revolution in France, and the nobleman lost all his property, and at last, when he was in great distress, he was taken ill and died. After his death a very curious discovery was made. In one of his cupboards there was found a great heap of *corks*, and to every one a little piece of paper was tied with a number on it. It seems that in the days of his prosperity he had had a cellar full of very choice wines, and that he always kept an account of when and with whom he had drunk each bottle.

"A book was found, with all the numbers entered, and against each was the name of some great man, and the date, 'Opened with the Comte de B—— June 10th, 18—,' and so on. At the end of the list there was this note:

"'All these great men were known to me once, and, as long as I was rich, they professed to be my friends; but I am now in poverty and misery, and *not one of these titled acquaintances has come to visit me.*'

"Ah! was it not a sad thing that this nobleman had spent his best days in making friends with *the world?* What a happy thing it is, dear children, that we know of a better friend!

"One summer evening, at one of the sea-side services, we had been singing—

'We have a friend in Jesus,
Oh, how he loves!'

"And I said to two little girls as they were going away, 'Well, you have been singing these words, but can you really say them from your hearts? Can you each say:

'Now I *have* found a Friend;
Jesus is mine!'

"The eyes of one of them filled with tears, and we sat down on the sands while I talked to them about this Friend, and I do hope that they found him as *their* Friend.

"Jesus is 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'—(Proverbs xviii. 24.) If you make friends of the world—worldly companions and worldly pleasures—they will not help you when you are in trouble, or when you come to die. But if you have the loving Saviour as your friend, you will have him with you always, for he says: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' (Hebrews xiii. 5.)

'One there is above all others,
Oh, how he loves!'"

The Disciples—Nathanael Bartholomew.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

NATHANAEL is mentioned twice in John, namely, in his first and last chapters: the first giving the peculiarly beautiful account of his being led to Jesus by Philip, and the last showing him in company with the others fishing in the lake as they waited for Christ's appearance after the resurrection. Galilee is the scene of both incidents. In the latter passage John expressly calls him a disciple, yet the name Nathanael does not occur in either of the first three gospels. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, however, record in their lists of the twelve a name—Bartholomew—which they invariably couple with Philip's, but give no further information concerning him. The fact of Bartholomew being associated thus with Philip suggests that these two must have held some special relation to each other. John's story of Philip leading Nathanael to Christ furnishes such a connection as would account for the coupling of the names. The absence of the name Nathanael from the first three gospels, and of Bartholomew from John, taken together with the conjunction of Philip and Nathanael in John, and of Philip and Bartholomew in the other evangelists, confirms the conclusion, which is generally accepted, that Nathanael and Bartholomew are the same person. The two names very naturally account for themselves. Nathanael is evidently the personal name, Bartholomew being the surname expressing the filial relation, "son of Tholmai," like the parallel case of Peter, who was called Simon Barjona.

It is of Nathanael Bartholomew, then, we have to speak. He was of Cana in Galilee (John xxi. 2), the town where Jesus performed his first miracle, when "the conscious water saw its God, and blushed." Cana appears to have been not only his home, but also the scene of his call; for the marriage feast took place there on the following day, and the incident of the fig tree evidently presents a characteristic feature of his home life; he was engaged in his usual devotions when the knowledge of Jesus was brought to him.

His character was portrayed in the first words with which Jesus greeted him: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" This eulogy marks out a sincere, transparent man, who is no hypocrite; one who with perfect frankness states his objections—"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and with equal candour surrenders his faith to evidence—"Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." He has no twist in his constitution: given the circumstances, and you may predict with confidence how he will act. But the expression, "an Israelite indeed," has a definite reference to the scene at the brook Jabbok, where Jacob's name was changed, because he had wrestled and prevailed with God. Nathanael is one of those celestial princes wielding in prayer a power which is more than earthly. His character, moreover, is not sullied with the blot which disfigured his prototype. Jacob was a supplanter, a deceiver, who gained his ends by subtlety: Nathanael is an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. Nay, more; the expression would appear to be so distinct an allusion to the thirty-second Psalm as to amount to a quotation, and to imply that this guilelessness of spirit was not mere amiability, but was the fruit of forgiven sin. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered (or atoned). Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." Nathanael, if we may follow this clue, was no stranger to the spiritual meaning of atonement; no stranger, therefore, to the consciousness of sin which made its necessity felt. Pressed on the one hand by the sense of guilt, allured on the other by the provision of atonement in the temple sacrifices, he had been forced to earn his first title by wrestling in prayer with God for pardon; and, having prevailed, there had sprung up within the forgiven man the guileless spirit of childlike trustfulness in God, who had thus stooped to his prayer and granted the benison he sighed for. He is in the happiest

state of preparation for the personal knowledge of Christ, and we shall see with what fulness of faith he honours his Master at the first interview, uttering on the threshold of discipleship a confession more advanced than was made at the same point by any other of the twelve.

Before Philip called him he was "under the fig tree:" what was he doing there? Devotion ever seeks retirement. Among the Jews devout men were in the habit of using for purposes of prayer the seclusion of an arbour: the shadow of this fig tree formed an attractive retreat for Nathanael; he made it his oratory. The broad fig leaves, which covered the shame of Adam and Eve, served to screen from common view the highest glory of Nathanael. Under the shadow of that tree he sat down with great delight, and its fruit was sweet to his taste; it was as one of the trees in the garden of God, for he held converse there with the Holy One of Israel. And what was he doing at this moment? Was this Israelite indeed, this prevalent wrestler with God, now engaged in his exalted strife? Was he bewailing the sins of the stiffnecked nation which had provoked God to leave it? Was he pleading for the restitution of the spirit of prophecy, which now for four hundred years had been silent? Was he deploring the ascendency of the foreign power, and crying for the promised King of Israel, who was to spring from David's line? Had he set himself to understand by the Scriptures the appointed time of the Messiah's appearing, and believing that the set time was come was he filling his mouth with arguments and pleading for the appearance of the predicted Deliverer? His response to Jesus more than gives colour to these conjectures: but we need not pry into a privacy which was not meant to be broken by curious intrusion. Enough that his employment was too sacred to be witnessed by human eyes, and that nevertheless, as he afterwards discovered, the approving gaze of his future Master, which no fig tree shade could intercept, which neither time nor distance could effect, to which the darkness and the light were both alike, was fixed upon him. "O man greatly beloved, at the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee,"—thus might Philip have addressed Nathanael as, rising from his knees, he left the sacred presence chamber where he had enjoyed audience with God. The answer to his prayer comes already to meet him. Philip is looking for him with an eager Eureka on his lips. It is interesting to note that the loud, excited voice with which he delivered the message is still preserved to us in the original word used to describe it—"before that Philip *called* thee"—almost shouting, he joyfully cried out, "We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

Philip had reason for joy, though his knowledge of Christ was superficial: he believed him to be the Messiah, but he spoke of him according to the popular notion current at Nazareth that he was the son of Joseph. Had he searched below the surface his truer conception of Christ would have anticipated the difficulty of Nathanael. Deeper knowledge would have made him a better missionary. The mention of David and Bethlehem instead of Nazareth and Joseph would have enlisted the co-operation of confirmatory scriptures, and would have opened his friend's mind to receive the news instead of closing it against his message. Nevertheless he was successful. Young believers are right, and shall be useful, in working for Jesus; but they should diligently study to increase their knowledge of him with a view to more efficient service.

Nathanael's guilelessness came out in the frank objection he offered to Philip's testimony. It is not in him to flatter his friend by appearing to receive whatever he brings, nor can he conceal a difficulty if it has arisen in his mind. Equally impossible is it for him to beguile his own convictions; the inward demand is for honest truth, and whatever is wanting in credentials meets with tardy response from him. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see." He could not have spoken more wisely. Christ himself took up the word and bore it onward when he said, "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

And now Jesus was ready to afford to this ingenuous mind the proof it craved, and it is instructive to notice the token upon which he rested the demonstration of his Messiahship to Nathanael. It was the attribute to which our evangelist refers at the end of the second chapter: "he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for he know what was in man." Jesus himself began by saying of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Nathanael wondering to see himself known by a stranger, yet found not his uncertainty removed respecting the stranger's person; he therefore employed no title when he asked, "Whence knowest thou me?" The answer of Christ showed that he knew still more. It was given, perhaps, with a glance which said what the lips left unspoken: it revealed a knowledge of that which only God could know; it brought up the hour of Nathanael's privacy with God, and with it the whole of his inner life, its hopes, fears, wrestlings. The gaze of Christ was felt to be fixed upon his heart; his thoughts, his deepest feelings lay naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom he had to do. The effect of this omniscient glance was immediate; he was overwhelmed with reverence and conviction, and with a sudden vivid perception of the true nature of the Person before whom he stood, he exclaimed, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." Short work is made of the objections born of imperfect knowledge; one word from the lips of Christ and they are gone, forgotten as troubled dreams in the daylight. Most of the difficulties that spring up in our minds are the offspring of our present ignorance; a little patience and faith, and they, too, will vanish in the clear light when we see Christ face to face.

There is a wide difference between Philip's announcement and Nathanael's confession. Philip had announced "Jesus of Nazareth, son of Joseph." Nathanael confesses "the Son of God, the King of Israel." There had been a far more thorough preparation in Nathanael's mind than that derived from Philip's words: the sublimity of his confession reveals a long process of growth in spiritual knowledge which had gone before: this "Israelite indeed" has used his wrestling power to acquire the precious knowledge of the coming One stored in the Scriptures, for without such wrestling and weeping (Rev. v. 4, 5) this knowledge cannot be made our own. He has studied the writings of the prophets till he has mastered their great central subject; he has arranged the scattered pieces in the mosaic of Scripture and has obtained by the process a comprehensive representation of Messiah; and being now introduced to him, although that introduction was hampered at first with error, he finds no difficulty in throwing the errors on one side and investing him with titles and dignities ascribed to him in ancient prophecy. He sees standing before him, not merely the human being visible to any common gaze, but one whom only a spiritual eye could discern, the august Son of the second Psalm, the King whom God in derision of the vain hostility of the heathen sets upon his holy hill of Zion: and he salutes him with divine adoration.

As on a later occasion Christ blamed the hasty rejection of himself by the querulous hearers of Capernaum, and directed them onward to a greater stumblingblock for their unbelief to fall over—"Doth this offend you; what and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?" so now he commends the readiness of Nathanael's faith, and points onwards to resources of evidence he has in reserve—"Because I said unto thee I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these." Every successive revelation of Christ excels the preceding; the infinitude of our blessed Master will sustain to all eternity the truthfulness of this majestic promise: never shall we know so much but that still greater things will remain to be known of him of whom it is said, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father."

Let us now connect this word of Christ with that in John xiv. 12. When, three years after, the disciples sat listening to his parting discourse, he said to them, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and

greater works than these shall he do." Our Saviour displayed discriminating wisdom in all his treatment of his disciples: to the young and inexperienced he said, "Thou shalt *see* greater things than these:" to the more mature—"greater works than these shalt thou *do*." Neither on the one hand does he set heavy tasks to the feeble, nor on the other leave the strong unemployed: confirmation of faith is given to the novice, labour is assigned to those that are of full age; with divine and gracious adaptation all is exactly adjusted.

Nathanael having shown himself a master of Scripture, rightly interpreting the glorious titles of the second Psalm, Christ sheds light for him upon another Scripture—unsuspected, perhaps, by him of having any reference at all to the Messiah—Jacob's vision of the ladder. This genuine Israelite shall see, not indeed Jacob's vision, but something still more glorious, its fulfilment. The promise is solemnly ushered by the double asseveration peculiar to Christ, which only John has preserved to us, and of which this is the first recorded instance: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." The change of title is significant. Nathanael had confessed him Son of God: "for the top of the ladder reached to heaven:" Christ calls himself Son of man, for it was "a ladder set up on the earth." Christ is the mediator between God and man; the one highway of communication between heaven and earth. It was by virtue of his divine-human nature that he spanned the gulf of separation between man and God. By his mediation neighbourhood is re-established between heaven and earth, and angels go to and fro between the two worlds on their ministry of mercy. Hereafter, said Christ, ye shall see this. Nathanael saw some symbols of it during the three years that followed when angels came to minister to Christ, and to convey to the disciples messages concerning him; he saw more of it after the ascension, when heaven, which was thrown open to receive the returning Redeemer, was left open for the mission of the Spirit and for the reception of the redeemed: he sees still more of it now, as from his heavenly seat he watches the unceasing and we trust increasing traffic between heaven and earth carried on through the mediation of Christ; perhaps the crowning splendour of the spectacle will be visible in the times of the new heavens and the new earth when the broad highway of light will be finally and for ever thrown open between the celestial throne and the entire globe.

Such is the story of Nathanael's incorporation into the discipleship. From this point we lose sight of him till he comes into view again with six others, fishing in the lake of Galilee, while they wait for the appearance of their risen Master, but nothing special is told of him on that occasion. In this place, as also in the first chapter of Acts his name occurs next to Thomas. Philip and Thomas were kindred spirits with Nathanael; the temperament of them all was of the meditative cast, favouring the quiet shadows of privacy rather than the glare of publicity; and thus John, who was like them, is the historian of all three. Nathanael's ministry, when sent out in common with the rest, would be rich, we imagine, in Scripture illustration of the Messiahship of Jesus. Perhaps on these preaching tours he travelled in company with Philip, who had first led him to Jesus, and so "Philip and Bartholomew" came to be the order in which these names were given in the lists of the first three gospels.

For the rest, tradition represents him as evangelizing Arabia Felix, and suffering martyrdom by crucifixion in Armenia.

He was one of the first five disciples, the "firstfruits" among the twelve, and while on earth faithfully followed his Lord, wearing the beautiful eulogy, "an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Now—his life not essentially changed, though indeed transfigured;—he is amongst those of whom it is said, "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the firstfruits to God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God."

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack. One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

Every year the task of producing this almanack of proverbs becomes more severe, till we begin to fear that we must make an end. The number of proverbs is of course limited, and we have now culled three hundred and sixty-five of them for five consecutive years: yet this last year's almanack is not the worst; in fact, we believe it to be an improvement on all that have preceded it. It is meant for the cottage, the kitchen, and the workshop; and if our readers will see it pasted up they need not fear but what it will be read. It is now ready.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

We have again prepared this little textual almanack, which has long been a great favourite. May it prove to be a daily counsellor and comforter to those who will use it during the coming year.

Second Series of Lectures to My Students: being Addresses delivered to the Students of the Pastors' College. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

If it were a reputable thing to review one's own book we could certainly execute our duty upon this work very thoroughly, for we have read every word of it, and very few reviewers can say as much as that. However, we prefer to ask each one of our readers to review it for us; and for that purpose the publishers will be glad to supply copies at half-a-crown each. The new features in this volume of lectures are the many wood engravings, illustrating pulpit posture and gesture. We shall be obliged if our friends will make a present of the book to any young minister in whom they take an interest.

Leslie's Scholarship; or the Secret of Success. Religious Tract Society. Price 1s.

A very good, safe book for boys. Good precepts and good practice very well illustrated.

The Wreck of the "Steadfast"; or the Young Missionaries of the Pacific. By William H. Kingston. Religious Tract Society.

A curious mixture of marvellous adventure and religious experience. It is a sort of *sociable* "Robinson Crusoe," but "Old Tom," who is the "Crusoe," is always preaching at the youngsters.

Sacred Streams; or the Rivers of the Bible. By P. H. Gosse, F.R.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

Here is a great treat for the Christian reader. Mr. Gosse speaks of his book as adapted for young and unspiritual persons to read on Sunday; but we believe that it will answer quite another purpose, and prove most acceptable to spiritual-minded people. Those who know how Mr. Gosse blends the naturalist and the earnest believer in one person will form a shrewd idea of how he treats his subject, and makes the rivers of the Bible stream with instruction. He writes charmingly and devoutly. We shall do our readers no small service if we lead them to purchase the volume.

The Home Naturalist; with Practical Instructions for collecting, arranging, and preserving natural objects. By Harland Coultas. Religious Tract Society.

Worthy of all praise. Too technical for those youths who only care for anecdotes and marvels; but just *the book* for an amateur naturalist, who means to go into the subject in real earnest. A young Gilbert White will revel in such a work, and long for the season of the year to come round when he may hunt for beetles and flies. Mr. Coultas shows how to make and stock *a Terrarium;* but we are glad we have not one in our parlour as yet, since the favourite inhabitants are lizards, newts, frogs, and snakes. We draw a decided line at snakes, but many young naturalists will, no doubt, dote upon them. Spotted salamanders must be very delightful pets; but on the whole we do not mean to set up a Terrarium.

Old Paths: being Plain Statements on some of the Weightier Matters of Christianity, from the Standpoint of an Evangelical Churchman. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle, M.A. William Hunt and Co., 12, Paternoster Row.

The sermons here gathered into a volume well bear out the title; they are sound and orthodox throughout. We are glad to see that Mr. Ryle does not hesitate to speak out upon Election and the Perseverance of the saints. His style is simple and powerful, and is another proof that great mental ability does not involve obscurity, either of thought or expression. Mr. Ryle stood very high in his university, and is a man of great talent, but the poorest may understand him; perhaps if he had been a third-rate man he would have given himself mighty airs, and have soared into sublime nonsense. We commend "Old Paths," and hope that Canon Ryle may long live to point them out, and that at the next Church Congress he may be a little less tolerant of those new roads which he very well knows lead down to death.

English Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

Quite a library of exquisite volumes has now been produced by the facile pen of our friend, Dr. Manning, aided by the pencils of eminent artists. It was time that our own land should be represented, and that all the honours should not be left with Spain, Italy, or even Palestine. A few of the engravings in this volume are well-known, but many others are fresh as the dew. The work is produced in the very best manner, and our wealthier friends cannot procure a greater treat for eight shillings than these "Pictures" will afford them. We are glad to see another Doctor associated with Dr. Manning, but we trust that the old original will be spared to depict many another land in the cheery spirit which has been so conspicuous in former productions. For a Christmas present we know of no handsomer book.

Harrison Weir's Animal Pictures for Children in the Woods. Religious Tract Society.

This is a very beautiful picture-book for the young ones, and with its companion, "In the Fields," will make a pretty present for the tiny tots. Little ones scream with delight at the sight of cows and rabbits all in the colours of life.

Rowland Hill: his Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings. By V. J. Charlesworth. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are glad that this "life" has now reached the sixth thousand, and shows signs of running into higher figures. Our friend Mr. Charlesworth did well to renew the biographical youth of good old Rowland, who being dead yet speaketh. We want more of the common sense and genial gospel boldness of the founder of Surrey Chapel; and we could bear with a good deal of eccentricity if we might but get it.

Words of Cheer and Comfort. Packet of 12, 1s. *Floral Greetings.* Packet 8d. Religious Tract Society.

These are very attractive cards for letters, birthdays, &c. The Words of Good Cheer are exquisite, and deserve liberal patronage. Here is a fit place to mention an excellent shilling packet of cards, entitled—"*Christmas and New Year's Mottoes,*" *by the author of* "*Hymns for Quiet Hours*" They are to be had of *S. W. Partridge*, and are really very superior.

The Survival. With an Apology for Scepticism. Remington and Co.

A large volume; we open it, and find two small slips pasted in before the "Introduction." The first slip is headed "Erratum"—that is our opinion of the whole book. The second is headed Errata—and that sets forth our view of nearly all its statements. No author's name is given, but he calls himself Mark Smith, and says, "Smith went to sleep a believer and awoke an infidel—an infidel, if that name can be applied to one in whom the spirit of holiness survives." Smith will do well to try what another sleep may do for him; meanwhile he seems to us to be dreaming.

The Grey House at Endlestone. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. James Clarke and Co.

IF people will have novels this is about as good as such things can be, at least so we are informed by a trustworthy reader, who is not quite so stern a novel hater as we are. Why do not people read genuine history, and occupy their leisure time with instructive literature? But it is of no use asking the question, for the girls will have their fiction. If they grow up to be lackadaisical wives, and ignorant mothers, they will have themselves and their novels to blame. "The Grey House" is, like all Miss Worboise's writing, very good indeed *for a novel.*

The Story of Two Islands. By CRONA TEMPLE. Religious Tract Society.

Delightful little book: a *true* fairy tale. It conveys a great deal of knowledge without the reader being aware that such a process is going on. Little readers will be charmed by its pleasant pages.

The White Feather; or small beginnings and sad ends. Religious Tract Society.

A *very* good book to give to a young servant to let her see the folly of finery, and the wickedness into which a love of dress may lead young girls. Sixpence will be well laid out on the purchase.

A Treatise on the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. By CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A DEFENCE of plenary inspiration, written for popular use. Just the kind of book which was needed in these perilous days. It is upon the full verbal inspiration of the Bible that we cast anchor. We must have infallibility somewhere, and we find it there. The following anecdote will show the thoroughly plain character of Dr. Elliott's work, and it will also be worth repeating to a Bible class. We therefore subjoin it.

"That martyr of the missionary cause, the Rev. John Williams, of the London Missionary Society, relates a circumstance which took place among the South Sea Islands, which those who have read the biography of this remarkable man will remember. The officers of the British ship *Seringapatam*, after intercourse with a number of the natives, who had been converted to Christianity, expressed their doubts whether the views which these ignorant people had on the subject of religion were their own; and even asserted that both the missionary and these professed converts were practising deception upon their visitors. In order to decide this question, Mr. Williams invited Captain Waldegrave, the Rev. Mr. Watson, the ship's chaplain, and other gentlemen, to an interview with fifteen of the natives, for the purpose of free conversation on religious subjects.

On their being assembled, Captain Waldegrave proposed the question to them, 'Do you believe the Bible is the word of God, and that Christianity is of divine origin?' The natives were rather startled at the question, having never entertained a doubt upon that point. At length one replied, 'Most certainly we do.' 'And why do you believe it?' After some reflection, one of them said, 'We look at the power with which it has been attended in effecting the entire overthrow of idolatry among us; and which, we believe, no human means could have induced us to abandon.'

"The same question being proposed to a second, he replied, 'I believe the Scriptures to be of divine origin, on account of the system of salvation they reveal. We had a religion before, transmitted to us by our ancestors, whom we considered the wisest of men; but how dark and black a system that was compared with the bright scheme of salvation presented in the Bible! Here we learn that we are sinners; that God gave his Son Jesus Christ to die for us; and that, through believing, the salvation procured becomes ours. Now, what but the wisdom of God could have devised such a system as this?'

"The question being repeated to an old and shrewd pagan priest, then a devoted Christian, instead of replying at once, he held up his hands, and rapidly moved the joints of his wrists and fingers: he then opened and shut his mouth, and closed these singular actions by rising his leg and moving it in various directions. Having done this, he said; 'See; I have hinges all over me; if the thought grows in my heart that I wish to handle anything, the hinges in my hands enable me to do so. If I want to utter anything, the hinges of my jaws enable me to say it; and if I desire to go anywhere, here are hinges to my legs to enable me to walk. Now, I perceive great wisdom in the adaptation of my body to the various wants of my mind; and when I look into the Bible, and see there the proofs of wisdom which correspond exactly with those which appear in my frame, I conclude that the Maker of my body is the Author of that book.'"

Violet Fletcher's Home Life. New edition. Religious Tract Society.

Anout a girl who has to go and live with two crotchety old maids; she does not like it at first, but the love of Christ filling her heart she settles down to live their life, and succeeds in gently winning the old ladies to better things. It is a *quiet* sort of book, unambitious, uneventful, we might almost say uninteresting, but that would be just a shade too severe.

The Englishman's Hebrew Bible. Samuel Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster Row.

No translation can be expected to possess all the advantages of the original language of the Scriptures. Translations may suffice for all the main purposes of a divine revelation, but for minute accuracies and beauties we must go back to the very words of inspiration. An attempt is here made so to present the English Bible in different types and with marginal explanations and references to grammatical distinctions, that all the advantages of the Hebrew of the Old Testament may be brought within the reach of the English reader. In this the author must be acknowledged to have succeeded as far as success in such an undertaking is attainable. Once familiar with his plan, and the artificial signs that accompany it, and its whole benefits may be permanently secured. This will require no small degree of attention, which is unavoidable, and is simply due to the immense labour and research required to perfect and carry out so minute and elaborate a system of Biblical interpretation. We have at present the first only of four parts that will be needful to complete the design. This will receive, we trust, the encouragement it deserves not only from English readers, but from Hebrew scholars, who cannot fail to derive considerable instruction from it.

Notes.

We rejoice to hear on all hands that the meetings of the Baptist Union at Newport, Monmouthshire, have been among the best that have ever been held. An infusion of Welsh enthusiasm set the whole thing on fire, and the meetings were crowded throughout. Our heart was with our brethren, and we rejoice to hear of all that was done. If brotherly love continues and increases, if evangelic truth has universal sway, and if humble dependence upon God is maintained, there is a future for the Baptists which shall well repay all the waiting and the watching of the centuries.

The Church Congress at Croydon was a model of quietness, but all lovers of divine truth must mourn to see her delivered into the hands of her enemies. The evangelicals seem eager to sell their birthright, so long as they may but continue to eat of the pottage. Surely there will be some protesting voices! Is the cry of "Peace, peace, where there is no peace" to be taken up by all the professed lovers of the Protestant faith? We are pleased to note a line or two in "Hand and Heart" indicating that Mr. Bullock sees no *possibility* of united action with the Romanizing party, and we are even more glad to see brave old Hugh McNeile sounding a vigorous alarm in the *Times*. But what ailed the evangelicals at the congress? It is the fear of disestablishment through internal strife which has hushed honest protest, and produced a hollow truce. May the great God of truth save his weak children from the ensnaring influences which now entangle them, and make them prefer honest poverty to their present false position.

Our review department occasionally gets us into hot water. We must, however, assure all good people whose views are not advocated, or are even opposed, that we cannot discuss matters with them. If they do not like our opinions they can state their own as publicly as they please, but we do not intend to enter into argument on all the topics which arise; we have neither the time nor the ability. Of course the secretary of a society, who lives to advocate the views of his association, is fully justified in drawing his sword to defend his favourite principle, and we are very pleased to see his courage and zeal; but when he has been studying a subject all his life, it is not quite so brave a thing as it looks to challenge a busy man who has other fish to fry to come out and fight. However, if it does brethren good to be able to feel that we are afraid of

them, our benevolence leads us to rejoice in their gratification. It will be quite safe for another dozen or two to challenge us.

Another matter needs a word. We deliver what we think an earnest, sober address, and lo, in some one or other of the newspapers, which are rather sharp set during this hungry season, we come upon what professes to be a report of our speech. A sentence culled here and there, a tale ill told, and a remark set up on the wrong end, are jumbled together and called a report, and then friends send a flight of letters asking if the report is correct. Now, once for all, let us say "No." We will not be held responsible for the caricatures of what we say, which are sent out to the public as our productions. In many late instances we can appeal to every man, woman, and child in the audience, except, perhaps, the penny-a-liner himself, and they will unanimously say that their impression of what they heard was as different as light from darkness from that which the so-called report was calculated to produce upon the reader.

Three members of the Tabernacle church sailed for the Indian Mission with Mr. Smith, of Delhi:—Mrs. Brown, Miss Kemp, and Mr. Blackie of our College. It is very probable that Mr. Blackie will minister to the church in the Lal Bazaar, Calcutta. We rejoice to see the missionary spirit thus alive among us. There are more willing to go.

Our friends who have offered aid to send forth Mr. White to Japan, and to support him there, will we trust send their donations to the Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, for the Society has generously seen fit to undertake the mission. May the Lord prosper the effort. The remark in our last number upon Medical Mission work will not, we trust, prejudice a single reader against medical missions. We believe most in the man who gives himself wholly to the ministry of the gospel, but the other form of usefulness is not be despised, for in some cases it is a most suitable agency.

College. During the month Mr. Abrahams has settled at Redruth, Mr. Hewlett at Shepton Mallett, Mr. Whetnall at Ulverstone, and Mr. D. Sharp at Bath. Our brother Winter has gone to his home above, to the sorrow of us all.

Orphanage. A Collectors' Meeting will be held at the Stockwell Orphanage on Friday evening, Nov. 9. Will our young friends be sure to bring in their collecting books, and we trust they will have good amounts to pay in, for subscriptions are rather scanty at this time.

Friends who have any of the Lord's money in hand could not expend it better than in helping our hard-working brother, Mr. Honour, of Olivet Chapel, Deptford. Some years ago we helped his friends to buy a piece of ground in the midst of a dense population. We aided them to build a schoolroom on the back of the land, leaving a good site in front for a chapel. The time has now come to build the house, but the people are poor and need help. Unless the rich help the poor, how can London be evangelized?

During the summer our students have gone forth two and two into the villages and towns around London, preaching, as the Lord gave doors of utterance, upon the green, or at the street corner. The season now forbids such labours, and we shall be glad to hear of openings for the hire of rooms, etc., under cover, in and around London. In many a district a new church might be raised if those on the spot would only get together, and then send on to us. We would at least do our best for them.

Colportage.—Two gentlemen, who do not wish their names mentioned, join in making the Association a very generous offer towards the support of twenty new colporteurs for one year, if the whole number is at work before the end of this year. To enable us to accept this challenge, and permanently profit by it, a large increase in the amount of yearly subscriptions to the General Fund is necessary. The committee, therefore, most earnestly appeal to the readers of the *Sword and Trowel* to help them by becoming annual subscribers, and will thankfully accept any amount, however small. During the month of November *only* the committee will be glad to receive applications for the appointment of colporteurs at a reduced rate from the usual £40 a year required for the partial support of a colporteur. Application from new districts for the reduced rate should be prompt, as immediate action will be taken to start colporteurs in the whole number of districts. Earnest Christian workers who are members of some Christian church, have good physical strength, and possess tact as salesmen, can apply for employment to the secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, College Buildings, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E., to whom all communications should be addressed.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: Sept. 27, nineteen; Oct. 1, six; Oct. 4, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th to October 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Spliedt...	5	0	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	10	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
E. A. S.	0	10	0
J. C. K.	5	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Legacy, late Mr. Dalton	293	2	6
H. F.	5	0	0
Two Friends in Edinburgh	0	8	0
Mr. J. C. Trotter	1	0	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	7	6
Mr. J. Cook	1	0	0
Miss Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. E. Barnett	2	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Mr. R. P. Blyth	0	10	0
Mrs. Spriggs	0	5	0
T. R.	10	0	0
Mrs. Elias	50	0	0
Mrs. Gloag	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Miss Spencer	0	5	0
Mr. J. La Touche	5	0	0
Mr. P. Hurrell	2	2	0
Mr. W. Glanvill	0	10	0
Mrs. Robinson	2	0	0
Sir. G. James	1	10	0
Thankoffering, from Waltham Abbey...	1	3	0
Rev. W. Jackson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Edwards	10	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
A Friend—T.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Brewis	4	0	4
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Fidge	2	2	0
A Student	5	0	0
Mr Dugdale	1	0	0
Mr. T. Kennard	1	0	0
Mrs. D. Kavannagh	0	10	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
N. M.	1	0	0
A. K.	5	0	0
Mrs. Leigh	0	3	0
M. G.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Mr. J. Houghton	20	0	0
A Friend	15	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Rev. W. Hetherington	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Sulley	1	1	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Middleton Cheney	1	15	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Sept. 23	43	6	5
" " " " " 30	40	0	8
" " " " Oct. 7	30	17	10
" " " " " 14	20	0	3
	£663	8	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th to October 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
Mrs. Butler	2	1	7
M. M. N.	0	1	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. G. Carse	1	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
Legacy, late Mr. Dalton	175	17	6
H. F.	5	0	0
Rev. Edwards	1	0	0
A Friend in Edinburgh	0	1	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	7	3
Mr. R. Miller	5	0	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	7	6
Mrs. Berry	0	1	0
Mrs. Townley	0	5	0
Mrs. Andrew Wilson	1	0	0
Etty and Frank Helgendorf	0	10	0
Sunday School, Long Preston	0	11	5
Mr. J. F. Yeats	10	0	0
Metropolitan Store...	1	1	4
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. Williamson	0	4	0
Miss Mack Wall	0	10	0
Mr. E. Barnett	1	0	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	4	11
Mrs. Cassin	2	10	0
Mr. R. P. Blyth	0	10	0
J. B. J. C.	0	7	6
Mr. G. Sheppard	0	2	0
A Friend	0	3	0
A Friend (per student)	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Caroline Stopford ...	3	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mrs. V. Poskett	0	18	0
T. R.	10	0	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	3	6
R. F. H.	0	9	0
A Thankoffering	0	2	6
Mrs. C Davies	1	0	0
Children's Service, Thirna Brae, Leith	0	15	0
Mrs. Gloag	5	0	0
In Weekly Offering Box	0	5	0
Mr. Kelley, per Mr. Wigney	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Candler	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Fordham	10	10	0
Mr. P. Hurrell	2	2	0
Mrs. Robinson	2	0	0
H. B.	5	0	0
Mr. J. J. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. G. James	1	10	0
Mrs. Pidgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. Threlfall	1	1	0
Mrs. Yeo	1	0	0
Every little helps	0	6	9
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Tullock	2	0	0
Mr. E. James	0	15	9
W. A. M.	0	4	6
Mr. C. Carter	1	0	0
A Friend, T.	1	0	0
A Friend, Tayford...	0	5	0
Proceeds of Entertainment by Sar[illegible] Trottie, and Gussie Goldston, and [illegible] Hills	1	6	6
Baptist Sunday School, Anstruther ...	1	10	0
Two Sisters, Agnes and Bessie	0	7	6
Three Brothers and Two Sisters ...	0	7	1
Mr. W. Stiff	2	2	0
Friends at Downs Chapel, Clapton, per Mrs. Way	2	6	6
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Fidge	2	2	0
Church at Southwood Lane, Highgate, per Rev. J. H. Barnard	2	12	0
Sunday School, Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewin	1	6	0

	£	s.	d.
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. Stevens	2	11	5
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
Mrs. Walton	2	2	0
Miss Descroix	2	5	0
Claxton Box	0	8	6
Mrs. Maria Gooding	2	0	11
Kirkdale Baptist Sunday School	1	0	0
W. J. B.	5	0	0
A Sunday School Scholar	0	10	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
A. K.	5	0	0
Friends, per A. J. Graham	0	6	0
A Widowed Mother	1	0	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Houghton	10	0	0
Mr. H. Young	2	0	0
A Stukeley Friend	0	10	0
Friends at Kingston, Jamaica, per Mrs. East	3	16	0
Mr. C. Jago	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Latham	0	5	0
A Thankoffering from E. E. E.	3	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mrs. Stoughton	1	1	0
M. W. K.	0	5	0
Madam Blim	1	1	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	8	0	3
Mr. Cox	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Middleton Cheney	1	15	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. Blatch	1	0	0
Collection after Sermons at Willingham by Mr. Charlesworth	10	10	0
By Sales	1	14	0
Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter	0	14	0
Boys' Collecting Cards—			
J. Marley 0 2 6			
W. Wheeler 0 10 0			
	0	12	6
	14	10	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Park	1	1	0
Mr. Arthur Pash, per Mrs. Evans	2	2	0
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. C. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Mrs. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Miss Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Master Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Miss Winckworth	0	5	0
	1	5	0
Mr. T. Kennard	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lamont	2	0	0
Mr. J. Skinner	1	1	0
The Baroness de Rothschild	2	2	0
	£397	7	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS, etc.:—3 Sacks of Flour, Orphanage Acre, Waterbeach, Mr. James Toller; 2 Geese, G. Stanes; some Onions, Potatoes, and Pumpkins, a Friend.

CLOTHING, etc.—36 Flannel Shirts, Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, Brixton; 3 Articles for Sale Room, Anon.; 8 sets of Scripture Texts, Committee Sunday School Union; 2 Articles for Sale Room, Mrs. Davies; 18 pairs of Trousers and 11 dozen Ties, J. T. Soundy; 3 pairs of Socks, R. A. S; 5 Hymn Books, "Find it Out."

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions for Districts:—			
Messrs. Hine Brothers, Maryport	10	0	0
S. Mander, Esq., Wolverhampton	10	0	0
R. Cory, Esq., jun., Cardiff	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., Fritham	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association, for Four Colporteurs (Quarterly)	40	0	0
Baptist Church, Whitchurch	10	0	0
Baptist Church, Eythorne	7	10	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
Dorking District, per Miss Cash	7	0	0
W. S. Caine, Esq., Widnes	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association	38	6	8
J. J. Grylls, Esq., Neston	10	0	0
	£172	16	8
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.			
Mr. A. Boot	1	1	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	5	0
Mrs. Austin, Collecting Box	0	6	10½
Mrs. Bryant, Collecting Box	1	1	0
Boys of Christian Band, Stockwell Orphanage	0	4	6½
Mr. Walmsley	1	1	0
Legacy, the late Mr. Dalton, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	117	14	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
T. R.	25	0	0
In Weekly Offering Box	0	6	0
Mrs. H. Reevil	5	0	0
G. W.	2	2	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	3	0	0
Widow's Mite	0	2	0
Mr. E. James	1	0	0
Mr. Neal	0	10	0
M. G.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Houghton	10	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
Mr. Izard	2	2	0
	£215	1	5

The £5 has been safely received for the Indian Mission, from a friend who has given up his pipe. We would have sent him a receipt if he had forwarded his address.

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, 1877.

"Do not Sin against the Child."

AN ADDRESS AT A PRAYER MEETING FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required."—Genesis xlii. 22.

YOU know how Joseph's brethren, through envy, sold him into Egypt; and how ultimately they were themselves compelled to go down into Egypt to buy corn. When they were treated roughly by the governor of that country, whom they did not know to be their brother, their consciences smote them, and they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." While their consciences were thus accusing them, the voice of their elder brother chimed in, saying, "Said I not unto you, Do not sin against the child?" From which I gather that, if we commit sin after being warned, the voice of conscience will be all the more condemning, for it will be supported by the memory of disregarded admonitions, which will revive again, and with solemn voices say to us, "Said we not unto you, Do not sin against the child?" We who know what is due to children will be far more guilty than others if we sin against their souls. Wiser views as to the needs and hopes of the little ones are now abroad in the world than those which ruled the public mind fifty years ago, and we shall be doubly criminal if now we bring evil upon the little ones.

The advice of Reuben may well be given to all grown up persons: "Do not sin against the child." Thus would I speak to every parent, to every elder brother or sister, to every schoolmaster, to every employer, to every man and woman, whether they have families or not,

"Do not sin against the child:" neither against your own child, nor against anybody's child, nor against the poor waif of the street whom they call "nobody's child." If you sin against adults, "do not sin against the child." If a man must be profane, let him have too much reverence for a child to pollute its little ear with blasphemy. If a man must drink, let him have too much respect for childhood to entice his boy to sip at the intoxicating cup. If there be aught of lewdness or coarseness on foot, screen the young child from the sight and hearing of it. O ye parents, do not follow trades which will ruin your children, do not select houses where they will be cast into evil society, do not bring depraved persons within your doors to defile them. For a man to lead others like himself into temptation is bad enough, but to sow the vile seed of vice in hearts that are as yet untainted by any gross, actual sin, is a hideous piece of wickedness. Do not commit spiritual infanticide. For God's sake, in the name of common humanity, I pray you, if you have any sort of feeling left, do not play the Herod by morally murdering the innocents. I have heard that when, in the cruel sack of a city, a soldier was about to kill a child, his hand was stayed by the little one's crying out, "O sir, please don't kill me; I am so little." The feebleness and littleness of childhood should appeal to the worst of men, and restrain them from sinning against the child.

According to the story of Joseph, there are three ways of sinning against the child. The first was contained in the proposition of the envious brothers, "*Let us slay him*, and we shall see what will become of his dreams." "Shed no blood," said Reuben, who had reasons of his own for wishing to save Joseph's life. There is such a thing as morally and spiritually slaying boys and girls, and here even the Reubens unite with us; even those who are not so good as they should be, will join in the earnest protest, "Do not sin against the child"—do not train him in dishonesty, lying, drunkenness, and vice. No one among us would wish to do so, but it is continually done by bad example. Many sons are ruined by their fathers. Those who gave them birth give them their death. They brought them into the world of sin, and they seem intent to bring them into the world of punishment, and will succeed in the fearful attempt unless the grace of God shall interfere. Many are doing all they can, by their own conduct at home and abroad, to educate their offspring into pests of society and plagues to their country. When I see the number of juvenile criminals I cannot help asking, "Who slew all these?" and it is sad to have for an answer, "These are mostly the victims of their parents' sin." The fiercest beasts of prey will not destroy their own young, but sin makes men unnatural, so that they destroy their offspring's souls without thought. To teach a child a lascivious song is unutterably wicked; to introduce him to the wine cup is evil. To take children to places of amusement where everything is polluting—where the quick-witted boy soon spies out vice and learns to be precocious in it; where the girl, while sitting to see the play, has kindled within her passions which need no fuel—to do this is to act the tempter's part. Would you poison young hearts, and do them lifelong mischief? I wish that the guardians of public morals would put down all open impurity; but if that cannot be, at least let the

young be shielded. He who instructs a youth in the vices of the world is a despicable wretch, a panderer for the devil, for whom contempt is a feeling too lenient. No, even though thou be of all men most hardened, there can be no need to worry the lambs, and offer the babes before the shrine of Moloch.

The same evil may be committed by indoctrinating children with evil teachings. They learn so soon, that it is a sad thing to teach them error. It is a dreadful thing when the infidel father sneers at the cross of Christ in the presence of his boy; when he utters horrible things against our blessed Lord in the hearing of tender youth. It is sad to the last degree that those who have been singing holy hymns in the Sabbath-school should go home to hear God blasphemed and to see holy things spit upon and despised. To the very worst unbelievers we might well say—Do not thus ruin your child's immortal soul; if you are resolved to perish yourself, do not drag your child downward too.

But there is a second way of sinning against the child, of which Reuben's own proposition may serve as an illustration. Though not with a bad motive, Reuben said, "*Cast him into this pit in the wilderness*, and lay no hand upon him." The idea of many is to leave the child as a child, and then look him up in after days, and seek to deliver him from destruction. Do not kill him, but leave him alone till riper years. Do not kill him, that would be wicked murder; but leave him in the wilderness till a more convenient season, when, like Reuben, you hope to come to his rescue. Upon this point I shall touch many more than upon the first. Many professing Christians ignore the multitudes of children around them, and act as if there were no such living beings. They may go to Sunday-school or not; they do not know, and do not care. At any rate, these good people cannot trouble themselves with teaching children. I would earnestly say, "Do not sin against the child by such neglect." "No," says Reuben, "we will look after him when he is a man. He is in the pit now, but we are in hopes of getting him out afterwards." That is the common notion—that the children are to grow up unconverted, and that they are to be saved in after life. They are to be left in the pit now and to be drawn out by-and-by. This pernicious notion is sinning against the child. No word of Holy Scripture gives countenance to such a policy of delay and neglect. Neither nature nor grace pleads for it. It was the complaint of Jeremiah, "Even the sea monsters draw out the breast, they give suck to their young ones: the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness." Let not such a charge lie against any one of us. Our design and object should be that our children, while they are yet children, should be brought to Christ; and I ask those dear brothers and sisters here present who love the Lord not to doubt about the conversion of their little ones, but to seek it at once with all their hearts. Why should our Josephs remain in the pit of nature's corruption? Let us pray the Lord at once to take them up out of the horrible pit, and save them with a great salvation.

There is yet a third way of sinning against the child, which plan was actually tried upon Joseph: *they sold him*—sold him to the Ishmaelites.

The merchantmen came by, and they offered so many pieces of silver, and his brothers readily handed him over for a reward. I am afraid that some are half inclined to do the same now. It is imagined that now we have school-boards we shall not want Sabbath-schools so much, but may give over the young to the Secularists. Because the children are to be taught the multiplication table they will not need to be taught the fear of the Lord! Strange reasoning this! Can geography teach them the way to heaven, or arithmetic remove their countless sins? The more of secular knowledge our juveniles acquire the more will they need to be taught in the fear of the Lord. To leave our youthful population in the hands of secular teachers will be to sell them to the Ishmaelites. Nor is it less perilous to leave them to the seductive arts of Ritualists and Papists. We who love the gospel must not let the children slip through our hands into the power of those who would enslave their minds by superstitious dogmas. We sin against the child if we hand it over to teachers of error.

The same selling of the young Josephs can be effected by looking only to their worldly interests and forgetting their souls. A great many parents sell their children by putting them out as apprentices to men of no character, or by placing them in situations where ungodliness is the paramount influence. Frequently the father does not ask where the boy can go on the Sabbath-day, and the mother does not enquire whether her girl can hear the gospel when she gets out; but good wages are looked after, and not much else. They count themselves very staunch if they draw a line at Roman Catholics, but worldliness and even profligacy are not reckoned as barriers in many cases. How many there are of those who call themselves Christians who sell their daughters in marriage to rich men! The men have no religion whatever, but "it is a splendid match," because they move in high society. Young men and women are put into the matrimonial market and disposed of to the highest bidder: God is not thought of in the matter. Thus the rich depart from the Lord, and curse their children quite as much as the poor. I am sure you would not literally sell your offspring for slaves, and yet to sell their souls is by no means less abominable. "Do not sin against the child." Do not sell him to the Ishmaelites. "Ah," say you, "the money is always handy." Will you take the price of blood? Shall the blood of your children's souls be on your skirts? I pray you, pause a while ere you do this.

Sometimes a child may be sinned against, because he is disliked. The excuse for undue harshness and severity is, "He is such a strange child!" You have heard of the cygnet that was hatched in a duck's nest. Neither duck, nor drake, nor ducklings could make anything out of the ugly bird, and yet, in truth, it was superior to all the rest. Joseph was the swan in Jacob's nest, and his brothers and even his father did not understand him. His father rebuked him and said, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" He was not understood by his own kin. I should fancy he was a most uncomfortable boy to live with, for when his elder brothers transgressed he felt bound to bring unto his father their evil report. I doubt not that they called him "a little sneak," though, indeed, he was a gracious child. His dreams also were very odd, and

considerably provoking, for he was always the hero of them. His brother called him "this dreamer," and evidently thought him to be a mere fool. He was his father's boy, and this made him even more obnoxious to the other sons. Yet that very child who was so despised by his brothers was the Joseph among them. History repeats itself, and the difference in your child, which now causes him to be pecked at, may perhaps arise from a superiority which as yet has not found its sphere; at any rate, "do not sin against the child" because he is singular, for he may rise to special distinction. Do not, of course, show him partiality and make him a coat of many colours; because, if you do, his brothers will have some excuse for their envy; but, on the other hand, do not suffer him to be snubbed, and do not allow his spirit to be crushed.

I have known some who, when they have met with a little Joseph, have sinned against him by foolish flattery. The boy has said something rather good, and then they have set him upon the table so that everybody might see him, and admire what he had to say, while he was coaxed into repeating his sage observations. Thus the child was made self-conceited, forward, and pert. Children who are much exhibited are usually spoiled in the operation. I think I hear the proud parents say, "Now *do* see—*do* see what a wonderful boy my Harry is!" Yes, I do see; I do see what a wonderful stupid his mother is. I do see how unwise his father is to expose his boy to such peril. Do not sin against the child by fostering his pride, which, as it is an ill weed, will grow apace of itself.

In many cases the sin is of quite the opposite character. Contemptuous sneers have chilled many a good desire, and ridicule has nipped in the bud many a sincere purpose. Beware of checking youthful enthusiasm for good things. God forbid that you or I should quench one tiny spark of grace in a lad's heart, or destroy a single bud of promise. We believe in the piety of children; let us never speak, or act, or look as if we despised it.

"Do not sin against the child," whoever you may be. Whether you are teacher or parent, take care that if there is any trace of the little Joseph in your child, even though it be but in his dreams, you do not sin against him by attempting to repress the noble flame which God may be kindling in his soul. I cannot just now mention the many, many ways in which we may be offending against one of the Lord's little ones; but I would have you recollect that if the Lord's love should light upon your boy, and he should grow up to be a distinguished servant of the Lord, your conscience will prick you, and a voice will say in your soul, "Said I not unto you, Do not sin against the child?" And if, on the other hand, your child should not become a Joseph, but an Absalom, it will be a horrible thing to be compelled to mingle with your lamentations the overwhelming consciousness that you led your child into the sin by which he became the dishonour of your family. If I see my child perish, and know that he becomes a reprobate through my ill teaching and example, I shall have to wring my hands with dread remorse and cry, "I slew my child! I slew my child! and when I did it I knew better, but I disregarded the voice which said to me, 'Do not sin against the child.'"

Now, dear Sunday-school teachers, I will mention one or two matters which concern you. Do not sin against the child by coming to your class with a chilly heart. Why should you make your children cold towards divine things? Do not sin against them by coming too late, for that will make them think that punctuality is not a virtue, and that the Sunday-school is of no very great importance. Do not sin against the child by coming irregularly, and absenting yourself on the smallest pretence, for that is distinctly saying to the child, "You can neglect to serve God when you please, for you see I do." "Do not sin against the child" by merely going through class routine, without really teaching and instructing. That is the shadow of Sunday-school teaching, and not the substance, and it is in some respects worse than nothing. "Do not sin against the child" by merely telling him a number of stories without setting forth the Saviour; for that will be giving him a stone instead of bread. "Do not sin against the child" by aiming at anything short of his conversion to God through Jesus Christ the Saviour.

And then, you parents, "do not sin against the child" by being so very soon angry. I have frequently heard grown up people repeat that verse, "Children, obey your parents in all things." It is a very proper text—a *very* proper text, and boys and girls should carefully attend to it. I like to hear fathers and mothers preach from it; but there *is* that other one, you know: there *is* that other one—"Likewise, ye fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." Do not pick up every little thing against a good child, and throw it in his or her teeth, and say, "Ah, if you were a Christian child, you would not do this and you would not do that." I am not so sure. You who are heads of families do a great many wrong things yourselves, and yet I hope you are Christians; and if your Father in heaven were sometimes to be as severe with you as you are with the sincere little ones when you are out of temper, I am afraid it would go very hard with you. Be gentle, and kind, and tender, and loving.

At the same time, do not sin against any child by over-indulgence. Spoiled children are like spoiled fruit, the less we see of them the better. In some families the master of the house is the youngest boy, though he is not yet big enough to wear knickerbockers. He manages his mother, and his mother, of course, manages his father, and so, in that way, he rules the whole house. This is unwise, unnatural, and highly perilous to the pampered child. Keep boys and girls in proper subjection, for they cannot be happy themselves, nor can you be so, unless they are in their places. Do not water your young plants either with vinegar or with syrup. Neither use too much nor too little of rebuke. Seek wisdom of the Lord, and keep the middle of the way.

In a word, "do not sin against the child," but train it in the way it should go, and bring it to Jesus that he may bless it. Cease not to pray for the child till his young heart is given to the Lord. May the Holy Spirit make you wise to deal with these young immortals. Like plastic clay, they are on the wheel. O that he would teach us to mould and fashion their characters. Above all, may he put his own hand to the work, and it will be done indeed.

Seventeen Years in the Yoruba Country.*

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

YORUBA is a country of Guinea, West Africa, lying inland from the Bight of Benin, eastward of the notorious kingdoms of Dahomey and Ashantee. It contains a barbarous population of about three millions, and carries on a trade in palm oil, cotton, and ivory with other countries through the port of Lagos, an island town of sixty thousand inhabitants, now in possession of the British. Lagos was until recently an infamous seat of the slave traffic, but the British have suppressed both the slave trade and human sacrifices. The people worship a multitude of orishas, or idols, as mediators between themselves and the one supreme God whom they acknowledge, and in the interior human sacrifices are still offered on special occasions, such as the proclamation of war or the death of a chief.

We have just finished the perusal of a book bearing the title at the head of this paper, which relates an interesting story of mission work in this almost unknown land by a lady connected with the Church Missionary Society, who lived there a life of unshrinking self-sacrifice and admirable devotion to the service of Christ. Within the space of seventeen years she, in conjunction with her husband, in the face of incredible difficulties arising from native hostility, war, privation, and disease, established three Christian churches with between two and three hundred members, educated and supported numbers of children, redeemed many from slavery, gave the converts Christian literature in their native tongue, and trained and left to carry on the work, when they themselves were obliged to leave it, six native teachers, who for eight years have maintained alone the lamp of God amidst the darkness without help from England. The story demonstrates that the race of quiet heroes is not yet extinct; the church of God still possesses men and women who count not their lives dear unto them so that they may fulfil "the ministry which they have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

A glance at the early life of this remarkable woman shows that before the Master promoted her to the front rank of Christian service she was diligent to the utmost degree in less prominent labour. It is an illustration of the old rule—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." Christ does not seek his eminent servants amongst rhapsodical dreamers who employ their leisure in projecting airy schemes of future usefulness, but amongst those practical workers who do to the best of their ability the little prosaic work that lies at hand. Our heroine, Mrs. Hinderer (Anna Martin was her maiden name), was born at Hempnall, in Norfolk, March 19, 1827. Her childhood was darkened by the death of her mother, whom she lost when she was five years old. "I have just the remembrance of a form in bed, as white as a lily, with rather large bright blue eyes; and I

* Seventeen Years in the Yoruba Country. Memorials of Anna Hinderer, wife of the Rev. David Hinderer, C. M. S. Missionary in Western Africa. Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

know she taught me to sew; and when I was not by her bedside I used to sit on a low, broad window-seat, and when I had done ten stitches I was rewarded with a strawberry; and I used to say little tiny texts to her in the morning. I was only allowed to be in her room twice a day. But though I knew so little of her on earth, if God, who is rich in mercy, will have mercy on me, and admit me to his blest abode, I shall see her again, for she rejoiced in her God and Saviour, and I have been told that her last breath was spent in singing a few lines of a favourite hymn—

> 'I want, oh, I want to be there,
> Where sorrow and sin bid adieu.'"

When Anna was twelve years old, her father sent her to live with her grandfather and aunt at Lowestoft, where she formed a friendship with the vicar and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, which was blessed to her conversion, and ended in her residing at the vicarage in the comprehensive capacity of private secretary, district visitor, school manager, general helper, and favourite. Her zeal and efficiency in Christian work were conspicuous, for she possessed the bright energy and cheerfulness which carry you at the outset half way along the road to success. She formed a Sunday class of ragged children when only fourteen years of age; it grew under her care to a school of over two hundred, and her Sunday labours included an hour's instruction of the workhouse boys. An attractive picture is given of this vicarage, the wholesome Christian atmosphere and cheerful labours of which afforded so favourable a training for the young missionary. Mrs. Cunningham, the vicar's wife, was the sister of the celebrated Elizabeth Fry, and possessed much of that lady's benevolence. "She exercised a large hospitality, which made Lowestoft vicarage in a peculiar degree an open house. Not only was it constantly filled with friends from a distance, but the parishioners walked in and out at pleasure, and the beautiful garden laid out as terraces along the cliff was treated as public property. She and her husband were endued with a heavenly-mindedness, which did not fail to attract and benefit those who enjoyed their society." She was full of the charity which is always willing, ready, nay, determined to look on the best side. "I remember asking her," says Mrs. Hinderer, "if she ever did see any evil in anybody. She looked up a little amused; 'Why, yes, dear, I see it, but I like to shut one eye and open the other only a very little way when there is anything wrong; and besides, I like honey so much better than poison that I like to seek only after the honey.'" The Sunday hymn-singings at the vicarage were a notable institution. Between tea-time and evening service it was the custom to assemble a considerable party in the drawing-room to sing hymns and anthems. Mrs. Cunningham presided at the piano, insisted upon every one joining, and allowed no excuse. In these hymn-singings Anna Martin took the leading second, a part of some importance in such old-fashioned tunes as Calcutta and Praise, the great favourites in those pre-Gregorian days. In the midst of all this happy activity Miss Martin cherished a secret and unconquerable longing to devote her life to foreign mission service. "'Though so much of my work at home was of a missionary character, yet I felt that to heathen lands I was to go,

and that such would be my calling. And in school, on a hot summer's day, when weary and dispirited, I would be roused and refreshed by the thought of the contrast between my present position and that of the missionary in other lands, under a burning sun and other trials; and the thought of how soon I might be called to one of those lands and have to give up the dear children then entrusted to my care, would bring a tear to my eye and give me a fresh stimulus to make use of my present opportunities with them." Thus the preparation went on, and at length the way to the mission field was opened in an unexpected manner.

In 1852 David Hinderer, of Schorndorf, Wurtemburg, who had been for four years labouring in Yoruba under the Church Missionary Society, returned to England to obtain a helper for a new mission station which he had opened at Ibadan (pronounced Ebadda), a city of 100,000 inhabitants eighty miles from the coast; and becoming acquainted with Miss Martin, married her, and took her back with him to the work, along with Mr. Kefer, who had been appointed his assistant. This was the *summum bonum* of all her hopes, and she rejoiced in the thought of living and dying for Africa. On the 6th December, 1852, the three set sail from Plymouth with seven other missionaries, and, after landing two of the number, Bishop Vidal and his wife, at Sierra Leone, arrived at Lagos on the 5th of January. Within a week Mrs. Hinderer was seized with the fever, which invariably attacks Europeans on their arrival in West Africa. It is caused by malaria, varies in degree from ague to the worst type of yellow fever, and, where it does not prove fatal, undermines the constitution, and leaves it a prey to other maladies peculiar to a tropical climate. This fever forms a frightful barrier to European labour in that locality. In the present instance, within the first three months, two of the missionaries were dead, and the young widow of one of them, herself stricken with fever, was hurriedly shipped off to England as the best means of saving her, but died before the vessel reached Sierra Leone. Within two years the bishop we have mentioned died, and three months later Mr. Kefer, the faithful helper of Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer at Ibadan, was laid in his grave. Thus half the missionary band was quickly cut off; three of them before they had had time to do a stroke of work in the country. Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer themselves, though they survived the attacks, were during the whole of their life in Ibadan continually the prey of the malignant disease, their work being carried on with extraordinary persistence in the intervals of recovery. This is true heroism; but to our mind, in the dearth of well qualified missionaries, and looking to the vast territories of the world yet unreached by the gospel, it becomes a question of sacred economy of life to send Europeans to localities where they *can* survive, until such places are supplied, before these trained and devoted heroes are dispatched to almost certain death in a malarious climate which has earned for itself the title of "the white man's grave!" Surely such districts might be evangelized by native Christians from other mission stations, whose constitutions do not expose them to the fatal effects of the climate.

Having landed at Lagos, our missionaries proceeded to their destination, travelling first by canoe along the magnificent scenery of the river Ogun as far as Abeokuta, where an older mission station existed,

and where they halted because of fresh attacks of fever; and thence by the main route to Ibadan, which consists of a rugged path only wide enough for horsemen or for foot passengers in single file. Along this path they journeyed through bush, forest, and coarse tall grass, amongst tangled climbing plants with profusion of blossom festooned from stately cotton trees and graceful palms, the air vocal by day with the screech of gorgeous birds and the chatter of monkeys, and by night with the melancholy howl of beasts of prey—a scene of wild glory peculiar to the tropics. On the third day they came in sight of the city. Ibadan is a town of closely-packed, low, mud-built, thatched houses spreading over the slopes of a high hill, and encroaching into the plain, where the houses, less crowded, are interspersed with gardens of orange, plaintain, and banana trees, the whole surrounded by mud walls eighteen miles in circumference, beyond which stretches a belt of cultivated land five or six miles broad, reclaimed from the bush. The missionary party was greeted by an excited crowd, shouting and screaming, "The white man is come; the white mother is come" (for they were the first Europeans to set foot in the city), and were conducted with joyful hubbub to the house which had been set apart for them. This dwelling comprised one curiously long narrow room, thirty feet by six, which they appropriated to themselves, with a wing at either end, one of which was allotted to Mr. Kefer and the native helper, and the other to the purposes of kitchen and store room. Between the wings stretched a piazza, which afforded shelter from the burning sun, and was useful as a reception-room for visitors by day, and a sleeping-place for the servants by night. The house was proof neither against the torrents of the rainy season, nor against the intrusion of unwelcome visitors; the storms came drenching through the grass roof, which also harboured spiders as large as one's hand, and occasionally you stepped out of bed on to a snake. In the course of the year they built a more solid and comfortable mission house.

Mrs. Hinderer chose the young as her special department in the work, beginning with four boys who lived in the house, and thus came entirely under her influence and training. Two of these are now teachers of the Yoruba church. This little band was increased in various ways; by children redeemed, as opportunity offered, out of slavery; by foundlings abandoned to die when their parents were sold as slaves; and by children whose parents allowed them to live with the missionaries. The little day school rapidly increased, and besides school lessons, Mrs. Hinderer taught the children to knit and sew, and from five to six o'clock played with them at ball, with as much physical energy as the climate and frequent fevers allowed. Peeping into the mission house a fortnight after her arrival, we see her already with a large mixed up class of men and women on the ground, her four little boys clinging to her, each trying to be nearest. But let her speak for herself. "You must remember we are cramped for room. As I sat on my chair, one little black fellow had clasped my arms with both his hands, another every now and then nearly resting his chin on my shoulder, the other two sitting close at my feet; and then a burst of voices repeated after me the Lord's prayer in Yoruba, and two of the

commandments." Evidently she has already found her way to the children's hearts.

The week-days were employed by the missionaries in preaching excursions to the town and neighbourhood, and services were held on Sunday in a palm-leaf shed until the church was built. It must have been pleasant to hear the "Sabbath bell" in Africa at half-past eight in the morning, and to see the groups of swarthy Africans moving toward you, carrying their bags of books on their heads. Entering the shed at nine o'clock you find them arranged in classes—men on one side, women on the other—for lessons in reading; those who cannot learn to read being gathered at one end to be taught orally. During the interval, from ten to half-past, babies are collected and strapped on the mothers' backs for better order; then service begins, and you may observe with gratification the heartiness of the singing and responses, and the attention paid to the sermon. We are out by twelve o'clock. Some from a distance have brought their dinners, and, spreading their mats on the verandah, these now take their meal, a little sleep, and a great deal of talk. At three all meet again in school, which, closing with a fifteen minutes' examination upon the sermon, is followed again by service lasting till half-past five; and then, as it is always dark by a quarter past six, everybody hurries home. In the mission house the Sabbath evenings are very bright and sweet. There are talks with the children over Noah's ark, or a collection of Scripture pictures. Perhaps the story of Mrs. Fry is told, of her love to all, especially the prisoner and the slave, till the tears stand in the children's eyes. Have they ever heard of anyone so kind? One says she was like Dorcas, full of good deeds; another, that she was like their own Iya ("mother," as they called Mrs. Hinderer), who could leave her own country and come to them. "No," says their friend, "there was One, whose example Mrs. Fry followed, who did far more than either Dorcas or Iya." A little fellow, the youngest of all, exclaims, "It is Jesus Iya means, who went about doing good, and then gave his life for all." "Do you know," says Mrs. Hinderer, "I thought it was worth while to come to Africa only to hear this from little lips which, such a short time ago, were taught to utter senseless words over wood, stone, and charms." This being over, the household is assembled for singing, Mr. Hinderer and Mr. Kefer are there, the native helper and his young daughter, the schoolmaster, and the men and women servants: the missionary's wife sits at the harmonium, on which stand two little lamps, and the children are gathered round her. These Africans are fond of music, and have the art of catching an air quickly. They sing Yoruba hymns to familiar English tunes, and finish with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." And so the Sabbath evening closes. To the missionaries it brings up a flood of home associations, and is like a refreshing pool in the midst of a dry and thirsty land.

The seed-sowing was not without result, though two years passed before Mr. Hinderer baptized two women, two young men, and an old man, the first fruits of Ibadan unto Christ. Within a few months fourteen more were received, and, as we have already intimated, the blessed work progressed until two branch churches were planted in the opposite quarters of the city, with between two and three hundred

members. The stories of some of the converts are interesting. A woman, fifty years of age, said, "Iya, all my life I have served the devil; he has been my god; but he never gave me peace in my heart. My husband was stolen away by war, the devil did not help me; my children all died, the devil could not help me; but since you white people have come I have heard the words of the great God, which we never heard before, and they are sweet to me. I want to hear more, and to walk in the right road, for it has been a wrong road all my life."

Another of the converts when dying called his friends together and took leave of them thus: "For me it is no more hard; through my Saviour the fight is fought; through my Saviour the battle is won; and I now, through his love, go to be with him: but for you, my brethren, it is hard; you have to go on in an evil world, in a land where the devil is strong, but hold on to Jesus and all shall be well." Blessed results, these, of work amongst the heathen!

Success, as might be expected, awakened persecution, and the little flock was called to pass through bitter suffering. One young woman was told by her husband, "You shall never enter the white man's house again." "Very well," she said, "as you wish it, it shall be so." "Neither," said he, "shall you go to his church." To this she replied; "I cannot submit; it is God's house; I will go." She was cruelly beaten with sticks and cutlasses, and stoned till her body swelled; a rope was tied round her neck, she was dragged to her father's house, and held on the ground by the furious people, who shouted, "Now she bows down!" She exclaimed, "No! you have put me here; I can never bow down to wooden gods which cannot hear. Only in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of poor sinners, can I trust."

Another who patiently suffered whip, rope, and chain, was sent to a distance for some weeks, and then brought back. Her father promised her clothes, beads, honours, adding, "You will never go there," pointing to the church. "Father," she said, "I am just the same as before; I will be a good daughter to you, I will earn cowries for you, only let me go to God's house to hear his word, and follow it, for this I cannot give up." The father almost gave way, but the influence of hostile neighbours prevailed, and the poor girl was subjected to great suffering, and threatened with slavery. "Wherever you send me, I will go," said she; "God, the great God, my God, is in all the world."

From 1860 to 1865 war prevailed between Yoruba and the King of Dahomey. The proclamation of war was solemnized by a human sacrifice; the victim, a man of twenty-five or thirty, being paraded all day through the city, and slain in the evening. During the greater part of these miserable years communication with the coast was almost entirely cut off, and for want of money the missionaries endured sore privation. They were forced to subsist on horse beans, flavoured with palm oil and pepper, using salt as if it were gold dust; even of these beans the supply became so limited that they could allow themselves only a handful daily. They afterwards smiled at the remembrance of having cried themselves to sleep with hunger like children, but the suffering was terribly real at the time.

It is very touching in the midst of such labour and hardship, borne for the Lord's sake, to come across the following passage, which represents

better than anything else could do, the loneliness of the soul cut off from the helpful associations of Christian fellowship. "I have tried to draw near to my God this day, and had one comfortable half-hour, between breakfast and school, in prayer and tears. I have been too cold, too hard, too far from my God. I have deserved that he should hide his face from me. I have not drawn nigh unto him; the heart-achings from outward things have drawn me away from the only place of comfort; my sins and sorrows have been a sort of excuse, but I do desire to struggle, to wrestle.

'If I tarry till I'm better
I shall never come at all.'

And to whom should I go, to what refuge should I fly? O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me. Be near to receive me, O my Saviour; unworthy as I am, I cannot live without thee. My sorrow of heart the world knoweth not, but thou knowest; pity, comfort, help me; at thy feet I fall, restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; give me thy holy Spirit to purify and cleanse this soul of mine, to quicken and cheer me on my pilgrimage."

Much interesting information is to be gathered from the book of the customs of the people of Yoruba. Their land laws are as primitive as one could desire; any one has a right to such land as he may choose to occupy, provided only that it be not already appropriated. When Mr. Hinderer asked the chief what he must pay for some land he wished to cultivate, the chief said, laughing, "Pay! who pays for the ground? All the ground belongs to God; you cannot pay for it." Their *nonchalance* concerning land is paralleled by their carelessness of time. On one occasion the March mail was delivered at the end of October. It had been entrusted to a man who had a house in Ibadan, and who assured the authorities he was going there direct. But what is the difference between a day and a year to an African? He stayed six months on the road, and told the missionaries he had taken good care of the parcel, and had slept on it every night that no one might take it away. They have a curious method of raising money when in difficulties by pawning their children. The one in pawn has to work so many days for his master without pay, the remainder of the time being his own, according to the master's generosity, until the money advanced is worked out. One poor fellow in this position became so interested in the Sunday services that he relinquished work on that day, begging his master to give him the Sundays and surrendered instead one of his own weekdays, an act of real self-denial. African home life admits of improvement, and the domestic administration of the husband is such as we do not wish to see sanctioned, even though it be practised in England. He acts very literally upon the principle embodied in Milton's verse—

"Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe;
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his own life, not swayed
By female usurpation, or dismayed."

A woman who had been severely beaten by her husband came to Mrs. Hinderer to have her bruises healed. On her remonstrating with the husband he answered, "I tell you, you no understand the business at all. White people no understand husband and wife palaver at all. I tell you in this country, if man no flog his wife now and then, she no 'spect him one little bit." The subjection of the wife is carried to a melancholy extreme on the husband's death if he was a man of high rank. When a certain chief died, in 1859, fewer persons than usual were put to death, only four men being executed, but forty-two of his wives poisoned themselves for the honour of accompanying him to the other world.

In the way we have narrated, diversified with constant fevers, with periods of loneliness when her husband was called away on mission work for weeks, and sometimes months, together; with privations brought on by war; with the joy of welcoming converts, and the anxious care of those who, once hopeful, were turning back to idolatry and sin, this admirable woman spent seventeen years in that dark land to lead a few heathen to the knowledge of Christ. Neither weakness nor suffering deterred her; she cheerfully encountered danger and difficulty for love of Him who had called her by his grace, and appointed her to the work. During the last year the attacks of fever had become more frequent and severe, and in 1869 she came home to die. Her husband obtained a curacy at Martham, in Norfolk, where his wife, enfeebled, and rapidly going blind, worked cheerfully with him for three months, and then her exhausted life ebbed away. "Happy?" she said, on her death-bed, "yes, in Christ. I am happy that it is nearly finished. It is sweet to die. Are you not glad that I am going home to be for ever with the Lord?" And so she passed away in her forty-fourth year. Her life might have been longer had she not exposed herself to pestilence and privation in Africa; but she had longed to publish Christ to the heathen; her desire was granted, and she now rests from her labours. Some are already gone, and others will follow, who will be her crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming. Is such a life thrown away?

And what of those few sheep in the wilderness, the infant churches in Ibadan, left now without an English missionary? Will they not die off, and the whole work come to nought? We answer the question indirectly by quoting a conversation between the native schoolmaster and one of the converts. She said, "I am a poor weak old woman: I am sure this way you have spoken about is the only way to be saved; I feel it in my heart: but my people tell me this and that will happen to me for giving up the gods of my fathers, and it makes me fear lest they should draw me back to heathenism again." The young man replied, "Listen; God is willing and able to help you: trust in him, pray to him. If you could come in the evening, you would see in my master's hand a very fine lamp. He lights it, but the wind would soon blow it out—the many flying creatures would soon put it out—but there is a glass shade all round it. Now the wind comes, creatures come, and beat against the glass, and want to get to the light, but they cannot. Why? Because it is protected. You are like that lamp:

you have a little of the good light in your soul, and your enemies want to put it out; but they shall not, for you are protected. God will protect you, and by his Spirit make the light burn brighter and brighter."

One word, dear reader, before you and I part. Can you go and preach Christ's glad tidings to the heathen? If so, shrink not back from the noble work. But if you are not called to leave your native land for the regions of idolatry, live for Christ at home, and, as you love your Saviour who first loved you, do something now and always to extend his kingdom.

Security of God's Children.

A FATHER may frown upon his son for his fault, but doth not easily disinherit him; but a servant, on his offence, is turned out of doors. When Adam held by the first covenant, he was but an honourable servant; therefore when he offended his master, he was turned out of doors; but now we have by Christ the title of children, and though God may chastise us, he will not disinherit us. "My loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips."—Psalm lxxxix. 33, 34. He hath reserved a liberty in the covenant that he will chastise us: "I will visit their transgression with the rod," &c. (verse 32), but he will never alter the purposes of his love and his counsel towards us. A child may be whipped, but not disinherited. God hath not only pawned his word to us, but given us an earnest that he will not change his purpose. The inheritance is passed over in court: "Who hath sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."—2 Cor. i. 22. Those that make the purposes of God to be changeable, cut the sinews of Christian comfort; they make us to walk with God like dancers upon a rope, as if we were always ready to fall; but God hath given us assurance that he will never reverse the purposes of his love. When we have once an interest in it, our right is indefeasible, and we cannot lose it. And mark, it is not only a sure title in regard to God, but also in reference to men; for as God *will not* take our heritage from us, so men *can not*. We may lose goods, livings, lives, but we can never lose our heritage; this is sure in Christ. None can take away our better portion. "All things are yours" (1 Cor. iii. 22), and even death is but a portion of our heritage.

THOMAS MANTON.

Eliezer; or, Suffering for Christ.*

IN the productions of some writers truth and fiction are so interwoven that the ordinary reader must use all his wits to discover where the one merges into the other. The preliminary observation that the story is "founded on fact" leaves the bewildered reader altogether in the dark as to which is the narrative of sober truth, and which the creation of imagination. We confess to a growing dislike of this kind of literature, as it tends to lead the young to regard even veritable history as doubtful, and to treat a genuine piece of biography as little better than a work of fiction. When men blend truth and fiction in their reading, they are too apt to do the same thing in their speaking: in fact, both the writers and readers of novels are often to be listened to with caution in their ordinary talk. Our dislike of stories "founded on fact" is no mere whim, but an earnest conviction. Nor is the undermining of the love of truth the only charge we prefer against the pseudo-historic narratives of the present day, for we are compelled to add our belief that the style in which they are written creates a morbid craving for exciting adventure, and spoils the reader for the simple records of an ordinary life; ay, and in a measure for that life itself. Fill the head with amazing tales, and life at the fireside grows dull and despicable.

The authoress of "Eliezer" declares her book to be "*a true story*, to unfold a page of persecution and suffering nobly borne for the Saviour's sake—a page which may, perhaps, induce others, now wavering and staggering in their faith, to come boldly forward and undauntedly to avow their conviction that Christ crucified is he of whom Moses and the prophets spake." We wish she had not been compelled to add, "such alterations and additions have been made as were necessary to reduce the whole into a consecutive and readable form." Why not tell the story as it happened without addition or colouring? There would have been no need for our former paragraphs if only the truth had been stated, and even now they may not prove to have been deserved in the present case. In the absence of any indication, of course, we are at a loss to discriminate, and what we set down as history may be only romance, and what we dismiss as fiction may belong to the world of fact. How much or how little of imagination enters into the biography we cannot tell. This is a very unsatisfactory state of things, and greatly dilutes our commendation of the book.

The hero of the story is the youngest son of Jewish parents, who reside in the south of Russia. At an early age he began "to study the mysteries of Talmudical and cabalistic lore," and "at the age of thirteen, he delivered his first sermon in the synagogue to a large and attentive audience," and, "in course of time, a wealthy Jewish landowner, who had marked his career with an eye of satisfaction and pleasure, bestowed on him the hand of his daughter, and a worthy marriage portion." These simple facts compass the history of Eliezer from infancy to manhood. Having been nominated to the sacred office of rabbi, he practised the most rigid pharisaical rites, and lived in an

* By Charlotte Elizabeth Stern. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

atmosphere of outward sanctity, but, like Nicodemus, his heart was unsatisfied. It is the old story over again, and proves that religion, however sincere, if it does not emanate from the life and love of Christ in the soul, is an empty delusion, and that the religion of externalism is little better than a shroud to hide a dead soul.

The next phase in the history of Eliezer reveals the device of the arch enemy to divert the earnest seeker from the object of the soul's quest. Of how many is it true, as of the poor demoniac, "As he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him!" In the case of Eliezer, there was presented the temptation to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land. This, it was suggested, would set his heart at rest, and restore peace to his troubled conscience. As yet he only faintly heard above the confused din of the entreaties of friends, and the threats and arguments of his bigoted co-religionists, the invitation spoken eighteen hundred years ago, "Come unto ME all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He was the subject of that undefined consciousness of need which, while it suffices to break the fatal slumber of the soul, fails to discover the means by which it can be satisfied. This border-land between the two kingdoms is a dreary territory, from which, if not speedily traversed, a return to the place from which we came out is almost inevitable, for the memory of the flesh-pots of Egypt is often more potent than the hope of the clusters of Eshcol. In the case of this young rabbi we see another illustration of the poet's dictum—

> "There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will;"

for the projected pilgrimage to Jerusalem was only partially accomplished when he found the object of his unconscious search.

Arrived at Constantinople, his Hebrew brethren, with whom he stayed, warned him against the missionaries at Stamboul, lest he should fall a victim to their influence, and embrace the religion of the Nazarene. The warning only increased his insatiable yearning for more light, and awakened his curiosity to see a missionary. His questions for information provoked from his brothers nothing but curses, for superstition cannot argue, and bigotry forecloses discussion with anathemas. Eliezer was not in the frame of mind to be satisfied with irrational revilings, or to postpone enquiry by the expedient of time-serving Felix. He resolved to seek an interview with the missionaries, and not to credit the unchallenged testimony of their enemies. At their invitation he attended the daily Bible classes, and soon became convinced of his need of a Saviour. His Jewish prejudices yielded to the convictions inwrought by the Spirit of God, and he "flung himself with groans and entreaties at the foot of Christ's cross, and there, with tears of humble contrition and heartfelt sorrow, implored forgiveness." Soon the prostrate mourner rose a rejoicing believer, and attested his faith by publicly professing Christ in baptism, (or what his instructors called by that name). To avow the fact of his conversion to his friends demanded a courage equal to that displayed by the martyrs when they marched to the stake, but he was too honest to resort to compromise, and too intensely earnest to conceal his light under the bushel of expediency, and hence he promptly confessed his Saviour.

His father-in-law, on receiving the intelligence, resolved to exhaust every artifice to force him to return to Judaism, and, should he fail, he resolved to visit him with every possible indignity and reproach. The remaining chapters of the life-story of this Jewish convert read like a modern edition of the history of the early church. The same spirit of hatred, intolerance, and malice which impelled Saul of Tarsus to seek the extermination of Christianity by the destruction of the Christians, inspired his bigoted father-in-law with a fanatical perseverance in persecution. He sought out his son-in-law in Constantinople, and for four months strove to induce his recantation by threats and promises. Not succeeding in this, he resorted to foul means. Under the pretext of learning something of Christianity, he persuaded Eliezer to accompany him for a walk, and, having decoyed him to a lonely spot, he had him arrested and carried before the Russian Consul, before whom he charged him with quitting his native land without a passport. He was accordingly placed on board a vessel about to leave for Odessa. Acting out the spirit of Christianity, "to weep with them that weep," many of his new-found friends came on board to express their sympathy and to commend him to the loving care of the Saviour. On reaching Odessa, and failing to produce a passport, he was marched off by gendarmes to "answer before a court of justice for this breach of the laws." The judge, when about to consider the case, suddenly left the bench for a while and received a bribe to seal the prisoner's doom, without hearing the evidence one way or the other. Poor Eliezer, without being able to claim the protection of Habeas Corpus, was forced into a cell where he shared common quarters with a deserter and two murderers; but, ere the escort arrived, at nightfall, to convey the murderers to the place of execution, Eliezer had brought them to their knees, through the Spirit's power, to seek for mercy. Verily

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Eliezer was visited in his cell by his father-in-law and other equally bigoted Jews, who pointed out to him the consequence of his persistent refusal to recant, but he nobly replied, "My Saviour has released me from everlasting bondage, and a few years of suffering, and martyrdom here below will be nothing in comparison 'with the eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed.'"

Resigning their task as hopeless, Eliezer was now left to his fate, which was determined by Jewish gold, and not by the principles of justice, and, forming one of a party of sixty prisoners, chained two and two, he was marched off from prison to prison towards Siberia. The commander of the party, hearing the story of his wrongs, gave him liberty to move about amongst the other prisoners, an opportunity which he turned to good account, preaching unto them "Jesus and the resurrection." At the various halting places he bore his testimony to the grace which had saved him, and besought Jews and Gentiles alike to seek the Saviour. The incidents of their journey are too numerous to narrate here, but, told with graphic power, they add a charm to the narrative, and while arousing our sympathy for the sufferer, compel our indignation for outrages which recall some of the darkest pages in our own national history. If such things are possible under the sway of Alexander II., he had better leave his self-imposed task of freeing

the Christians of Bulgaria and turn his attention to the wrongs of his own subjects at home.

As love is stronger than death, so it survives the estrangement of an alien creed, and consequently his wife was soon upon Eliezer's track, and, at one of the prisons, she succeeded in obtaining an interview. Her father, moved by passionate entreaty, now relaxed his opposition and sought Eliezer's release. The petition was granted, but Eliezer was conducted to a lonely inn under the command of four Jewish soldiers. Instead of walking out a free man, as he expected, he was besieged by some of his bitterest opponents, who came to dispute with him and to insist upon his return to Judaism. Snatching his Bible from him they threw it on the fire, and proceeded to ill-use him. "My Bible," he exclaimed, "you have indeed destroyed, but you cannot deprive me of the treasures I have stored up in my memory." With that rage which seems peculiar to the Jew and the Catholic towards those who have renounced their faith, they exclaimed, "Return to Judaism, or we will burn thee also!" This threat was modified, however, and they sought to drown him, at night, in the Dnieper, but were foiled in the attempt; and once more he was forcibly carried off. "His relatives spared no pains to find him out, to ameliorate his condition; and even his father-in-law, the author of all his sufferings, when he beheld him lying on the floor of his miserable compartment, one mass of bruises, and literally bathed in blood, could not restrain his tears." He was now brought before one of the chief rabbis, when it was resolved to compel him to enlist in the army. Having received a bribe, the military officials declared that "an order requiring his immediate services had been received from the government." He was duly enlisted, and, after undergoing a period of drill, he was despatched to a garrison town in Poland as one of the surgeons to the military hospital. On the way the regiment halted at the town in which his father-in-law resided, and here he narrowly escaped being poisoned. Failing to compass his death, his father-in-law betrothed his wife to another, and thus severed a tie which, while it lasted, was made the pretext for persecutions little short of diabolical.

The military garb, which he so reluctantly assumed, proved to be an advantage, for while it secured him immunity from the vengeance of his foes, who had long thirsted for his blood, it guaranteed his safety when he stood up in the synagogue on the Sabbath and "declared that Jesus was the Christ." Thus God, who "maketh the wrath of man to praise him," overruled the designs of his enemies.

At St. Petersburgh, where his regiment was afterwards quartered, his energies found free scope for their exercise, until, at length, he was discharged from the army. We are not informed by the writer as to which society he is now united, but we are told that he is "preparing to go forth, ere long, into the world's wide field and proclaim to his Jewish brethren, still groping in darkness and superstition, the message of redeeming mercy through the crucified Saviour, the Messiah of Moses and the prophets."

As a photographic likeness of Eliezer is given, the narrative is to be received on the whole as a truthful record of facts: what else does the photograph mean? But then there should have been no "alterations and additions." The story would have interested us more deeply if we had felt sure of our footing.

Our Evangelists in Bristol.*

AMONGST the more staid and sober Christians of this ancient city there are many who have looked with some suspicion upon men who have assumed the name of Evangelists. Nor can this be wondered at, for our ears have been grossly offended and our hearts much saddened by the absurdities and vulgarities of some who, by their coarse manipulation of the gospel message, have spoiled its beauty and marred its glorious simplicity. It was therefore with considerable anxiety in the minds of many, and not without gloomy forebodings on the part of a few, that the visit of Messrs. Clarke and Smith to this city was anticipated. And even before the cornet was heard in our chapels, the thought of it was a source of disquietude. With well trained choirs and costly organs, what possible advantage could it be to introduce such an instrument into our midst? Besides, it was certainly a sensational means of reaching the people. And that word *sensational* is a dreadful one to ears polite. Well, the brethren have come and gone. They have preached and sung and played in several of our chapels. Crowds have gathered to listen to them. The services have been neither sensational nor vulgar. The prejudices of the most particular have not been offended. Hostile criticism has been disarmed. Our friends have left us with the goodwill of many hundreds of sincere, old-fashioned Christians, as well as with the blessing of many anxious souls, and the earnest prayers of our churches that they may have a long and useful career before them. Should they return to our midst at some future time, they will receive a hearty Bristol welcome.

Two great elements of power in the preaching of Mr. Clarke are the simplicity of his statements of divine truth and the intense earnestness with which that truth is enforced. He is every inch of him a man. There are no puerilities or babyisms about his style; he neither whines nor bawls. He is by no means a dilettante. He stands before his audience as one who is filled with the truth, and delivers it in a manner that creates the impression that his great anxiety is to clear himself of the blood of his hearers. There is no attempt at the mere tricks of oratory, although he is an orator of no mean order—"a natural orator, with a number of very fine tones in his voice," as a brother, whose critical opinion is worthy of respect, remarked to us. He speaks in the pulpit, as he does out of it, with an unstudied naturalness which makes men feel that his business is not self-display, but the exhibition

* It may be as well to remind our readers that, being impressed with the great value of the office and work of evangelists, we have guaranteed support to two brethren from our College, Messrs. Clarke and Smith. These evangelists have met with the most joyful success in all places whither they have gone. As will be seen by the article above, they have had a grand time in Bristol. We heartily thank the ministers who have so unanimously worked with them, and we bespeak for our friends the like treatment in other towns which they have engaged to visit. We are responsible for their support, and shall cheerfully practise self-denial to pay the amount which is needed; but at the same time we would not deny any friend the pleasure of assisting. We know of no work which is more likely to bring glory to God. We are grateful to Mr. Evans for his interesting article, and call attention to the words in italics at the close, for they exactly state our feeling upon the matter. O that we were able, practically, to carry them out on a larger scale. We shall be helped in our Lord's good time.

of his Lord. He also possesses great boldness, which does not partake of the nature of an offensive dogmatism or an insolent egotism, but is evidently the outcome of an intense faith in the verities of the gospel, such as Peter possessed when the gifts of the risen Christ were poured out upon the church. No one, after having heard him two or three times, will be surprised at his increasing favour with the people.

His companion, Mr. Smith, possesses many attractive qualities. Not the least of these is the geniality of his manner, by which people are immediately drawn towards him, and which constitutes a special charm for the young. His singing, if not eminently scientific, which he does not by any means profess, is of an evidently popular character. His voice, probably, would not penetrate so far, nor thrill so deeply as Mr. Sankey's, but his rendering of some of the solos that he sings is deeply affecting and impressive to his hearers. When he is not singing he uses his cornet to lead the choir and the congregation, and in many cases it has proved of immense service. The advantage of it was particularly noticeable at some meetings which were held with the children at Mr. Müller's Orphanage. There was a distinct tendency in the singing, when unled by the instrument, to become flat. But the pitch of the melody rose immediately when the sharp notes of the cornet were caught up by the little ones. We are convinced that in the summer months its skilful use would be very helpful in gathering large congregations to open-air and tent services, and in carrying the key-note of the music to the furthest edge of a great crowd. It would be unfair if we did not also notice that Mr. Smith is also an excellent speaker. While his power of gaining the attention of little ones is very great indeed, his anecdotes and illustrations holding them breathless, he can address adult audiences in a very telling way. In the absence of Mr. Clarke, a meeting need not flag for want of a man to present the gospel fully and simply. A special hymn book has been prepared for the services, containing 190 hymns most judiciously selected. This hymn book which is well got up for a penny, or with the tunes, one shilling, is a marvel of cheapness.

Altogether, including the gatherings of children, the brethren have taken part in more than thirty services during their three weeks' labours in Bristol. Nor have these services been lacking in results. Many enquirers have come into the vestries after the services. They have not been pressed in by unwise friends, who have wrought upon their excited feelings and so compelled them to visit the various ministers who were anxious to see the results of their campaign. They have come spontaneously to seek for quiet conversation and guidance, and prayer on their behalf. There are many, too, who have been deeply impressed, who have not yet come forward as avowed enquirers, who will ere long rejoice the souls of their pastors by testifying to their faith in Christ. We are sure that the fruit will be seen after many days.

It is gratifying to be able to record that the Baptist ministers of the city have thrown themselves heartily into the work. Not only have the brethren from our own college taken part in the meetings, others have gladly co-operated and rejoiced with them. It was necessary indeed that the evangelists should have the assistance that has been so

freely rendered, for at some of the services overflow meetings were held of the people who could not crowd into the chapels. Not the least memorable of the gatherings were the two large united prayer-meetings held in Broadmead Chapel, after the ordinary Sunday evening services, when friends flocked from the various places of worship in the vicinity to cram the spacious building and plead with God on behalf of the work. An impulse has thus been given towards greater unity amongst those of the same faith which will, we doubt not, issue in large blessings in days to come.

Many who have been overwhelmed with troublous thoughts about the untouched people who are in our congregations, and the vast multitudes outside who are not reached by our various ministries, will hail the advent of such men with joy. The work must be enlarged. There are, we are persuaded, in the Pastors' College and other kindred institutions, men who are admirably adapted for the evangelistic ministry. They must be sought out. The work is as noble as the pastorate, perhaps in some respects nobler. Certainly nobler, if the nobility of a work may be measured by the necessity that exists for it and the difficulties connected with it. *But it must be taken up as the business of the churches. It must not be left to unorganized Christianity.* The leading men in our religious communities must become its patrons and its helpers, and that quickly, if this England of ours is to be won for Christ. Let us arise, then, and fulfil the commands of our Lord when he said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest," and when he sends them forth let us rally round them, supporting them liberally, so that when they leave their homes and loved ones to evangelise our country, they may go forth with that freedom from temporal cares which is so needful for the discharge of their solemn duties.

It only remains for us to add that the following ministers took part in the services:—Revs. Richard Glover, Wm. R. Skerry, J. G. Greenhough, M.A., E. J. Gange, Wm. Norris, W. J. Mayers, Wm. Osborne, and Geo. D. Evans.

G. D. E.

Mind the Application.

JOHN WESLEY, when in Scotland, wrote in his Journal as follows, with reference to the sermons which he had heard:—"I spoke as closely as I could, both morning and evening, and made a pointed application to the hearts of all that were present. I am convinced that is the only way whereby we can do any good in Scotland. This very day I heard many excellent truths delivered in the kirk, but as there was no application, it was likely to do as much good as the singing of a lark. I wonder the present ministers of Scotland are not sensible of this. They cannot but see that no sinners are convinced of sin, none converted to God by this way of preaching. How strange, then, that neither reason nor experience teaches to take a better way."

Scotland would not now deserve such a record, but there are many preachers in these islands of whom it is sadly true.

"Good News from a Far Country."

KNOWING full well that many of our readers will "rejoice with us in our joy," even as we are sure they would weep with us in sorrow, were we called upon to endure it, we have determined to lift for a moment the veil which usually covers our home circle, and introduce them to our fire-side, while some portions of the letters from our dear son in Australia are being read. Verily, "goodness and mercy have followed him" every step of the way he has taken, and the kindness of Christian friends has been displayed in a marvellous manner. All listeners are eager to hear the pleasant news, and every now and then you would see, if you were present, the handkerchief slily steal to the eyes, and you would notice that the voice of the reader occasionally grows hoarse with emotion, and her eyes are dimmed by glad tears, as she unfolds page after page of the "manifold" mercy which "his father's God" has shown to the young sojourner in a strange land.

By printing any parts of the letters of our own boy we run the risk of being thought egotistical, and so on; but we had rather suffer under this charge than be deemed ungrateful, as we fear we shall be if we pass over all in silence. The brethren in Australia have placed us under everlasting obligations by their great kindness to the father through the son. We are overcome by their exceeding goodness, and if we do not mention all their names it is not because anyone is forgotten, but because the list is too long to be written.

Our son's voyage out was speedy, prosperous, and pleasant: companions few, but occupations many and varied, so that time seems rarely to have hung heavily on hand. At the request of our esteemed friend, Captain Jenkins, our son held services every Lord's-day while on board, and sometimes amid very much disorder and difficulty, consequent upon being at sea. Of these services he thus writes:—"I am sure you are very anxious to know all about Sundays, and I am glad to report pretty favourably of our Sabbaths on the ocean. The second Sunday on board was anything but a pleasant day, as far as the weather was concerned, the sea was very rough, and the rain fell constantly. The bell for church commenced to ring about half-past ten, and not having far to travel, the audience soon arrived. It was not an easy task to stand, but after a while I succeeded in wedging myself between a table and the back of a seat, and presently forgot circumstances and inconveniences in the glory of my subject. Unfortunately many of my hearers were not so successful, for their white faces grew whiter every moment, and at last they were compelled to leave. . . . . I think I may say that every other Sunday was much more pleasant than the one just described. The next week we were near the tropics, and enjoyed fine weather. I determined to have two services. In the evening it was dreadfully hot, but we had a good time. Sunday, July 15th, is recorded as the happiest Sabbath spent on board. Both meetings were better attended than ever, and in the evening there were nearly sixty persons present. When you remember that there were so many Roman Catholics on board, a band of men "on the watch," and many

who preferred sleep to service, besides several absentees through sickness, you will see that this was a most encouraging audience. I bless the Lord for inclining them to come, for making them so wonderfully attentive, and for so graciously aiding me in speaking. I spend much time in making sure of my sermons, for I preach without notes, one reason being that at night the lights are turned down on account of the heat. . . . . The sailors came in great force to the meeting, and plainly showed they felt the word, by hoping for opportunities to hear it in Melbourne. I ought, indeed, to be thankful for help and blessing on those days. Many a time, despite outward circumstances, I enjoyed preaching, and have been encouraged often. I feel sure the seed, though thus 'cast on the waters,' must be found again 'after many days.' The 29th July was about our roughest Sunday. With little wind to steady the ship, the rolling was very considerable and very inconvenient. During service it was difficult for some to retain their seats and for me to maintain my post. It was not easy either to sustain the thread of the discourse, for swinging trays, and an audience 'moved' in anything but a desirable way, are not conducive to retention of ideas, or expression of thought. That evening our largest congregation met, and, best of all, the Lord was there. Yet I cannot disguise the fact that I have felt loneliness to-day as regards the services. I sadly miss the encouraging looks of eager listeners at home, and there is a want of life and interest which saddens me, but I am not cast down about it, for the one great source of aid is with me, and after all ''tis welcome trouble if it drive me close to him.'"

Evidently God was teaching his youthful "hands to war and his fingers to fight," in anticipation of future battles. Three months preaching to the same audience amid the rolling of the sea is an admirable preparation for addressing crowds on shore. The discouragements especially which the young preacher met with were specially calculated to train him for the far greater hardness which awaits the good soldier of Jesus Christ. On the 12th of August, after giving an account of interruptions to the service by the frequent entrance of a large dog, he thus writes, "I was grieved to see the audience completely disturbed by the intruder. Rats running across the saloon and persons passing the doors were further hindrances to worship, and altogether I certainly stood greatly in need of the help God so graciously gave." The last Sunday on board ship he addressed the assembly from the appropriate text, "So he bringeth them to their desired haven," and he says, "Oh, that some who listened would accept Jesus as the true pilot who brings us to the desired port of peace. Join with me in blessing God for making Sunday life on board this ship so different to what it often is, and pray that the word spoken under such circumstances may be blessed."

His reception at Melbourne was most gratifying and enthusiastic. On the pier a crowd of friends awaited him, almost vying with each other as to who should claim the young stranger as their guest. "I seemed to keep on shaking hands," he says, "and which of the many offered will be my home I cannot tell, but God seems to be arranging everything most graciously." After a brief stay of two or three days at Melbourne with Mr. Wade, of the Religious Tract Society, who has

long been a friend of ours through correspondence, though unknown by face, he removed to Geelong. To Mr. Wade and other brethren at Melbourne we all at home render most sincere thanks. At Geelong Tom took up his quarters with our dear friend and former student, Mr. Bunning. Here he has met with kindness which stirs our hearts to their depths. His first sermon in Australia was delivered on Sunday evening in the chapel of his good friend, Mr. Bunning. He writes, "I did not intend preaching on my first Sunday ashore, but as I expect to be at Ballarat next Sabbath, I seized perhaps my only opportunity of helping our dear brother. We had a grand time, the beautiful chapel was thronged, and God was in the place. I do not know the number of persons whom I have seen who knew dear father, or have received benefit from his sermons. I am overwhelmed with their stories, and it gladdens them to tell them to me. By this means I believe I have the way open to many hearts in this colony. I have seen them weep when I spoke, I suppose because of the recollections that are raised. If God will guide me where I shall go, and tell me what I shall say, I hope to be able to do great good. God give the youthful mind prudence and discretion. Yesterday I received a telegram from Adelaide, 'Please preach in Town Hall, or Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide, October or November. Letter coming.'"

After speaking at a large meeting on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, the young traveller took a journey to Ballarat, and visited a gold mine, of which he gives a most interesting description, too long to insert in this brief paper. Here he preached for Mr. Clarke, another old student of the Pastors' College, and we give in his own words the details of the service. "We had a grand time on Sunday night. Dawson-street Chapel is a fine building, seating, I suppose, about seven hundred persons. It was crammed long before service time, and when we commenced the large platform was crowded, and the pulpit besieged, while all the forms in the place were in use. We had such a sweet service. The Lord of hosts stood by my side, and helped me mightily. 2 Chron. xv. 2. I cannot tell the number of persons who came to shake hands with me. During the week I have attended the noonday prayer-meeting and addressed a children's class, in which Mr. Clarke takes especial interest, and bade farewell to the people at the Wednesday evening meeting. Mr. Clarke has been as kind and as generous as Mr. Bunning, and Mr. Allen the same, so that I have had the A B C of kindness."

From Ballarat our son journeyed to Stawell, a mining town about seventy-six miles from Ballarat. Here again he was initiated into the mysteries of search for gold in the bowels of the earth, and his amazement seems great at the difficulties which everywhere attend the discovery of the precious metal. New friends, fresh hospitalities, and unvarying kindness await the young voyager. He is fêted and made much of, and treated in quite a princely fashion. How we can ever thank friends for all this we know not, but two warm hearts feel this kindness very deeply.

Of the services in Stawell, he says, "Sunday up here was a very pleasant day. I took the morning service in the Baptist chapel, and in the evening the town hall was crammed; to all appearance it would

have been the same had the space been doubled. We had a blessed meeting. I felt God's help most certainly, and the hearing ear was assuredly listening."

We must pass over a very glowing account which he gives of a day's picnic in the Grampian Hills, some thirty miles from Stawell, to follow him back to Geelong, where, in the society of Mr. Bunning and his people, his twenty-first birthday was to be spent. Little could he have anticipated the loving welcome which awaited him, or the splendid gift which liberal hearts would devise and tender hands bestow on him that day. We will let him tell in his own words the story of that ever memorable epoch of his life. "I was glad that my twenty-first birthday should be celebrated at Geelong, but it never occurred to me that it would be done on so great and magnificent a scale. No sooner had I risen in the morning than I was presented with a beautiful pair of slippers from Mrs. Bunning. A new Union Jack waved in the breeze next door, and a bunch of violets hung over the fence for 'the son of John Ploughman.' A little daughter of one of the deacons came with good wishes and splendid flowers, and a Mr. V. had previously sent a folio of Geelong views. I was overwhelmed with kindness. About 10.30 Mr. W. took us a lovely drive to his house, where there was a feast indeed. A good many friends, most of whom I had seen before, gave me a hearty welcome. At dinner the first toast was the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and dear mother was very affectionately remembered by all. Then 'our guest,' who *tried* to reply. [Tom is a life abstainer, and therefore the toasts need shock no tectotaller, however scrupulous.] The walls were decorated with greenery and mottoes, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee,' 'Many happy returns of the day,' etc. were appropriately interspersed. But the half has not been told you. I learned that there was to be a tea meeting in the evening, but they tried to keep particulars from me most mysteriously. At length it all came out. At the tea there were some two hundred persons, and such a tea I never saw before! The provisions both in quantity and quality proved it to be something out of the ordinary way, and charming flowers were numberless. At the after meeting, which was held in the new chapel, there were about 500 people. The affair had not been made public, except by a short announcement that got into the papers, nobody knows how. This paper was, of course, jealously guarded from my sight. Well, as the newspaper accounts will inform you, I was presented with a gold watch. Are you not wonder-struck? After the presentation had been made, Mr. Bunning most considerately said, 'Now we will sing a hymn, to give our young friend an opportunity of getting himself together.' I can assure you I was glad of the pause, and when I did get up I felt all anyhow. I thanked them as best I could, but remained astonished at their liberality. During the meeting I was greatly touched by the receipt of a telegram from the Collins Street Church, in Melbourne, congratulating me, and cordially approving of the meeting. Was not this kind? Are you not thankful I have found such good friends out here? How I wish you could have heard the prayers that were offered up by all of us, especially by dear Mr. Bunning and Mr. Clarke, at morning and evening worship. Oh that they may be answered for you and every member

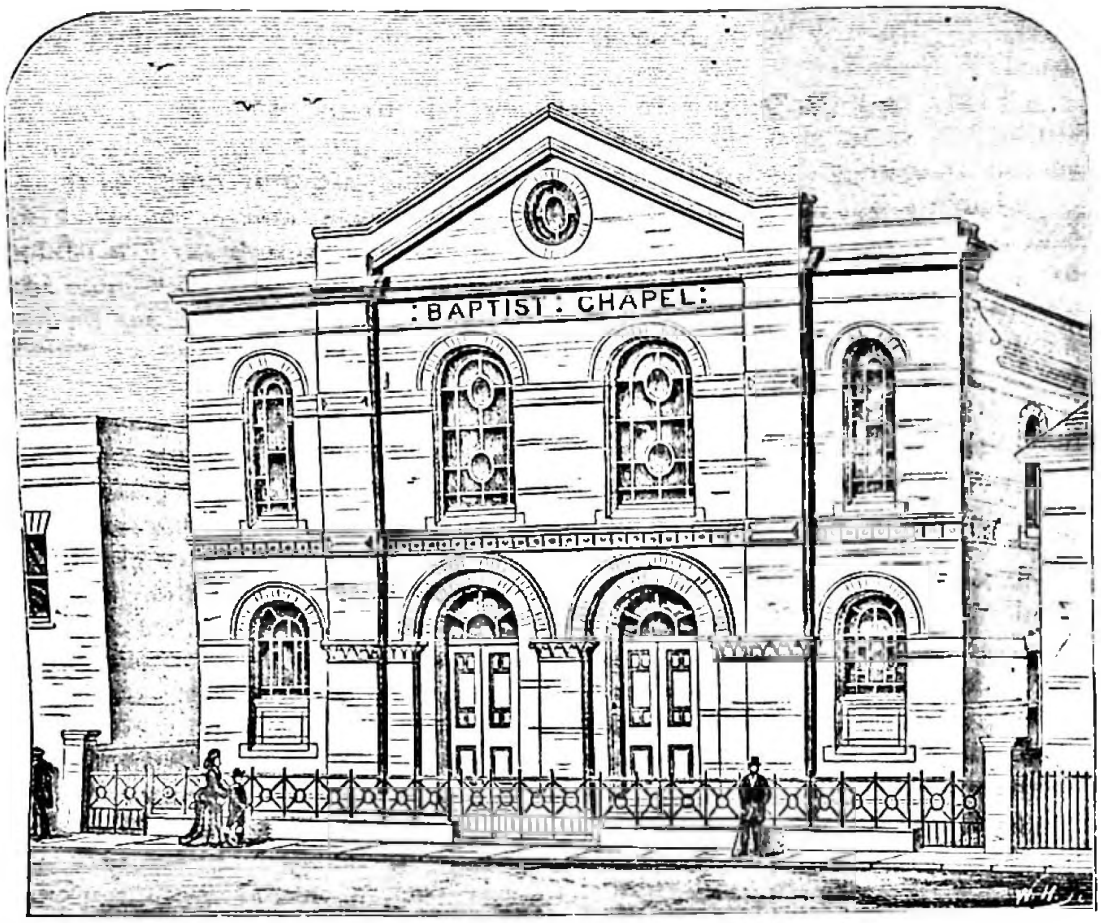
of the family. What a thing it is to have a father so admired and loved!"

All this may be trifling to outsiders, but to us it causes a sort of sinking of heart that so many people on the other side of the globe should take such loving interest in our son. He well deserves their confidence; but such earnest and superabundant kindness, rendered to him for our sake, is too much. We would gladly express our gratitude by writing privately to each one of the friends, but when they come to be numbered by the hundred we must return thanks in another form. These loving deeds have been done in public, and therefore we must render thanks in public too.

Returning to our dear boy's letter, we find him telling of a sorrowful parting from his dear friends at Geelong, and giving an account of some services in Melbourne itself. He says "Mr. Varley is drawing wonderful crowds, and great good is being done." Of his own doings he thus writes:—"Some one told me last evening that I must give a 'glowing account' to you of Sunday evening last (Sept. 23), but this would scarcely be within my province, as I was so prominent in the affair. You will rejoice with me, however, in the fact that I had another glorious opportunity of preaching the gospel. Albert-street Baptist church (Mr. Bailhache's)* is comparatively new, and built in the amphitheatre style. The seats rise tier above tier, and form a semicircle round the pulpit. I have told you how other places have been crowded, but nothing equalled this. It was with great difficulty that I gained the vestry, and the pulpit was harder still to reach. Unfortunately that evening I had a cold, and had not been speaking five minutes before my voice failed me, and it was a great exertion to continue. Those who had listened before could plainly tell I was not talking in my ordinary voice. This was a great drawback, and consequently I did not get on as well as usual. However, the people seemed pleased, and I trust were profited." A week after this painful experience he writes again: "We have had another very happy Sunday. I preached at Collins-street Baptist church. I felt at home, and, with the message of freedom through the Son, it was glorious indeed to speak to so large and attentive an audience. . . . . Yesterday I received an invitation to Dunedin, New Zealand. . . . Churches here seem to be prospering, I wish I could find time to write an article for *The Sword and Trowel*. . . . God bless you all. My mind now thinks of every one. Dear home is before me. God bless the inmates, help father in his work, mother in hers, and all the rest in their different spheres. I trust this news will make you glad."

It has made us glad. Will our friends when they read this be so good as to pray for both our sons: Charles who is working hard in the College, and is preaching with all his might, and Thomas, who, though preaching and travelling, is not strong in health. We beg also to be mentioned at the throne of grace ourselves. C. H. & S. S.

* Thanks also to this good friend.



Octavius Street Chapel, Deptford.

SOME of the Lord's stewards are prepared to help really necessitous and useful works. We are glad every now and then to introduce such matters to their notice, and we have the utmost pleasure on this occasion in seeking aid for the church in Octavius Street, Deptford. We do not know of a more hopeful and deserving movement among the working classes. Mr. Honour has stuck to his gun; he has borne much and worked hard, and the result is that he now sees ground of hope that a large church of saved souls will be gathered as soon as there is a house to hold them. We helped our friends years ago to build the school-room, and now, after rendering our own full share to the chapel, we appeal to others. A kind friend behind the scenes has greatly encouraged us by promising to aid if others will put their shoulder to the wheel. We were going to write more, but a note from Mr. Honour contains all the particulars, condensed and arranged. The chapel is to be built: let us set about it. Here is the letter:—

"I commenced my work in Deptford more than ten years ago. At first we met in a room in the Lecture Hall, my congregation numbering from twenty to thirty persons. The Lord blessed the word, and it was soon felt to be necessary to seek a site upon which to build a room for ourselves. This was done, for we secured a freehold site, and at the back of it our present school-room was built, at a total cost of over £700. As we had little money to commence operations with, we were burdened with a debt which for a long time hindered our progress. Through the kindness of Mr. Spurgeon and other Christian friends we were, in 1872, enabled to free ourselves from this encumbrance. Our room is situated in the midst of a dense population of working people, and only seats 250 persons. For the past four or five years it has been

much too small for the congregation; indeed the room is so crowded on Lord's Day evening that it is exceedingly unhealthy. God has greatly blessed our work. I have baptized some 200 since I have been here, and on occasions of observing the Lord's Supper the place is nearly filled with communicants alone. There is, in consequence, scarcely any room for the unsaved. Our church numbers nearly 200, and the Sunday-school more than 400. It is therefore absolutely necessary that we should have a larger building. The engraving represents the elevation of the chapel which we hope to build on the freehold site in front of our present room. The new chapel is to accommodate 550 at a cost of £2,500. Towards this sum we have, in cash and promises, £1,100. My people have done, and are still doing, to the utmost of their ability.

"54, Douglas-street, Deptford." "D. Honour.

The Palace of the Bible.

BY DR. SOMERVILLE.

THE Bible may be compared to a magnificent edifice that took sixteen centuries to rear. Its architect and builder is God. Like the beautiful world, the work of the same Author, it bears upon it everywhere the impress of a hand divine. This majestic temple contains sixty-six chambers, capacious, yet in size unequal—the sixty-six books of the Old and New Testaments. Each of its 31,173 verses is a stone, a beam, a panel of the building, which is a temple more glorious far than that of Solomon or of Zerubbabel, with their hewn stones from Lebanon, their pillars of cedar, their doors of olive, their floors, walls, and ceiling overlaid with the fine gold of Parvaim, their holy places, their courts, their porticoes, and gates. No portion of this wonderful structure will the Lord suffer to be mutilated or defiled. Within the sacred enclosure dwells the whole family of God on earth. The Bible is the home of the redeemed below. When the Lord Jesus was departing from this world, he said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." *That* home is the temple in heaven above, whence the entrant shall go no more out, and where Christ's friends abide as priests to God for evermore. But the Bible is the house of many mansions prepared for Jesus' disciples *on earth*. Here they have their residence; here they are fed; here they are strengthened, comforted, and blessed; here they are nurtured for immortality. The Bible is not merely the dwelling-place of God's people; it is the chosen abode of God himself. Would you have fellowship with the Father? You will be sure to find him within the precints of this holy house.

Shall we take advantage of the King's permission, and step inside? We approach by the beautiful garden of Eden, with its innocent flowers, its groves and lucid streams. The first part of the building, that of highest antiquity, bears the name of the Chambers of Law and Justice. These are five in number—the Books of Moses. One of these is a sort of vestibule to the others, and resembles a long gallery, hung with portraits and pictorial scenes of surpassing interest, mementos of persons and events that had place before a stone of the building was laid—such figures as those of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Hagar, Sarah, Jacob, Esau, and Joseph; and such scenes as Paradise and the Flood, the departure from Ur of the Chaldees, the tent-door at Mamre, the flaming cities of the plain, the offering of Isaac, Rebecca at the well, the ladder at Bethel, and the governor of Egypt weeping on the neck of his brethren.

Thence we pass through an extensive range of imposing apartments—the chambers of historic record. These comprise the library of the edifice, and in them are laid up the Church's archives for more than a thousand years. These rooms are twelve in number, and stretch from "Joshua to Esther." Then we come to a wide space called the gymnasium of the building, or the saints' exercising ground—the Book of Job. Entering right off this, we find ourselves in the music gallery of the Psalms, the orchestra of the house, where dwell all the sons

and daughters of song, with cymbal, trumpet, psaltery, and harp. Issuing thence, we pass at once into the chamber of commerce—the Book of Proverbs; not far from which is the sombre penitentiary, where sorrowful bankrupts and other defaulters may remain for a time with profit—the Book of Ecclesiastes. A little further on, we open into a tiny parlour in the midst of larger rooms, the chamber of sympathy with mourners—the Book of Lamentations. Interspersed among all these, the eye is regaled with such delightful conservatories of flowers as the Books of Ruth and of the Song of Solomon. And next we come to a noble suite of lofty apartments, some of which are of great capacity, and are laid out with extraordinary splendour. They are seventeen in number. These are the halls of ancient prophecy, which follow in grand succession from "Isaiah to Malachi."

Thence we pass to the portion of the edifice of more modern construction, and enter four spacious chambers of peculiar beauty. These are of marble fairer than e'er was taken from the quarries of Paros, Pentelicus, or Carrara—chambers of which one does not know whether to admire more the simplicity or the exquisite finish. At once the walls arrest us. On them we see, not golden reliefs of palm-trees, lilies, pomegranates, and cherubim; but four full-length portraits of the Lord of the building himself, drawn by the Holy Spirit's inimitable hand. These are the books of the four evangelists. Stepping onwards, our ears are saluted by the loud sounds of machinery in motion; and entering a long apartment, we find ourselves face to face with wheels and shafts, and cranes and pinions, whose motive power is above and out of sight, and which will bring on changes all the world over. This is the chamber of celestial mechanics, the great work-room of the building—the Book of Acts. Leaving it, we are conducted into the stately halls of the apostolic epistles, no fewer than twenty-one in range. The golden doors of fourteen of these are inscribed with the honoured name of the apostle to the Gentiles; those of the seven others with the names of James and Peter and John and Jude. Within these halls the choicest treasures of the Lord are stored.

And last of all we arrive at that mysterious gallery whose brilliant lights and dark shadows so curiously intermingle, and where in sublime emblems the history of the Church of Jesus is unveiled till the Bridegroom come—the grand Apocalypse.

And now we have reached the utmost extremity of the building. Let us step out on the projecting balcony, and look abroad. Yonder, beneath us, is a fair meadow, through which the pure river of the water of life is winding its way, on either side of which stands the tree of life, with its twelve manner of fruits, and its beautiful leaves for the healing of the nations; and in the distance, high on the summit of the everlasting hills, the city all of gold, bathed in light and quivering with glory—the new Jerusalem, its walls of jasper, its foundation of precious stones, its angel-guarded gates of pearl—the city that needs no sun, nor moon, "for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

A Message

TO ALL MINISTERS WHO WERE FORMERLY STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—You know that "History repeats itself." This trite saying has been so well worn lately, that I am almost ashamed to reiterate it, yet it just came handily into my head as my fingers grasped the pen. And, being but a ploughman's *poor wife* (not a *poor ploughman's* wife, don't mistake me), I am glad enough to catch at any stray thought which may help me in "saying my say," or give me the faintest possible chance of clothing my "Message" in some of the "goodly words" which were Napthali's promised blessing. We are assured that the old saying is as *true* as it is *trite*, and I am inclined to put it to the test, and see whether at my bidding the desired repetition will take place. The bright little bit of "history" which I am very wishful should "repeat itself," occurred at the beginning of this present year, when

at my request you all wrote to me, accepting, with great delight, my offer of six volumes of *Our* President's sermons towards the completion of your sets. Ah! what a busy time it was! And how happy! Your letters came streaming in, their loving words and hearty good wishes flooding my heart with joy, and almost making me forget my pain in the sacred pleasure of ministering to your necessities. One hundred and ninety of you availed yourselves then of the proffered boon, and assurances of the most grateful and fervent nature have not been lacking that the Lord's blessing manifestly accompanied the volumes. Perchance there is a plentiful spice of selfishness in the longing which now possesses me for a renewal of this bright spot in *my* history. These last few months my work has seemed to lie away from "mine own people," and I have sorely missed the tenderness of the mental atmosphere which always surrounds me when dealing with those loving hearts. Come then, dear friends, let us mutually comfort and refresh one another as heretofore. Again I offer you six volumes of the sermons which the Lord has so greatly blessed, and which I know are most precious and useful to you in your work for Him. God will be glorified by the gift, if the study and prayerful perusal of these books should rekindle your zeal, and inflame your love, and make you more than ever determined to preach nothing but "Christ and him crucified" to poor perishing souls; and my hands will be strengthened, and my spirit braced for further work, by the encouragement and blessing which are sure to return to me from the overflowing of glad and grateful hearts. It may not be out of place if I tell you here a choice little bit of "history" touching these same precious sermons. It came to me the other day from Ireland; and, after reading it, I think you will join me in praying that it may "repeat itself" indefinitely. My correspondent writes thus: "The town in which Mr. ——— labours is densely and fiercely Popish,—the people wholly under the thumb of the priest,—his heel rather, for he does not scruple to use physical punishment to compel them to do his will! A Presbyterian shopkeeper, a grocer, tries to do good by means of your husband's sermons. Of course the Romanists dare not *buy* them. It would be as much as their salvation is worth to be known to have anything to do with such heretical publications. But when they come to buy a loaf, this good grocer wraps it in one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and of course there is no harm taking it that way!! He finds they read it, too, and when they come back for another loaf, he sees them looking anxiously, though furtively, to see whether they are going to get another sermon as well! So they are being circulated and read among these poor people, and who can tell how God may bless them!" Will you take note of this touching incident, and remember poor dark Ireland in your prayers for Christ's sake? Returning to the business of this letter, I should like, if God spare and enable me, to begin the *New Year* with this proposed sweet service for you; this month I have to prepare and write the "Report" of my work for the past twelvemonths, and nobody knows how *very hard* I shall have to "cudgel" my poor brains to get THAT out of them in anything like a comely fashion. Letters can be sent to me before January, if any one so please; but, pending the "cudgelling" process just spoken of, they must be laid aside, and await my attention till the commencement of 1878, when, all being well, I shall with the greatest delight respond to all applications in the order in which they will have been received.

You are aware, dear friends, of my entire dependence on the Lord for all I need in carrying on the work which he has given me to do. May I ask you to "speak for me to the King," when it shall be well with you; that He would graciously "remember me for good," "fulfil all my petitions," and "give me the desire of my heart" in His service. Blessed be His name, the "history" of His love, and His grace, and His faithfulness, "repeats itself," in one continual song of praise on the lips of those who have been "redeemed from among men by His blood."

With hearty Christian love, and delightful anticipations of future service,

Very truly yours, SUSIE SPURGEON.

Notices of Books.

The Bible for the World: a Lecture. By the Rev. A. N. Somerville, D.D. Morgan and Scott.

It was a good thought to preserve this almost valedictory speech of Dr. Somerville, delivered on the eve of his departure to Australia. We have given elsewhere a lengthy extract, which will show the author's poetic power. The doctor's mission has been of the utmost service to the southern world.

Kind Questions; or, "Speaking the Truth in Love." By A. M. Stalker. Second Edition. Elliot Stock.

We hope that this work will always be kept in print. We ought to have a dozen good manuals of baptism, but there is a sad lack of such books. Mr. Stalker's is in every way admirable, and we hope it will go through a score editions.

By Land and Ocean; or, the Journal and Letters of a Young Girl who went to South Australia with a Lady Friend, then alone to Victoria, New Zealand, Sydney, Singapore, China, Japan, and across the Continent of America Home. By Fanny L. Rains. Sampson Low and Co.

This book scarcely comes within our range, for our review department mainly deals with religious works, while this is true to its title in keeping to *land and ocean:* the writer, however, is "with us," and therefore might, without difficulty, have risen above her present theme. Miss Rains has gone round the world all alone, and has returned to interest her family with her adventures. She has shown marvellous fortitude and common sense, and has evidently gone about with her eyes open, and therefore her book will command readers. She has a flowing style, and a pen which we hope will be used again. The favourite expressions of young ladies occur pretty often, but then the writer is a young lady, and as kind and good, and withal as brave a young lady as we know. Those who want to know how the world looks to an "unprotected female," who is not of an uncertain age, but very young and full of spirit, will find their desires fulfilled if they read "By Land and Ocean."

The Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song and Evangelistic Hymns. Edited by Vernon J. Charlesworth and J. Manton Smith. Prefatory note by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

The penny edition of this hymn-book will be very suitable for gospel services, and the shilling edition, with the music, will be welcomed in the family as well as in the choir. Both books are marvellously cheap. Intended for the use of our evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, they will, we trust, commend themselves to other leaders of congregational singing. Mr. Charlesworth, of our Orphanage, is both poet, composer, and singer, and therefore is eminently calculated to edit the work with Mr. Smith. If our readers buy the shilling edition with music they will find some beautiful new pieces and the best of the old ones.

Christmas Carols. Music and Words arranged by W. H. Essex, Organist. Religious Tract Society.

A miraculous pennyworth. We ought to have carols enough next Christmas. Here are more than a score, with the music in the tonic sol-fa, for a penny. How is it done?

The Sunday School Teacher's Pocket Book and Diary for 1878. Sunday School Union.

We have for years found this a very handy pocket-book, and feel sure that to teachers it must be of great service.

The Baptist Magazine fights its way gallantly under difficulties. *The General Baptist* is full of vigour. *The Gospel Magazine* contains good spiritual matter, but is at times rather prosy. *The Baptist Messenger* is a full pennyworth. *The King's Highway* means well, but to our mind it ministers more to spiritual pride than to true holiness. *The Appeal* is a very useful halfpenny periodical for general distribution: at fifty for a shilling the back numbers make good readable tracts. *The Presbyterian Monthly* only began in November, price 6d. It represents orthodoxy, and has its armour on, and its sword drawn. We hope it will outlive the enemy it defies.

Notes of Expository Addresses on the Book of Revelation. Given by H. Liebstein, Barrister-at-Law. Parts I. and II. Two Shillings each. S. W. Partridge and Co.

We have suffered so many things at the hands of expositors of the Revelation that we always look askance on their books; but this time we make a decided exception. Mr. Liebstein is so gracious and judicious that we have read his remarks with the utmost pleasure. In style these addresses are both clear and condensed, and the sentences have the quality of being balanced and well measured, and yet they are by no means cold. Expecting a small circulation, the publishers have placed a high price on the work; but if it were well known it would be found worthy of great popularity, and might be sold at one half the price. We were struck in Part I. with Mr. Liebstein's views of the Perfectionist movement, which are very much our own. If the secret history of that affair could be fully written, as we hope it will never be, we should see from what a danger we have escaped by the skin of our teeth. Mr. Liebstein says, "We have no Nicolaitanes now by *name*, but we are not quite free from the thing itself. In fact, the church has never been free from it. Antinomianism has ever been one of Satan's instruments whereby to seduce the unwary into listlessness, while lulling them to sleep under a false sense of safety. This 'ism' assumes different names and forms at different times, but its nature is the same. Its latest form has been perfectionism; but its latest name, 'the higher life' or 'consecration.' I should not like to be misunderstood, nor would I willingly grieve any child of God, or hinder any from striving after more Christlikeness. It is not heavenward aspirations that I chide; these I would encourage with all the little strength which God has given me. What I feel constrained to warn against is that kind of higher life and consecration which lands a soul in self-complacency, and paralyses the Christian life at its very centre. There has been a real and earnest cry going up from the hearts of God's children for greater holiness, for a divine life. This is cause for thankfulness; but the enemy is busy too, and he is laying hold of that very desire, and is so working it as to lead the souls who are longing for fuller and more entire consecration to God into a life of godless carelessness. He is endeavouring to persuade God's children that *progressive* sanctification is a mistake; that a life of *struggle* and resistance to sin is itself a sin; that the correct thing is to get into the higher life by one grand bound, one act of faith: and then, what then? Well, you need only believe, that is, *persuade* yourself that you have the victory and liberty, and all is right; you have entered into the rest of faith. No matter what the actual life is; only persuade yourself that you have handed yourself over to Christ, and you need not fight or resist, or have a thought or a care. Whither this pernicious perversion of truth, this mixture of deadly poison with wholesome food, may lead, history has shown us for our warning. Faith—the rest of faith, the victory of faith, thank God, these are realities, and God's children know them to be such; but does this rest dispense with or militate against watchfulness? Or this victory, does it not consist with resistance and struggle? O, brethren, you desire holiness, you wish to be more fully consecrated to God; may he speed your desire, may he increase it yet more; but remember, no victory, except by watching, praying, and striving, all in the name of, and in dependence on, the Lord Jesus Christ."

We may probably return to notice Part II. another month, for we are much struck with the lucid teaching which it contains.

David Livingstone, Missionary and Discoverer. By the Rev. Jabez Marrat. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

Capital book for the boys, full of thrilling pictures. The life of Livingstone cannot be too well known. It is likely to stimulate the spirit of adventure which, when consecrated, makes young men volunteer for the mission field. Mr. Marrat has taken out the marrow from Livingstone's journals, and made quite a dainty little book for the young folks.

Poems. By ELLEN S. CRAIK. James Nisbet and Co.

WE are not very greatly struck with the poetry of this little book, but still it is above the average: indeed, there are in it some sweet original thoughts very pleasantly cast into verse. The name of the authoress is honourable in Israel, and she herself devotes her life to Zenana work. May she often have given unto her of the Lord "songs in the night." The following contains much suggestive matter well brought forward:—

"*Therefore came his father out and entreated him.*"

O Thou whose love and fatherhood can reach
Beyond the lost and gladly welcomed one,
Even to the narrow-hearted elder son;
Who, showing us Thy very heart, dost teach
In sweetest thrilling words of human speech,
Thou not alone wilt 'see far off' and 'run'
With healing kiss, but even when we shun
Thy home and face, wilt 'come out' and beseech.
There, where we stand in sullen loneliness,
Hating the sound of mirth we will not share,—
Wilt leave Thy new-found joy, and deign to press
On our unwilling ear Thy love and care;—
May we, our birthright learning, take no less,—
'Ever with Thee,' and 'all Thou hast' ours there.

The Relations of the Temporal and Spiritual Power in the different Nations of Europe. By HENRY RICHARD, M.P. Hodder and Stoughton. Price Sixpence.

A DEEPLY interesting historical paper, summing up in brief the present position of Church and State in the various countries of Europe. Mr. Richard is, of course, thoroughly sound. The Congregational Union has seldom listened to a more instructive paper. The peroration strikes us as peculiarly fine:—"When Aurelian, the Roman Emperor, conquered Palmyra, the City of the Desert, he took captive Zenobia, its illustrious queen. She is represented as having been a woman of surpassing and majestic beauty, as well as of a noble and heroic character. The conqueror, on his return to Rome, of course paraded her in his train, and, in order to give greater *éclat* to his triumph, had her clothed in the most gorgeous robes, and hung around her person a quantity of costly and splendid jewellery, and over all threw chains of gold, by which she was bound to his triumphal car, and compelled her thus to walk in procession through the streets of Rome, borne down to the earth by the weight of these ornaments, and still more by the bitter humiliation to which she was exposed, until the very populace of Rome, hungry as they were for such displays, cried shame on the brutality of Aurelian. It is thus that the princes of the earth have acted towards the Church, the Bride of Christ. They have clothed her in the goodly Babylonish garment which they found among the ruins of heathenism: they have heaped upon her the adornments of worldly grandeur and dignity, and by golden chains of rich endowments have bound her to the car of their own ambition. But what heart which understands what the Church of Christ should be does not swell with indignation at the shameful sight? What voice is not induced to cry, Loose her and let her go? Cut asunder that chain of gold, fling away those meretricious worldly ornaments, tear off the Babylonish garments, which only tend to fetter her free movements, and to mar her divine beauty! Loose her and let her go! and, instead of thus trailing in the dust, in the wake of earthly conquerors, she will arise and spread her wings, and be seen, like the vision that John saw, as an angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell in the earth, to every nation and kindred, and people, and tongue."

The Superhuman Origin of the Bible Inferred from Itself. The Congregational Union Lecture for 1873. By Henry Rogers. Hodder and Stoughton.

IT was meet that this thoroughly learned and eminently useful work should appear in a cheaper form. At six shillings it is to be hoped it will find its way into the hands of numbers of intelligent young men who need such evidences of inspiration, and of our holy faith, as Mr. Rogers has so ably indicated and elaborated. The work itself needs no eulogium from us; it has taken a high position by sheer force of merit.

The Age and the Gospel. By the late Benjamin Frankland, B.A. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Wesleyan Methodism is the only pure gospel, and the only cure for all the theological errors and practical evils of the present age. This we find to be the explanation of the title, "The Age and the Gospel." Methodism is the central force between Rationalism and Ritualism, and between Calvinism and Unitarianism, and it is destined (if there be any destiny) to expel these Canaanites and take possession of the whole land. This is opening one's mouth pretty wide. We can assure the author that we are pleased to hear him boast if he feels that it is a relief to do so. Much may be said in honour of Wesleyism, but when it talks in this strain it must be left to speak for itself. For its faithful adherence to its original principles, while nearly all other denominations have undergone great changes, it is highly to be commended, and also for its continued activity and zeal. We rejoice, too, in its actual success in the hearts and lives of men, but that success we maintain must be attributed to the gospel which it possesses in common with all evangelical communities, and not to any gospel of its own. If Mr. Frankland expects Methodism to become universal, we do not share his expectations. We see nothing in the distinguishing peculiarities of its doctrine or discipline from which we could gather any strong assurance of its ultimate predominance as the choicest form of Christianity. There is too little in it of what Christ has done for us in comparison with what we are to do for him, judging from the volume before us, to expect the God of all grace to be with it alone; and its discipline is such that if carried out to its fullest extent it would become a greater hierarchy than the world has yet seen. It is much needed, we grant, for the preservation of gospel truths, and never more so than in the present age; but it is not all that is needed, "that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ." We do most heartily rejoice in all that the Lord has wrought by Methodism, but we do not agree with the amiable partialities of the author for his own system.

Papers on Psalmody; chiefly in Nonconformist Churches. By J. Spencer Curwen, R.A.M. J. Curwen and Sons, 8, Warwick Lane.

Very interesting descriptions of the psalmody in various Nonconformist congregations; with praise and censure impartially distributed. The author wonders at our reading the hymns verse by verse; but we do it and mean to do it, that no person may be made to listen to singing in which he cannot join. It is wretched to go into chapels and tear through a hymn like mad, while you have no idea what the words may be which they are thus hurrying over. We desire every one to sing with the heart and join in the sense, and how can this be done by those who have no books, or are blind, or cannot read, unless the hymn is given out verse by verse? Those who believe in praising God by machinery may have no care about the words being known, but we do not believe in their praising bellows any more than in the praying windmills of the Kalmuck Tartars.

The Breakfast Half-hour: Addresses on Religious and Moral Topics. By Henry R. Burton. Ninth Thousand. Wesleyan Publishers, 66, Paternoster Row.

These addresses must have been much relished by the working men and boys to whom they were addressed. They contain nothing very original, but are well considered, popular declarations of important truths, moral and spiritual, illustrated by many appropriate anecdotes and instructive emblems. The following paragraph is worthy of universal consideration:—"When the crew of a lifeboat put off to rescue the shipwrecked from a lost vessel, their instruction is, 'Make your own boat safe before you attempt to save anyone from the wreck.' If they did not anchor, or otherwise secure, their boat, they might be dashed against the vessel or the rocks, and themselves perish. So with us; if we would be useful to others and fulfil all life's duties, we must ourselves be saved; for, to use another illustration, God will not employ us as his ambassadors till we become his faithful subjects and servants."

Bible Readings from the Gospels for Mothers' Meetings. By Mrs. Frederick Locker. Religious Tract Society.

Very well adapted for the purpose specified. Very plain, pleasant, and evangelical, but not very brilliant or remarkable: there is no need that they should be.

The Light of Life. Compiled by R. J. Ellis, Missionary, Bengal. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The practical duties of Christianity are here classified, and the several passages of the New Testament Scriptures in which they are enforced are placed under them. The design is good, and it has been executed with great diligence and care. It cannot fail to help much all those whose chief desire is to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.

The Christian Souvenir; or, Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Selected from the writings of approved authors. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

The extracts are, as a rule, very good, though we fail in some cases to see their connection with the texts which head them. Those who need a book of daily portions can buy better than this, and they might also buy worse.

First Steps in Science.—Heat. By Rev. Basil Arnold. Joseph Boulton and Co., 14, Tabernacle square.

An elementary catechism upon one of the most important subjects in modern science. In the form of a catechism we have here a mass of practical instruction for tenpence. To a youthful mind which takes to practical science, such a little work will be of great value.

Barley Loaves. By A. J. J. With Introduction by Rev. W. Cadman, M.A. William Hunt & Co.

Wholesome, plain, and homely food is, we suppose, indicated by "Barley loaves." When we open the page we find *poems;* but they are far from being the worst we have ever seen. Happy verses occur here and there, and the whole work is full of devout aspirations and pious worship.

The Queen of Picture Books, for Boys and Girls. Sunday School Union.

If the engravings were a little better they would be really good; as it is, they are well enough for children. We do not quite see the use of most of the explanations, unless the pictures are for the very smallest inhabitants of the nursery. A little more thought might have made this book first-rate: we are sorry to find fault, but in a book with such a title, and such handsome binding, we did expect more taste in the drawings, and more genius in the letterpress, than we are able to perceive.

The Tract Magazine. Vol. VIII. Religious Tract Society.

This is an old friend, but a worthy one. It has improved in appearance, and as a cheap magazine for the working classes maintains a high position.

Pen and Ink Portraits of the most distinguished Females found in the New Testament. By Rev. O. Heathcote. May be had through any bookseller, or direct from the Author, London Road, Downham, Norfolk.

The author has done his best, but it would have been well if some literary friend had revised his work for him. The very first sentence of the preface is inaccurate:—"The duty of attempting to write this little work has long been revolving itself in the writer's mind, and he could not shake it off." Of course you cannot shake off that which is inside. The metaphors are frequently entangled, and the sentences involved and incomplete. Still, the intent is good, and there are evidences that the writer can do better if he pays more attention to his composition. The binder might have spelt *females* right upon the cover: we can hardly blame the author for that.

Little Rainbow. A Story of Navvy Life. By Mrs. C. Garnett. Dalby, Isbister and Co.

The brief story of a fatherless boy who is brought under godly influences, learns to love the Saviour, and when fatally injured by an accident, joyfully departs to see the King in his beauty. This little narrative is published to help "the Navvy Mission."

Denn's Theology. By a Ploughboy. Or, A Voice from the Downs of Freshwater. Printed for the Author. This is a comment upon the catechism of the Council of Trent, principally with a view to show that Romanism, with all its pretensions to infallibility, has not always been the same. The ploughboy is quite capable of reasoning with Romanism if Romanism would listen to reason, but if it will not, he fighteth as one that beateth the air, and so wastes his own strength without producing any effect upon others.

Notes.

First and foremost,—*Christmas-day at the Orphanage.* We have had very particular and special injunctions not to forget a little bit in the magazine, to beg our friends to provide the roast beef and plum pudding, oranges, and so on, so that the orphans may have a high day at Christmas. Of course the boys see no reason why the festivities of the season should ever be forgot; and we confess that we see eye to eye with them in the grand doctrine, that as Christmas comes but once a year, our friends will be sure to remember it. Does not the president dine with all the matrons and the masters, and the boys, and when he comes there shall the cupboard be bare? Now is the time to replenish the general funds of the Orphanage, and we hope it will be done so well, that when the president is away on the Continent he may not have one careful thought, or be like the old lady in the shoe, feeling that he has so many children he does not know what to do. Special gifts for Christmas should be accompanied by the information that they are so designed, as they go to a separate account.

Nov. 9.—Our young friends, the Collectors, had a happy evening at the Orphanage. It was quite a family gathering. We wish many more would take cards, to be brought in next March, when we hope to have another evening together. The boys of the Orphanage were all made very happy by good Mr. Lobb, who sent them each a copy of his "Uncle Tom." Thank you, Mr. Lobb, for this and many other kind acts. What with this presentation, and the bell-ringers, and the boys' mimic drum and fife band, and the fireworks, which some friends gave us, we were a very merry party of young folks; and we hope next March to be equally so, if we are alive and well. So let the boys and girls collect, and then bring in their moneys for the orphans.

Nov. 11.—This day the Tabernacle was open to all comers; but the night was as dreary, windy, and wet as can be well conceived. Notwithstanding the boisterous weather the house was filled by a congregation mostly of men, and the Lord was with the Word.

Nov. 14.—We had great delight in opening a new chapel at Streatham, which has been presented by the sons of our late friend, Mr. Caleb Higgs, as a memorial of their departed father. What better form can be given to a monument? It is precisely such as our departed friend would have approved. Here is an example for others. The chapel is a remarkably beautiful specimen of the taste and common sense of our deacon, Mr. William Higgs, who carried out the work.

Nov. 19.—This day was spent as a day of prayer by the church at the Tabernacle. There were four gatherings. The first from 7 to 9 was for the early risers; the second from 12 to 2 enabled many to sanctify the dinner hour; the third from 4 to 6 gave an opportunity to persons o leisure; and then from 7 to 9 we welcomed the members of the other Baptis churches in our district, with whom we united in prayer and breaking of bread. Owing to the extremely bad weather our meetings were smaller than usual, but in the evening, when the rain had ceased, the number assembled far exceeded any previous occasion. The Lord was with us, prayer was wrought in us by the Spirit, was heard, and will yet more fully be answered.

College.—Mr. Paige has accepted the pastorate at Truro, and Mr. Coller leaves us for Melbourne, owing to feeble health. We commend him to the churches there. More young men than usual are offering themselves to the College just now with the view of becoming missionaries. We have as many as we think it wise to take upon the funds, but this does not seem to keep the men back, for quite a number have come forward who offer to support themselves. The missionary spirit is increasing, and will, we trust, continue to seize upon gracious men and women. Last month we were in error in mentioning Miss Kemp as in membership at the Tabernacle, she belongs to the Baptist church at Rochdale. So many of that beloved family have been with us for a

season that we reckoned her still as ours. May many young ladies be moved to follow her noble example, and devote themselves and their all to the service of the Lord.

COLPORTAGE.—The secretary bewails the fact that we have an offer of part support for twenty new men, but the amounts needful to meet the offer are not forthcoming. Shall God's work be hindered for lack of the gold which is in the possession of his own children? Colporteurs can at once be appointed to some twenty places, on application to Mr. W. Corden Jones, the College, Temple-street, Newington. He will be happy to furnish terms. Men who volunteer for Colportage work should apply to the same person.

Our notes are short this month, for we have placed some matters in the magazine as little articles which else would have figured here. Perhaps we have occupied too much space in that way, but the last month of the year is a sort of clearing up time; we hope to do better in January.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon:—November 1st, twenty-one; November 15th, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. C. Grimes	1	5	0
Per Mr. H. Wood	1	0	0
Mrs. Payne	0	10	0
Miss Peachey	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hasker	5	0	0
Mrs. Couch	0	5	0
E. D.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	0	0
Mr. James Dougall	1	0	0
Mrs. Ward	5	0	0
Mr. Jonas Smith	5	5	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. J. Garrick	50	0	0
C. A.	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	1	0	0
Mr. Scivwright	0	10	0
Mr. E. T. Stringer	1	1	0
Mr. West	0	10	0
A Friend, New Cross	1	0	0
Mr. W. Dobson	1	0	0
Romans viii. 26, 27	1	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	2	10	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0
Mr. F. Poole	2	0	0
T. and H. S. Ashby	0	2	6
Mr. T. Oliver	0	5	0
M. M. M., Montrose	0	5	0
Leamington	0	5	0
Durweston Chimers	0	10	0
For Jesus' Sake	1	0	0
Collection at East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth	4	11	3
Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth Road, per Rev. E. Henderson	5	0	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Oct. 21	36	2	10
" " " " " " 28	43	6	5
" " " " " Nov. 4	73	10	3
" " " " " " 11	42	1	0
" " " " " " 18	42	0	0
	£312	4	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
S. H.	0	2	6
Westbourne Grove Chapel Young Men's Bible Class	0	16	0
Country Minister	0	3	0
Mr. W. Cooke	2	0	0
A Friend, Twyford	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardner	1	0	0
Miss Gardner	1	0	2
Mrs. Hardy	1	10	5
E. G. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Camps	1	0	0
The Misses Camps	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Little	1	5	0
E. D.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	0	0
Ardrishaig Highlanders	0	2	6
Per Miss Jesson—			
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Pickard	0	10	0
Mr. Rupert Carryer	0	10	0
Mrs. Nunnerly	0	10	0
Mrs. Hill	0	10	0
Mr. Scarbro	1	0	0
Misses Bennett	0	5	0
Mrs. Eames	0	5	0
Miss Eames	0	3	0
Miss Cooper	0	2	6
Mr. Barrow	0	2	6
Miss Raynes	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Pickering	0	1	6
C. Jesson	1	0	0
	5	12	0
Mr. Ball, per Mr. Murrell	1	1	0
Miss Emma Hills	0	1	0
Mr. W. Webster	5	5	0
Mr. W. Jago	0	4	3
Mr. Layzell	0	1	11
Miss Carlton	0	1	2
Mrs. Prior	0	10	6
Mrs. Farrar	1	3	8
Mr. Daintree	1	0	0
Mrs. Webb	0	7	2
Mr. J. A. Stead	1	1	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Marsden	0	1	0
Mr. J. Leeson	0	10	0
Orphanage Box, Metropolitan Store	1	2	0
Mr. J. Webb	5	0	0
Mr. Nicholls	0	4	5
Mr. Stockwell	0	12	11

	£	s.	d.
Robert Street Ragged School	0	18	6
Miss Annie Cunningham	1	0	0
Mr. R. Millyard	5	0	0
Mr. Bantick	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Mr. W. Webster	5	5	0
Mrs. S. Smith	0	10	6
Master Perkins	0	10	6
Mrs. Saunders	0	5	0
Employés at Messrs. Rogers and Sons	1	10	0
M. P. Upwood	0	7	0
A Working Man and his Friend... ...	2	0	0
Sunday School Class, Kent Street ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Webb	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Keely	0	5	0
Mr. Waller	0	5	0
Miss S. Buxton	1	6	3
Ebenezer	0	2	6
The late Master Pearson	0	10	0
Per Mr. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mrs. Whitehead	1	3	6
Per Mr. Spurgeon	0	5	0
A Friend, per Miss Hill	0	10	6
Miss Swain	0	13	7
Mrs. Wilson...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Perkins	2	10	0
Mr. West	0	10	0
Friends at Brockley Road, New Cross, per Miss Walker...	6	4	1
Mr. W. Dobson	1	0	0
Sunday School, Cornwall Road, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	3	6
Mrs. Richards	0	2	6
Mrs. Price	0	5	0
Mrs. Glennan	2	10	0
T. C., Psalm cvii. 13	1	1	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0
Mrs. L. Fry...	1	14	0
Boxon Drapery Counter, Sellindge ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Aldred	1	0	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	7	9
M. M. M., Montrose	0	5	0
Readers of "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	5	0
Mrs. Carter	1	0	0
Mrs. Goodwin	0	5	0
Durweston Friends	0	9	2
Green Walk Mission, after sermon by Mr. Charlesworth	2	15	0
Master Romang	1	2	8
Mr. Edwin S. Boot	1	1	0
Collecting Books and Boxes:—			
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss Raybould	0	10	0
Mrs. Turner	0	12	6
Miss Keys	0	17	6
Miss Keys	1	0	0
Miss Smith	0	11	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	0	15	0
Mr. Cuff	1	10	0
Miss Weeks	0	4	0
Mr. C. Howes	0	3	6
Mrs. Fisher	0	14	0
Miss Anderson	1	10	0
Miss Gobey	0	7	6
Mr. Round	1	1	0
Mr. J. Lawson	0	10	0
Master Marsh	0	10	6
Master Frisby	0	4	11
Miss Rose Payne	0	6	5
Miss Cropps	0	3	6
Miss Wheatley	0	19	2
Mr. C. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. Upton	0	15	8
Miss Wheeler	0	14	0
Miss Vining...	0	5	11
Mrs. Williams	0	2	7
Miss Larkman	0	5	7
Miss Errington	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Master T. Lardner	0	10	1
Mrs. Doughurty	0	13	9
Master Wilcox	0	8	9
Master F. J. Corsan	0	3	7
Miss Corsan	0	5	2
Master J. Everett	6	19	6
Miss Houlgate	0	16	11
Miss Kiernan	0	12	3
Master R. Wagner...	0	3	5
Miss Alice Sibery	0	13	6
Master W. Hubbard	0	7	4
Miss J. Hubbard	0	8	0
Miss Peters...	0	4	1
Miss Elsie Bowser...	0	5	5
Mr. Buswell	1	8	10
Mr. Romang	2	15	7
Miss E. Payne	0	15	7
Miss White	0	1	4
Mrs. Hurst	0	3	11
Miss Boggis	0	2	7
Miss Emery...	0	8	1
Miss Brown...	0	4	4
Miss Law	1	0	9
Master A. Frisby	0	5	8
Miss Luckstord	0	1	10
Master F. Cockerton	0	5	9
Miss Sarah Petty	0	6	6
Mrs. Day	0	1	11
Mr. Burrage...	0	9	2
Mrs. Farman	0	18	3
Miss Thomas	0	7	10
Master Garrish	0	3	10
Mr Evans	0	1	7
Miss Stuart	0	5	7
Mrs. Mellor	0	4	10
Miss C. Richardson	0	2	6
Miss Underwood	0	8	5
Miss Law	0	3	6
Miss Jones	1	1	1
Master Wadey	0	5	3
Miss F. Warren	0	3	1
Miss Warren	0	2	7
Miss Lucy Cockerton	0	3	5
Miss Lizzie Chamberlain...	0	10	1
Miss Butler	0	3	1
Master Kershaw	0	10	7
Miss Warren	0	6	7
Mrs. Smith	0	3	0
Miss Kershaw	0	3	5
Miss Bull	0	3	4
Mrs. Davis	0	6	9
Mrs. Hardwick	0	4	3
Miss F. Hart	0	7	1
Master Wadey	0	6	11
Mrs. Simmonds	0	6	2
Miss Cook	0	8	5
Miss Gane	0	2	6
Master Hanson	0	9	9
Master Blake	0	2	8
Miss Hunt	1	7	4
Miss Blake	0	2	7
Miss A. Conquest	0	6	1
Mrs. Allison...	0	11	6
Mr. Allison	0	12	10
Master H. Bates	1	12	6
Miss Ross	1	7	6
Miss Maria Wade	1	10	2
Mr. Thomas Blackwell	0	14	0
Miss E. Higgs	3	13	10
Miss E. Burman	0	13	1
Mr. Doddington	0	17	0
Miss Court	0	3	6
Miss Annie Field	0	0	9
Master Henry Mills	0	4	8
Master Ballands	0	2	7
Mrs. Newth	0	2	11
Master J. Pulsford...	0	12	3
Master A. Kemp	0	1	10
Miss Pattinson	0	2	1
Miss Surle	0	4	5
Miss C. Hughes	0	12	10

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Davis	0	3	9
Master Delacourt	0	4	6
Miss Johnson	0	4	8
Mrs. Hurtzell	0	13	9
Mrs. Mallison	0	12	0
Miss Swan	0	7	6
Mrs. Adams	0	13	0
Master Brooker	0	4	0
Master J. Webber	0	2	8
Miss H. C. Hubbard	0	1	0
Miss E. Field	0	0	7
Mrs. Young	0	2	7
No name—I.	0	2	7
No name—II.	0	0	10
Miss Sarah Richardson	0	2	2
Miss Jephs	2	12	6
Mrs. Samuel	1	0	0
Mrs. Ryan	0	10	6
Mrs. Lewis	0	15	0
Mrs. Kidman	0	17	0
Miss Moulton	0	2	9
Mr. Crofts	1	1	0
Miss A. Charlesworth	2	18	3
Mrs. Charlesworth	3	18	3
Master W. Charlesworth	0	17	6
Mrs. White	1	7	0
Miss Leaworthy	0	10	0
Miss Powell	0	13	0
Miss Langton	0	6	3
Edgar	0	2	6
Mr. G. Ely	1	1	0
Mr. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Mrs. Bonsor	0	4	6
Miss Everett	0	5	2
Miss Lovegrove	0	13	0
Mr. Evans	0	17	0
Mrs. Monk	0	13	2
Mrs. Augar	0	5	3
Mrs. Hubbard	0	16	2
Mr. Young	4	0	0
Mrs. Balkwell	0	12	6
Mrs. Marsh	1	3	0
Mrs. Dew	1	10	0
Mrs. Bowles	1	2	6
Miss Fairey	0	15	0
Mrs. Boggis	0	8	1
Mr. Woollard	2	12	6
Mrs. J. B. Parkor	5	15	6
Miss Chilvers	1	8	10
G. H. B., per Passmore and Alabaster	2	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. D. Heelas	3	0	0
Mr. Frederick Howard	2	2	0
Mrs. James	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. J. Charlier — 0 5 0			
Mr. Underwood — 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Burrows, per Mrs. Newman	1	1	0
Mr. Williams	0	10	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth—			
W. Phillips — 1 1 0			
J. Hughes — 21 0 0			
Moiety of proceeds of Lecture by Mr. Charlesworth, Meard's Court, Soho — 2 2 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Knapp — 2 2 0			
T. M., Bristol — 0 5 0			
Eighteen coins in Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates — 0 10 11			
Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter — 0 13 0			
	27	13	11
	£248	7	3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Cask of Apples, C. F. Allison; a quantity of Writing Paper saved from the waste basket, W. Harrison; 2 pairs of Shoes, 1 Vest, 4 Shirts, and a Cap, Anon.; 54 yards of Broadcloth, H. Fisher; 29 sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Hogbin; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Freeman and Hildyard; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Shildon District	10	0	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Chesterfield District	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	17	10	0
Walsall Baptist Church	10	0	0
T. Greenwood, Esq., for Brentford	40	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association	7	10	0
Ironbridge District	10	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Southern Association	6	13	4
Leamington District	10	0	0
F. A. Horner, Esq., for Sedgley	10	0	0
Preston District	20	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup	10	0	0
New Southgate Chapel	10	0	0
Tiptree District	12	10	0
North Wilts	7	10	0
Oxfordshire Association	10	0	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	7	10	0
	£229	3	4

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.	£	s.	d.
A. S. Weston, Esq.	1	1	0
F. Fishwick, Esq.	2	2	0
Not mine own hand hath gotten me this	5	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
	£10	3	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.